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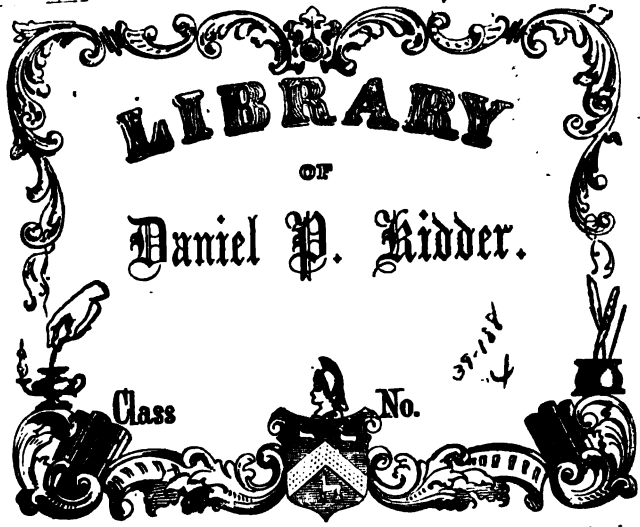
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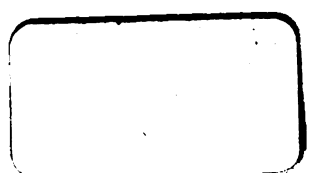
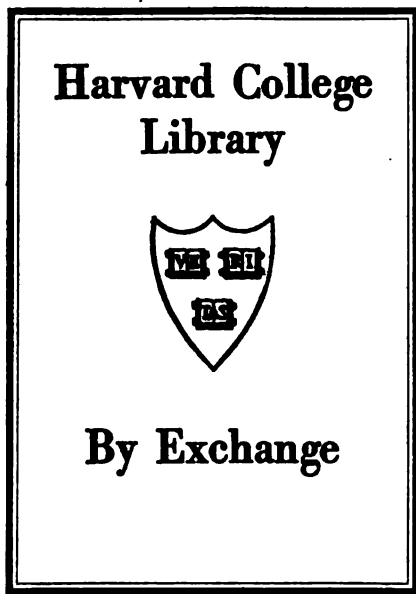
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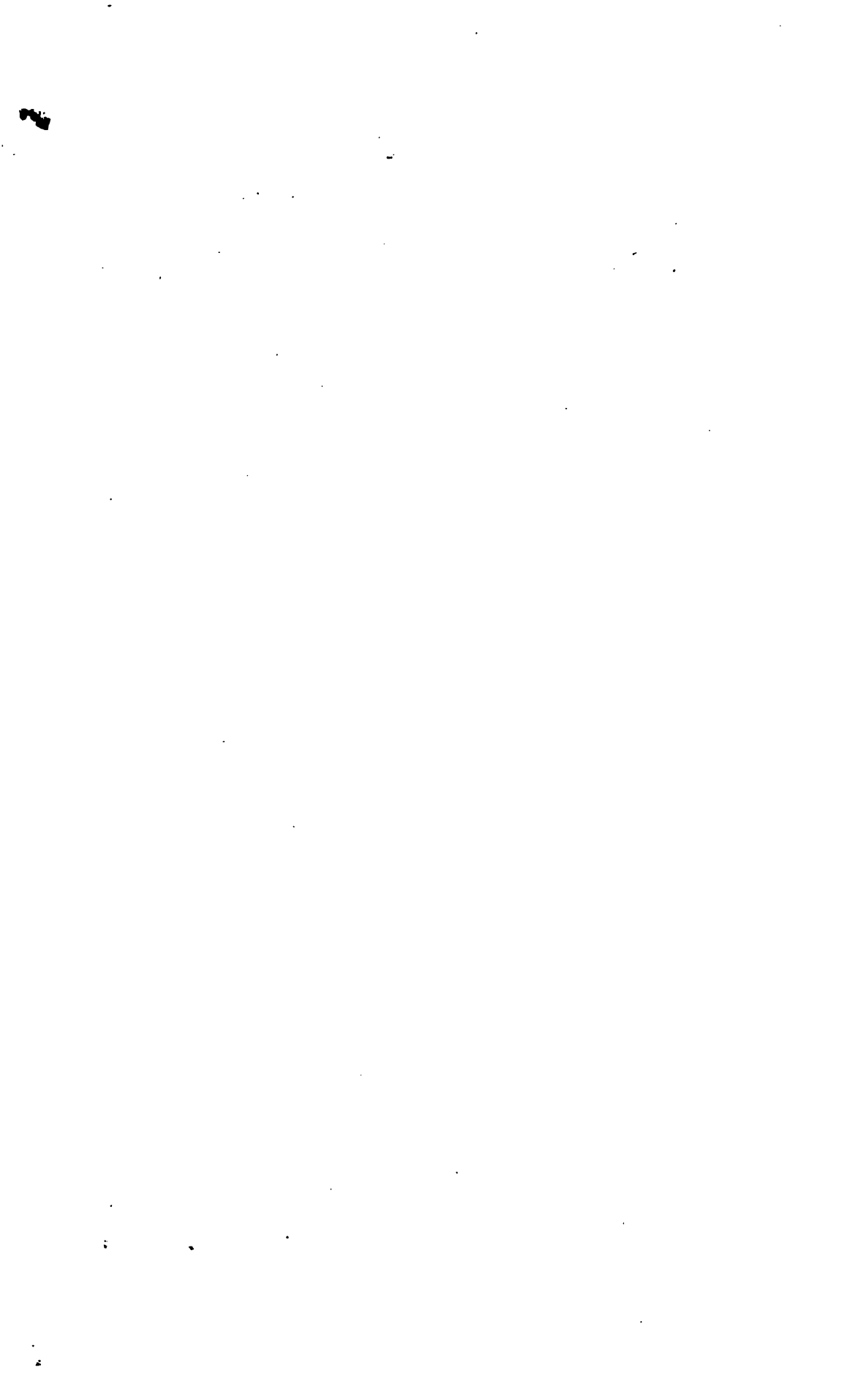


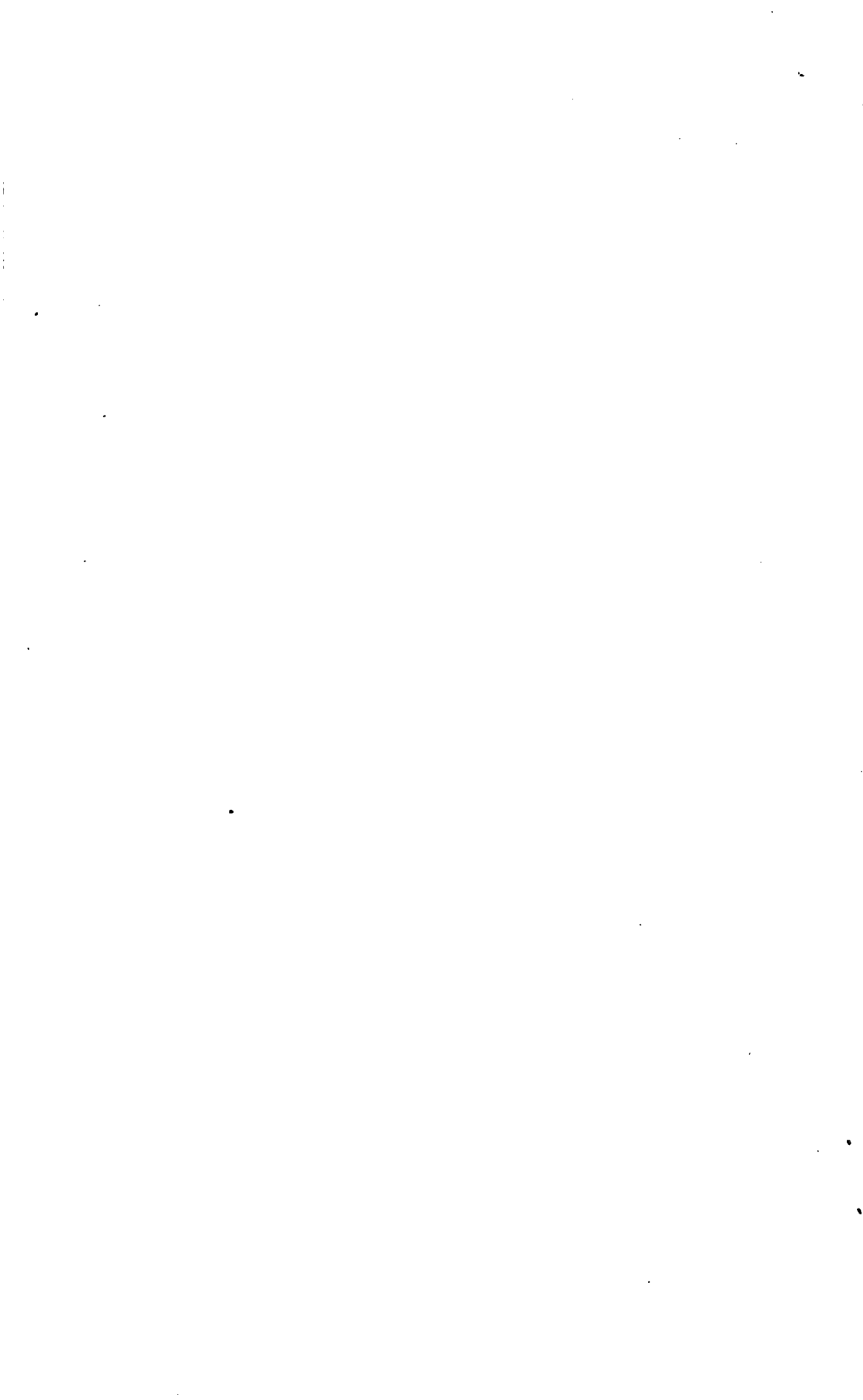
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My Only Sister.

BY MRS. M. J. A. KELLY.

Music by FR. WERNER, Steinbrecher.

1 Only

sister! by that word Worlds of thought within are stirred— Thought that

throbs my aching head— Thought that brings to me the dead. 2. On - ly

sister! I had three, In the days of childhood's glee, Ere the

MY ONLY SISTER. — *Continued.*

ruthless monster Death Breathed on them his pols'nous breath.

This system contains the first four measures of the song. The vocal line is in the treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "ruthless monster Death Breathed on them his pols'nous breath." The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

7th Verse.

7. Only

This system contains the 7th verse of the song, consisting of four measures. The vocal line is in the treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "7. Only". The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

sister! By that word Let far sweeter thoughts be stirred; God to

This system contains the next four measures of the song. The vocal line is in the treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "sister! By that word Let far sweeter thoughts be stirred; God to". The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

me the three hath given, One on earth and two in heaven.

This system contains the final four measures of the song. The vocal line is in the treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "me the three hath given, One on earth and two in heaven." The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

MY ONLY SISTER.— *Continued.*



Piano accompaniment for the first system of the song, consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The music features a flowing melody in the right hand and a steady accompaniment in the left hand.

Verse 3 and 4.



Vocal line for Verse 3 and 4, consisting of a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

3. One, a bud of beauty rare, Opening in this world of
care, Was trans - planted quick a - way To the realms of endless
day. 4. One, in older years, with me Frolicked 'neath the same green
tree. 'Tis there a - lone, in sad de - cay, She sleeps the silent years a - way.

Verse 5 and 6.



Vocal line for Verse 5 and 6, consisting of a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

5. Only sister! by that word Bitterest thoughts in me are
stirred— Thoughts of cold and marble forms, Rest of life's all - glowing
charms; Thoughts of sighs and sad fare - wells, When the eye its anguish
tells— Thoughts of pall, and grave, and bier, Weeds of woe and falling tear.



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1852.

MENTAL SYMMETRY.

—
BY EDWARD THOMPSON, D. D.

—
(FIRST PAPER.)
—

GREAT is the diversity among human minds; so great that it can not be fully accounted for by education, association, example—any thing, except original differences of mental constitution. These differences are owing, not to the introduction of new elements, but to new combinations; such combinations, too, are as endless as those of articulate sounds in human language. You will rarely meet with a man in whom there is not a tendency to excessive, or defective, or perverted action in some faculty or class of faculties. When an uncultivated mind is neither of great strength nor marked peculiarities, the ordinary intercourse of society and the common duties of life may be sufficient checks to its wanderings; but when a great genius is permitted to educate himself he usually becomes a moral monster. Such a one may have great learning, merit, success, but is rarely capable of just views, of safe and sober judgment. We might show the evils of ill-balanced mind, by tracing its influences either upon our usefulness, our happiness, or our salvation. That I be not tedious, I must limit myself to one of these three. Since the last is the most important, I select that. Let us trace the connection between mental and religious faith.

I. The want of mental balance is most frequently seen in the following faculties; namely, faith, attention, abstraction, and imagination.

1. Belief is one of the original powers of the mind, and, like all others, may be conferred in various degrees; *generally*, however, it is strong in early life; so much so, that we rarely find a child not disposed to indiscriminate faith. Not till frequently deceived do men learn to doubt. As their minds mature, however, they find it necessary to examine the grounds of their opinions, and this process is *then* a duty; but when they commence it while the intellect is still immature, especially if under the bias of depravity, without the light of experience, and under the influence of infidel or

sensual associates, they are very likely to form a *habit of doubting*, which finally ends in contempt of sacred things, if not universal skepticism. Young men should be on their guard against this habit, and especially in these republics, where a feeling of independence is considered so becoming in youth. Very few, perhaps, are aware to how great an extent the power of belief is under the control of habit; they may learn something of it from analogy. What capability is not strengthened by use, and weakened by disuse? That power which can make the conscience either as sensitive as the apple of the eye or as senseless as the cinder, can paralyze or galvanize the faculty of faith.

2. This faculty may be impaired also by an *exclusive* attention to the exact sciences, which accomplishes the sad results in various ways. It narrows the field of mental vision. How feeble the eye of him who spends life in a dark room, striking at minute points, compared with that of the sailor, accustomed to survey the broad ocean from the mast-head! so powerless is that mental eye which is trained only to accurate discriminations and nice definition, in comparison of one which takes comprehensive views. The *great* mathematician, when he takes wide surveys of life and character, much more when he approaches that subject which fills both immensity and eternity, may be a *little* reasoner. The immortal author of *Celestial Mechanism*—La Place—is an impressive illustration. Illustrious beyond comparison as a *professor of mathematics*, he was perfectly contemptible as a *statesman*. In less than six weeks, by his mistakes, as Minister of the Home Department, under the consulship, he forfeited his place. In the language of Napoleon, "His mind was occupied with subtilities, his notions were all problematic, his views were never right, and he carried the spirit of the *infinitely little* into the administration." No wonder that he had not sufficient breadth of view to scan the Christian evidences. Moreover, mathematical studies weaken faith by familiarizing the mind to indubitable evidence. This inclines us to be dissatisfied with every thing less. Demonstration proceeds by regular steps, inseparably connected, accurately delineated, and leading to

conclusions the contradictories of which are absurd. Moral reasoning advances through devious ways, by steps irregular, independent, and expressed only in ambiguous forms, to propositions the opposites of which imply no absurdity. Hence, he who has long and steadily looked only at abstract ideas and their relations, will be unable to appreciate moral proof, however strong; as he who should spend years gazing upon the glowing fires of Stromboli would have an eye insensible to the soft charms of earth and skies.

3. Faith may be impaired by the habit of disputation. This is neither uncommon nor difficult to be acquired. That energetic exercise of the mind which is provoked by an antagonist is pleasurable, the applause awarded to superior information or intellectual prowess is very agreeable, and the shout of victory is most refreshing to depraved human nature. Moreover, some men are prone to battle as the sparks fly upward. When such have weak muscles and strong minds they fight, like certain animals, head foremost, and, like the ram of prophetic vision, they often push their moral horns with equal facility in opposite points of compass. Imagine a boy of good parts and pugnacious spirit among inferior minds in the district school. He overcomes in debate, one after another, all around him, till, flushed with success and intoxicated with praise, he is carried by his comrades from school-house to school-house, as a game-cock with gaffles is conveyed to the neighboring roosts. At length he is brought to college, and placed in a society which assigns its members, without reference to their convictions, the propositions they are to establish. It is easy to predict the character of mind with which he will go forth into the world. There are facts and arguments on *both* sides of every moral question. Such a question can only be determined by the mental balance. To use this properly there must be patient observation, careful discrimination, and a steady suspension of the scales; but for these operations a mind under the influence of controversial training is incompetent. The only two questions which any subject admits of are, 1. What is the truth? 2. Is this proposition true? The former is that of the philosopher—it leaves the mind free from improper bias, and trains it to honest inference; the latter is the question of the disputant—it stimulates the pride of the speaker, and fits his mind to run athwart its most solemn convictions, in the eager search for middle terms. I will not say that the office of the disputant is never useful, nor that it may not be safely discharged when it succeeds a process of investigation; but I do affirm, that a controversial spirit, leading the mind, as occasion may require, to undervalue *perfect* evidence and overrate *imperfect*; to blend things of different species; to take advantage of the ambiguities of language; to overlook facts important to the issues, and bring in facts irrelevant; to confound the incidental with the essential, the important with the trivial, the accidental with the uni-

form; to invert the order of sequences; or to rush rashly to general conclusions, has a tendency, not only to mingle truth and error, but to unsettle in the disputant's own mind the very *foundation* of the power of belief. Talk as we may about the irresistible force of evidence, we all know that feeling warps the judgment, both directly moving the will to put the intellect in a wrong relation to the subject and withhold or distort the proof which bears upon it, and indirectly by influencing the train of association and giving tone to the mind. To have a perfect impression, we need both a perfect seal and a wax of proper consistence. If we, at once, mar the seal and harden the wax, what can we expect? The youth who leaves school a practiced debater will, in all probability, not only become a moral porcupine, the annoyance of every company into which he enters, but, by degrees, a thorough-paced infidel. He will be strongly tempted to assail the religion of his fathers, for the sake of always having an opportunity to gratify his propensity for combat and fondness for display; and, by repeatedly distorting the Christian evidences, and assuming a hostile attitude to the Gospel, he will finally become an *earnest* enemy of the faith.

The case of Chillingworth is an illustration. He would often walk in the college grove and dispute with any scholar he met, on purpose to facilitate and make the way of wrangling common with him. While yet a youth, he produced, by his perpetual disputation on religious subjects, such a skeptical state of mind that he conceived it impossible to arrive at just views of religion. First he is vindicator of the Reformation, the assailant of the Pope; presently he enters the Catholic Church, and becomes the defender of her faith; again he returns to Oxford, and becomes the champion of Protestantism. He dwelt on the borders of absolute skepticism, if we may believe Lord Clarendon, who says Mr. Chillingworth had spent all his younger days in disputation, and had arrived at so great a mastery, that he was inferior to no man in these skirmishes, but had, with his notable perfection in these exercises, contracted such an irresolution and habit of doubting, that by degrees he grew confident of nothing. He was a great disputing engine without an engineer. He had reason enough, as Wood said, to convert the devil, yet not enough to convert himself. This spirit may exist in the Church; foolish questions, and genealogies, and strivings about the law, and doting about questions, and strifes about words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railing, etc.—these are indications of moral cholera.

But skepticism often results from a too great *facility* of faith. There is a man who always holds the creed of the preacher he last heard. Such were some of old, "driven about by every wind of doctrine; by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." As you ride through the interior, perchance you see behind you

a portly, well-dressed, elderly gentleman, mounted on a bay steed, riding rapidly as if to overtake you. He is soon at your side, making your acquaintance. You perceive by his portmanteau that he is a country doctor, by his countenance that he is a sincere, good-natured old man, and by his conversation that he is a vain, garrulous, bookish, self-made, but not half-made philosopher. He measures, with his quick black eye, your nose and chin, and describes your character according to Lavater; he surveys your cranium, and pronounces you a singer according to Gall. He inquires your residence, parentage, and pursuit. But, finding it more blessed to give than to receive information, he tells you the names and history of the settlers as you ride along, and, when the village comes to view, he points out who is its richest and who its poorest inhabitant, who keeps the best carriage and who the best piano. He quotes Cicero, Aristotle, Darwin, Hume, Mohammed, and St. Paul. He would that he was worth \$10,000! and anon he is glad he is not, for he fears the devil would set him at work. Presently he tells you he does not believe there is any devil, and, finally, that he devotes his leisure moments to fighting the devil and the orthodox clergy. As he turns the corner of the street, he presses you to call. Being delayed a day or two in the village, you inquire into the doctor's history, and learn that at eighteen he was a blacksmith, at twenty a parson, at thirty a millwright, at forty a doctor, at fifty a strolling lecturer on the quadruple subject of temperance and geography, mnemonics and phrenology; that he has, however, seldom had but one occupation at a time, finding almost every year some new path to wealth. In the year 1825 he could be seen, with radiant countenance, at the head of a company of merry youth, in the valley of the Cuyahoga, planting yellow tobacco; in 1835 he was seen, with face beaming with joy, laying off a city in some swamp near the banks of the Maumee; in 1838 he is on the borders of Lake Erie, with golden hopes, planting morus multicaulis and hatching silkworms; in 1840 he is manufacturing beet-sugar in the oak-openings of Michigan; in 1847 he is volunteering for the Mexican war; and in 1849 off for California. In religion he has tried all things, without, however, holding fast to any. In youth he is a Methodist exhorter, thundering, flashing, denouncing, and pounding the pulpit without mercy. Another decade of years, and he stands, with long black robe, on the green banks of some crystal Jordan, with head bathed in rich sunlight, and knees trembling with emotion, while he addresses the multitude that have gathered upon the bridge, and the boys that hang like bunches of grapes from the surrounding trees. When a few gray hairs have found their way to his temple—a Presbyterian elder, he is leading his children up the aisle to be dedicated to the Father of mercies. The next half decade finds him, with broad-brimmed hat and drab coat, sitting in silent meeting, till the proffered hand gives

token of departure. He soon becomes a Mormon, and then a Millerite; but, ere the decade is half out, he is a boisterous and defiant infidel, madly challenging, in the streets and in the papers, all and sundry, the parsons to debate with him.

Your curiosity prompts you to call upon him, and you find him in a long room, lined with drugs, and books, and apparatus—books rare and ill-assorted; drugs botanical and mineral, in doses spoonful and infinitesimal; and apparatus to cure you either by wind power, steam power, or water power. On his table lies the Koran, a copy of which he has just procured, and is now reading. He talks so as to give you no opportunity to reply; and to give you a proof of his boldness and skill, he assures you that the last time he was at Church he challenged the successor of the apostles to test his commission by taking a dose of arsenic. You leave him with mingled pity and disgust, fearing that he is a *hopeless* case; but a year subsequent—inquiring after him—you learn that he was put into a state of clairvoyance and heard unutterable words, and since that has been a devoted Christian. Here is a man of several mental vices, the chief of which is a tendency to believe on insufficient evidence. Nor is he *raris avis*. In classic story we read of one whose body was so light that he was obliged to put lead in his shoes to prevent the wind from blowing him over—fit emblem he of many minds; and such minds, unless very favorably situated, are pretty sure to become skeptical.

II. The want of mental balance is found, in some cases, in the faculty of attention. Our ideas come in troops, and their character depends on fixed laws beyond our control. They gain admittance without asking consent, but depend for entertainment upon the will. Our power over them is twofold. We can place the mind in a region populated with good thoughts; we can dismiss intruders by neglect, and detain desired guests by civility. Attention is an effort to detain a perception in exclusion of others which solicit notice. This faculty is possessed by different persons in various degrees of strength, and in many is so weak as to be unable to direct the mind steadily to any object. Such a one passes life as in a pleasant dream. His mind is on the sofa to receive calls the year round; as the thoughts come and go it seeks neither information nor profit from them, and, its effort being entertainment, its recollections are like images drawn on the bosom of the wave. If all subjects are viewed carelessly, it is impossible that any but the most superficial should be understood. Conviction requires not only *proof*, but *perception*. The proof, even of religion, is not so obvious as to *force* itself upon a mind which gives it but a momentary notice. Though inattentive men may give revelation their *assent*, they have no basis of *conviction* to sustain them in the hour of temptation. Some men of this class blaspheme; others "care for none of these things;" others say they try to think, but can not. When they would meditate upon divine things,

even on the day of rest in the holy place, or at the hour of stillness, in the retreat of secret prayer, other thoughts rush on them, and they find their minds like the fool's eyes. Many of these persons, being possessed of some good mental powers, when they can be brought to fix their attention, form correct judgments; and, since common topics and temporal interests press upon them constantly, they may be wise in little *matters* and judicious in *worldly concerns*, while they are *fools* in all that is *sublime*, and neglectful of *eternal* realities.

This class is numerous. Go into the streets and stores, and you find multitudes who pay attention to things only as they are *forced* upon them. Because politics, fashion, and trade press themselves on the senses, and mix themselves with the passions, they are politicians, or dandies, or tradesmen; and because religion does not obtrude itself on them they know but little about it; they go to meeting because custom or weariness leads them; they hear of redemption, and grace, and regeneration, and they suppose, because they have *heard* these terms so often, that they *understand* them; but when asked to define, they find themselves in the situation of St. Austin defining time, who said, "I understood all about it before I was asked, but now I know nothing of it." They, perhaps, have no objection to religion, and can hear the preacher without offense, or, may be, as one who has a pleasant voice, and plays well on an instrument; but since they are *unmindful* of his words they are *removed* by them. They are infidels, as the modern Aristophanes was. Mr. Boswell asked Dr. Johnson if Foote was an infidel. "He is," said the Doctor, "as a *dog* is; he never thinks on the subject." This species of infidel may be found at all elevations of society, but particularly at the higher, and especially in that portion of it which has been raised suddenly. Of such it may often be said, "Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them; they send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance; they take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. . . Therefore they say depart from us: for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we should serve him; or what profit should we have if we pray unto him!" Well may the Psalmist reason with such: "Understand, ye brutish and ye fools, when will ye be wise? He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see? he that chastiseth the heathen, shall not he correct? he that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he know?" We could forgive the beast were he to receive his food with gratitude, and regard his master without attention; but "the ox knoweth his master, and the ass his master's crib." We might pardon the brute should he murmur in the midst of abundance; but, while "the wild ass brays not in the midst of his grass, and the ox lows not over his fodder," the thoughtless sinner, forgetful of his almighty Benefactor, often utters blasphemous

over his table. We can forgive the bird that sinks to roost at evening shade, and rises up at morning light, regardless of every thing but present pleasure and present pain—that gives no attention to its origin, interest, or destiny; but, alas! the stork knoweth his appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow the time of their coming," while men, endued with reason, and moral sense, and an apprehension of God, and a revelation of his will, can spend a long life absorbed in the petty interests of life, and give no attention to any thing which does not gratify sense, or appetite, or animal passion.

TO A BIRD:

HEARD IN THE WOODS AT TWILIGHT

The following lines are from the pen of a youthful friend, whose great modesty prevents any mention, or even allusion, to proper names. We do not pretend to any profound sagacity on the subject, yet we think the lines very creditable versification. The reader can examine and judge for himself.—
 EDITOR.

Bird of the silken wing,
 Sing, airy spirit, sing
 Thy joyous lay;
 While o'er the mountain rim
 Comes the night, faint and dim,
 Sing thy delightful hymn
 To dying day!

Dear spirit-bird, thy art
 Melteth the saddened heart
 Sweetly away,
 When in the solitude
 Of the gray twilight wood,
 Of the star-circled wood,
 Echoes thy lay!

O, I could dwell in some
 Wood, where the city's hum
 Never is heard,
 Might I there hear the note
 Of thy sweet-swelling throat,
 And on its music dote
 Ever, blithe bird!

In thy air-haunted grove,
 Gay-hearted bird of love,
 Pleased would I lie;
 Under thy waving nest,
 There would I take my rest—
 There, 'neath thy hanging nest,
 Breathe my last sigh!

And in the night of death—
 That sad night when the breath
 Leaveth its clay—
 Musical spirit, then
 From its clay prison-den
 Would my soul soar, and blend
 With thy pure lay!

RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP HEDDING.

BY REV. ROBERT M'CONNELL

In early youth I saw Bishop Hedding. He was passing along the street of Syracuse, N. Y., on a warm Sabbath day, after the close of morning service. His person was robed in a loosely flowing toga, on account of the heat of the day. His rate of movement was rather slow and measured; form quite full and rotund; appearance healthful, majestic, and venerable. His hair was quite gray. The Bishop paid a visit, if memory serves me, to the society in Syracuse, then under the pastorate of Rev. A. D. Peck, who is now deceased—a man of blessed memory, indeed. It was the season after the erection of their stately, new brick church, which was dedicated by the Rev. George Peck, then Principal at Cazenovia, N. Y. It was a great treat to me to see the Bishop of that Church which I had just joined on probation. The impression made by this visit on the Church and congregation in attendance was truly pleasing, and for some time afterward "the Bishop's visit" was the subject of many a pleasant conversation among the brethren.

The next time I was favored with seeing the Bishop, he came to the village of Gouverneur, St. Lawrence county, N. Y. None of us knew of the intended visit of the senior Bishop till late in the afternoon of Saturday, some time after it had occurred. At evening prayers the information became general among the students. The Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary was then in successful operation, under the superintendency of Rev. Loren L. Knox, A. M., formerly both graduate and tutor of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. The Bishop was entertained at the house of Rev. Anson W. Cummings. He was on his way to the next annual session of the Black River conference, where it was his turn to preside.

As soon as the information spread from one to another that this eminent man was in our midst, and that he was to spend the Sabbath, the solicitous inquiry, "Will he preach?" pervaded the community as generally as the knowledge of his presence. Most of our number had never heard him preach, and but few had ever seen him. As might be expected in such a case, all of us desired exceedingly to hear the Bishop discourse. Before the close of that day we were told, from a reliable source, that we might expect a sermon from the Bishop the next morning service. Our expectations rose to the very highest. We had heard many of our eminent men preach, and, from his relation officially to the Church, expected that he would stand at least head and shoulders above his brethren. "Bishop Hedding preaches the first sermon to-morrow," was soon spread through the whole Seminary.

Sabbath morning came. It was as fine a summer day as we could have desired. The brethren and friends from the country around were present in as

full numbers as if they had divined who was to preach that morning. The members of the Faculty were all there. Every student was in his place in the house of God. Even the sons and daughters of the members of other Churches, whom we rarely saw among us, were present. The Seminary chapel was filled to its utmost capacity. We all meant to be religious, but I have since had my own doubts whether we had not more of man in our thoughts that Sabbath morning than of God. Sacrilegious reverence of man was not even suspected of a place in our hearts; but we were intently bent on hearing a great man in Israel; and I will conceal nothing of the expectation of hearing something *great* as well as good. The appearance of a great and good man in our part of the hemisphere was to mark an epoch in our history of some significance.

Finally the chapel bell ceased to toll. A man, whom we all knew to be the Bishop, arose, and, in a calm, slow, and reverential manner, named and read a hymn, as was evident, from memory, as he did not use his glasses, nor did he look on the page more than twice or thrice from which he seemed to read. The hymn was one of the plainest and most devotional cast. Then the Bishop knelt down to pray. He immediately seemed to take up a thread of communion with God, which had been interrupted but for a few moments, and carried it on in a mode of address which it is exceedingly difficult to describe. His voice was distinct, but not loud; his sentiment was evangelical and deeply devotional; his verbiage was plain and simple, composed mostly of short and forcible Anglo-Saxon terms; his topics of prayer were few and general; but he bore the hearer into an ocean of feeling. To many that prayer was full of pathos, but to me there was what I have denominated devotional power. It had feeling itself, and it made you feel; but it was further distinguished by authority which, to me, exerted a controlling influence. It was pleading before God, but it was authority and weight to me.

Next came the second hymn, which was to introduce his sermon, and I sought with no little eagerness to catch the first line. This hymn would be an index to his sermon. After the lessons of Scripture, which he read exceedingly well, the good man took up the Hymn-Book, and, without keeping his eye on the page, read, while a tear stood in the deep furrow beneath his eye, in a truly apostolical and touching manner,

"Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears."

I learned that hymn when quite young, and had often read it, but I saw in it more than I had ever seen before. All my notions of oratorical display and flourish were blotted out in the dash of a moment. I admired the elegant simplicity of all I heard, and was prepared to hear what the Bishop might select for his sermon without forestalling him. I sat at his feet submissive and teachable.

He was simple in his greatness, and great in his simplicity.

He preached a truly evangelical sermon. Like the style of the great Wesley, his was at the farthest remove from literary or metaphysical display. It, as a sermon, was plain to the most ordinary understanding; it was equal to the profoundest depth of intellect; it was a complete whole to the critic; it was full of marrow to the people of God; it was persuasive and awakening to the impenitent; in fine, it was just what we might expect from a truly apostolical, old minister of the Gospel, who had spent his vigor in the great labors of evangelism, and who was a successor of the apostles by virtue of his commission and fire-baptism, rather than by prelatial imposition of hands. For one, I retired to my room not specially desirous of hearing any more preaching that day. Such an impression did the venerable appearance of the Bishop that day make upon me, that at this distant hour I see him as I then saw him standing up to proclaim the everlasting Gospel. I see the movements of his head, note the peculiar expression of his closing eyes, the few but forcible gestures of his hands; and observe the immobility of his serene countenance, save when his eye now and then emitted a flash of that fire which is said to have distinguished him in those palmier days, which shall never more smile on him but from the vista of recollected years. The glow of his countenance was not like that produced on the dark cloud by the blinding blaze of the lightning-bolt, but rather like that gentle illumination which glows upon the bosom of mid-twilight, while the insect is quietly and serenely passing along his ether pathway.

The impressions produced on that occasion were profound and stable. No one spoke of the effort in the phrase of adulation, but in the reverential language of participation in its unction and its faith. One young man, whom we had long known as a free-thinker, made the remark, that, "if the Methodists were supported by such pillars as that, they never would fall." All who were privileged with the pleasures of that morning's services went away feeling that they had listened to one who was an *Episcopos*, not in name only, but in very deed.

The personal habits of the Bishop were truly remarkable for a man of his advanced age. Precisely at such an hour in the evening he came down from his room to attend prayers. In the morning it was the same. It was remarked by the family of the Rev. Mr. Cummings, with what regularity the reverend father was every morning risen and at his labors. When he came to take his journey onward toward the conference, we regretted to lose the company of the aged apostle of American Methodism.

Once more I saw the face of Bishop Hedding. It was at the Providence conference, held in the city of New London, in the April of 1848. Several years had passed since I last saw him at our northern seminary. It was with joy that I saw him in the chair of the presiding officer of the conference.

It was very evident that he was passing into a later day of the autumn of his life. His health was less firm, his form was more rotund, his features wore a more rigid and furrowed appearance, than when I saw him a few years before. He was not able to sit in the chair during a full session of the conference, and he, therefore, often called our revered father Asa Kent to fill his place, while he should rest a whiel.

The business tact of the Bishop was apparently as complete as ever. He could lay hold of a point in the train of discussion with acute penetration, would hear a motion quickly as ever, would call the brethren by name with surprising correctness, and would give his decisions of questions with the utmost depth and accuracy of judgment. While the outer man was decaying, his mind was vigorous as in other days.

The hour for our final separation arrived. The session had been interesting and harmonious. The conference was full; the committees had all reported; the motion of thanks to the kind people of New London had passed by a unanimous rising vote; all were in waiting for the closing services; the hymn had been sung, the prayers were closed, and the Bishop slowly rose to make his parting address to the conference; the appointments for another year of labor to the preachers were ready to be announced; the portfolio of the Bishop lay unopened before him on the table; he had taken his glasses from his temples, and held them in his hand; he spoke in a distinct but faltering voice. That short but deeply affecting speech of a father in the Gospel will prove the last of the venerable Bishop Hedding to the Providence annual conference.

This had been an interesting session of the conference to him. From time to time, of late years, he had bidden his brethren farewell, not expecting that his life of labor would have been protracted to so great a period as it had been the will of God that it should be. But there must be a last adieu; and rapidly growing infirmities admonished him to quickly finish his work for this world. He was, probably, attending his last conference with these fathers and brethren. There were but few fathers left; their gray heads were fast disappearing from our midst; brothers Webb, and Kent, and Fillmore, and Bonney were still among the soldiers in the field. He had known many of the brethren in other years; but he saw many new faces, and heard many new voices among them—most of them were young men. He was once more in New England—a section of the work of great interest to him. Over these parts he had traveled, first as an itinerant preacher, afterward as a presiding elder, and last as a general superintendent. His traveling was almost brought to a close. He had taken upon himself the duties of his several stations with diffidence, and had borne their labors and responsibilities as one who must give account at the last day to God. Age was fast coming upon

him, and he could not long serve the great Shepherd in the militant Church. He had come once more to behold their order, and to review their labors in the cause of God, and was satisfied. He had come for something more—to confer his last benediction upon his brethren and his sons in the Gospel, and to strengthen those ties, which he expected would be again enjoyed, after a momentary dissolution, in that rest which remaineth. He desired the brethren to love the Church first of all things in this world, to cleave to its interests, and to labor for its prosperity. He admonished the brethren to keep the Discipline, and to abide by the usages of the Church, as the fathers had done before them. He would be glad to come again to them, if our heavenly Father saw fit to add days to his life and vigor to his decaying strength. His lamp was growing dim for this life, but his hope was full of immortality. He was looking for the last change, for which he had been many years striving to prepare. His labors had not been few, but, so far from wishing that they had been less, he would that they had been manifold more. He did not regret one labor which he had endured, a trial which he had ever met, a sacrifice which he had ever made for the cause of God. He was not weary of the work, but his feelings were like those of the soldier, who had arrived within sight of the hills of his childhood—his feet are weary with treading the battle-field, his shoulders ache to lay off the harness. His blessing he gave them, exhorting them to be men of one work—to be men of eternity. He had no fears that, at the moment of his departure, there would not be men in the general superintendency to whose hands he could commit the Church, with as much confidence as the fathers had intrusted the same to the guidance of himself and his coadjutors in the Episcopacy. He would once more utter the wish, that the great Methodist family in the whole world might be one—that the membership and the ministry might keep to the old landmarks—that they might prosecute, with greater vigor than ever, the work, for the accomplishment of which God had raised up and thrust forth the fathers.

The patriarch of the Episcopacy ceased to speak, and took his seat. That was a thrilling moment. The brethren had heard the last word of a revered sire, who was to go from them to return, they feared, no more. The fathers of the conference wept. The young men also wept. Many an eye was covered to hide the falling tears. All hoped that they might again welcome Bishop Hedding to this field of his former labors, but feared that his words might be prophetic. He stood there, like the Hebrew legislator, taking leave of those whom his stability had confirmed, whom his counsels had strengthened, whom his skill had directed, and whom his experience and piety had long kept and animated to deeds of fidelity and noble spiritual daring.

When the appointments had been read, the brethren

pressed forward to take once more that hand, which had grown old in holding the reins of higher-toned spirits than those of the fabled chariot of the sun. The Bishop kindly shook the hand of each who came. Then, accompanied by some of the old men, he slowly left the sanctuary of our brethren of New London, Conn., never more to enter it.

Bishop Janes told us, at our last annual gathering, at Warren, R. I., that this venerable man sent by him to the brethren the following testimony and comfort: "My comforts are mighty comforts."

ONE THOUGHT ON DEATH.

—
BY MONTPELIER.
—

THAN death nothing is more dreaded by man. When we look even upon an animal exulting in the joyousness of existence, drinking in at one moment, with the keenest zest, the air and the light of heaven, and the next moment "a kneaded clod," there is a feeling of the profoundest regret that spontaneously arises in the mind. There are none, probably, in the world but who have felt, in slaying a noxious, still more an innocent animal, that it was a sad thing to take away life. The reader who is familiar with Shakspeare will recollect the deep struggle that Othello had before he took the life of Desdemona. Beside other considerations, he grudged most sorely the simple taking away of her animal existence—a thing which no human skill or art could restore to life again. Hear him contrasting the impossibility of bringing the dead to life with the power he had of rekindling an extinguished flame:

"Put out the light, and then put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Then cunning'st pattern of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume."

The infant is rosy and plump; the old man is shriveled and pale, with blue veins starting up through his thin and meager skin. His bones, once supple and yielding, have become, through lapse of years, hard and brittle, and, if struck heavily, they will snap asunder like glass. After a while his arteries become rigid, bony canals, and cease their work of carrying the blood. The things of life then cease their power of attraction, and the golden bowl is broken at the fountain. Death comes along, and all is over. Yet why should man complain? We who are born into existence in time have no injustice done us if our existence be brought to a close in time. Our immortality is not obtained by birthright or by any merit of our own. It is the gift of God; it is the mercy of Christ that permits us to come to him, and to be made partakers of the exceeding riches of heaven and endless life.

THE FESTIVITIES OF THE IMPERIAL CITY.

—
A REMINISCENCE OF VIENNA.—
BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.
—

THE season of festivities and congratulations is now in our midst; and, while happy in the pleasures of home, it may not be amiss to cast an eye abroad and look upon the smiling faces and joyful hearts that join in the general gladness in other lands.

In no country are the festivals of Christmas and New-Year more thoroughly the festivals of the entire people than in Germany, and in no capital are they more brilliantly celebrated than in Vienna. About the middle of the month of December, the finer stores display their most attractive wares, and resort to every means to increase their powers of temptation; but in this they merely outstrip us in the race; for among the upper classes it is everywhere as with us. A sort of Parisian influence seems, in this respect, to have taken possession of the civilized world. Those who move in the humbler walks of life alone present us with the well-defined peculiarities which we designate as popular customs. In Vienna this portion of the community make most of their Christmas and New-Year purchases in the open air; and, for this reason, nearly every open space in the center of the city is filled with booths and stands of every shape and hue, so that the entire capital presents the appearance of a grand fair. A visit to these before Christmas day gives a better insight into the character of the masses than even a visit to their homes; for the Viennese live so much in the open air, that, on these occasions, they seem to bring with them all their love of pleasure, wit, and mirth, to have a grand celebration together among the booths, as preliminary to the smaller ones in their own circles. Hours may thus be agreeably spent in mingling among them, listening to their merry peals of laughter and continued exclamations of joy, as some new and pleasing object claims their attention and admiration. To describe the endless variety of quaint and curious articles exposed for sale, would be no easy task. Very prominent objects for Christmas presents among the people are, of course, those that are emblems of their religion. These appear by thousands in every size and shape. Colored engravings of the Savior on the cross are the most usual, as they are the least expensive. Beside these, the same subject, of nearly every imaginable material, from gilded bronze to common colored clay, adorns a large number of the booths. To these may be added hymns, prayers, prayer-books, and pictures of the various saints.

For youth there are toys, and for maidens an abundance of artificial flowers and perfumes; even watchmakers set up their booths, and jewelers display their cheap and gaudy wares. Tinkers set forth a choice assortment of tin-cups, pans, and kettles, and glass-dealers an endless variety of

Bohemian glass in all the colors of the rainbow. Then come booths with thread and stockings, combs and brushes, and so on through the entire catalogue of human wants. The body is also well cared for by vendors of cheese and gingerbread—pepper-cakes, as they are termed—and all sorts of bonbons and confectionary. Even tables are spread out, where hungry visitors, who spent the day among the booths, may sit down and enjoy a meal while gazing at the crowd. Ambulatory cooking-stoves also move through the mass, and deal out soup, hash, sausages, potatoes, and all the requisites of a not too dainty bill of fare; while on every hand are piles of wheat-rolls and enormous heaps of rye-bread, whose surface is generously spotted with caraway-seed, baked in with a view to a fine flavor. An old woman is also crying, "Good coffee at one cent a cup," while a sturdy boy, with a cracked voice, is singing popular melodies for whatever he can get.

About two days before Christmas this variegated crowd of booths assumes another physiognomy; the Christmas tree appears. This is a custom so wound up in the very nature of the Germans, that, among them, a Christmas festival without a tree is a decided impossibility. It is necessary, therefore, to have a supply to suit all purposes, and, for this reason, a most fanciful assortment shows itself among the booths. Evergreen branches, generally of some variety of the pine, are trimmed to resemble trees, and vary in height from one to twelve feet. The more costly of these are decorated with ribbons of every color, and little gilt balls, resembling apples, hanging among the branches. A cheaper sort have colored paper strips in place of ribbons. Thus decked off, they are brought to the fair for sale, and give to the assemblage of booths the appearance of a forest of Christmas trees. For days the streets are alive with these trees, on the way for sale, or in the hands of a purchaser, and ever and anon a giant tree passes by on a wagon, attracting all eyes and thrilling all hearts with the anticipation of pleasure. When at home, they are ornamented with all the presents that have been bought for the juveniles of the household, in contradistinction to the custom, prevalent in some parts of this country, of having Christmas gifts placed by St. Nicholas, or, more familiarly, Santa Claus, in the stocking hung at the chimney. The tree is placed in a room to which the children are not allowed access, and the presents, each having the name of the one for whom it is designed, are tastefully arranged on its branches. The latter are interspersed with little Christmas candles of fancy colors; and, on Christmas eve, just after dark, these are lit. When in a full blaze, the doors are opened, and in spring the children in ecstasies of joy, which are fully shared by their older relations, who are generally assembled to take part in the festivities which their generosity has helped to create. For a few hours happiness reigns unalloyed, till fatigue sends the youngsters to bed to dream of the morrow.

This custom of the Christmas tree is rapidly extending to other countries, and especially to England, as Queen Victoria has introduced it into her household for the amusement of the royal family, no doubt in compliment to Prince Albert, who is a scion of the German house of Coburg. In our own country, we believe, it is not often met with, except among our German population and some few admirers of their social customs. Among the wealthier classes in Vienna the Christmas tree is often the bearer of very costly gifts. During our sojourn there, a well-known banker adorned the Christmas tree of an only daughter with nothing but diamonds. These were considered so precious that a glass vase covered the tree, for more perfect safety among the crowd of guests that flocked to his saloons to admire the princely dower.

The custom, in rather a different form, is even extended to the grown children. On Christmas night we were invited to the house of a lady well known for her liberality and hospitality. Her parlor was filled with a select company of intimate friends, who, after taking some refreshments, were invited to walk into an adjoining room. To our surprise, a large Christmas tree, brilliantly illuminated, adorned one table, while another was filled with presents for all the invited guests, each one bearing the name of the donee.

In Vienna the week between Christmas and New-Year is considered, to a certain extent, a holy week; so much so that places of public amusement are all closed for the time. Even the theater, that at other times is open on Sunday evening, is then closed, and the same fate attends the ball-room. All pleasures are confined to the domestic circle, and here they reign in full sway.

Another spot of extraordinary attractions, during these holidays, is the *game market*; for such enormous quantities of game are brought to Vienna during the season as to deserve and receive a market for it alone. The immense preserves of Hungary and the Carpathian Mountains are the sources of these luxuries. Hares are the most plentiful and most sought after, on account of their cheapness. We have seen two four-horse wagon-loads of frozen hares brought into the game market at one time. As is a Christmas turkey with us, and roast-beef and plum-pudding with John Bull, so is a Christmas hare with the Viennese; and the Christmas tree is carried home in one hand with the hare in the other. They are remarkably large, and often as low as twenty-five cents apiece, so that they come within the reach of all. Another luxury of the season, indulged in by the wealthier, is the wild-boar of the Carpathian Mountains, although it was to us a riddle how a civilized palate could indulge with gusto in any thing so strong and tough. A friend, in the goodness of his heart, sent us a hind-quarter of an animal of this species, which he had bought; but we consigned it to the cook and servants, who thought it a deal more dainty than the hare with which they

had provided themselves. The partridge here grows to an uncommon size, and may be seen in cart-loads lying in heaps in the game market.

New-Year's day is, of course, one of general congratulation, and, in this respect, differs from our own, which is more especially devoted to the fair sex. In Vienna the visits are, as a general thing, from the lower classes to the higher. In the first place, the servants in all the families where you are a regular visitor think it their duty to call on you with their congratulations, and expect a gratuity according to your importance, your own servants having already reported themselves at the breakfast-table for the same object. Then come the boot-black, the washerwoman, the lamp-lighter, the paper-carrier, the letter-carrier, and a host of others of the same genus, according to circumstances. These all make early visits, that those who think themselves their betters may have the middle of the day; and these all expect a gift, which they prefer in money, making New-Year's day rather an expensive affair. Men of business now receive the compliments of the season from their clerks and all in their employ, and the higher officers of the government those of their subordinates. These duties being fairly accomplished, people of equal grade begin to visit each other; and thus passes a New-Year's day in the Imperial City.

Our chapter being one of festivities, we will continue our story of the principal ones of a religious nature that occur during the year; and when we say of a religious nature, we say all; for there are no holidays in Vienna that are not based on their religion. It is by this that the masses are governed, and this they, of course, celebrate as we do political and national events.

Maundy Thursday, or the Thursday of Passion Week, before Good Friday, is an eventful day in Vienna. For several days beforehand all the Churches are busily engaged in decorating the altars in various ways. They are generally made to resemble a sepulcher, into which one can look and perceive the body of the Savior. The latter is frequently guarded by angels, and, in many instances, the whole design is most beautifully carried out, and well worthy of a visit in an artistic sense, if we may be allowed the expression, and we use it because it really appeared to us that all the visits were made more to admire artistic beauty than in a sense of devotion. About four o'clock on the afternoon of Maundy Thursday all the churches are thrown open, and crowds rush in to see and admire. The streets are filled with people in their holiday dresses, so that they are almost impassable; and nearly all these think it a duty to visit all the churches, that they may give their opinions as to the merits of their respective efforts. This produces an almost suffocating crowd in the churches themselves, and a pushing, and pulling, and complaining, that ill accord with the exhibition itself, and which do not cease till late in the evening,

when fatigue and exhaustion drive the masses to their home.

The next festival in order is that of the "*feet-washing*;" and it is peculiar in the extreme. It is in imitation and commemoration of the ceremony performed by the Savior of washing the feet of the disciples. Its object is to show the Christian humility of the Emperor, and his fatherly solicitude for the welfare of his subjects. For some time before the performance of this high state and religious ceremony, the monarchy is searched far and wide for twelve of the oldest men and twelve of the oldest women that the realm contains. These are always found among the poorer classes, generally among the peasants, and they are brought to Vienna at the expense of his Majesty. The ceremony is performed in one of the largest saloons in the palace, and for a week before its consummation every influence is brought to bear to obtain tickets of admission on the occasion. As strangers, we were favored, and succeeded in procuring the necessary passports for ourself and a few friends. On arriving at the palace, we found it strictly guarded by the Emperor's body-guard in gala-dress, and, on presentation of credentials, we were ushered into the saloon. It was already brilliant with all the higher officers of the crown, and lords and ladies of the court, who, on this occasion, appear in their most gorgeous uniform and costly dresses. The display was one of exceeding beauty and interest, from the fact that all the nobility of the different provinces of the empire are expected to appear in their national costumes. Of the latter the most striking were those of Hungary, Styria, and Bohemia. The dresses of the Hungarian nobles especially were beautiful and unique. Nearly every prominent house has its own style of costume, and some of these are of surpassing richness and worth, reminding one of the baronial styles of the middle ages. One family that was extremely prominent appeared in loose mantles of leopard-skins, hanging jauntingly from the shoulders, and half concealing an abundance of golden treasures and precious stones. The celebrated Prince Esterhazy, who is renowned for his love of display, wore a mantle studded with rare diamonds, whose worth was said to be nearly a half million of florins.

Our eyes having done due justice to all these dignitaries, we began to feel solicitous about the twelve patriarchs and their mates, whose feet were to be washed by the Emperor and his consort. We soon perceived two raised platforms, one on each side of a long table, and on each of these platforms were placed twelve arm-chairs, evidently intended for those who were to be the recipients of imperial benevolence. Presently the old men entered. Most of them were so feeble that they were supported by children or near relatives, who were allowed to take their position behind the chairs of those whom they attended. It was, indeed, an affecting sight, thus to see tottering old age and silvery locks, whitened by the winters of a century passed in

poverty and obscurity, enter, for the first time, upon a scene that dazzled and confounded them. Some seemed too much astounded to enter, or too timid to take the seats assigned to them, while others appeared too old and infirm to notice the brilliant scene around them. The old men being placed, the old women entered with their attendants, and were conducted to their places in the same way. For a few moments all was silence, and all eyes contemplated the venerable company. It was whispered around that several of the men numbered more than one hundred years, and none were under ninety-five. The oldest of the women was one hundred and four, and the youngest ninety-two. Their combined ages was little less than two thousand four hundred years!

The imperial party now entered, and all rose in deference to majesty. In a few moments the ceremony commenced. One of the attending courtiers proceeded to take the shoe and stocking from the right foot of the old men, while another followed with a silver basin and pitcher. The basin being held under the foot, the Emperor poured a little water on it, and, laying a towel gently over it, passed on to the next. A courtier followed, and wiped the foot, while another replaced shoe and stocking. On the other platform the Empress and her ladies of honor performed the same ceremony for the old women. It is needless to add, that the feet seemed so well prepared for the occasion as to need but little washing, and that the whole performance was as formal as possible. Not the least interesting portion of the scene was to observe the effect that it produced on the old people. Some could not suppress tears; others kissed the garments of their Majesties, while others seemed almost unconscious of what was taking place. This ceremony being concluded, it was now time to feed the hungry that had been gathered, as it were, from the highways and byways of the empire. The aged company were conducted to seats at the table, and twenty-four enormous baskets were brought in and placed behind their chairs, and, according to custom, a gallon of wine for each one. The Emperor and Empress now turned waiters, and, taking the dishes from the baskets, placed them before the guests. The latter merely tasted of each dish, and then it was removed, and again placed in the basket, and thus the ceremony of feeding the hungry was performed. But the contents of each basket belonged to the individual before whom they were placed, and were ample for a large company. The old people now retire, followed by their friends and baskets, and repair to their homes, to spend the rest of the day in making themselves and relatives happy with the gifts of the Emperor and Empress. Some of the old people, in passing out, seemed to pay more attention to the good things that accompanied them than to all that was transpiring around them. The ceremony of the feet-washing was now concluded, and its brilliancy, gorgeousness, pride, and vanity

taught any lesson rather than that of humility or benevolence.

The next grand festival is that of "*Corpus Christi*," in honor of the eucharist, held on the Thursday after Trinity-Sunday. This is emphatically a public festival, and is shared by the entire population. All business is suspended, and the public bureaus, as well as private establishments, are closed. At nine o'clock in the morning the gates of the city proper, or that portion within the walls, are closed to vehicles, and foot-passengers from all points of the compass crowd in to witness the solemnities of the day. These consist of a grand procession, headed by the imperial family, from the palace to the cathedral of St. Stephen, the route being about half a mile in length. The streets through which it passes are boarded over through the entire route, that those who compose the cortege may walk as pleasantly as on their own floors. These boards are sprinkled with leaves of evergreens and all the flowers of the season, which enchant the eye, and spread a pleasant perfume through the air. On each side of this long expanse of floor is a double row of soldiers, standing so closely as to render it impossible for the crowd to trespass on this stamping-ground of royalty and greatness. The mere view of this from the windows of the adjacent houses is a sight not to be despised. At intervals temporary altars are erected, like triumphal arches, at the intersections of the streets. These arches are richly decked with evergreens and costly wreaths of the sweetest flowers, while the floor around them is handsomely carpeted. The houses along the line are richly ornamented with flowers and foliage. Festoons of leaves and blossoms of the spring wind and meander gracefully from window to window, house to house, and altar to altar. The doors and windows of the stores on a level with the street are ingeniously hidden from view by a forest of foliage, which presents the appearance of a long line of trees on either side; and thus all is ready for the passage of the festal train.

The best place to view it is from the interior court of the palace, which is very large, and around which the whole procession passes before issuing into the street. The attentions of a friend gained us admission to the court, and a place at one of the windows of the palace. At the appointed hour the bells of St. Stephen's began to toll, and the cortege passed out from the grand portal into the palace court. The Emperor, with the knights of honor, all with their heads uncovered, led the van, bearing in their hands large candles with enormous flames. Then came the other members of the imperial family, headed by the successor to the throne. These were followed by the Archbishop of Vienna, over whom was borne an immense canopy; and in his train were all the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the capital and magnates of the empire. These were all dressed in the most costly garments and robes, many of which never appear in public except on

this day. The ladies of the cortege now appeared, with the Empress at the head. She wore a diadem of brilliants inestimable in value, and her gorgeous dress, in keeping with it, extended in a train, which was supported by four of the principal chamberlains of her court. All the other ladies of the imperial family wore also long trains, as did the maids of honor and ladies of court. The effect of the whole while passing around the interior of the palace yard, chanting a solemn mass, was impressive and magnificent in the extreme. The Viennese boast of it as a pageant that no other capital of Europe can surpass, and we are inclined to give credit to their assertion. The procession now starts on its route to the cathedral, stopping at the altars erected on the way sufficiently long to allow the Archbishop to perform a short mass. During this service all kneel, even the soldiers that guard the lines, and, at this moment, a sight from a window in the vicinity is not the least interesting portion of the spectacle. Having arrived at the cathedral, a grand mass is performed, which lasts about an hour, when the entire cortege returns in the imperial and noble equipages that have, in the mean while, assembled at the portal of the cathedral. Many of these court-carriages are so beautiful, that the return of the procession is looked for with as much anxiety as was its passage to the church, especially as the absence of solemnity now permits the lookers-on to have a fairer view of the faces of the distinguished personages who have figured in the pageant. Thus ended the festival of "*Corpus Christi*," in honor of the eucharist.

A curious incident of the day, however, long formed a subject for gossip in the saloons, and we consider it too good not to be told in connection with the festival which gave rise to it. Titles of nobility can be bought in Austria, and it is customary for those who wish to purchase an article of this sort to do it by making a generous gift to some charitable institution of the city, under the express provision that such a donation shall be considered a remuneration for said title. This is, at least, a redeeming feature of the trade; for out of vanity and evil sometimes cometh good. A certain English lady, advanced in years and destitute of charms, was captivated with the life of the nobility in Vienna, and determined to devote all of her fortune that she could possibly spare to a charitable institution, in return for the title of Countess and Lady Patroness of said institution. Her title gave her admission to court, and liberty to figure in all the court festivals, a privilege peculiarly gratifying to her vanity and weakness. But her purse had become so debilitated by this unusual exertion, that she was really not able to make a respectable appearance, according to the demands of the circle of which she was now proud to form a part. She nevertheless determined to do all that others did, and, consequently, appeared in the brilliant cortege on the festal day. She being but recently admitted to court, was the last person in the procession, and

had but a single servant, dressed in cast-off livery, to bear her train. Her appearance was shabby in the extreme, after feasting the eyes on accumulated wealth and prodigality, and she wore an indifferent black satin dress, with a long train, which really bore the marks of being patched on. As she followed the procession all eyes were upon her—some pitying, some sympathising, and others ridiculing. When the procession was about to leave the cathedral to return, all the ladies had their splendid carriages in waiting for them; but there was none for the Countess. She had ordered a hack to call for her, having no carriage of her own; but the soldiers had orders to let no hack pass the lines under any consideration, and the Countess stood at the door in a dilemma. Etiquette forbid the ladies of the court to give her a place in their carriages, and they were inclined to take advantage of this quibble to prevent being laughed at on account of their company. The Countess had no alternative left but to walk alone; but the servant hired for the occasion now refused to carry her long train, well knowing that he would be greeted with shouts of laughter at this descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the poor, newly fledged Countess was thus obliged to gather up her train in her arms, and make the best of her way out of the crowd, a striking personification of the jackdaw that was fond of peacocks' feathers.

While most persons, however, felt inclined to smile at the vanity displayed in the rear of this gorgeous procession, we felt sorely tempted to smile at the one who so poorly played his part in the van. The Emperor Ferdinand the Fifth, who has since abdicated in favor of his nephew Francis Joseph, is a man of such extremely weak intellect as to border almost on simplicity. Indeed, less sympathising tongues say boldly that he is really not able to take care of himself in every-day life, and requires a guardian continually at his side, as would a child. It is to know of folly enough to be aware that such a man is Emperor; but when his courtiers will insist on his taking part in all public pageants, as if he were a man of sufficient sense and intellect to comprehend the high position he was filling, this folly must beget ridicule for those who move the strings behind the scenes, and pity for him whose infirmities are thus exposed to public gaze in a position where they must suffer the severest ordeal. And this was the situation of the Emperor Ferdinand in all those public festivals in which he was expected to perform a prominent part. A glance from a scrutinising eye would at once convince the observer of his intellectual weakness. An unusually large and ill-shaped head indicated a diseased formation, and the vacant stare of eyes which seemed almost to roll about uncontrolled in their orbits, added to a countenance totally devoid of expression, made a sorry picture for an Emperor. As he walked at the head of the procession, decked in all the imperial purple that his realm could command, he gazed about with apparent listlessness

and unconcern, unless, at times, something unusually pretty or gaudy would attract his eye. At the ceremony of the "feet-washing" his incapacity was still more evident. Instead of performing it with the dignified solemnity due to himself and the occasion which was being commemorated, his movements and gestures were rather those of a child; so much so that, on the close of the ceremony, in presence of the brilliant assembly there collected, he stood for a moment and examined his hands, as if half suspecting that they had been soiled by the performance. The House of Hapsburg is indeed sadly degenerated, and it is now hardly possible to find a member of it whose intellect may be placed in the rank of mediocrity.

In the revolution of 1848 the Emperor Ferdinand expressed a great deal of fear of personal violence from the infuriated masses, and finally fled from the capital. But his fear was induced by the conduct of those around him. From the people he had nothing to fear. For him they entertained no other feeling than that of sympathy, as he was generally spoken of among them as the "good Emperor." They knew that his intellect was too weak to elevate him to a higher point than that of a tool for designing courtiers, and it was on the latter that they would gladly have wreaked their vengeance.

HEAVEN'S GIFTS FOR WOMAN.

—
BY CORA.
—

N^oW, ne'er for her the stormy field,
Where wrestling spirits come!
Her ceaseless care, her untold love
Its guerdon finds at home.

Hers be one sweet, unfolding flower,
To flourish 'neath her care—
One priceless gem, to mirror back
Her spirit's image there!

To teach the lisper's lip to pray;
The erring foot to guide;
To kneel, when all around is hushed,
The lowly bed beside!

And music—childhood's ringing shouts—
Borne out upon the breeze:
O, ne'er for her in Fashion's halls
Were symphonies like these!

And call it not a weary lot
To wait for coming feet.
The mourner, by her lonely hearth,
Such sound no more may greet.

Yet not e'en *hers* is rayless night,
Hopes lost, and labor vain;
Heaven give her sweet, enduring faith,
She'll clasp her loved again!

THOUGHTS ON A CANINE SUBJECT.

BY JAMES FUMMILL.

WE are not of the opinion of Sir Launcelot De Boyce, who thought that dogs were "a complete pest upon the body-politic." Sir Launcelot, methinks, must have been one of those ever-frowning old bachelors who can perceive nothing upon which to place their affections but an old stocking, well lined with gold. We think we can see the old baronet, with his grim, parchment countenance, in which time and "caulking melancholy" had plowed dismal furrows; his overhanging and inhospitable brows; his eye forever darting dissatisfaction; his old scratch-wig awry, and his garments sadly bespeaking wretchedness; we think we can see him, with this outward repulsiveness of appearance, sitting down to give a gracilent opinion of the canine species. But the old baronet's character is too plainly visible in his writings to command much deferential attention. He is not sufficiently gifted with a manly sympathy of heart to be read and admired greatly by his fellow-men. The "History of Quadrupeds," written by him, will not outlive one of his own waistcoats.

The simple Kamtschatkans have taught us the worth of dogs. The faithful animals not only drag their masters, in sledges, hundreds of miles over the roughest ground, in the most inclement seasons, but they serve them in many other ways, to the astonishment of travelers. They sometimes display almost human sagacity in their movements. What would you think if you should hear a dog sing? A certain traveler informs us that he has heard them howl the most enchanting music, in the still nights, as they pursued their way over the frozen snow. It does not seem to us as if there could be much harmony in the howl of a dog. The traveler's story has a Munchausonish air about it; it smacks of deceit; and yet, for all that, it may be true. We must not prejudice, but wait till the story is refuted or confirmed before we complete our opinion. But only think of the uniqueness of a dog-serenade by moonlight! We have a certain liking to dogs as characters; but we hardly think we could endure them as vocalists. The bare idea causes a shudder!

We have it from the best authority, that, although dogs may not actually be capable of giving musical entertainments themselves, they are yet sometimes moved powerfully by music. On some dogs, we are told, music produces an apparently painful effect, causing them gradually to become restless, to moan piteously, and to display many other outward signs of suffering and distress. Others have been seen to sit and listen to music with seeming delight, and even to go every Sunday to Church, with the obvious purpose of enjoying the solemn and powerful strains of the organ. Some dogs manifest a keen sense of false notes in music. From this you may see that dogs, after all, are not devoid

of musical taste. There are thousands of human beings whose minds are not capable of appreciating the most lovely sounds. Crabbe, who wrote such good poetry, could sit in a concert-room, where the music was in full chorus, and compose verses—not once dreaming of his whereabouts. We have an anecdote of the giant Johnson—high "Sam" familiarly—who once listened to a finished piece of music from one of the most popular musicians of his day, and, when the air was concluded, coolly asked "what it all meant." "That is a difficult air," replied a friend. "Perhaps you did not exactly comprehend it, Mr. Johnson?" "Difficult!" retorted the giant, "I wish it had been impossible." If love of music be an intellectual attribute, our dogs certainly deserve some credit. But here we would not be understood as comparing, intellectually, the most intelligent of dogs to even the most unintelligent of men—not to mention Crabbe or Johnson. Their disregard of sweet sounds can not destroy one iota of the brilliant fame which has been accorded them. Shakspeare's advice, to trust no man "who hath not music in his soul," we suspect, will never be listened to by mankind; for some of the best men have held music in utter detestation.

But to return to the dogs. A writer, with whom we are familiar, says he possesses an Italian grayhound which screams in apparent agony when a jarring combination of notes is produced accidentally or intentionally on the piano. These manifestations show what might be done, by education, to teach dogs a critical knowledge of sounds. A gentleman in Germany has actually taught a poodle dog to detect false notes in music. We give the account as we find it in Chambers's Miscellany.

Mr. S., having acquired a competency by commercial industry, retired from business, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the cultivation and enjoyment of music. Every member of his little household was, by degrees, involved more or less in the same occupation; and even the housemaid could, in time, bear a part in a chorus, or decipher a melody of Schubert. One individual alone in the family seemed to resist this musical entrancement. This was a small spaniel, the sole specimen of the canine race in the house. Mr. S. felt the impossibility of instilling the theory of sounds into the head of Poodle; but he firmly resolved to make the animal bear some part or other in the general domestic concern; and, by perseverance and the adoption of ingenious means, he attained his object. Every time that a *false note* escaped either from the instrument or voice; as often as any blunder of whatever kind was committed by any member of the musical family—and such blunders were sometimes committed intentionally—down came its master's cane on the back of the unfortunate Poodle till she howled and growled again. Poodle perceived the meaning of these unkind chastisements, and, instead of becoming sulky, showed every disposition to howl on the instant a false note was

uttered, without waiting for the formality of a blow. By and by a mere glance of Mr. S.'s eye was sufficient to make the animal howl to admiration. In the end Poodle became so thoroughly acquainted with and attentive to false notes, and other musical barbarisms, that the slightest mistake of the kind was infallibly signaled by a yell from her, forming the most expressive commentary on the mis-performance.

When extended trials were made of the animal's acquirements, they were never found to fail, and Poodle became, what she still is, the most famous, impartial, and conscientious connoisseur in the Duchy of Hesse. But, as may be imagined, her musical appreciation is entirely negative. If you sing with expression and play with ability, she will remain cold and impassable; but let your execution exhibit the slightest defect, and you will have her instantly showing her teeth, whisking her tail, barking, yelping, and growling. At the present time, there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr. S. and his wonderful dog are not invited; or, at least, *the dog*. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band—whether violin, clarionet, hautboys, or bugle—all of them must execute their parts in perfect harmony; otherwise Poodle looks at its master, erects its ears, shows its grinders, and howls outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produce on it the same effect.

So much for *musical dogs*.

But have we nothing else to say for dogs than that they are musical? Poets of almost every age have celebrated the kind faithfulness and patient watchfulness of the noble animal in sublime verses. We all know the story of Ulysses and his good dog Argus, told by one of the old Greek poets. When we were school-boys our young hearts softened into a kindly sympathy as we read the affecting story. Now that we are of age we may not think of the constant and devoted creature without moistened eyes. Byron's love for a favorite dog caused him, after its death, to erect a monument over its remains, with a very pithy yet misanthropical memorial.

"O, man, thou feeble tenant of an hour!
Debased by slavery or corrupt by power!
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust; thy friendship all a cheat;
Thy smiles hypocrisy; thy words deceit;
By nature vile; ennobled but by name;
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame!
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on; it honors none *you* wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never had but one—and here he lies!"

Hapless man! would thy lot had been more fortunate, and thy life more filled with the delights of friendship, religion, and virtue! But let us turn from the shadowy picture.

Cowper, the most delicious versifier that ever culled flowers from the sunny hills of Poesy, had

an excessive love for poodles. Our blessings on his memory for the delightful manner in which he has spoken of his pets! Who can read his graceful thoughts without an overflowing heart? O, not the faithful and generous lover of his species certainly; not the man of kindly and benevolent spirit! The little spaniel *Beau* is the cherished of our every feeling. The first time we heard of him, in our youth, plucking lilies from the Ouse for his kind master—or rather say, kind friend—our soul longed to have his like as a companion. Gentle Beau! By the reader's willing permission we will have that story about the spaniel. We are sure it can not be otherwise than welcome.

"The noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silver tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree—
Two nymphs, adorned with every grace,
That spaniel found for me—

Now wantoned, lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
Her lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still my prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed, considerate face,
And, puzzling, set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But, with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned,
Beau trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
And, plunging, left the shore.

I saw him, with that lily cropped,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed;
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.

But chief myself I will enjoin
To wake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all."

But, after all, we are sorry to say, dogs are very much like men. There are a great many ill-natured, dissatisfied, unhandsome, unfaithful, vicious creatures among them. They are not all so constant in their characters as old Grecian Argus, nor so obliging as little Beau. Some of them will not stop short of the basest actions to gain whatever design they may have in view, whether it be to lay waste a hen-roost or despoil a kitchen pantry. We have

seen two curs quarreling over a bone, in a fashion that would almost make a politician blush; and we have seen some wag of a dog, who had lost all consciousness of right or wrong, surreptitiously appropriate the object of dispute, and run away with it, to the discomfiture of the disputants. Now, these kind of dogs—we assume no great credit for having made the discovery—deserve no commendation. They are such as may be dispensed with, because they are of no benefit whatever to their fellow-dogs or to their masters.

Dogs are influential animals in villages. We never were in a village yet that some dog was not very often the theme of conversation. A miserly individual, who lived in a village in central Ohio, owned one of the most unconscionable curs we have yet encountered. It had no redeeming quality, either of character or appearance. It was said, by the villagers, to be the perfect counterpart of its master. No great praise to the dog, dear reader! *Vice* was the name given it, which was appropriate enough, we are sure. Its antipathy to moonlight was extreme. No sleep visited the longing eyes of those who dwelt in its vicinity. In vain were poisoned meats thrown to it. The animal seemed to have an intuitive suspicion that prevented it from tasting any food that did not come from the hand of its master. But, notwithstanding all its cunning, one night it died. A radiant light of gladness visited the eye of each villager when the animal's decease was announced. A procession was formed—a long, motley procession. The remains of the hated animal were taken up, and buried, in pomp, three miles from the village, in a dark wood. No tears were dropped to its memory; but a thousand happy and smiling eyes looked upon the hillock that rose above its form. The citizenship of a dog is of some moment, as illustrated by the circumstance just mentioned. The following curious epitaph was erected to the cur's memory:

ON A CUR NAMED VICE.

"Once more the world resumes her ancient smile,
And caution's laid aside to die in rust;
Nor passion more our bosoms shall defile;
For hated *Vice* lies buried in the dust."

But our article is, probably, getting too long, and, as we are "near the bottom of the page," we may as well begin to think of concluding. But first let us conjure you, ye owners of dogs, to treat your affectionate servants with due liberality and kindness. Give them plenty of food; and place good straw in their kennels, that they may enjoy, with luxurious contentment, those hours they are not spending in your service. O, treat them not as the Siberians do their laborious and ever-willing animals! The draught dogs, so faithful and useful to the northern Siberians, indeed, receive, from their masters, but a poor recompense for labor performed. According to the account of a Mr. Erman, who has traveled in Siberia, and closely observed the manners and customs of the people, the dogs are considerably more than half starved,

and are rarely admitted to the fire to be fed, save when they return, weary and distressed, from a long journey. They have no warm, straw-lined kennels, but are compelled to sleep outside the houses, in holes, which they thaw in the snow by their own warmth. Now, such treatment is inhuman, ungenerous, and flagitious; and we hope all dog-owners who read this article will be willing to testify with us an utter abhorrence of the Siberian system. We trust they will remember that truth of which, perhaps, our fur-clad friends are ignorant,

"None but the actions of the just
Smell good and blossom in the dust!"

A HAPPY HOME.

BY MINNIE.

THE first year of married life is a most important era in the history of man and wife. Generally, as it is spent, so is almost all subsequent existence. The wife and the husband then assimilate their views and their desires, or else, conjuring up their dislikes, they add fuel to their prejudices and animosities forever afterward. "I have somewhere read," says Rev. Mr. Wise, in his *Bridal Greetings*, "of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him into the garden, a day or two after their wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and exclaimed,

"Pull the line."

"She pulled it, at his request, as far as she could. He cried,

"Pull it over."

"I can't," she replied.

"But pull with all your might," shouted the whimsical husband.

"But vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as her husband held on to the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease.

"There!" said he, as the line fell from the roof; "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it was when we pulled together! It will be thus with us, my dear, through life. If we oppose each other, it will be hard work; if we act together, it will be pleasant to live. Let us always pull together."

In this illustration, homely as it may be, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must mutually bear and concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of bliss and joy. One alone can not make home happy. There must be unison of action, sweetness of spirit, and great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle.

VACATION RAMBLES.

—
BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.
—

THE CITY OF ELMS.

THERE seems to be, of late, much competition among the cities for favorite epithets. No less than three—Cleveland on the Lake, Middletown on the Connecticut, and Portland on the Atlantic—are aspiring to be called the "Forest City." How they will settle the question among them is uncertain. I believe, however, New Haven alone claims to be by pre-eminence the "City of Elms." I had often heard of the beauty of New Haven, of the magnificence of her grand old elms, of her neat and tidy streets, of the comfort and elegance of her homes, and of the fame of her ancient college. But though I had heard all this, and had been often all around the place, yet I had strangely failed ever to visit it. Feeling that my "education was not finished" till I had seen New Haven, I concluded to extend my vacation rambles to that city. On arriving at the railroad station, which at New Haven is quite *subterranean*, I ascended to the upper regions, and proceeded to look for the elms. I was not long in finding them, for they line nearly all the streets, entwining their branches so as to form shady avenues, in which you may walk for miles secure from the heat of the noonday sun. You can not give a blind man any idea of color. Equally may I despair of giving those who have never seen the like any idea of the appearance of the City of Elms. To form any correct notion of the place, you must see it; you must stand at some favorable point of view in its streets, and look each way along its shady avenues; you must walk along the streets, and observe the neat dwellings, the beautiful flower-gardens, and the ivy and woodbine twining over the antique walls; you must look at the venerable pile of college edifices, standing in the midst of the city, and embowered in elms; you must ascend the cupola of the Methodist church, and enjoy a panorama of the whole city and the surrounding country; you must ramble over its ancient cemetery, where sleep men whose names are an honor to the human race.

My visit happened opportunely, affording me the privilege of attending the one hundred and fifty-first Commencement of Yale College. Among the most interesting exercises of the occasion was the meeting of the Alumni, under the great tent in the College yard. There were present I know not how many. There seemed to me to be a thousand or more. They had come up to attend the anniversary of their Alma Mater from the hills of New England, from the shores of the great lakes, from the plains of the west, and from the valleys of the south. Brief, appropriate, and interesting addresses were made by several gentlemen. They were not prepared and set speeches, but the eloquent outpourings of the soul in thoughts and words which were suggested by the circumstances of the occa-

sion. Amusing anecdotes of college life, affecting reminiscences of the past, and good-humored sallies of wit formed the substance of most of the speeches. Obituary notices were read of those Alumni who had died during the year. Several hymns and songs were sung. The effect of a thousand voices singing the good old tunes of the Puritan times was surpassingly sublime. Among the songs was the following, written for the occasion. The reader will join me in pronouncing it beautiful. It was sung to the good old tune, Lenox:

"Beneath these sacred shades,
Long-severed hearts unite:
The tempting future fades,
The past alone seems bright.
O'er sultry alicms
And stormy zone
Rings clear the tone
Of mem'ry's chime.

We come to tread once more
The paths of earlier days,
To count our blessings o'er,
And mingle prayer and praise;
For Mercy's hand,
From skies of blue,
Hath linked anew
Each broken band.

We come, ere life departs,
Ere winging death appears,
To throng our joyous hearts,
With dreams of sunnier years:
To meet once more
Where pleasure sprang,
And arches rang
With songs of yore.

Not all, not all are here:
Some sleep 'neath funeral flowers,
Where falls the mourner's tear,
And weep the evening showers.
Yet, thankfully,
Let every heart
Its love impart
To Him on high."

Not the least interesting feature of New Haven is its beautiful cemetery. It occupies a lovely spot just on one side of the city. There are no monuments extravagantly expensive, with grotesque designs, offensive to all good taste; but plain and neat stones, with simple and chaste inscriptions, mark the resting-place of the eminent dead, who have there laid down for their long and last sleep. The grave of Noah Webster is marked by a plain stone, with only one word—*Webster*—inscribed on it. The grave of Ashmun, the first governor of Liberia, of Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, and of many others known to fame, are distinguished by plain monuments and brief inscriptions. The distinguished presidents of Yale College, whose names have become immortal among men, lie side by side with unknown and humble men. Death is the great leveler, the destroyer of all distinctions; and why should the living vainly attempt to keep up conventional distinctions in the graveyard? why create marks where marks are of no avail?

THE FINISHED CITY.

A *finished* city we of the west do not often see. Our cities never get finished. The sound of the hammer is always heard, and piles of lumber, of brick, and of mortar are always incumbering our streets. But "down east" they have *finished* cities—cities which were finished half a century ago, and which bid fair to retain their finish till they take their places among the ruins of the past. Among finished cities Middletown stands pre-eminent. Twenty years have produced, so far as I could discover, no change either in the place or the people. The place consists of the very same houses, of the very same color, and occupied by the very same people. I began to think nobody ever died there, and that must be the place from which it had been said people had to move away in order, when tired of life, to die. I found the very same persons—men, women, and children—with whom I was formerly acquainted, all apparently no older than they were twenty years ago. But on taking a ramble over the city and its vicinity, I was convinced, by the numerous and populous graveyards, that death had been doing its legitimate work even in that fair and healthy region. I observed in the city and on its immediate borders six cemeteries, four of them very ancient and strangely populous. It would appear to the observer that many, very many more people lie in those old graveyards than live in the modern city. Many of the inscriptions on the gravestones are utterly illegible from age. "Time's effacing fingers" have been busy on the surface of the soft sandstone, and no Old Mortality has performed on them his gratuitous labor in memory of the dead. We could barely make out the date of a few of the more ancient. On one old stone was inscribed the name, and a tribute to the virtues of an amiable young lady, who died nearly two hundred years ago. "Alas!" said my companion, who had never before visited an ancient cemetery, "what a long time, a very long time, for the poor child to sleep here!" Even so. Two hundred times has summer come and gone, two thousand times has the moon performed her monthly round, and seventy thousand times has the morning sun shone and the evening shades fallen on her grave, and still she sleeps on, unmindful of the return of spring or of morn.

On the summit of a lofty hill, not far from the Wesleyan University, is a small cemetery, less ancient, but to us more fruitful of hallowed associations than the old and more populous graveyards we had visited. There sleeps the incomparable, the peerless Fisk. And there, too, since our visit to the place, has been laid the great and the good Olin. There, too, are the graves of the students who have died at the University, away from home. Among them is the grave of Hurd, once a student of mine, and one of the most excellent and most promising young men whom I have ever known. This college cemetery is in a beautiful place, but I was sorry to observe the appearance of neglect

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about it. The gate was hingeless, the fence out of repair, the shrubbery untrimmed, and some of it broken and ruined by unruly cattle, that should never be allowed to desecrate a graveyard.

The external appearance of the buildings of the University has suffered little or no change during twenty years. Of its internal arrangements I had little opportunity to form an opinion. The Alumni, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, are a first-rate, good-looking set of fellows. Among them are lots of presidents, professors, and doctors of divinity. I heard two of them deliver addresses before societies connected with the institution. One of the addresses was on "Physical Theism." It had the singular merit of total abstinence from all allusion to the "American Union," the "Compromise," and the "Fugitive-Slave law." This merit was the more singular from the fact, that, so far as I have heard, no other literary address has been delivered, during the past year, without being surcharged with discussions on the "Compromise." The other address at Middletown, before one of the societies, by a graduate, was remarkable for its want of appropriateness, both in manner and matter, to the time and the occasion.

No stranger should leave Middletown without crossing the river to see the sandstone quarries. They are a curiosity. A large number of men—I should judge nearly two thousand—are constantly employed in quarrying the rock. The quarries are, some of them, nearly one hundred feet deep, with walls perpendicular. Down deep in these pits the stone is quarried, and then drawn up, with stout chains, by steam. The steam-engine handles a block weighing several tons as easily as a boy would handle a sling-pebble. And, what is more curious, a yoke of stout oxen is let down, in a big box, into the quarry, and, when the day's work is done, drawn up by steam to the upper regions. The poor creatures, with philosophic indifference, suffer themselves to be driven into the box, and swung off over a precipice terrific as that of Niagara; and when evening comes, they come cheerfully up to the box, and wait quietly for their turn to be drawn up. They must have stronger nerves than I have, or they would grow dizzy on being suspended by a single chain over such a precipice.

THE CITY OF THE PURITANS.

Boston is sometimes called the City of Notions. But I know not as the people are more *notional* than other people. Nor am I certain as it deserves, more than some other places, the name I have given it—the *City of the Puritans*. It is fast losing the distinctive characteristics which the old Puritans marked on it. It is, however, a *notable* city.

The stranger in Boston will be in danger of being shocked at the crowded and awfully crooked streets. You have heard of the fence so crooked that the pig, often as he attempted to crawl through, invariably found himself still on the same side. But that fence is not a circumstance to the streets of Boston. A man undertook one day to go from

Brattle Square to Roxbury. After having traveled all day, in what he supposed the proper direction, he found himself at night in the same place from which he started in the morning. But we can excuse the obliquity of the streets, crooked as they are, since they are so scrupulously clean. No filth of any kind is allowed to accumulate. No dirty water is seen running along the gutters. Underground drains carry off all the water. That pest of western cities—the hog—is unknown in the streets of Boston. It is said that an unlucky pig once did escape from his pen, and appear in the streets. No sooner was the fact known, than all the ladies scampered home, and the mayor issued his proclamation, calling out the whole force of the city to capture the beast.

You may have a fine view of Boston and its vicinity, either from the cupola of the State-House or from the summit of Bunker Hill Monument. Looking down on the city, it seems one solid but uneven mass of slate. The beauty of the view lies in the surrounding country. North, south, and west, far as the eye can reach, is one vast extent of village, with interspersed gardens and groves. No where in America, if any where in the world, can be seen so fine a suburban landscape.

For the first time I visited the time-honored and world-renowned Faneuil Hall. It is a naked, unfurnished room, without a chair, or a seat of any kind, or a single article of furniture, or the slightest ornament, except a portrait of Peter Faneuil, John Adams, and of a few others, men of olden time. The "associations" that inspire so much eloquence in that Hall must be purely ethereal, for there is woeful absence of all external paraphernalia.

The churches of Boston are very fine. Among the finest, if not the very finest and most costly in the city, is the Methodist church in Hanover-street. I walked down with my friend to see it. I could only see the outside; for though the pastor of the Church was once my student, and is yet my warm friend, and would cheerfully have admitted me, not only to the house, but to the pulpit, yet I had no time to call on him, nor to look within his magnificent church.

Some of the churches of Boston are more celebrated for their ancient associations than for their beauty of architecture. The Old South was used for soldiers' barracks during the war of the Revolution. Just over the door of the Brattle-Street Church you may now perceive a cannon-ball in the very place where it was lodged from some brazen-mouthed instrument, in one of the Revolutionary engagements. The Park-Street, Berry-Street, and Hollis-Street are celebrated for having echoed to the eloquence of Griffin, and of Channing, and of Pierpont.

Boston is celebrated for its "law and order." You can not ride fast in the street, nor smoke on the sidewalks. Getting intoxicated or using profane language subjects you to a fine. I understand

it is in contemplation by the authorities to issue a city ordinance against spitting. If so, I would like to have the same law extended over the west, so as at least to reach the place where I live, and move, and have my being; for, in that respect, we of the west may say, in the language of a great man, "our sufferings are intolerable."

THE CITY OF ISLANDS.

I believe it was Don Quixotte who had so wonderful a faculty for giving descriptive names to persons and places. I intend, by no means, to place my rambles in competition with his renowned wandering, but I seem to have a propensity, quite new to me, to follow in some degree his notable example. However, I know not as I can better describe Portland than by calling it the *City of Islands*; for the city itself is all but an island, and it is situated on a bay abounding with the most beautiful clusters of islands in the world.

To see Portland to advantage, you should ascend the Observatory, on the summit of Munjoy Hill. Looking to the west, you will see, extending along a peninsular promontory, the city, which, in the beauty and verdure of its elms, shading its neat and wide streets, is scarcely inferior to New Haven. Beyond the city you will see a beautiful evergreen plain, stretching away in the dim distance. On the south, you see, far beyond the coast of Cape Elizabeth, the open ocean, with numerous gallant ships spreading their white sails to the wind. On the east you see the Bay of Casco, with its three hundred and sixty-five islands. On the north rises the grand range of White Mountains, stamping the landscape with intense sublimity.

Such a landscape, combining such variety, so much of the beautiful, the grand, and the sublime, as may be seen from the Portland Observatory, I have seen no where else. I doubt whether the world affords another prospect so fine. Indeed, I can conceive of nothing in natural scenery more charming to the eye of the poet, the painter, or the landscape admirer. The beauty of the city, the groves of evergreen on the plains, the open ocean, the Bay with its islands, the tide-water rivers gleaming amid the forests and fields, and the mountain background, afford a variety and scope of view that can not be excelled. Though born on the limits of the city, and residing till near manhood in its immediate neighborhood, and visiting it often during my life, yet I never so fully could appreciate the beauties of its situation, as when, after having been absent for many years, and having seen other places most celebrated for beauty, I returned, and stood on the Munjoy Observatory, and surveyed at leisure all the landscape. The beauties of the place, as seen from that spot, are indeed exhaustless. You may look, and observe, and spy with a good glass all day, and yet constantly be finding in the surrounding landscape some new feature of interest.

Portland has been fruitful of poets. Willis, and Mellen, and Longfellow were born and brought up

in that city. Nor do I wonder at the fame they have acquired, if there be, as I doubt not there is, an intimate connection between natural scenery and the development of poetic genius.

THE ITINERANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY REV. J. F. CRABT.

In the spring of 1851, while stationed at Wesley Chapel, Indianapolis, a gracious revival of religion was enjoyed, and God's Spirit was felt, in saving power, by many precious souls. An interesting class of young ladies, of the Indiana Female College, were converted.

A more lovely scene angels never gazed upon than was presented one night, during the progress of the meeting. Many of the young ladies, with their teachers and the beloved President, were kneeling at God's altar. Penitents were crying for mercy, and Christian friends were speaking words of encouragement and hope to them.

Deeply sorrowing, among the penitents, bowed the gifted young Carrie E., the object of ten thousand prayers. Her sobs and cries for mercy were really melting, and to hear her plead with Jesus and beg for pardon, would make the most hardened feel. Mingled with her prayers and cries were tender allusions to her dear, departed father, her widowed mother, and her own wicked heart. Would God not answer a father's prayer, who had already gone to heaven? Would Jesus not pity the poor, bereaved mother, and convert her child, that she might be a solace to her in her widowhood?

"Come, O Jesus, come and bless me!" poor Carrie would sob; and then her bursting heart would be agonized in the dreadful suspense of unpardoned guilt, and her faith alternate between the command and promise of Jehovah. "Give me thy heart," something seemed to whisper in her ear, and then, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"What shall I do? Will God forgive me?" sighed the wretched Carrie.

How strange is sin! What wonderful guilt and sorrow seems to be pent up in the human soul till God exposes and destroys it! Carrie was amiable, mild, intelligent, truthful, obedient, and young; yet her heart was filled with anguish when she saw her sins. Now she would promise to serve God; to be a good girl; to forsake all sin; and again she would weep, as though her head was a fountain of tears, at the remembrance of past sins. Ministers at that altar of prayer felt deeply and prayed earnestly for all; yet some I know felt unusual interest in Carrie. Every Methodist preacher will respond to that feeling when I say that Carrie was the child, the last child of an itinerant minister. Her teacher whispered words of consolation to the grief-stricken penitent. Pious females prayed fervently to God for her. My own soul swelled with unutterable

emotion. When I saw her throw up her hands toward heaven, and beseechingly ask for mercy and salvation, I knelt by her, and listened to her musings and prayers. Her language was about this: "O, blessed Jesus, thou didst die on Calvary for me; thou didst shed thy precious blood that I might live. Save me—O, save me, or I die! Father in heaven, forgive, for the sake of thy Son! O, thou art merciful; thou wilt forgive! Yes; thou dost forgive! Now I believe it; Jesus has forgiven me!" The next moment she raised her face to heaven. A smile, the smile of heavenly grace, played upon her features; a glow of radiant glory seemed beaming upon her; tears of rapture rolled after each other, and fell from her enlivened cheeks. "Glory to God!" at last whispered the happy girl; and the next moment, in one loud shout of praise, she published the glad news of her triumphant deliverance. Carrie was a new creature. "Old things had passed away; all things become new" to her. "I shall meet my father in heaven," she said; "I shall see him after awhile, glory to God!" That father had gone to rest. The weary itinerant had given up his beloved charge in North Ohio for a glorious crown in heaven, and left his child a legacy to the Church to be loved and taught, converted and saved.

Several of this itinerant's family had already gone. All of his children but Carrie were with him in paradise. They were scattered here and there, as he had traveled and they had fallen. Carrie was now on her way to glory. What more could the father want? Yes, sweet girl, thy father shall soon see thee blooming in immortality. A month passed, and still Carrie loved Jesus, the class-room, her leader, her class, her teachers, her pastor, and the Church. Her mother delighted in her more than ever. She rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory; for now she had a fair prospect of uniting with her whole family in heaven. Another month passed—a happy month to Carrie. She grew in grace, in knowledge, and all spiritual fruits seemed to be ripening in her soul. Half a year had almost fled. The fourth quarterly meeting was coming. Carrie and her companions were to be received into full connection. Ay, and she was received; but it was in the Church triumphant. God received her; Jesus received her; angels, attending, sung the new song for her; and her father received her; for

"Friends shall meet again,
Who have loved."

Carrie was sick. We all prayed for her—all gathered around to receive the farewell kiss, or hear her exultant words. We could not stay the hand of death. But may not her schoolmates and classmates sing—

"Our Carrie the heaven hath gained;
Outflying the wind and the storm,
Her rest she hath sooner obtained,
And left her companions behind."

"I have hope," said the happy and dying itinerant's daughter. "I shall soon go to glory. Tell

my schoolmates to meet me in heaven." Yes; we will tell them, and urge them, and pray for them; and may God help them to meet thee there!

Down the stream she gently glided, and, locked in the embrace of Jesus, she passed the flood, and George Elliott and his last child had a shout on Zion's hill. O, brethren, when we are gone—when we lie down to rest, and leave our children in the world, shall we not hope that the Church will care for them? 'Tis sad, indeed, to think of sowing such precious seed, and yet reaping none ourselves. It will not be so. Our children, if we are faithful, will be converted to God, and we shall hail them in the land of joy. If it be our lot to see our children die before us, and if we leave them in different graveyards, let us still hope in God, and work while life shall last.

Carrie sleeps beside her father; and brethren of the North Ohio conference, as they tread lightly over the grave of the father, will remember that a covenant-keeping God hath taken home the last child of the itinerant preacher, whose ashes lie beneath them.

We all bid thee, dear Carrie, a long farewell. May thy mother yet see thee where sorrow and sighing shall be no more!

THE PUREST GEM.

—
BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.
—

WHAT so mild and gentle, so graceful and attractive, so winning and eloquent, in the life and character of the good man as humility—genuine and unassumed humility! With it, and its sister graces, the Christian has every thing that religion commends or Heaven approves. Without it there can be no completeness or symmetry of Christian character. Humility was one of the most distinguishing as well as loveliest traits of the character of Him who blended in his own person the highest perfections of the human with all the essential attributes of the Divine nature. And very logically does the apostle Paul infer the necessity of humility in the Christian Churches, from that which characterized the life of the Lord of glory, when he says, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he *humbled* himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." All who would have the spirit of Christ must be "meek and lowly in heart;" and such alone will be ultimately crowned with the fadeless diadem of immortality. Then, fair reader, as we journey on through this vale of tears to our destiny in the skies, let us seek to be clothed with humility; for it is our fairest, purest, holiest dress.

THE ORPHAN'S REVERIE.

—
BY ORIA.
—

THEY sighed, and said, in pitying tone,
"Poor child, she is alone!"
Because I told them long ago
My mother had gone home.
But if they knew no father's voice
E'er called his wandering child;
No loving hand was near to guard,
Or guide me through the wild;
Perchance they might have sorrowed more;
For then they would have known
That homeless, ay, and friendless here,
I was indeed alone.
Alone? O no! what have I said?
There's brightness every-where;
And kindly is the zephyr's touch
Now lifting back my hair.
The birds their sweetest notes will sing
When flitting o'er my head,
As if, in my deep, heavenward glance,
An answering tone they read.
The ocean-waves burst at my feet,
As though they brought away,
From some deep cave, all gemmed with light,
Their wealth of snowy spray.
They stop to lave my weary feet;
Then, murmuring, pass again;
Leaving with me sweet thoughts, which say,
"God maketh naught in vain."
He writeth on the tiny flowers
Bright truths for me to find;
And every little leaflet brings
A soothing to my mind.
The rain-drops in the summer-time
Fall gently from above;
They kiss me in their downward course,
And whisper, "God is love!"
Yes; he is love; his promise-bow,
Arching the blue of heaven,
A token of his covenant rests;
To man's weak heart 'tis given.
Ay, "God is love;" e'en though his hand
Hath taken, one by one,
The loved and loving from my side,
Yet am I not alone.
O no! He gives me many a friend,
Above, below, around—
Fresh buds of beauty leaves for those
Now scattered on the ground.
And in the hush of even-tide,
When hidden from my sight
Are things I love to look upon,
And in the still of night,
I feel that-guardian spirits' wings
Are folding over me,
Sent forth by Him who promises
The orphan's God to be!

LETTER FROM NEW ENGLAND.

BY JONATHAN.

Healy's Picture—The Occasion—Artistic Character of the Work—The Bloomer Costume—Causes of its failure—Reasons in favor of a National Costume.

SINCE I wrote you last, Mr. Healy's long-expected painting of Webster replying to Hayne, in the senate of the United States, has been exhibited in our city. It was one of the great attractions of the notable week of the railroad jubilee in September. Throngs resorted to the Atheneum from the din of the city to study this noble historic scene; and but one opinion seemed to prevail respecting its excellence.

Healy, I suppose, now ranks at the head of our portrait-painters. He has also a high European reputation. Louis Philippe employed him to supply a series of the portraits of the Presidents of the United States and other public men of the country. Mr. Webster's was among these, and, in our humble judgment, was the best of them. The French King estimated the artist's powers so highly, that he also gave him a commission for a large number of portraits of eminent men in England, designing to add them to the great collection at Versailles. The royal permission was obtained to postpone the last commission, that the artist might first prosecute the present great work. The revolution of February followed, and thus Mr. Healy lost the advantage of the munificent contract. While we regret the damage to his purse, we can not but feel gratified that he has, meanwhile, secured the opportunity of copying from life the chief personages of the present picture, some of whom have already passed away, while others are fast passing. You can judge of his labors from the fact, that some *one hundred and eleven original portraits* have been painted by him from life for this work, and most of these have been executed with elaborate care and accuracy. About two and a half years ago he departed to France, with these preparatory materials, in order to complete the composition under the influence of the great masterpieces of the French galleries.

Thus much of the artist; but what shall we say of the picture? The *occasion* which it represents is one of the grandest in our senatorial annals—the greatest day in the great constitutional debate of 1836, and unquestionably the greatest effort of eloquence ever made in our national legislature. Messrs. Benton and Hayne had been leading in the debate on one side for several days. On the 25th of January Mr. Hayne concluded a great speech which he had begun some days before. He was emphatically severe against the New England states, and asserted, with great urgency, the "doctrines of nullification." Mr. Webster replied on the next day. Mr. March, in his very entertaining "Reminiscences of Congress," has described the memorable scene with intensely interesting minuteness: "The house of representatives was early deserted. An adjournment would have hardly

made it emptier. The Speaker, it is true, retained his chair; but no business of moment was or could be attended to. Members all rushed in to hear Mr. Webster, and no call of the house or other parliamentary proceedings could compel them back. The floor of the senate was so densely crowded that persons once in could not get out, nor change their position. In the rear of the Vice-Presidential chair the crowd was particularly intense. Dixon H. Lewis, then a representative from Alabama, became wedged in here. From his enormous size, it was impossible for him to move without displacing a vast portion of the multitude. Unfortunately, too, for him, he was jammed in directly behind the chair of the Vice-President, where he could not see, and hardly hear, the speaker. By slow and laborious effort, pausing occasionally to breathe, he gained one of the windows, which, constructed of painted glass, flanked the chair of the Vice-President on either side. Here he paused, unable to make more headway. But, determined to see Mr. Webster as he spoke, with his knife he made a large hole in one of the panes of the glass, which is still visible as he made it. Many were so placed as not to be able to see the speaker at all." "He was at this period in the very prime of manhood. He had reached middle age—an era in the life of man when the faculties, physical and intellectual, may be supposed to attain their fullest organization and most perfect development. Whatever there was in him of intellectual energy and vitality, the occasion, his full life, and high ambition might well bring forth. He hence rose on an ordinary occasion to address an ordinary audience more self-possessed. There was no tremulousness in his voice nor manner; nothing hurried; nothing simulated. The calmness of superior thought was visible everywhere, in countenance, voice, and bearing. A deep-seated conviction of the extraordinary character of the emergency and of his ability to control it, seemed to possess him wholly. If an observer, more than ordinarily keen-sighted, detected at times something like exultation in his eye, he presumed it sprang from the excitement of the moment, and the anticipation of victory."

The effect of the great senator's eloquence was profound. "There was scarcely a dry eye in the senate," says Mr. March; "all hearts were overcome. Grave judges and men grown old in dignified life turned aside their heads to conceal the evidences of their emotion. In one corner of the gallery was clustered a group of Massachusetts men. They had hung, from the first moment, upon the words of the speaker, with feelings variously but always warmly excited, deepening in intensity as he proceeded. At first, while the orator was going through his exordium, they held their breath and hid their faces, mindful of the savage attack upon him and New England, and the fearful odds against him, her champion. As he went deeper into his speech they felt easier. When he turned Hayne's flank on Banquo's ghost, they breathed

freer and deeper. But now, as he alluded to Massachusetts, their feelings were strained to the highest tension; and when the orator, concluding his encomium upon the land of their birth, turned, intentionally or otherwise, his burning eye full on them, *they shed tears like girls!*"

Mr. Everett, who was present, and who is represented on the canvas of Mr. Healy, says, "Of the effectiveness of Mr. Webster's manner, in many parts, it would be in vain to attempt to give any one not present the faintest idea. It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water; but, I must confess, I never heard any thing which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown."

Such was the occasion which the artist has attempted to picture. He has done his task well; but one of the strongest indications of good sense and good taste about it, is the fact that he has not attempted to reproduce the highest interest of the occasion. He knew this was beyond any power of imitative art. The sublime energy of the orator, the agitation of the assembly—these could not be painted unless also the very sentiments of the speaker, his very tones and gestures, could be expressed on the canvas. Mr. Healy has, therefore, wisely chosen to represent a moment in the debate which was marked, not by passionate declamation, but profound thought. The figure of Mr. Webster is the very impersonation of thought. His brow is tranquil, but full of thoughtful expression. His left hand rests upon the desk by his side; but it is clinched; and no gesture could be more expressive of the nerve and grasp of thought which is supposed to mark the moment. The appearance of the audience corresponds. Some of the hearers are intently listening; others seem to indulge in a brief diversion of their attention. Benton, who sits behind him, is rapt with interest; his eyes gleam. Near at hand is Judge Story, whose usually radiant and scholarly face is lit up with a marked expression of satisfaction, as if he would say of the constitutional arguments of the orator, "Answer them if you can." Hayne himself, who sits in front of the speaker, and whose face was naturally an amiable and noble one, looks aside with compressed lips. Calhoun, who presides, eyes the speaker with the keenest attention. His hand is clinched like that of Webster, and he seems ready to start from his chair. Prescott, the historian, amidst a group of New Englanders in the gallery, looks calmly thoughtful, with his chin resting on his hand. Longfellow, the poet, at the other extremity of the gallery, finds leisure, while the imagination of the orator gives way to logic, to direct his attention to a group of ladies hard by, none of whom, except Mrs. Benton, seem very attentive. The ladies, who occupy a large portion of the gallery, all appear to have relaxed their attention for the moment, and, indulging in a little mental

respite, smile radiantly upon the scene around them.

I have not remarked these facts as defects. They comport with the other indications of the picture, and are, I suppose, designed.

I have mentioned that more than a hundred of the portraits are original. The hearers on the floor of the senate, whether senators or spectators, are remarkably accurate. Any one who has seen the senate can recognize them without the printed "key." Mr. Webster is, of course, the ostensible figure of the foreground. He is represented to the very life, not as he looks now, but as he looked twenty years ago—his person strong and dignified, his face full, but not flabby, his eye serene, yet glowing, his incomparable head the very throne of intellectual grandeur.

Mr. Webster is not my most favorite statesman; but I would accord him justice, if not eulogy. His person as well as his intellect has unquestionably been one of the noblest ever seen among men. It is even yet so, notwithstanding the effects of age. On his late visit to the east, I had the opportunity of seeing him through an hour or more on board one of the little steamers which ply in our harbor. He was affected by a catarrhal illness, under which he suffers every summer, and looked languid and even decrepit; but his brow would still do as a model for the sculptor's Jupiter Tonans. A more perfect head, eye, nose, and mouth could hardly be imagined.

Next to Mr. Webster, Mr. Calhoun is a figure of mark in the picture. He is almost a contrast, in *physique*, to the orator before him—slight, keen, wiry, yet full of intellect of the sharpest sort. The other portraits most accurately given are those of Everett, Story, Longfellow, Davis of Massachusetts, Benton, Frelinghuysen, Tyler, Judge M'Lean, and Cass.

The portraits of the ladies who adorn the galleries are evidently not designed to be remarkable examples of accuracy. Mrs. Webster, who stands in a prominent position, gazing upon her husband, looks like a very fairy of beauty. Twenty years may have made a difference; but she is now noticeable for a masculine energy of face which indicates more of talent and character than of feminine grace—a perfect lady, but certainly no sylph. Mrs. Polk is well known for similar traits of character and person—a truly noble specimen of the energetic western woman; but she smiles, on this canvas, an example of delicate and roseate beauty. Mrs. M'Lean is presented as a noble, intelligent, and dignified lady; I know not how accurately; Mrs. Benton as a rather homely and motherly personage. There is a general uniformity about the female faces in the gallery which the spectator can not fail to notice—a grace and delicacy designed more to contrast with the masculine countenances of the lower part of the picture than to be an accurate expression of the ladies represented. This is no deduction from the composition. Mr. Healy's object

was to represent well the orator and the senatorial scene immediately around him. The gallery portraits are mere adjuncts, sufficiently accurate and not too much idealized for the general design.

I hope you shall have the pleasure of seeing this great work in Cincinnati. It will be a national memorial to be contemplated by future Americans with the reverence with which we gaze upon the great productions of the old masters.

The experiment of the Bloomer costume has been an item of some interest in this quarter during the summer. A few words on the subject may not be unacceptable to your lady readers. The Repository, or at least one of its contributors, has advocated a reform in our female costume. In one of your former numbers it was said, "Our climate demands peculiar native adaptations of dress, etc.; but if our women will wear French shoes and French 'modes,' or even English, they must pay the cost of them, not only at the expense of the purses of their husbands, but of their own attractions, their health, and their days. We flatter our national self-complacency for the invention of the steamboat and magnetic telegraph, the quadrant and the cotton-gin. There is one more improvement to be made among us, which can hardly be less intrinsically valuable—a graceful and healthy national costume for American women, which shall protect their beauty by protecting their health, and, at the same time, cast out from the land the expensive frivolities and abominations of foreign fashions—fashions contrived by Parisian mantua-makers and milliners, whose taste is about as wretched as their morals. The accomplished editress of 'The Ladies' Book,' Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, proposed a national costume some years since. The suggestion is worth repeating, though almost hopeless. Two conditions might secure it partial success, at least: first, that it be unquestionably appropriate and tasteful; second, that a considerable number should courageously adopt it at once. Both these conditions might be secured."

I am disposed to think that these sentiments meet with a response from most of your readers. Nevertheless, the Bloomer costume has failed—failed utterly, and failed so here in Massachusetts, where the most determined efforts to introduce it have been made, and where, too, if any where, new "notions" are boldly adopted. It still lingers in some of our interior communities; but in Boston it has disappeared, except in a few cases of children.

This failure is not without cause, and just cause. Some ascribe it to the fact that the reform took its rise among a certain rather peculiar, though respectable, class of society, whose authority for so important an innovation the higher classes, especially the "ton," are not disposed to admit. The ladies of New York state, who first donned the new dress, are somewhat noted, we believe, as abolitionists of the Garrison and Gerritt Smith school, and as advocates of the new doctrines of "woman's rights." The costume first appeared, I believe, in an abolition

convention. The character of its introducers in these respects may have militated against it in certain quarters, but we think not generally. There is really too much independence among American women for them to be influenced, to any great extent, by such considerations. If the new style had commended itself to the public good sense and good taste, it would have been more generally adopted among the class who gave it what brief, limited reception it did receive—the class that makes up the mass of our sterling American women, and which is not quite sufficiently reverential of the higher classes to be deterred by their verdict from a really sensible and desirable improvement.

What, then, is the reason that this innovation has not succeeded? Is it not that the good sense and good taste of the sex have seen something in it morally exceptionable? We think this is the secret of its failure. It has been commended almost if not quite universally by the press in this section. Articles from even medical authorities have appeared in its favor in some of our gravest papers; and its modesty has especially been asserted, but with an emphasis which itself shows the apprehension of serious objection in that respect.

Modesty in dress depends, of course, not a little on conventional opinions. The costumes of some of the cantons of Switzerland would be more objectionable to American taste than the so-called Bloomer dress; while in Switzerland they are considered perfectly proper, and are the traditional habits of a virtuous and even pious peasantry. Our traditions are, however, different; and it is quite foreign, in more than one sense, to go to Switzerland for an argument in favor of a change so extraordinary. I think the indisposition of American women to accept the new dress is not an example of prudery, but of genuine delicacy, and is honorable both to the sex and to the nation. Mr. Greeley, in writing from England, says that the English women shrink from the innovation, and he rather impeaches their moral courage. A want of courage in such a case is certainly a very amiable defect, and the refined, womanly heart will receive the impeachment as a compliment.

This Bloomer costume erred by attempting too great a change. Had the reformers been content to shorten the skirt by only about one-half the extent of the diminution actually made, the great, the decisive objection would have been prevented. If a farther change in this respect were really desirable as a convenience for walking, it could have been subsequently effected without much difficulty. The revolution was too bold and too sudden, and is another example of the effect of rashness in defeating measures generally acknowledged desirable. It is to be deeply regretted that more caution was not exercised, as both health and elegance require an improvement in our present female fashions, and the Bloomer costume certainly presents some very fine adaptations.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, it may be hoped that

this first attempt of the kind, though a failure, will prove to be the omen of a more successful experiment. There are many reasons for some such change. In the first place, it would be in accordance with the nationally independent spirit of our people. We have chosen, and wisely, to think and act for ourselves in almost every thing else; why, then, should American women be subject to the dicta of foreign mantua-makers in the matter of apparel, especially when those dicta, as is generally acknowledged, are absurdly against good sense and good taste? Secondly. A national costume might be made a national ornament. It could be continued with genuine elegance; it could be natural, simple, beautiful, with sufficient variability to suit different ages or different forms. Who doubts that such a costume would be a national improvement on our present foreign models? Third. It would contribute to the convenience of the sex. The alleged advantages of the Bloomer dress are its adaptations to walking, to the ascent of hills, and its consequent cleanliness; these adaptations could be retained in any new model without the moral disadvantage already mentioned. Fourth. It might be so contrived as to avoid many of the disadvantages to health which are imputed to the existing fashions. The excellence claimed by the Bloomer dress in this respect could be retained. Fifth. It might, with such adaptations to different ages and forms, as above suggested, maintain sufficient uniformity to avoid the immense expense occasioned at present by the rapid changes of fashion. All these considerations are important; but this last one is vastly so. Scarcely can a "mode" be adopted nowadays before it must be abandoned or changed, to meet some new demand of fashion. This caprice is not only vexatious, but almost incalculably expensive. The national pecuniary tribute thus paid unnecessarily to the whims of foreign fashion-makers, would be absolutely incredible were it presented in figures. It would amount to more than enough to educate all the children and youth of the land. We can not expect, of course, that a national costume will introduce national common sense, and restrain entirely this folly; but, if rightly contrived, it may give such uniformity to female dress as to restrain this extravagance to a very great extent.

Your lady readers will excuse these suggestions. We, their husbands, have a much more intimate interest in the matter than they may suppose, not only from the pecuniary considerations involved, but from those of health and elegance, of good sense and good taste.

THERE is no saying which shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time. It would have been but ill spoken by Methuselah in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.BY PLERENIUS.

CHAPTER VII.

First Methodists who settled on the Kanawha—Rev. W. Steel—Preaches first Methodist Sermon in Kanawha Valley—Extent of his Circuit—Guyandott Circuit formed—Rev. Asa Shinn sent to it—His dress and personal appearance—His attention to study—His singing—Anecdote of Bishop Morris in his boyhood—Notice of Mr. Shinn in Life of Rev. J. Quinn—Anecdote of Mr. Shinn on first seeing a Clock—Two Presbyterian Ministers attend his Preaching—His Text, and the subject of his Sermon—Rev. Mr. Norris's recent visit to Mr. Shinn—His present condition described—Rev. W. Pattison preaches on Elk River—Rev. A. Amos forms there the first Methodist Class in the Kanawha Valley—Names of Members then enrolled—Subsequent increase of Methodism in the Valley—Subject for next Chapter.

MRS. W. and her eldest son, from whose autobiography we copy, were the first Methodists who settled in the Kanawha Valley. Of the introduction of Methodism and the formation of the first society there, through their means, we propose now to give some account, to preserve this fragment of the Church history from the oblivion in which it would otherwise soon be lost.

Immediately after settling in Charleston, Mrs. W. and her son made inquiry whether there were any Methodists in that section of country, but could hear of none. Fortunately, however, they soon afterward met with two old Methodists from the banks of the Ohio river, the western limits of the county, who, as Justices of Peace and *ex-officio* judges of the county court, were in attendance at the November term. These were Jesse Spurlock and Thomas Buffington—one residing at the mouth of Twelve-Pole creek, the other at the mouth of the Guyandott river. From them they learned that the Rev. William Steel, of the Little Kanawha and Muskingum circuit, in the Baltimore conference, preached once in four weeks at the houses of each of those gentlemen; and by them they sent an invitation to Mr. Steel to visit the family of Mr. W., and preach in Charleston. This he regarded as a providential call; and, through inclement weather and almost impassable roads, or rather paths, over a mountainous and uninhabited region, and crossing dangerous streams, he arrived at the house of Mr. W., in Charleston, and, on the next day, January 1, 1804, preached to a good congregation in a room of the same building. This, so far as we are informed, was the first Methodist sermon preached in the Kanawha Valley. Mr. Steel now took Charleston into his circuit, and it was thenceforward supplied with preaching regularly every four weeks. The circuit then covered a large territory on both sides of the Ohio river, embracing the new settlements on the Muskingum and Little Kanawha rivers, and down the Ohio to the mouth of Twelve-Pole creek. It was a four-weeks' circuit, with but one preacher, who had long and fatiguing rides from one appointment to another, often without roads, and mostly through a wilderness of unbroken forests. The territory then included in the circuit, with adjacent,

unoccupied regions, now embraces considerable portions of two conferences, five districts, and more than forty circuits and stations. "So mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed." Mr. Steel closed his labors on the circuit the following spring, prior to the session of the Baltimore conference, and returned no more to the west.

The Little Kanawha and Muskingum circuit was this year—1804—divided, and a new one formed out of the lower part, called Guyandott circuit, which was attached to the Western conference, and the Rev. Asa Shinn appointed thereto. He commenced his labors in June; but remained only four months, till the sitting of the Western conference, October 2, 1804.

Mr. Shinn had been two years in the traveling connection, which he entered at the age of twenty. Although yet very young, his preaching attracted large congregations of deeply attentive hearers, who all regretted that he was so soon called away to another field of labor. Some notice of Mr. Shinn may be interesting to those readers who are familiar with his subsequent course as an able, eloquent, and distinguished divine. He was dressed, at the time we speak of, in backwoods style—a full suit of gray-mixed domestic cotton-cloth, with a broad-brim, drab hat. His old-fashioned garb contrasted somewhat singularly with his very youthful appearance. In person he was then slender, although in after years he became fleshy and corpulent, his complexion fair, and on his cheek was the blush of health and youth. His fine, intellectual face was strongly marked with an expression of gravity, seriousness, and deep thought, much beyond his years. But in conversation and in the family or social circle he was always cheerful, and his countenance lighted up with animation. His hours of reading and study suffered no interruption from the conversation and business of the family circle around him; for he could be, whenever he desired, "midst busy multitudes alone," entirely abstracted from all else save his books and his studies. He was a fine singer, and often entertained and edified the families where he lodged by singing some of the songs of Zion in strains of such rich and sweet melody as often melted the listeners to tears. On the occasion of a visit at the house of Mr. John Morris—the father of Bishop Thomas A. Morris—who resided on the Kanawha river, a few miles above Charleston, Mr. Shinn, at the request of Mrs. Morris, sang a few favorite hymns. Young Thomas, then a small boy of some eight or nine years old, stood and looked at Mr. Shinn while singing, amazed and delighted with the sweet and thrilling music of his silvery voice, the like of which he had never heard before. This, with his affability and familiar conversation with the children, won the heart of Thomas, and impressed him with the highest respect for Mr. Shinn.

The Rev. James Quinn, in the narrative of his own labors in 1799, in Western Virginia, gives an incident of Mr. Shinn.

"Some fifteen or twenty miles farther up; [the west fork of Monongahela river.] toward Clarksburg, a door was opened and a good society formed at the house of Mr. J. Shinn, father of Rev. Asa Shinn. This man was of Quaker origin; but he believed and was baptized, and his household. Forty years have passed since I preached and met class in this good man's house. At that time [1799] Asa was seeking salvation with a broken spirit—a broken and a contrite heart. We prayed together in the woods, and I have loved him ever since. Would that he were with us yet! This young man was admitted on trial in 1801, although he had never seen a meeting-house or a pulpit before he left his father's house to become a traveling preacher. He had only a plain English education; yet in 1809 we find him, by appointment of the venerable Asbury, in the city of Baltimore, as colleague of another backwoods youth, R. R. Roberts, now Bishop Roberts. So much for a diligent attention to the course of theological reading and training laid down by Wesley for his preachers, and carried out by Asbury and his coadjutors." (Life of Rev. J. Quinn, p. 46.)

The following anecdotes of Mr. Shinn were related to us, some thirty years since, by our venerated friend, Rev. John Collins, late of the Ohio conference.

The first year of his itinerant labors was on the Redetone circuit, in 1801. At one of his appointments, on his first round on the circuit, he arrived after the congregation had assembled; and, on entering the room and commencing his service, his curiosity was awakened by hearing the "tick" of the old family clock, standing against the wall, and it somewhat disturbed his train of thought while preaching. But when the clock struck the hour, it nearly brought him to a stand with astonishment. After the congregation had retired, he went to the clock, and looked attentively at its face a minute or two, pondering in his mind what it could be—for he had never before seen one nor heard of them—and, turning to his host, he said, "Brother, what do you call that thing, and what is it for?" The good brother, as much surprised at the question as Mr. Shinn was at the "thing," replied, "Why, that is a clock, and its use is to keep time." "Brother," continued Mr. Shinn, "can you open it and let me see the inside?" "O yes," the brother replied; and, taking off the top of the case, he exposed to the view of the young inquirer after knowledge the wheels and works, and also opened the clock door, and showed him the swing of the pendulum, and explained the use of the weights. Mr. Shinn examined the whole for some time with great interest, till he fully comprehended its mechanism and its movement.

At another time, during the same year, on entering the congregation, at one of his appointments, he saw therein two elderly Presbyterian ministers, who were attracted by the fame of the young preacher's eloquence and tact in discussing the doc-

trines which had been so much controverted between Calvinists and Arminians. Mr. Shinn was yet a mere stripling in years, and felt some embarrassment by the presence of the two reverend gentlemen as hearers; and, before commencing the service, he asked each of them to preach for him; but they both refused, saying that they came, not to preach, but to hear him. With some trepidation he commenced, and, after reading a chapter, singing, and prayer, he took for his text: "And Elihu . . . said, I am young, and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid, and durst not shew you mine opinion. I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise; neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, Hearken to me; I also will shew mine opinion," Job xxxii, 6-10. The text was evidently selected after the refusal of the two clergymen to preach. After an introduction suited to the text and the occasion, he took the last clause as the foundation of his discourse, "I also will shew mine opinion;" and, to "stick to his text," he proceeded, at some length, to "shew" what, in his "opinion," were the true and Scriptural doctrines of redemption—free grace, repentance, faith, and holiness—defending his "opinions," as he advanced, against the objections of Calvinists and others, to the astonishment of the venerable clergymen, who, after the service closed, retired in silence, pleased with the eloquence and intellectual promise of the youthful divine, however much they might dissent from his opinions.

The subsequent brilliant course of Mr. Shinn, as one of the most distinguished and eloquent divines of our country, is familiar to most of the readers. To our notice of him we shall add only the following passage from a letter in a late number of the Boston Olive Branch, from its editor, Rev. T. F. Norris, when recently on a visit to Brattleboro, Vt.:

"In this town is located the Vermont Lunatic Asylum, under the care of Dr. Rockwell and his excellent lady. The buildings are large, airy, and quiet, with excellent walks and pleasure grounds. Our venerable friend, Rev. Asa Shinn, is here. His great labors in the cause of Methodism, and particularly in the great controversy which established the Methodist Protestant Church, greatly exhausted him, mentally and physically, which, with subsequent labors, quite overcame him; so much so, that, for the last few years, he has been obliged to spend his time in some retreat for the insane. He has been under the care of Dr. Rockwell two or three years, and, though much prostrated, is very comfortable, and able to enjoy the visits of his friends. . . . We yesterday enjoyed our visit with him much like soldiers retired from the war. We talked and fought our battles over again. Our venerable brother is now seventy years old. He commenced preaching at twenty—of course has been a minister half a hundred years. His mental and

physical energies, probably, will never admit of his preaching more. . . . Mr. Shinn was one of the most eloquent and mighty men the Methodist denomination has produced."

But to proceed with our narrative. Rev. William Pattison succeeded Mr. Shinn, being appointed to the Guyandott circuit, at the Western conference, in October, 1804. Some time in the following summer one or two of the settlers on Elk river, who had occasionally heard the Methodist preachers in Charleston, invited Mr. Pattison to preach in their neighborhood, which he did, at the house of Mr. Michael Newhouse, about four miles from Charleston. This house, thenceforth, became one of the regular appointments on the circuit. Mr. Pattison was followed, in November, 1805, by Rev. Abraham Amos. Some two months afterward—in January, 1806, we think—the first Methodist society in the Kanawha Valley was organized. This class was formed, by Mr. Amos, at Mr. Newhouse's, above mentioned. The following are the names of members then enrolled, as nearly as we can now recollect: John Slack, of Elk River Valley; Mrs. Slack, do.; Michael Newhouse, do.; Mrs. — Newhouse, do.; Kezia Newhouse, do.; William Williams, of Charleston; Margaret Williams, do., by letter; Samuel Williams, do., by letter; with two or three other persons on Elk river, whose names are forgotten. Of this class Mr. Slack was appointed leader. Whether any of this little band, save the first and last named, are still living, we are not informed. At what time the first class was formed in Charleston we are unable to say, as we left the Valley in the spring of 1807, up to which time none had been organized in that village.

This was the rise of Methodism in that great Valley. Truly, "small and feeble was its day;" but we must not despise the "day of small things."

"Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies—
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!"

Forty-six years have rolled their ample round since that little class of pioneers was formed. How has the work, since then, "won its widening way!" Charleston and the adjacent salines alone, which then contained but three Methodists, now number some three hundred and fifty, and Elk River Valley, then nearly all wilderness, about the same number; and the Kanawha and contiguous valleys, most of which were then the dwelling-place of bears and other wild beasts, constitute now nearly one-half of an entire conference. And it may be worthy of note, that the late session of that conference, held at Charleston in June last, was presided over by the little backwoods boy—now Bishop Morris—whom we mentioned as having been so much delighted by the singing of Mr. Shinn.

We propose, in our next chapter, to furnish the young reader some anecdotes of backwoods life on the Kanawha, fifty years ago.

A NIGHT ON THE DEEP.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

ONE lovely morning, in September, 1848, in company with Dr. Dodd, of Clinton, Miss., W. G. Kendall, Esq., of New Orleans, and a boy of about seven years of age—the son of the gentleman last named—I started out, in an open sail-boat, to Horn Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, some fifteen or twenty miles from the main land. The object of my visit was to procure some sea-shells for one of the fair readers of the Repository, who has now in her possession the fruits of what proved to be a perilous voyage. The wind was favorable, and, after a pleasant sail of a few hours, we reached in safety our place of destination.

We occupied ourselves, for several hours, gathering the shells with which the beach was strewn, and, about four o'clock in the evening, hoisted sail, and stood for home. The wind, however, was directly ahead, and night overtook us ten or twelve miles from the shore. The wind began to rise, and, as the land had been lost sight of as the night closed around us, we directed our course by the stars. The wind increased in violence, and the waves began to assume a threatening height, and our little boat, which rode the billows like a sea-bird, seemed but a speck on the immensity of waters by which we were surrounded. The wind rose to a gale; our situation every moment became more perilous; more than once our boat careened so much as to take in water; and at length a flaw of wind, stronger than any which had preceded, struck us, and the fastenings of our mast giving way, mast and sail were both precipitated over the side of the vessel. We were now in imminent danger of capsizing, and our prospect for escape was but a gloomy one. The mast, in falling, had become entangled in the rigging, and was still attached to the vessel. It was loosed as speedily as possible, the sail lowered, the mast laid along the boat, and she immediately righted. Our danger, however, was by no means over. Our mast was so disabled as to be useless, and the only resource left was our oars. These were quickly brought into requisition and worked with energy. Every stroke was followed by flashes of light and myriad sparks of phosphorescent spray; but, wind and waves being opposed to us, we were not able to make any progress toward the shore. Our only hope now was to keep our bow to the waves; for had they struck us on the side, our vessel would have filled in a moment. To prevent this, we threw out an anchor, and rode the waves; and thus, in the language of Paul, as quoted by one of our company, to whom the narrative of the apostle's shipwreck, doubtless, for the first time, was vividly present, "We cast out our anchor, and wished for the day."

By this time the moon had arisen, and though it served, in some measure, to render our situation less cheerless, it also disclosed more fully the angry

face of the storm-tossed deep, whose foam-crested waves seemed, at times, rushing forward to engulf our frail bark. Though none of us were insensible of the great danger to which we were exposed, we were all much calmer and more collected than I had supposed possible under such circumstances. Once, however, our manhood was severely tested. We had laid Mr. Kendall's little son in the bottom of the boat, and covered him up with a cloak lest he should see and be alarmed at the dangers which threatened us. We thought that he slept; but all on a sudden he rose, and, being alarmed at our silence, our anxious faces, and the fearful appearance of the angry sea, he burst into tears, and earnestly asked to be taken to his mother. Poor little fellow! he only gave utterance to thoughts that were busy in our own hearts; for our eyes were then turned to the homes whose lights we sometimes thought we could discover in the distance; and more than once we wondered if our friends would suspect our danger, and send to our relief. The father was a man whom danger could not appall; but I doubt whether his heart was ever more severely tried than by the tearful appeal of his child on that night of storm. The whole scene recalled to my mind Virgil's description of the storm which dispersed the fleet of the daring Trojan; and I confess that the appearance of old Neptune, with his storm-ruling trident, would have been, by no means, unwelcome. In the condition above described we lay for several hours; but, about midnight, the storm increased so much that even to remain longer at anchor was fraught with danger. The waves became so large as to break over our boat, and we determined to draw up our anchor, and endeavor to reach Ship Island, the dim outline of which we could now discover, some six or eight miles farther out at sea. We turned our prow in that direction, and by dint of two hours hard rowing, we gained the eastern extremity of the island.

Our perils, however, were not yet ended; for a heavy, rolling surf rendered our approach to the shore both difficult and dangerous; and, in our attempts to anchor our boat outside of the surf we narrowly escaped being swamped. In this we at length succeeded, and, abandoning our boat, we all made our way through the surf to the shore.

We now presented a most forlorn appearance. Our garments were perfectly saturated with seawater, and a piercing north wind chilled us with cold. We had been fortunate enough, however, to prevent some matches we had from getting wet, and, finding plenty of fuel in a neighboring forest of pines, we soon made a large fire, and, though wet and wearied with several hours exposure, we all stretched ourselves before it, and sought rest in sleep. The sole human occupant of this island, as we afterward learned, is Captain John Liddell, a Scotchman, who, several years before, had become disgusted with society, in consequence of having been despoiled of his all by some unprincipled

men—sought this desolate island, and has, since that time, made it his dwelling-place. He was then the owner of about one hundred and fifty head of cattle, a flock of fifty goats, beside chickens, turkeys, dogs, and other et ceteras. He had recently built himself quite a substantial house, and his leisure hours were taken up by the contents of a little library. He seems to have no desire to return to society, and his days pass in contentment and serenity.

We landed several miles above the dwelling of this recluse, and in the morning we rowed there, in order to procure some refreshments and refit our boat. We found him on the shore, near his house, and made known to him our wants; and never were wants like ours more cheerfully or readily supplied. In his hospitality there was no parade or ostentation, no pressing, no apologies, and, indeed, no opportunity for even our thanks. The best fare he had was placed before us, a simple invitation to help ourselves was given, and we were left alone during our meal, admiring the goodness of heart which dictated the kind and unobtrusive hospitality of John Liddell; and should these lines ever meet his eye, we assure him that his kindness will never be forgotten, and any opportunity of returning it gladly embraced. By the time we had completed our repast and visited the pirate's lookout tree, our kind host had put our boat in sailing order, and we were ready to leave. We offered him money; but he refused to accept it, and urged us, in case of any mishap, to return and spend the night under his roof; but the day was calm, and the same evening we reached our homes, thankful that we had escaped the dangers of what we all agreed had been the most perilous night of our lives.

COMING TO CHRIST.

If you persist in the diligent use of means, you will not long use them in vain. But, what is infinitely more to the purpose, you have the oath of Him who can not lie on which to ground your confidence. You have nothing to do but to ask for faith, to come as the leper did to our Savior while on earth, and throw yourself at his feet, with, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean!" and rest assured that he will put forth his hands, and say, "I will, be thou made clean." He is still as able and willing to grant every request of this nature as he was while on earth. If you really find yourself a sinner, and that you have no power to save yourself, and are willing to accept of him as a Savior, he is ready to receive you. He will not be half a Savior. He will do all or nothing. If you mean to come to him, you must come as a helpless sinner. Not as the Pharisees, with a list of virtuous deeds performed; but as the publican, with the humble and contrite prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

ETTA LINN.

—
BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.
—

MAIDEN fair, when thou art nigh,
Fast the fleeting moments fly;
There is gladness in thine eye,
Etta Linn.

Lightly waves thy golden hair;
Light thy steps as ambient air;
Thou art fairest of the fair,
Etta Linn.

Ah! how cheerily thy song
Rings the mocking woods among,
Never tiring all day long,
Etta Linn.

Yet the mourner comes to thee,
And thy bosom beateth free
To the call of sympathy,
Etta Linn.

By the couch of grief and pain,
Where earth's stricken ones complain,
Fall thy tears like April rain,
Etta Linn.

When the day's light tasks are done,
Thou art found, at set of sun,
By the widowed, childless one,
Etta Linn.

Ere the cords of life were riven,
Gently, gently hast thou striven
To allure the soul to heaven,
Etta Linn.

Smiling on the rich and great,
Weeping o'er the desolate,
Beautiful in either state,
Etta Linn.

Maiden fair, when thou art nigh,
Swift the light-winged hours pass by;
There is gladness in thine eye,
Etta Linn.

EXISTENCE.

WHAT is existence? 'tis a thread
Invisible and fine;
But yet so strong, that naught can break,
No, not the hand of time.
Nor yet the never-ending roll
Of vast eternity;
And, though it seems to snap at death,
It can not cease to be.
And when 'tis hid from mortal ken,
It flies to worlds unknown,
Unclogged by this base earth of ours,
Infinity to roam.
As well might finite man attempt
To grasp infinity,
Or by the fleeting years of time
Conceive eternity.

THE DYING INDIAN.

BY REV. G. STEELE.

I AM about to conduct you, reader, to the apartment of a sick and dying youth; and, though a child of the forest, he is none the less worthy of your favorable attention. Before introducing you, permit me to detain you for a few moments in the antechamber, in order to present you with a brief outline of his history, preparatory to a more profitable interview.

The invalid is a youth of about twenty-two years, and was born upon the southern shore of Lake Superior. He possesses a natural sweetness of disposition and amiableness of manners rarely seen in the circle of more civilized and enlightened society. He was born of Pagan parents, and spent his childhood under the degrading influences of that system. Fortunately for this child of suffering, his parents were among the early fruits of missionary labor, as performed by that self-sacrificing and lamented missionary of the cross, Rev. John Clark. He now rests from his labors, and the green grass has long since overgrown his grave; still his name is fragrant with precious odors, and enshrined in the most sacred memories of a grateful people.

Charles, for so we may call him, was inured to trials and privations unusual to the history of childhood, even among the aboriginals of North America. His father, a man of reputed industry and virtue, was mysteriously visited with total blindness at a period in the history of his growing family when his services seemed indispensable to their support. Charles was now almost the sole dependence of his afflicted parents, together with three brothers, and one sister, younger than himself. Though twelve summers had scarcely gone over his head, yet with manly firmness does he assume the responsible task of providing for his dependent parents and their more juvenile children. To suppose him adequate to this is to suppose an impossibility. Severe and excruciating indeed were the sufferings of this afflicted group, arising both from cold and hunger; yet to the indefatigable industry of little Charles do they gratefully acknowledge their preservation from starvation.

Charles was baptized with his parents, upon their renunciation of Paganism and their introduction to Christianity; and, though quite young, he always retained the most vivid recollections of that eventful period in the history of his father's family. Other than the time of his baptism, it is difficult to fix the period of his conversion. From that moment he seemed to be "a new creature," "born of the Spirit." His strict adherence to his religious duties presents an example worthy of the imitation of older and more enlightened Christians. His piety grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. The house of God was a place of his peculiar delight, and painful indeed did he regard the circumstances that separated him from the

public and social means of grace. That a life so full of promise, so fraught with future blessings, and placed in circumstances of such extensive usefulness, should terminate in the morning of its existence, as it begins to feel and act in view of its solemn responsibilities, is indeed mysterious. But such are the dictates of Divine wisdom. The youthful Charles lies stretched upon a bed of wasting sickness. Three months have passed since disease first began to prey upon his vitals, and its work of destruction is nearly accomplished. Let us, therefore, hasten, dear reader, that we may perform for him kind offices, and witness the triumphs of divine grace over the "last enemy."

That female form which you behold, with a countenance so expressive of anxious hope, industriously employed in discharging the duties of the nursery, is the mother of Charles. For three long months, with almost sleepless vigilance, has she watched the progress of the destroyer, and labored to resuscitate the wasting energies of her dying child. Upon a mat, a little removed from the invalid, sits the afflicted father. His sightless eyeballs seem to be immovably resting upon some object near the couch of his dying son. How strongly marked are his expressions! Hope and fear seem as though each were struggling for the ascendancy. He carefully compares each coughing paroxysm with the former, in reference to its duration and severity, strictly noting the slightest change in reference to either. Now, the difficult and hurried respiration occupies his attention, neither of which affords him ground for hope or consolation. The sense of hearing is now changed for that of feeling, and, like the blind patriarch of ancient time, he passes his hand gently over the wasted form of his dying child, and weeps, as the fleshless bones and sinews admonish him of the solemn certainty of his son's approaching dissolution.

While these afflicted parents are suffering the most painful forebodings, arising from a sense of the probable loss of their son, Charles is exhausting his last energies in administering consolation to their desponding hearts. He assures them that it would be pleasant for him to die, but for their unwillingness to yield him to the claims of his heavenly Father, and their sorrow on his account. Most affectionately does he beseech them to dry up their tears, and rejoice with him in the prospect of his speedy relief from sufferings and his entrance into everlasting rest. Having obtained from them a promise that they would not grieve on account of his death, he exhorts them to be attentive to the teaching of the missionaries, that he may meet them again in heaven. To his father he remarked, "You are blind here; you can not see your son; you feel him with your hand; but there is no blindness in heaven; you will see your son there."

The Sabbath before his death, the writer, accompanied by the Rev. P. Marksman and a few friends, waited upon Charles with the sacrament of the

Lord's supper, at his own request. It was a season of holy communion, such as is rarely the privilege of man to enjoy. From this time the sick room of Charles became a scene of moral beauty. His soul seemed to partake of a holy ecstasy, which radiated his emaciated countenance with unearthly luster. Never did mortal man more fully bear the "image of the heavenly." The transporting power of faith seemed to bear his soul above the sufferings of the body, and hold it entranced to the throne of God. From the time that he received the sacrament to the time of his death, a period of four days, his soul was constantly employed in praise and triumph, and he died with the name of Jesus upon his lips. Thus ended the life of Charles. It was as brilliant as it was brief—as consistent in health as it was triumphant in death.

His bereaved parents, forbidden by promise to weep, freely indulge in tears, which they are unable to restrain. "My son," exclaims the sightless father, addressing the lifeless form of his departed son, and passing his hand over its cold features, "we weep not for thee; we know that thou art happy; but we weep for ourselves, when we think how lonely we shall be now thou art absent from us; but we will do as thou hast said, and follow thee where thou art gone. Begone, now, my son, till we meet thee in heaven."

O, that these stricken-hearted parents may share in the abundant influences of that grace which so triumphantly sustained their dying child, and ultimately reunite them in indissoluble bonds forever to remain unbroken! The body of Charles reposes in its humble grave upon the mission premises at Na-om-i-kong, and his redeemed spirit, saved as the fruits of missionary labor, rests in the bosom of its God. Heaven speed a Gospel so priceless to a fallen world, till every death-bed scene shall be inspired by its hallowed light, and the darkness of Paganism expelled forever!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

—
BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.
—

I AM quite old in housekeeping, dear Mr. Editor, but very young in writing for the public; and I hope, if every thing I say is not said in good grammar, you will fix it all up straight. I have a few receipts pinned on a piece of paper in one corner of my kitchen, and I am going to copy off a few for your magazine; and if some, or even all of your readers have seen my receipts before, perhaps they won't get angry because of my attempt to refresh their memories.

Good Coffee. Buy the best coffee you can. Wash it clean. Put it into a large pan, and set it in your stove, and roast till it is a golden brown—not a jet black color. Before taking out of the pan, for every pound of coffee, break in the whites of three

eggs. Stir up well. Put away in a close vessel. When used, grind tolerably coarse, and tie up the coffee thus ground in a little linen bag, and boil for ten minutes. If the milk is boiled, so much the better. Use two table spoonfuls for every pint of water. In this way you will have something worth drinking.

Mealy Potatoes. Just before the water gets to boiling, pour it off and put in cold, salted water, and your potatoes will be mealy, and without cracking open. A little more tedious than the common plan, but pays well for the longer time in cooking.

Nice Biscuits. Go to the apothecary, and get five cents' worth of common soda and five cents' worth of cream tartar. Take three pints of flour, half a teaspoonful salt, a pint of milk, a teaspoonful soda, and two teaspoonfuls cream tartar. Dissolve the soda in half a tea-cup of hot water, and put it with the salt into the milk. Mix the cream tartar thoroughly in the flour. Just before baking, pour in the milk, knead, and bake in the usual manner.

Corn Cakes of all kinds. Take a quantity of good meal; make it as thin as you like with water or milk; add a spoonful of melted butter or lard for every quart, and sugar to your taste. A little sugar improves all corn cakes. For every quart dissolve one teaspoonful of soda or saleratus. Bake immediately in buttered tins. Corn cakes, just thick enough to form into round cakes half an inch thick, and baked on a griddle, are excellent.

Apple Bread. Take two parts of flour to one part of apples stewed; stir them quite well into the flour; put in a little yeast; knead it without water, the fruit being quite sufficient. Let it remain in the pan to rise for twelve hours; then put it into small pans, and bake it. It makes very light and palatable bread.

Minute Pudding. Put a pint and a half of milk on the fire. Mix five large spoonfuls of flour with half a pint of milk, a little salt, and nutmeg. When the milk boils, stir in the mixed flour and milk. Let the whole boil for one minute, stirring it constantly. Take it from the fire; let it sit till lukewarm; then add three beaten eggs. Let it bake on the fire, and stir it constantly till it thickens. Take it from the fire as soon as it boils. To be eaten with nice sauce.

But I must stop. "Nothing new in any of the above," some one will say, as she reads my poor article. Well, perhaps not much; but as nobody else would say any thing to your readers on the subject, I thought I would try, even though some one would scold. I do hope that somebody better qualified than myself will give us something on domestic economy, now that I have introduced the subject; but if nobody will, may be you will hear from me again in the way of receipts, a plenty of which I have in my kitchen, which I will hunt up and send on, even though you never let them see the light. A bird may try to fly, and fail; yet perseverance will help wonderfully; and, though I fail in my flight, still, like the bird, I'll try again.

The Ladies' Repository.

JANUARY, 1852.

OBSCURE CITY LIFE.

BY ELIZA COOK

CERTAIN it is that we ever experience a very somber shade of moral and mental reflection while walking along a "back street," and taking our close survey of the general depots that minister to the daily wants of the world's lowly denizens. We are afraid sometimes that all "conventional" propriety is forsaken by us as we stand staring into a penny-pie-shop, or linger about an old woman's apple-stall, where two or three urchins are debating as to the largest property that can be had in exchange for a small coin. We have wended our steps into a somewhat desolate thoroughfare, and now let us look about us: the first point of notice is a beer-shop—a distressing focus of observations for eyes that would fain witness the onward march of their kind; but something of justified disgust is allied to sensitive regret, as we see the swarthy artisan or ragged idler issuing thence, with the hectic flush of unhealthy excitement in his face, and the thick words of brainless folly on his lips; we shudder as we mark the helpless infant shrinking from its forced participation in the feverish draught of a reckless mother; we sigh to watch the poor man's child, as he cautiously and feloniously appropriates a few mouthfuls from the broken jug he has been sent with to get filled at the Infernal Fountain; we stand and mourn over the frightful bane of millions of noble natures, but yet, we repeat, there is a vagabond air of self-indulgence, and a tone of willful depravity about most of the "customers," that blunts the keen edge of our sorrow, and raises an incipient sense of indignation, to think that "man in apprehension so like a god," in habit should be so closely connected with something that we know not of; for no animal recognized in natural history, save the genus *Homo*, has ever been known to voluntarily distort and frequently destroy the endowments bestowed on it by a wise Creator.

We grieve over the petty pawnbrokers; it is painful to see the every-day tool and holiday dress carried in desperate despair or sullen depravity to the hecatomb of Poverty. There is a heart-ringing story in the wife's wedding-ring and the widow's black garment; that smart china tea-service could tell a tale of "better days," when decent friends met on a birthnight, when the plum-cake garnished the blue and gold plate, and the extra strong Hyson smoked in the treasured cups. We can picture the family party, full of hope and health, draining the leaves in sober cheerfulness, and telling fortunes in the "grounds;" we can see the thick bread and butter prepared for the hungry "boys and girls," and we help ourselves to shrimps and water-cresses while we admire the fairy birds and Eden flowers of Staffordshire production, peeping at us through the comestibles. And then we trace the coming paleness on the husband's face; he is weak, and can not walk as many miles as he did; his employers can not have a laborer unworthy of his hire, and he loses his respectable situation. Now we can see a small spot of red on his cheeks, and his eyes are very bright; he is worse, but yet little is the matter with him—a slight cough, that is all, and his legs ache very badly. They have saved something, but it is all going, and he must have a doctor; the wife eats little that he

may have more, but the last sixpence has been spent, and he must have his medicine and his arrow-root. We see the wife stealing out in the dusk with a large basket—she hangs her head as she stops at a far-distant pawnbroker's; but it *must* be done, and a bold step or two carries the tea-service to the counter, and 'she has in her hand the few shillings so liberally trusted by Faith, Hope, and Charity.

She is often seen now at that same counter; but at last we stop to let a long coffin pass, and we recognize the same anxious face close behind it, that we have noted at the pawnbroker's door—we wonder whether that shining ring and that sable gown belonged to her, we fear they did; we will not inquire further, gentle reader; but see that small Bible in the corner, with a black silk handkerchief beside it, what do they whisper? Let us look inside the book, and read on the fly-page, in a plain though inelegant handwriting, "To my dear son, George Martin, from his Affectionate Mother;" and now unfold that handkerchief, G. M. is worked on it with hair; they both belonged to the same fair boy—he took them with him on his first voyage, and, when he returned, the mother and the home were lost for ever; his heart went astray, poor lad, he became a dissolute idler, and step by step declined into the abyss of vice. We see him shedding the last tear that ever graced his eye; he has yet been honest, but the last relic of his own prosperity is about to be sacrificed; he is looking at the fly-page of the Bible, his lips are compressed and his throat seems tighter, something drops on the leaf, and the word "mother" glistens through his tear; he hastily closes the volume, hides his eyes with the handkerchief, and the next hour finds the mother's last gifts on the counter of the pawnbroker.

But come, we will move on from the petty pawnbroker's, and take our stand before this miserable chandler's shop. It is night, and the glimmering couple of candles in their tin-sockets hardly serve to publish its character of commerce; the whole street is squalid and gloomy, with little to tell of animated existence but the cry of a peevish and most likely hungry child here and there. Let us look at the "show" in the window, and note what a sickening display of varied poverty exists in every thing there exhibited. What a strange mixture of goods and chattels we behold, with an air of desolation and an atmosphere of dirt surrounding all.

A thin scattering of split peas, and a pound or two of shriveled plums, manage to struggle through the dust of a year's gathering; a few red herrings are flanked by a packet of "Epsom salts" and a paper of "Embsen groats," which are immediately connected with a stick of brimstone and a couple of bunches of Waterloo crackers, whose date of manufacture may be cotemporaneous with that of the battle. A pot of blacking jostles against divers balls of cotton and worsted; a paper or two of tarnished pins repose beside a cadaverous cake of whitening, beneath the arch of two dingy tobacco pipes, the geometrical arrangement of which affords a melancholy attempt at the ornamental. An indefinite glass receptacle, repaired and puttied to a disfiguring extent, holds a small quantity of "bull's eyes," whose compound appears to be of mud and molasses; and these articles, with the addition of a dozen marbles, a half-penny kite, and a few balls and peg-tops, constitute the "window show." Now let us peep into the interior; there we see some bundles of hard, sulky-looking wood, and a solitary birch-broom. On the counter we perceive a pair of battered

scales in close conjunction with an old knife and numerous diminutive weights. At a little distance is a quarter of a firkin of Irish butter, a piece of deathly looking "single Gloucester," and a lump of bacon—the fat of which is yellow and the lean brown. On an isolated shelf stand three or four canisters, containing those mysterious vegetable matters surreptitiously passing as tea and coffee. On the same shelf are a few half-quartern loaves, and certain quantities of coarse sugar "done up" in still coarser paper. The miserable child who has just entered for the usual pittance of bread, and the meager woman who issues forth to serve, complete the picture. Gaze on the form and features of the girl. Where is the rosy skin of well-fed health? where is the round plumpness of chubby childhood? Alas! the lines of thought are already graven on the pallid forehead, the cheeks are sallow, pinched, and smileless, the eyes sunken and calculating, the shoulders are drawn forward with the stoop of old age, and the hands that stretch to grasp the bread are hard, colorless, and bony. "How is your mother?" inquires the woman of the shop. "Very bad—can't move out of bed; but father's got a job of better work, and says he'll pay sixpence off the old debt next week;" and away she goes with the dry, small loaf, picking its corners with assiduous application. Another customer has entered—a shoeless, hatless boy, with matted hair and unwashed flesh: he flings down some coppers, exclaiming, "There! give us half a loaf and a slice of cheese. I've had nothing to eat since morning, and couldn't get a horse to hold nor nothing to do till just now." He clutches the untempting fare, and leaves the threshold as busily employed as a hungry dog.

"And this is the life and language of the children of the poor," say we, as we turn away and seek the comforts of our own quiet snuggerly. We walk a short mile, and here we are; but how is this? we were promised a savory dish and some choice preserves for supper, we find nothing but cold meat and sweet home-baked bread! A murmur is rising to our lips, and we mean to question closely as to the non-appearance of the delicacies; but suddenly we see the lean, half-starved girl and the ragged, hungry boy—the beggarly chandler's-shop is before us, and a voice whispers in our ear, "Think of the foodless and the fireless; eat and be thankful." Come, we have learned something from our evening stroll; and whenever we find in future a tendency to "quarrel with our bread and butter," and detect ourselves looking with epicurean eyes on the "fat of the land," we will endeavor to call up the philosophy that we acquired in a back street, and repeat the echo that arose from it, "Think of the foodless and the fireless; eat and be thankful."

EVERY-DAY MYSTERIES.

"I BELIEVE nothing that I do not understand," is the favorite saying of Mr. Pettipo Dapperling, a gentleman who very much prides himself on his intellectual perspicacity. Yet ask Mr. Pettipo if he understands how it is that he wags his little finger, and he can give you no reasonable account of it. He will tell you—for he has read books and "studied" anatomy—that the little finger consists of so many jointed bones, that there are tendons attached to them before and behind, which belong to certain muscles, and that when these muscles are made to contract, the finger wags. And this is nearly all that Mr. Pettipo knows about it! How it is that the volition acts on the muscles, what volition is, what the will is—Mr. Pettipo knows not. He knows quite as little

about the sensation which resides in the skin of that little finger—how it is that it feels and appreciates forms and surfaces—why it detects heat and cold—in what way its papillæ erect themselves, and its pores open and close—about all this he is entirely in the dark. And yet Mr. Pettipo is under the necessity of believing that his little finger wags, and that it is endowed with the gift of sensation, though he in fact knows nothing whatever of the why or the wherefore.

We must believe a thousand things that we can not understand. Matter and its combinations are a grand mystery—how much more so, life and its manifestations! Look at those far-off worlds majestically wheeling in their appointed orbits millions of miles off: or, look at this earth on which we live, performing its diurnal motion upon its own axis, and its annual circle round the sun! What do we understand of the causes of such motions? what can we ever know about them, beyond the facts that such things are so? To discover and apprehend facts is much, and it is nearly our limit. To ultimate causes we can never ascend. But to have an eye open to receive facts and apprehend their relative value—that is a great deal—that is our duty; and not to reject, suspect, or refuse to accept them, because they happen to clash with our preconceived notions, or, like Mr. Pettipo Dapperling, because we "can not understand" them.

"O! my dear Kepler," writes Galileo to his friend, "how I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together! Here at Padua is the principal Professor of Philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here! What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly! And to hear the Professor of Philosophy at Pisa lecturing before the Grand Duke with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations to charm the new planets out of the sky!"

Rub a stick of wax against your coat-sleeve, and it emits sparks: hold it near to light, fleecy particles of wool or cotton, and it first attracts, then it repels them. What do you understand about that, Mr. Pettipo, except merely that it is so? Stroke the cat's back before the fire, and you will observe the same phenomena. Your own body will in like manner emit sparks in certain states, but you know nothing about why it is so.

Pour a solution of muriate of lime into one of sulphate of potash—both clear fluids; but no sooner are they mixed together than they become nearly solid. How is that? You tell me that an ingredient of the one solution combines with an ingredient of the other, and an insoluble sulphate of lime is produced. Well! you tell me a fact; but you do not account for it by saying that the lime has a greater attraction for the sulphuric acid than the potash has: you do not *understand* how it is—you merely see that it is so. You must believe it.

But when you come to life, and its wonderful manifestations, you are more in the dark than ever. You understand less about this than you do even of dead matter. Take an ordinary every-day fact: you drop two seeds, whose component parts are the same, into the same soil. They grow up so close together that their roots mingle and their stalks intertwine. The one plant produces a long slender leaf, the other a short flat leaf; the one brings forth a beautiful flower, the other an ugly scruff; the one sheds abroad a delicious fragrance, the other is entirely inodorous. The hemlock, the wheat-stalk, and

the rose-tree, out of the same chemical ingredients contained in the soil, educe, the one deadly poison, the other wholesome food, the third a bright consummate flower. Can you tell me, Mr. Pettipo, how is this? Do you understand the secret by which the roots of these plants accomplish so much more than all your science can do, and so infinitely excel the most skillful combinations of the philosopher? You can only recognize the fact—but you can not unravel the mystery. Your saying that it is the "nature" of the plants, does not in the slightest degree clear up the difficulty. You can not get at the ultimate fact—only the proximate one is seen by you.

But lo! here is a wonderful little plant—touch it, and the leaves shrink on the instant: one leaf seeming to be in intimate sympathy with the rest, and the whole leaves in its neighborhood shrinking up at the touch of a foreign object. Or, take the simple pimpernel, which closes its eye as the sun goes down, and opens as he rises again—shrinks at the approach of rain, and expands in fair weather. The hop twines round the pole in the direction of the sun, and

"The sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look that she turned when he rose."

Do we know any thing about these things, further than that they are so?

A partridge chick breaks its shell and steps forth into its new world. Instantly it runs about and picks up the seeds lying about on the ground. It has never learned to run, or to see, or to select its food; but it does all these on the instant. The lamb of a few hours' old frisks about full of life, and sucks its dam's teats with as much accuracy as if it had studied the principle of the air-pump. Instinct comes full-grown into the world at once, and we know nothing about it, neither does the Mr. Dapperling above named.

When we ascend to the higher orders of animated being—to man himself—we are as much in the dark as before—perhaps more so. Here we have matter arranged in its most highly organized forms—moving, feeling, and thinking. In man the animal powers are concentrated; and the thinking powers are brought to their highest point. How, by the various arrangements of matter in man's body, one portion of the nervous system should convey volitions from the brain to the limbs and the outer organs, how another part should convey sensations with the suddenness of lightning, and how, finally, a third portion should collect these sensations, react upon them, store them up by a process called memory, reproduce them in thought, compare them, philosophize upon them, embody them in books, is a great and unfathomable mystery!

Life itself! how wonderful it is! Who can understand it, or unravel its secret? From a tiny vesicle, at first almost imperceptible to the eye, but gradually growing and accumulating about it fresh materials, which are in turns organized and laid down, each in their set places, at length a body is formed, becomes developed—passing through various inferior stages of being—those of polype, fish, frog, and animal—till at length the human being rises above all these forms, and the law of the human animal life is fulfilled. First, he is merely instinctive, then sensitive, then reflective—the last, the greatest, the crowning work of man's development. But what do we know of it all? Do we not merely see that it is so, and turn aside from the great mystery in despair of ever unraveling it?

The body sleeps! Volition, sensation, and thought,

become suspended for a time, while the animal powers live on; capillary arteries working, heart beating, lungs playing, all without an effort—voluntarily and spontaneously. The shadow of some recent thought agitates the brain, and the sleeper dreams. Or, his volition may awake, while sensation is still profoundly asleep, and then we have the somnambule, walking in his sleep. Or, volition may be profoundly asleep, while the senses are preternaturally excited, as in the abnormal mesmeric state. Here we have a new class of phenomena, more wonderful because less usual, but not a whit more mysterious than the most ordinary manifestations of life.

MY FATHER.

BY HENRY R. JACKSON.

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death-watch in the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair
That grows beneath the waning light;
There are the wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow and locks of white.

My FATHER! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why, I could not weep,
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And O! that grief is wild and deep
Which settles tearless on the soul!

But when I saw thy vacant chair,
Thine idle hat upon the wall,
Thy book—the penciled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all:
The tree beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth;
The very prints those feet had made
When last they feebly trod the earth:
And thought, while countless ages fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand;
Unworn thy hat, thy book unread,
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand;
And widowed in this cheerless world
The heart that gave its love to thee;
Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree:

O, father! ~~then~~ for her and thee
Gushed madly forth the scorching tears;
And oft, and long, and bitterly,
Those tears have gushed in later years;
For as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'Tis sad to learn that love is found
Alone above the stars with you!

A FEW PARAGRAPHS ON ICE

SOLOMON appreciated ice in summer. "As the cold of snow in the time of harvest," he says, "so is a faithful messenger to those who send him; for he refreshes the soul of his masters." The Romans understood the luxury of ice and snow in summer. They preserved them in pits, and hawked them about their streets. Even now, a little above Rocca di Pappa—on the ancient Mons Albanus—is a plain, called Hannibal's camp, from which snow is collected annually for the use of Rome. On this dry plain they dig pits, about fifty feet deep, and twenty-five broad at top, in the form of a sugar-loaf or cone. The larger the pit, no doubt the snow will preserve the better. About three feet from the bottom, they

commonly fix a wooden grate, which serves for a drain, should any of the snow happen to melt, which otherwise would stagnate, and hasten the dissolution of the rest. The pit thus formed, and lined with straw and prunings of trees, is filled with snow, which is beaten down as hard as possible, till it becomes a solid body. It is afterward covered with more prunings of trees, and a roof is raised in form of a low cone, well thatched over with straw. A door is left at the side, covered likewise with straw, by which men enter and cut out the ice—for such it becomes—with a mattock. The quantity daily demanded is carried to Rome in the night-time, in carts well covered with straw. It is found by experience that snow, thus pressed down, is not only colder, but preserves longer, than cakes of ice taken from ponds and ditches.

For the south of Italy and Sicily, snow is preserved in several caverns of Etna, and brought down to purchasers, who compete for respite with the eagerness of roasting men. In Lima, cheap ice, from the Cordilleras, is a cry kindred to our own cheap bread. The public mind makes about six revolutions a year in any state of South America, but in all tumults the ice-mules bear a sacred burden. Nobody dares meddle with the people's ice. The Chinese understand the use of ice very well, indeed. As for Wenham Lake, folks at Boston talk about the state of the ice crops as we talk about the state of wheat. In European capitals, ice is not only an article of amusement, but of trade. Who has not heard of the delights of the sleigh, galloping over ice and snow at twenty miles an hour? Then there is the Russian version of the ice-palace on the Neva, built at the marriage of Prince Gallitzin, with ice masonry that blunted all the chisels, ice chairs, ice dining-tables, and ice cannons that fired hempen bullets.

An immense quantity of ice is consumed in Russian housekeeping. Throughout the summer, ices are sold in the streets of every Russian town; and, not only iced water, iced wine, and iced beer, but even iced tea is drank in immense quantities. The short but excessively hot summer would spoil most of the food brought to market, had not the winter provided in abundance the means for guarding against such rapid decomposition. An ice-house is, therefore, looked upon as an indispensable appendage, not merely to the establishments of the wealthy, but even to the huts of the peasants. In St. Petersburg alone there are said to be *ten thousand ice-houses*, and it may easily be supposed, that to fill all these cellars is a task of no trifling magnitude. It is not too much to calculate that each ice-house, on an average, requires fifty sledge-loads of ice to fill it. The fishmongers, butchers, and dealers in quass have such enormous cellars that many hundreds of loads will go into them; and the breweries, distilleries, etc., consume incalculable quantities. According to the above calculation, five hundred thousand sledge-loads of ice would have to be drawn out of the Neva every year; but this calculation is rather under than over the mark. It is, certainly, the merchandise in which the most extensive traffic is carried on during winter. Whole processions of sledges laden with the glittering crystals may be seen ascending from the Neva; and thousands of men are incessantly at work raising the cooling produce from its parent river.

The breaking of the ice is carried on in this way: The workmen begin by clearing the snow away from the surface, that they may clearly trace out the form of

the blocks to be detached. They then measure off a large parallelogram, and mark the outline with a hatchet. The parallelogram is subdivided into a number of squares, of a size to suit the capacity of their sledges. When the drawing is complete, the more serious part of the work begins. A regular trench has to be formed round the parallelogram in question. This is done with hatchets; and, as the ice is frequently four or five feet thick, the trenches become at last so deep that the workmen are as completely lost to the eye as if they had been laboring in a mine. Of course, a sufficient thickness of ice must be left in the trenches to bear the workmen, which is afterward broken with bars of iron. When the parallelogram has thus been loosened, the subdivision is effected with comparative ease. A number of men mount the swimming mass, and, with their pointed ice-breakers, they all strike at the same moment upon the line that has been marked out. A few volleys of this kind make the ice break just along the desired line; and each of the oblong slips thus obtained is broken up again into square pieces after a similar fashion. To draw the fragments out of the water, a kind of inclined railroad has to be made on the side of the standing ice. This done, iron hooks are fastened into the pieces that are to be landed, and, amid loud cheers, the clear, green, crystalline mass is drawn up by willing hands. As the huge lumps lie on the snow, they appear of an emerald green, and are remarkably compact, without either bubble or rent. As soon as the sledge is loaded, the driver seats himself upon his merchandise, and thus, coolly enthroned, glides away to the cellars of his customers, enlivening his frosty occupation with a merry song. It is by no means without interest to visit the ice-shafts of the Neva, and watch the Russian laborers while engaged in a task so congenial to the habits of their country. In the cellars the ice is piled up with much art and regularity, and all sorts of shelves and niches are made, for the convenience of placing milk, meat, and similar articles there in hot weather. Such a description at least applies to what may be called a tidy, orderly ice-house; but tidiness and order do not always preside over Russian arrangements, and in the majority of cellars the ice is thrown carelessly in and broken into pieces, that it may be packed away into the corners, and that as little space as possible may be left unoccupied. The consistency and durability of the ice do not appear to suffer from this breaking process; on the contrary, the whole, if well packed, will soon freeze into one compact mass, that is afterward proof against the warmest summer. The Russians are so accustomed to these ice-houses, that they are at a loss to understand how a family can do without them; and their housewives are in the greatest trouble when they think they have not laid in a sufficient supply of ice during the winter, or when in summer they fancy their stock likely to run short. It may safely be estimated that the ice consumed in St. Petersburg, during the summer, costs the inhabitants from two to three millions of roubles. That is to say, from three hundred thousand pounds to four hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or over two million dollars.

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THERE is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, the holiest, and most steadfast happiness.

MY LOST CHILD.

BY A BEREAVED MOTHER.

WHAT but the voice of God can whisper peace to the bereaved mother, through the long hours of her child's first night in the grave? How almost impossible is it, at once, entirely to divest herself of the feeling that consciousness has not wholly forsaken its lifeless form! She almost fancies its spirit-voice mingling its thrilling plaints with the dismal wind, and calling her to its side. She half longs to go, alone, if need be, and in the gloomy night, down into the narrow grave, and to press that cold form to her throbbing heart.

And when that first long night is gone, O that unutterable sense of loss, which seems consuming the soul! Go where we may, do what we will—every-where—in every thing, we see our buried child! In our daily round of duties, as we open a drawer, and discover a little dress or apron, or meet with the small, half-worn shoes, or chance upon some plaything, calling up the bright image of our departed one, how do new waves of sorrow successively break over us! Then those strange illusions, which but mock our misery.

"We can hear her voice,
And for her step we listen, and the eye
Looks for her wonted coming, with a strange,
Forgetful earnestness."

And who can portray those unutterable longings, once more, O, but once, to look upon that face now sleeping beneath the sod? And if for a time, busy thought comes up from the grave, and soars beyond the sky, it is often but to weary itself with vain strivings after some definite intelligence of the departed spirit. Sometimes fancy pictures her child to the weeping mother, as turning away from the myriads of strange faces in its unfamiliar abode, with pinings for its early home, and for its loved ones there. Could I only have some assurance, will the heart whisper, that all is familiar and pleasant—that its loving spirit is understood and satisfied! But how can even the angels minister to it with a mother's tenderness, or enter into its feelings with a mother's sympathy? I look up to the far-off sky, and long to penetrate the mystery—not I trust from vain curiosity, but from a mother's intense desire to know something of her loved one's new abode. What is heaven? And where is it? Do departed spirits still commune with earth? Alas! no tidings from that distant shore. Never—never, till I myself go through the dark way, shall I know aught of the sweet dove, which just now nestled lovingly in my arms, but which has gone forth into the mysterious spirit-land. O, these irrepressible yearnings, these wild questionings, to which, from nature's voice, comes no reply!

"Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till O, my heart is like to break.
Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek, carnation bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white."

Where thou sleepest, my loved one, no tempest can reach

thee. The beating rains, and the howling winds disturb not thy slumbers. Safe under the shadow of His wings shalt thou rest, till these storms be overpast. It is a hallowed bed whereon thou liest, for there the dear Savior reposed. Thy pillow is damp and cold, but on the same pillow did he lay his sacred head.

From the profound silence of the grave, there steals a cheering voice. Where philosophy fails, where reason staggers, where nature starts back in terror, and the stricken, bleeding heart sees only utter darkness—feels only hopeless misery—then, in the soul's greatest extremity, with a voice sweeter than song, how does Jesus of Nazareth breathe into it the spirit-soothing words, "I am the resurrection and the life!"

What a bright morning of hope thus dawns upon the soul in her deep night of grief! In the beautiful language of Melville,

"What are we to say to these things? What, but that in the deepest moral darkness, there can be music, music which sounds softer and sweeter than by day; and that, when the instruments of human melody are broken, there is a hand which can sweep the heart-strings, and wake the notes of praise?"

"The harp of the human spirit never yields such sweet music, as when its framework is most shattered, and its strings are most torn. Then it is, when the world pronounces the instrument useless, and man would put it away as incapable of melody, that the finger of God delights in touching it, and draws from it a fine swell of harmony."

Yes, there is joy in our sorrow. Our hearts may weep in the very bitterness of anguish, but hope shines through our tears, like a rainbow, with its brilliant colors, on the face of a cloud.

"FOLLOW ME."

BY C. F. HILKEY.

VOYAGER on life's troubled sea,
Sailing to eternity,
Turn from earthly things away;
Vain they are, and brief their stay:
Chaining down to earth the heart,
Nothing lasting they impart;
Voyager! what are they to thee?
Leave them all, and "follow me."

Traveler on the road of life,
Seeking pleasure, finding strife,
Know, the world can never give
Aught on which the soul can live.
Grasp not riches, seek not fame,
Shining dust and sounding name;
Traveler! what are they to thee?
Leave them, and "follow me."

Pilgrim through this vale of tears,
Banish all thy doubts and fears;
Lift thine eyes—a heaven's above!
Think, there dwells a God of love.
Wouldst thou favor with him find?
Keep his counsels in thy mind.
Pilgrim! much he's done for thee;
Wilt thou then not "follow me?"

Wanderer from the Father's throne,
Hasten back, thy erring own;
Turn—thy path leads not to heaven;
Turn—thy faults will be forgiven;
Turn—and let thy songs of praise
Mingle with angelic lays.
Wanderer! have they charms for thee?
I know they have—then "follow me."

SERMON FOR YOUNG WIVES.

BY AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

My sermon is a very practical and a very brief one, and can be read without much fatigue either to soul or body.

Take care of your health. Do not do every thing on wash-day yourself, if your husband is about and has a kind heart. Ask him to help you in filling the tubs, and procuring rinsing water, and in hanging out the clothes-line, and fixing on the clothes. He will do it, if you will only ask him in a kind tone. Be careful not to get your feet and your dress wet, and then have a bad cold or a bad tooth-ache to pay for your imprudence.

Be careful not to cook too much. For your breakfast it is not necessary to have pies, and cakes, and sauces, and gravies, and forty other things. Simple, good bread and butter, with a little plain sauce, and a clear cup of tea or coffee, will, in ordinary cases, do very well. Here are a few sharp words from one who knows all about the subject, and it will do yourself good to read them carefully.

"I verily believe it is the trimmings of our meals—the non-essentials rather than the essentials—that consume the great bulk of the time of our females. Cooking there must indeed be; boiling, baking, stewing, roasting, etc.; but these processes need not be so conducted as to absorb all our time. There is no more need of cooking every thing new for each meal than there is of washing clothes every day; not a whit. Nor is there any necessity for having half a dozen courses of food at the same meal. One course is enough, and one cooked dish is enough—for prince or peasant—at one meal. The preparation of meat, and potatoes, and turnips, and pudding, and pie, and fruits, to succeed each other as so many different courses, with their accompaniments—pickles, sauces, gravies, etc.—to say nothing of any hot drinks to accompany them, is a species of tyranny imposed by fashion, to which no housekeeper ought ever to be compelled to submit. It may be difficult for her to oppose the current; but it is for her life, and the life of her husband and children to do so.

"I tremble when I think how woman's time—one of the most precious gifts of God—is frittered away in pampering the wants and administering to the pleasures of the mere physical nature of man. She must toil twelve, fifteen, or eighteen hours a day in attending to his apartments, his clothes, his stomach, etc., and wear herself out in this way, and leave the marks of this wear and tear in the constitution of her children; and to her daughters the same legacy which she received from her mother—the permission to wear herself out in the same manner. And the worst of all is—I repeat the sentiment—woman neither knows nor feels her degradation. Nay, she often glories in it. This is, in fact, the worst feature of slavery; it obliterates the very relish of liberty, and makes the slave embrace her chains. Especially is this so with the slavery of our lusts, and passions, and propensities, and appetites. Woman not only toils on, the willing slave of an arbitrary fashion, that demands her to surrender her whole nature—bodily, mental, and moral—to the din of plates, and pots, and kettles, but she is often proud of these employments, and seeks her reputation in them. She vainly seems to suppose that to prepare fashionable compounds in the most fashionable style, and to set an immense variety of her fashionable compounds on the same table, is to act up to the highest dignity of her nature. I do not mean that she ever asserts this, in so many words; but she does so

in her actions—and actions, according to the old maxim, speak louder than words."

Practice neatness at home. If every thing in the cupboard is upside down, pieces of bread, and bits of meat, and half-filled saucers scattered here and there on the shelves, depend on it your husband will not think too highly of you for them. Dirt and carelessness are miserable things. They have no comfort in themselves, and, of course, can not give comfort to any body. If you have a large amount of work on hand, and always on hand, do be neat, even if the work must go undone. Rents in your dress, knots in your hair, and holes in your stockings are inexcusable. Have all such things fixed up. Nothing will add to the happiness of the family more than clean, tidy rooms and neat, though coarse and darned, garments.

Be economical. Perhaps your husband complains occasionally about family expenditures. Fault-finding is hard, I know; but, then, who is to blame? Is it not possible, at least, that you have gone a little too far? Look about and see. How many dresses have you? Just enough for comfort, or one for every week or month in the year? Some people are everlastingly poor—by which I mean, that, live where or long as they may, they spend every cent that is earned. Impose a little self-denial, and thus remove a few, at least, of the chances of future poverty and want. There were a great many snares for females years ago, as Cowper, I think, says. Here are his words:

"We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comfort cease. Dress drains our cellar dry
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."

But there are as many, if not more, snares now than then. A thousand dollars is no harder to be drawn from one's purse than a hundred, when the desire to spend once gets into the soul, and the money goes, one knows not where nor how, when a leak is once started.

Love to labor. I do not intend contradicting my first precept; but I mean to urge the necessity of doing all the work about the house that you can do in compatibility and with justice to your health. Some young wives lose their health by doing nothing. They sit up by the fireplace with nothing in their hands, and nothing in their heads, and soon get to think they are appointed unto death. And when any such feeling gets hold of a person, there is a fair chance to introduce disease; and then come suffering and misery to complete the picture. Gentility is a bane to thousands—at least false ideas of gentility—for these ideas lead to the belief that none but servants can cook a piece of meat, bake bread, and wash dishes; whereas, the facts in the case are, that these very things, properly attended to by the wife, are the surest preservatives of health. It is hard, uninterrupted work that kills off so many. For this there is no necessity, as intimated by me in the beginning.

But, to redeem my promise of perspicuity and brevity, I must stop here. I hope some time again to sit down and have a kind of familiar, general conversation with young wives; for I was once young myself, and have seen many a year in the parlor and kitchen, and will be glad to give items of experience, and specially so if I think I can in any way profit my younger and less experienced sisters. I hope, however, to be guilty of no intrusion on the rights and feelings of others; and if I am stopped in my career, I shall neither make any threats, nor feel hurt by what is deemed best for all parties concerned.

TRANQUILITY IN DEATH.

THE last year of the life of Jean Paul Richter, a most amiable German author, was occupied with a work on the immortality of the soul. It was to be called "Selina." His sight failed him in the midst of his labors, and five chapters only were written. As his end drew near, he became very anxious to complete the work, as a philosophical demonstration of the reality of a future life that would be a consolation to the friends he was about to leave behind; but the privilege was denied him. Some weeks before his death he became totally blind, and the darkness that fell upon him was at last so intense, that not a single ray, however feeble, penetrated the gloom. He lost even the power of distinguishing day from night. In this state he was yet able to solace himself with music and the society of his friends; his malady not confining him to his bed. On the day of his decease, he had been spending some hours as usual in his study, when he observed that it was "time to go to rest;" thinking, perhaps, that evening had already arrived, although it was only noon.

He was then wheeled into his sleeping apartment, and all was arranged as if for the night; a small table near his bed, with a glass of water, and his two watches—a common one and a repeater. His wife now brought him a wreath of flowers that a lady had sent him; for every one wished to add some charm to his last days. As he touched them carefully—for he could neither see nor smell them—he seemed to rejoice in the images of flowers in his mind, for he said to Caroline, "My beautiful flowers—my lovely flowers."

His friends sat around the bed, but as he imagined it was night they conversed no longer. He arranged his arms as if preparing for repose, which was to him to be the repose of death; and soon sank into a tranquil sleep.

Deep silence pervaded the apartment. Caroline, his wife, sat at the head of the bed, with her eyes immovably fixed on the face of her beloved husband.

About six o'clock the physician entered. Richter yet appeared to sleep. His features became every moment holier, his brow more heavenly, but it was cold as marble to the touch; and although the tears of his wife fell upon his cheek, he remained immovable. At length his respiration became less regular, but his features always calmer, more heavenly. A slight convulsion passed over his face; the physician cried out, "That is death"—and all was quiet. The spirit had fled.

"Life's labor done, as sinks the clay—

Light from its lead the spirit flies,

While heaven and earth combine to say—

How blest the righteous when he dies!"

A MOTHER'S TEARS.

THERE is a touching sweetness in a mother's tears, when they fall upon the face of her dying babe, which no eye can behold without imbibing its influence. Upon such hallowed ground the foot of profanity dares not approach. Infidelity itself is silent, and forbears its scoffings. And here woman displays not her weakness, but her strength; it is that strength of attachment which can never, to its full intensity, be realized. It is perennial, dependent upon no climate, no changes; but, alike in storm and sunshine, it knows no shadow of turning. A father, when he sees his child going down to the dark valley, will weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him; and as the last parting knell falls on his ear, he may say, "I will go down to the grave of

my son mourning." But the hurry of business draws him away; the tear is wiped from his eye; and if, when he turns from his fireside, the vacancy in the family circle reminds him of his loss, the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of his grief, till, at length, it finds no permanent seat in his breast. Not so with her who has nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it was first entwined, in the dreaming hours of night. She sees its playful mirth, or hears its plaintive cries; she seeks it in the morning, and goes to the grave to weep there.

"For the sunshine of her dwelling,
For her gushing music fled;
O! the tears are ever welling,
Welling from their fountain-head.
Weeping, weeping, ever weeping—
Weeping for her early dead!"

GOOD-NIGHT.

"GOOD-NIGHT!" In that expression of kindness how sweet and soothing a sentiment is conveyed! The toils of the day are over, the fervent heat of noon is past, the maddening pursuit after gain is suspended, and mankind seek in the arms of sleep a temporary asylum from care of mind and enervation of body. Even from guilt beneficent nature withholds not the solace of repose, and passing through the "ivory gate of dreams" the days of youth, of happiness, of innocence in shadowy glory flit before the soul. Insupportable, indeed, would be the heavy tribulation which, on our pilgrimage through life, we must endure, were it not for those intermittent seasons of rest, which it is alike the privilege of the houseless wanderer and the palaced lord to enjoy. And night, gentle night, is the tender nurse that woos the toil-exhausted frame to steep its cares in forgetfulness. The wise provisions of nature indicate the season for repose; and her beneficent laws are enforced and obeyed by all save the being for whose comfort and happiness they were chiefly promulgated. When the sun withdraws from the heavens, and the earth is shrouded in darkness, the labors of insect industry cease; the flowers closing their petals, defend from the chilling dews of evening, and that sweet watchman of the grove, the nightingale, thrills forth in varied cadences the parting song, "Good-Night." Cynthia, and her glittering train of stars, robed in the grandeur of eternal light, come forth and hover above the earth and its children like fair and holy spirits keeping vigils over mortal sleepers, and preserving them from the influence of the powers of darkness.

THEY WILL BE DONE.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

SEARCHER of hearts! from mine erase

All thoughts that should not be,

And in its deep recesses trace

My gratitude to thee!

Hearer of prayer! O guide aright

Each word and deed of mine;

Life's battle teach me how to fight,

And be the victory thine.

Giver of all! for every good

In the Redeemer came:

For shelter, raiment, and for food,

I thank thee in his name.

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thou glorious Three in One!

Thou knowest best what I need most,

And let thy will be done.

New Books.

DEATH-BED SCENES; or, Dying with or without Religion. Designed to Illustrate the Truth and Power of Christianity. Edited by Davis W. Clark, D. D. New York: Lane & Scott. 1851.—This compilation, the author informs us in the preface, owes its origin to a season of calamity. During the prevalence of cholera, some two or three years ago in New York city, Dr. Clark was called upon to witness many death-bed scenes. His own health at the time was too much impaired to allow of any severe literary pursuit. Under these circumstances the work was suggested to his mind, and most of the materials were likewise collected. The work of revision and arrangement was attended to subsequently. From a close examination of the work, we are satisfied that it is superior to any thing of its kind now before the public. Every thing of an extraneous character has been carefully excluded; and while, in almost every instance, a view of the character of each individual mentioned is given, that view has been only as something preparatory to the delineation of the closing scene. The Christian, especially, will find this a most interesting and valuable work.

LADIES' BOOK OF ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER. By Rev. Daniel Smith. New York: Lane & Scott. 1851.—This volume, like the above, is a compilation; and the work of compiling has been executed with excellent taste. It is a neat 18mo. of four hundred and fifty pages, and retails for fifty cents. Our lady readers, we doubt not, will find this a very agreeable and profitable companion. It can be taken up at almost any time, and, though but two or three minutes can be spared, yet in that time the mind can add to its information and its pleasures. Such books as these should be in every family, not as ornaments, but as friends, who will economize all the loose minutes and hours that many of us too frequently permit to pass unheeded and unimproved.

AN AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Noah Webster, LL. D. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1851.—The Messrs. Merriam deserve great credit for their labor in bringing before the public the unabridged Dictionary of Noah Webster. To us the work is an absolute necessity; and the attempt which was recently made by some interested parties in New York to depreciate Webster as a lexicographer we consider despicable. What if a man's orthography is not exactly faultless? Was Johnson or Walker each in his day a specimen of innocence in spelling? No man of this or any age, past or to come, can produce a work without having some point on which carpers can rest and pule. The thing is impossible. Dr. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is, to clergymen and literary men, a treasure, destitute of which the most serious embarrassments must be experienced. It is now offered at so low a price that no one need be without it. Let those who would possess themselves of an invaluable reference-book, buy Webster's Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language.

THE POCKET DIARY FOR 1852, New York, Lane & Scott, is a miniature volume of very great utility to ministers, literary men, merchants—in fact, almost every class of community. It contains a counting-house almanac, the most prominent statistics of the Church, daily memoranda—half a page for every day in the year, minister's memoranda, including blanks for official statistics and subscriptions to periodicals, a cash account of twelve pages, and, finally, twelve pages for memoranda of a general character.

HUNGARY AND KOSSUTH; or, an American Exposition of the late Hungarian Revolution. By Rev. B. F. Tappan. Philadelphia: John Ball.—In the absence of any remarks of our own, we give the closing words of a review of our work found in the New York Commercial Advertiser: "Dr. Tappan, in the preparation of his volume, has had the advantage of intimate conference with intelligent Hungarian refugees, who have communicated to him much valuable topographical information, and whose views of the whole subject appear to have agreed very closely with those put forth in the volume. We know of no work that supplies so full a picture of Hungary as it is, as well as it has been. The volume supplies pleasant as well as instructive reading."

Periodicals.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, W. H. Bidwell, Editor, New York, is furnished monthly to readers at five dollars per year. Each number contains one hundred and forty-four pages, and is embellished with a first-class mezzotint engraving, illustrative of some historical or other important subject. The selections in this magazine are made with fine taste; and the visits of no monthly are prized higher by us than those of the Eclectic. The editor, Mr. Bidwell, is a gentleman every way adapted to the post occupied by him.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, republished by Leonard Scott & Co., New York, can be had at twenty-five cents per number, or three dollars per year. Separate from its occasional novelettes and its politics, the reading matter of this magazine is of a high order, and usually interesting and instructive.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW, conducted by Freeman Hunt, New York, contains an amount of domestic and foreign mercantile intelligence which is embraced in no similar publication in the United States. This Magazine was established in the year 1826, and its prospect for future fame and usefulness is as flattering now as at any previous date of its existence.

THE TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE, for November, J. Wadsworth, Editor, Cincinnati, contains the usual amount of interesting temperance reading. The typography is commendable.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION, for November, Rev. M. M. Henkle, Editor, Nashville, is a fair number. Many of the articles are written with ability and vigor.

THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT, YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND, AND FAMILY MANUAL, for November, published at Boston, is embellished with a neat engraving, entitled "The Sale of the Pet Lamb." The literary department, as usual, displays taste.

MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY, for November. Published by Beecher & Quincy: Detroit.—The typography of this journal is not so neat, perhaps, as it might be; but the literary character of the work is highly creditable.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS, for November. Rev. D. S. King, Editor. Boston.—The articles of this number are of that elevating, Christianizing character so much sought after by the man whose mind is ever fixed on things heavenly. We commend the "Guide" to the attention of our readers. It is full of the spirit of holy instruction.

SPIRIT OF THE LAKES, AND BOATMAN'S REPORTER. Published at Cleveland.—This work is published quarterly for the benefit of those who spend their lives upon the waters. It is a good periodical, and deserves success.

THE TEMPLE, devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Science. B. Parks & C. E. Blumenthal, Editors: Carlisle, Penn.—This is a neatly printed periodical. Masons will find it to contain many articles which give very valuable information. The October number is embellished with a beautiful engraving on stone.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—We would once more invite the attention of the reader to this excellent weekly. Its columns are invariably filled with the most sterling and interesting reading, both in prose and poetry. The latest numbers do not fall in value behind those that preceded them.

THE ECLECTIC, edited by Charles F.oley, and published by Edwin Plummer, Portland, Me., continues to maintain its high reputation, both as a literary and general newspaper. We know of no other weekly which we prefer before this.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, edited by Lewis G. Clark, Samuel Huetton, Publisher, New York, has reduced its price from five to three dollars. This must add largely to the already very wide circulation of this magazine throughout the United States. We see nothing to prevent it.

THE FLOWER-BASKET, edited by Rev. J. Buchanan, Pittsburg, Penn., and devoted to literature, art, and news, is a fine monthly for youth, and which we can most unhesitatingly commend to the patronage of the public. Price—one dollar for eighteen months' subscription.

ÆMÉRIS.

WHEN Summerfield was on his death-bed, he exclaimed, "O, if I might be raised again, *how could I preach!* I could preach as I have never preached before—I have had a look into eternity."

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this, and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother.

"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a clergyman. "Why didn't you have some certain knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the caustic reply.

Lord Bacon beautifully said: "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island, cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

Unjust riches curse the owner in getting, in keeping, and transmitting. They curse his children in their father's memory. A Chinese convert being asked, "Who is the children's friend?" replied, "Their parents are their friends, their teachers are their friends, God the Father is their friend, but I think that Jesus Christ is their best friend."

A lie may stagger through existence as a blackguard edges his way, by dint of bullying, through a crowd; but the truth, however abused for a time, will triumph, and live forever.

A firm faith is the best divinity, a good life the best philosophy, a clear conscience the best law, honesty the best policy, and temperance the best medicine.

Man is not at home here, and not by chance does he go about here in the shabby coat of a poor pilgrim.

Said the distinguished Lord Chatham to his son, "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.'"

Buy not thyself in searching into other men's lives; the errors of thine own are more than thou canst answer for. It more concerns thee to mend one fault in thyself, than to find out a thousand in others.

Bishop Hackett's motto was: "Serve God, and be cheerful."

Never retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

Never let a day pass without having made an effort to make some one happier; every such effort, whether successful or not, will increase your own happiness.

Time may bear on us like a rough-trotting horse, and our journey may have its dark nights, quagmires, and its jack-o'-lanterns; but there will come a ruddy morning at last, a smoother road, and an easier gait.

By seeming to countenance Vice in others, we insensibly countenance it in ourselves, for there is a subtle and almost mysterious sophistry which she employs as her chief agent in pacifying the mutinies of conscience and seducing Reason from her vigilance.

The sun is like God, sending abroad life, beauty, and happiness; and the stars like human souls, for all their glory comes from the sun.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but *live* for it.

Some *reputed* saints that have been canonized ought to have been canonized; and some *reputed* sinners that have been canonized ought to have been canonized.

Sleep, the type of death, is, also, like that which it typifies; restricted to the earth, it flies from earth, and is excluded from heaven.

"How admirable," says Racine, "is the simplicity of the Evangelists! They never speak injuriously of the enemies of Jesus Christ, of his judges, nor of his executioners. They report

the facts without a single reflection. They comment neither on their Master's mildness when he was smitten, nor on his constancy in the hour of his ignominious death, which they, thus describe: 'And they crucified Jesus.'"

Dr. Johnson most beautifully remarks, that "when a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault: we recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favors unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish, for his return; not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood."

The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune.

The mind of a proud man is like a mushroom which starts up in a night. His business is first to forget himself and then his friends.

Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a babe in an express train, going incessantly a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the babe would grow to be a boy, the boy would grow to be a man, the man would grow old and die, without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this compared to Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started, by our railway, at the creation, to go from Neptune to the sun, at the rate of fifty miles per hour, they would not have got there yet; for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the center of our system.

It is not hasty reading, but seriously meditating upon holy and heavenly truths, that makes them prove sweet and profitable to the soul. It is not the bee's touching of the flowers that gathers honey, but her abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates most, that will prove the choicest, sweetest, wisest, and strongest Christian.

Be not ashamed to be, or to be esteemed, poor in this world; for he that hears God teaching him will find that it is the best wisdom to withdraw all our affections from secular honor and troublesome riches, and by patience, by humiliation, by suffering scorn and contempt, and the will of God, to get the true riches.

As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene; so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, pleasures and pain.

The wages which sin bargains for with the sinner are life, pleasure, and profit; but the wages it pays him with are death, torment, and destruction. He that would understand the falsehoods of sin must compare its promises and its payment together.

The sorrows of the wicked are as a poison to destroy; those of the saints are as a medicine tempered by God's own hand for the restoration of health.

I will answer for it, the longer you read the Bible the more you will like it; it will grow sweeter and sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it, the more you will get into the spirit of Christ.

The pious man and the Atheist always talk of religion—the one speaks of what he loves, and the other of what he fears.

We can not easily hate the man for whom we always pray.

A very small page will serve for the number of our good works, when vast volumes will not contain our evil deeds.

Let every man endeavor to make the world happy by a strict performance of his duty to God and man, and the mighty work of reformation will soon be accomplished.

What unthankfulness is it to forget our consolations, and to look only on matters of grievance; to think so much upon two or three crosses, as to forget a hundred blessings!

God draweth straight lines, but we think and call them crooked.

One reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man would have others make a beginning, and never think of himself.

None have ever been so good and so great, or have raised themselves so high as to be above the reach of troubles. Our Lord was "a man of sorrows."

Editor's Table.

FOR you, reader, as the highest blessing possible to be enjoyed in the present life, we wish good health and the smile of Heaven on all your pathway. Only those who have lost health know its value. We envy men their riches and their fame; but, however miserable our own health, we never express envy or jealousy because of the perfect health of friends and acquaintances around us. Bring a man to the borders of the tomb, and call in his kindred to see him die, how much will that dying man prefer life and health then to all the gold, and all the flattery, and all the fame of this poor world! Religion, too—God's blessing on the soul—with what indifference do multitudes treat it; and yet what man or what woman wishes to be without its comforts when other comforts fail? A man can live, in some sense, without often being concerned about his eternal welfare. He can shut out from his view the dim future, and its dim pictures of the destiny of the good and the bad; but when life's curtain begins to draw darkly around his prospects, and when the world and the world's scenes begin to fade, then to his heart religion is a welcome guest—then God is sought after with careflessness and tears; and happily, indeed, will it be for the poor sinner's soul, if careflessness or tears avail his peace and happiness.

Significant of the movements of the times, and as a realization of some apprehensions expressed by us months ago, we state, that the Westminster Review has at last presented itself to the public in its true character. It is now in the hands of an editor, who professes for his faith no faith, and who sees in any thing and every thing of this world as much of God as he thinks necessary for any man of decent reason and common understanding to have. This confession of principles we do not regret. Much better is it to make known one's real feelings and thoughts, than, having them pent-up, to be continually playing masked faces for the world. The religious public frequently talk and complain of the aggressions of Romanism; and it is a fear which thousands have expressed, that the time can not be far off when the fires of persecution will be kindled for the benefit of Christians. Such fear from Catholicism we think groundless. Infidelity, both of a gross and a refined nature, is more widespread than Roman Catholicism, and a fiercer battle must be fought against it by the friends of religion than will ever be required of them against any other blighting iniquity.

A letter from Clayton, Ill., lies before us, announcing the death of Mrs. Maria D. Herd, a member of the Baptist Church, but one whose labors in behalf of the Repository have not been surpassed by any one, east or west. Mrs. Herd, during the year past, under an assumed signature, has furnished our pages several very meritorious pieces of poetry. The bereaved husband thus writes: "It has always been a pleasant world to me," was the language of my dear Maria, in speaking of the past, and while lying on her bed of death. And if, my dear brother, this world be pleasant to the disciple of Christ, who has the promise of persecutions with other blessings, what will be the blessedness of that region where 'all the air is love'? At her grave was read, from the July Repository, the article headed, 'What I Would Like,' by a minister in attendance, as the most appropriate thing for the occasion. Her work is done, and her reward is before her." In labor for Christ we live here; in hope of his presence in heaven we die. Not in simple poetic fervor, but in heaven-inspired faith, the poet exclaimed:

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!"

Philander must excuse us. We do not think any discussion on the subject of female secret-keeping would tend at all to edification. Our opinion has heretofore been, and we see no cause to change it now, that women are just as good, and generally better, at keeping secrets than men. No true wife ever thinks of disclosing the failings of her husband. With her such faults are sacred. When she even condescends to make of her nearest female relative a confidant in such matters, she forgets what is due to herself, and, with her husband's, depreciates her

own character. "The true wife's bosom," as a great man has said, "should be and is the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character in her estimation is far more valuable than even his life." True words and well spoken are these; and she who does otherwise, does that which no high-aiming, pure-bosomed female could do—she pollutes her marriage vow.

The reader will observe in the present number a slight modification on the past. Our Excelsior page has been dispensed with, and in its stead we give of other matter a full page. This change is made, however, not because we have any less opinion of the merits of our poetical correspondents, but because it is thought that poetry will read just as well in the body of the periodical as at its close. The Agents have also dispensed with the opinions of the press, heretofore given on the second and third pages of the cover, and have presented in their place notices of the more recent publications of our Church—a feature, we trust, that will give general satisfaction. Sometimes it occurs that an individual is desirous of purchasing a volume, of whose price and character he is ignorant, and is prevented simply because of a lack of information. It is to be hoped that these notices may introduce to the favor of our readers some volumes, at least, with whose particular character they have heretofore not been entirely familiar.

Our first plate—The Two Friends—is a fine line engraving, by Mr. E. Teel, of New York; the second—The Young Arithmetician in a Fix—is by F. E. Jones, Esq., of the same city, and is executed in the best mezzotint style; while the third and last—Bishop Hedding—is pronounced, by competent judges, an accurate profile and a good specimen of work in medallion. The reader can examine and criticise them at his leisure.

Our acknowledgments are hereby tendered to our correspondents for their favors so liberally bestowed of late. Our supply of matter is abundant. Several articles filed for insertion in this number are unavoidably laid over for future use. One from our own pen is waiting its turn, which will be when our friends can be somewhat accommodated. Can patience be exercised, fellow-users of the pen? We hope so. Our reprint department, for the consideration just named, is also quite abridged in this number. The reader, however, will be no loser by the excess of original matter. Some of the articles will bear reading more than once, and all of them, we trust, will pay at least for a single perusal. To mention articles which we deem possessed of superior merit would be savoring of invidiousness; and hence we would prefer that each one examine and think for himself.

It is not customary, so far as we know, for editors either of newspapers or periodicals to return manuscripts, and yet we have such requests made to us every few days. While we would be glad to accommodate all of our correspondents, a little reflection will show the impracticability of satisfying them in this particular. Of every article ever furnished by us to a periodical we have kept a copy at home; so that, in case of rejection or other misfortune, we could still know what we had written. Could not our friends adopt the same rule, and thus, in case of any casualty, be still possessed of a copy of their writings?

The death of Mrs. Sherwood, well known as the author of Little Henry and his Bearers, is announced in the foreign journals as having occurred at Twickenham, England, September 23d. She leaves a son, Rev. Henry Martyn Sherwood, and two daughters. Her husband, Captain Sherwood, died December 6, 1849. Mrs. Sherwood's popularity, during the later years of her life, was very considerably diminished by her tendency to the doctrines of Universalism in her writings. Her younger daughter, who is highly esteemed as a writer, is about furnishing the world with a life of her mother, when we can read and judge for ourselves respecting her teachings and her peculiarities of character.

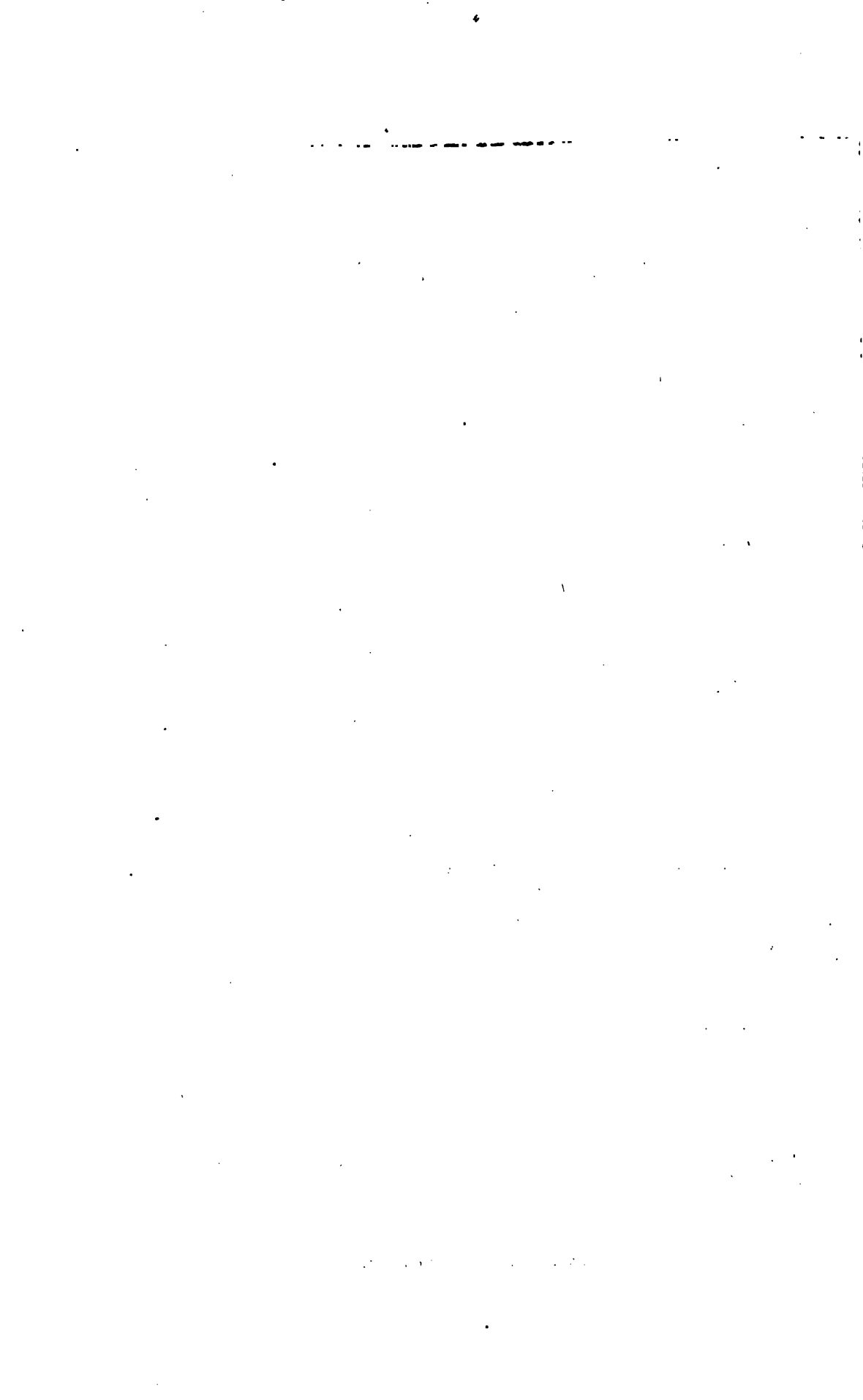
We continue occasionally to receive anonymous communications; but we do not communicate this information because the matter troubles us seriously. We make the announcement chiefly that others may save themselves unnecessary labor. Such communications, unutilized and unread, are carefully laid aside, and nothing but oblivion can ever come in contact or have any trouble with them. Such is our rule, and such their fate.





BY UNCLE TOM.

Published by the author, New York.



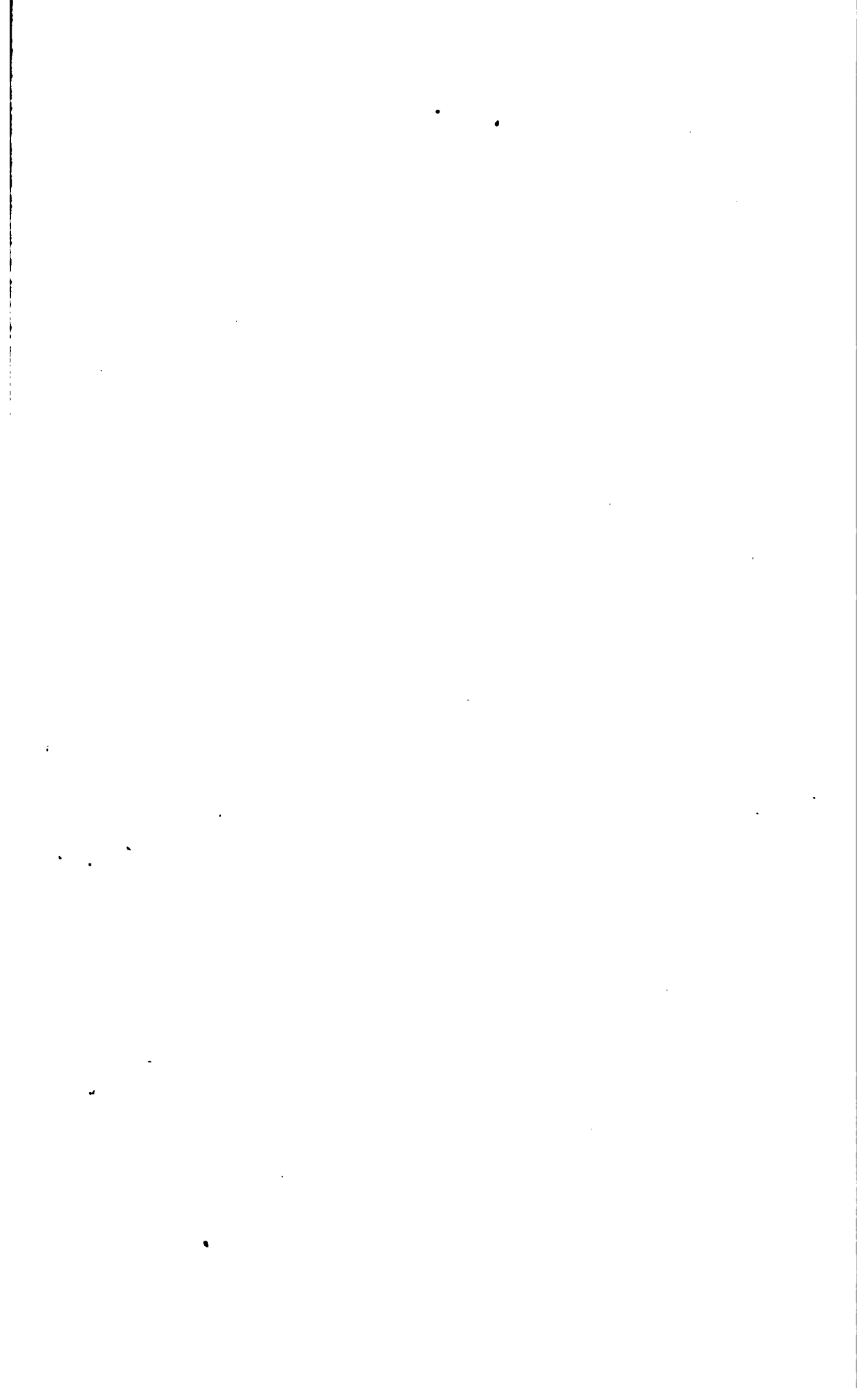


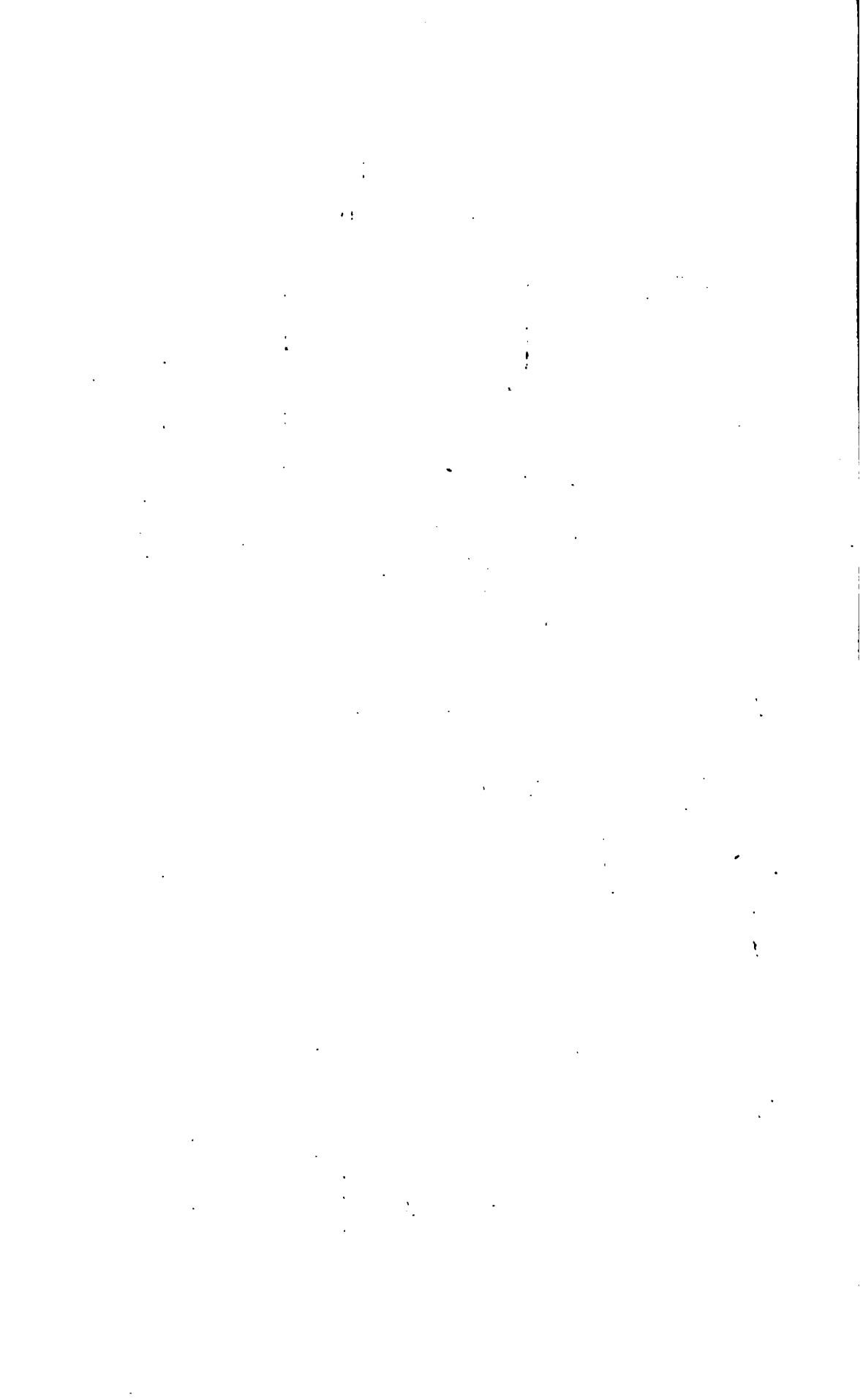


THE WINTER OF 1880-81

BY J. W. WOODRUFF

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS





A Dream of the Dead.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

Music by FR. WZANKA, Steinbrecher.

Slow.

1. In her white hand she

Detailed description: This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a whole note G4, followed by a half note F4, and then a quarter note E4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more complex melody in the right hand, including a chromatic descent in the fifth measure.

bore A wreath of flowers perennial, such as spring Beside the well of life, on that blest

Detailed description: This system contains measures 5 through 8. The vocal line continues with a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B3. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with the right hand playing chords and moving lines.

shore, Where seraphs' voices sing. 2. She had the same sweet face That shed its

Detailed description: This system contains measures 9 through 12. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures, supporting the vocal melody.

light upon my childhood's hours, But it had caught a hollower look of peace From

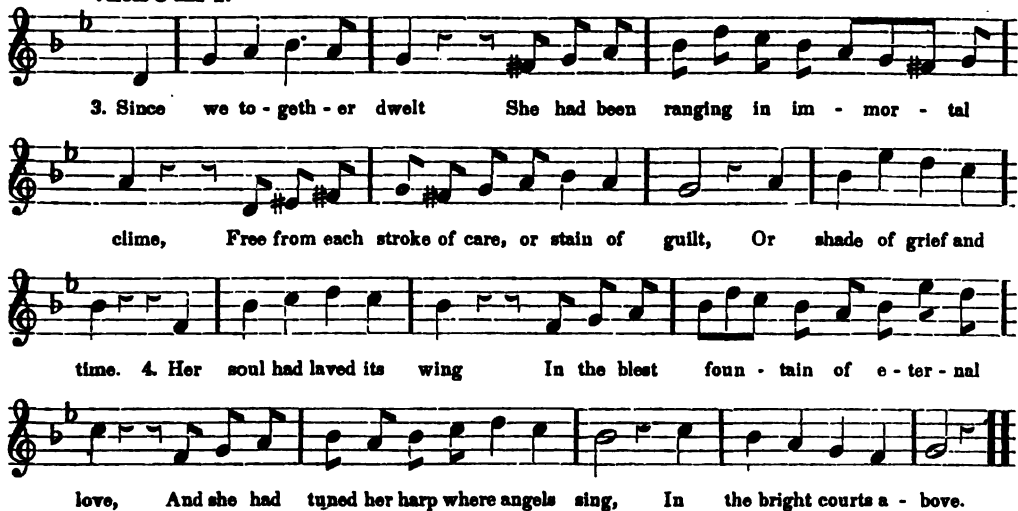
Detailed description: This system contains measures 13 through 16. The vocal line begins with a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B3. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with sustained chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

A DREAM OF THE DEAD.— *Continued.*



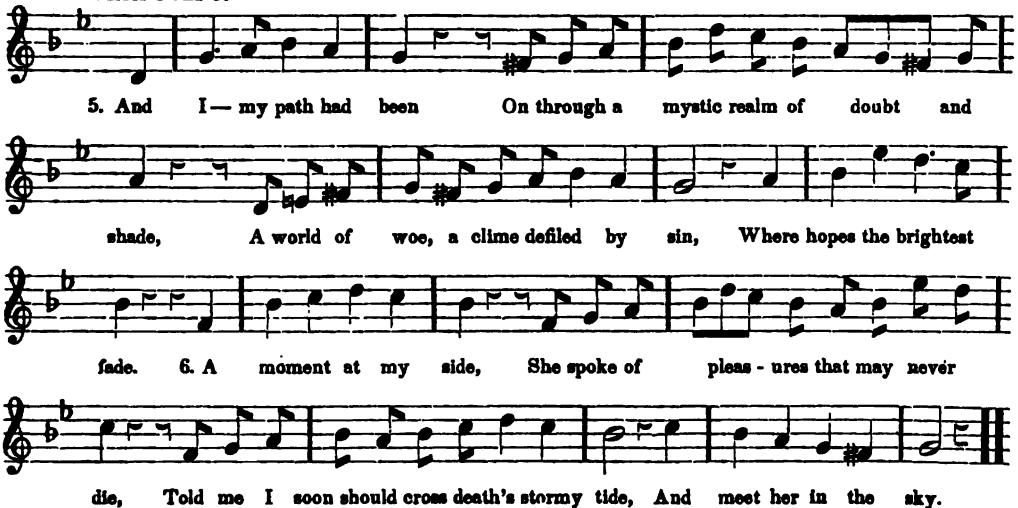
you celes - tial bowers.

Versec 3 and 4.

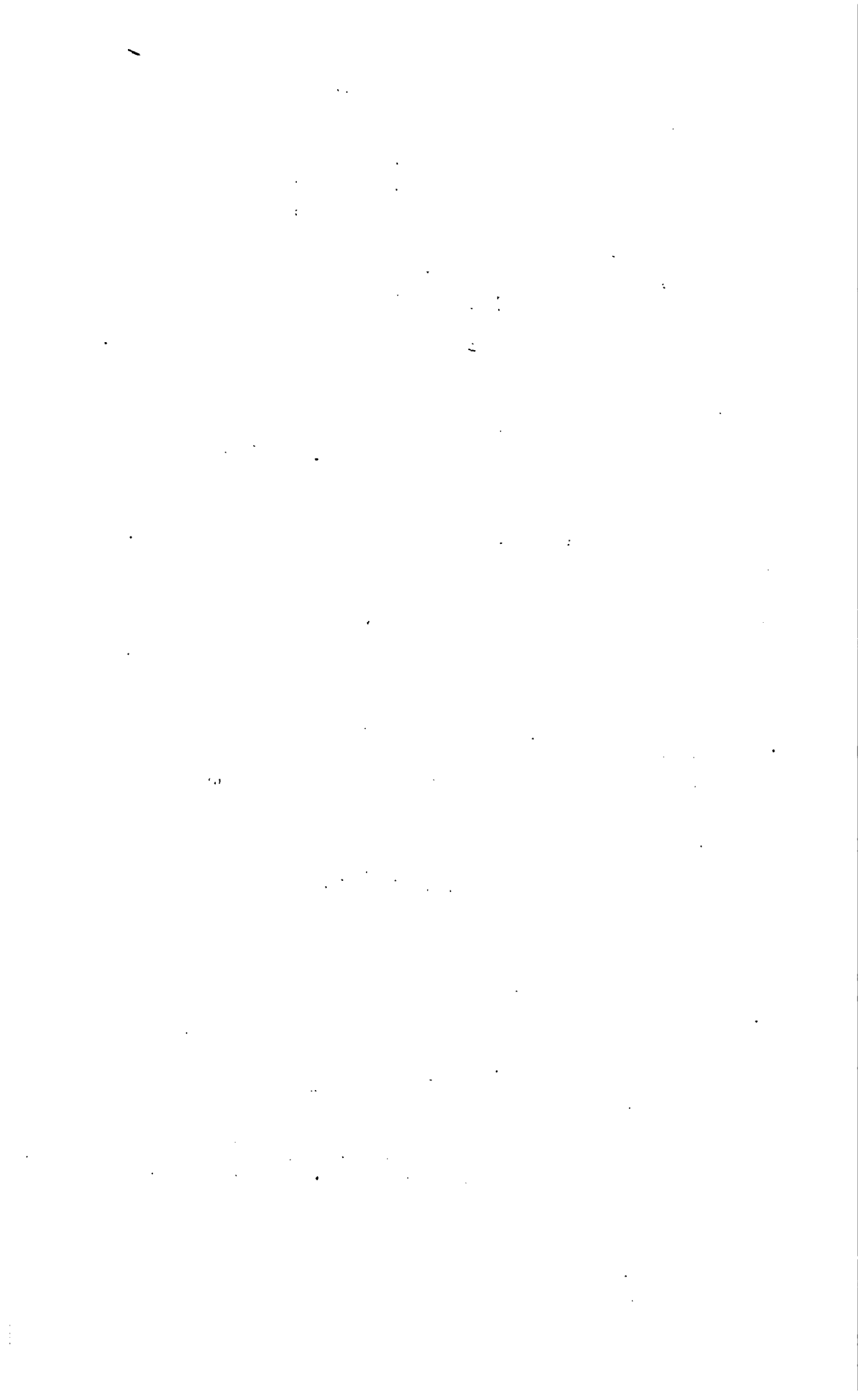


3. Since we to - geth - er dwelt She had been ranging in im - mor - tal
clime, Free from each stroke of care, or stain of guilt, Or shade of grief and
time. 4. Her soul had laved its wing In the blest foun - tain of e - ter - nal
love, And she had tuned her harp where angels sing, In the bright courts a - bove.

Versec 5 and 6.



5. And I— my path had been On through a mystic realm of doubt and
shade, A world of woe, a clime defiled by sin, Where hopes the brightest
fade. 6. A moment at my side, She spoke of pleas - ures that may never
die, Told me I soon should cross death's stormy tide, And meet her in the sky.



THE

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1852.

FEMALE GENIUS.

BY PROFESSOR WENTWORTH.

"Is the intellect of woman susceptible of as high a degree of cultivation as that of man?" is a question that was doubtless discussed in the debating clubs of the antediluvians. It will be decided only when the sexes shall have been placed upon equal footing in privileges and responsibilities for centuries. Ages on ages have asserted the natural inferiority of woman. What changes might not be wrought, could female advancement be relieved from the crushing pressure of opinions generated in the midst of polygamy and patriarchal rule! Every age has produced prodigies of female genius. In every country woman has surmounted adamantine prejudice, conquered conventional restraints, and asserted her claims to inspiration and power. Is she equal to the task of conducting the affairs of state? Semiramis rises before us, with her half-fabulous prodigies of empire-founding, war, and state politizing. Mighty Babylon, the wonder of the world, less a city than a country inclosed with towering walls, with its hundred brazen gates and its hanging gardens, attests her greatness; while thousands of conquered Lybians, Ethiopians, and Indians confirm her capabilities for political and state supremacy. The diplomacy and accomplishments of the intriguing, captivating Cleopatra, learned in ten languages, the conqueror of one of the stern world-conquerors, that "dazzling piece of witchcraft," at once commanding and unfortunate, are during monuments of strength and versatility. Need we strengthen our point by dwelling on the genius of the unfortunate pupil of Longinus, the proud and beautiful queen of proud and beautiful Palmyra, the victim of the wrath of a stern conqueror—the golden-fettered captive of the robber Aurelia—Zenobia?

For the last five centuries Europe has been a theater for the display of consummate female ability. The capacity of woman is illustrated in the history of every throne there. Italy and the fourteenth century furnished the Joannas, distinguished alike for misfortune, learning, and political skill.

The genius not less than the benevolence of a woman gave to the world a new continent. Ferdinand, with his eyes fixed on the rebellious Moors of Grenada, was intent solely on the subjugation of those who had replied to his insolent demand for tribute, that their mint "coined nothing but cimeter blades and heads of lances." In his anxiety for the conquest of a beggarly kingdom, he would have sacrificed a hemisphere. It was Isabella who, when the disappointed Genoese captain turned his course homeward in despair, sent after him a mule, and a message, and a suit of clothes. Her jewels were freely pledged to defray the expenses of a voyage as chimerical to all around her as Symmes's expedition to the pole, or the project of balloon navigation to the moon. The name of the unfortunate truant of Lochleven, with all its romantic and tragical associations, is by no means the mere watchword of commiseration. It suggests power, learning, genius, and will, which, if they could have been fostered under more favorable circumstances, might have been of signal benefit to her nation and race. When had England, if we except the Protectorate, a half century of more prosperous rule than under the selfish, concealed, arbitrary, and arrogant daughter of the great Henry, who took the crown from the brow of her sanguinary sister, to place it over a brain revolving schemes scarcely less bloody; who began life with the butchery of Jane Grey, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and cursed its close with the murder of another of her sex, upon whom Heaven had been more lavish of personal attentions than upon herself; whose public parsimony reared no monuments to her own or her nation's glory, but whose private self-conceit left three thousand gowns in her wardrobe? If the troublous reign of the simple Anne throws no additional light upon our subject, it shall at least furnish us one illustration of a character of which thousands might be afforded. The intrigue of a single woman of the bed-chamber overthrew the conqueror of Europe at the head of his own armies—a modern parallel to the celebrated case of Demosthenes, of whom it was said, what he had been a whole year in erecting, a woman overturned in a single day. Shall we here instance

the masculine Christina, the masculine daughter of the mighty Gustavus, with her masculine knowledge, at fourteen, of Homer and Thucydides; her masculine dress, oaths, dirty hands, boots, caps, and pantaloons; with her famous contests with foolish old popes, and her more creditable conquests of heroes and kings? Shall Austria confirm our position, with her Maria Theresa—no very remarkable woman, yet a good governor and a skillful politician, who found time to attend to all the affairs of state and bring her husband sixteen children—who was at once the statesman, the mother, and the religious devotee? Russia furnishes its example of womanly ambition and imperial sway in the person of the romantic, warlike, bloody Catherine, only equaled in ambition by her own favorite, the Princess of Dashkoff, President of the Imperial Academy by Imperial order, and yet aspiring to quit the monotony of academic shades to become colonel of a corps of Imperial life-guards. "If," said the great Frederic, "several women have obtained deserved celebrity—Semiramis for her conquests, Elizabeth of England for her political sagacity, Maria Theresa for her astonishing firmness of character—to Catherine alone may be given the title of female lawgiver."

Though the Salic law has operated to keep woman from the direct occupancy of the Gallic throne, yet France is by no means to be excluded from our list of witnesses. The horrible Catherine de Medicis, the crazy Joan of Arc, and the accomplished heroine of a well-known modern tale of talent and suffering, all tend to show the power of development of which the sex is capable.

Is it urged that we have no Euclids or Archimedes, no Angelos or Tassos, no Racines or Shakespeares, no Newtons or Laplaces, among the fair? And why not? The same ambition that guided the famous coalition between Austria and France by which Europe was deluged with blood, the same ambition that placed two-thirds of unfortunate Poland in the grasp of two female sovereigns as powerful, if not as unprincipled, as the male party to the godless spoliation, had it been differently directed, might have led to acute analyses and profound discovery. To want of opportunity, rather than to native incapacity, may be attributed, doubtless, the paucity of works displaying the highest reaches of female intellect. Since the days of the creation has the lord of that creation arrogated the sole ability to make and execute laws, to establish schools of philosophy, and to shroud in mystery, which woman might not penetrate under penalty of death, his doctrines and teachings. What Alfred ever founded a college for females? What country in the world at this hour boasts a female college of decided character, with its board of female professors and fellows, its full academic courses and high academic honors? When the few infant institutions of this character now struggling into existence shall have reached successful prime or venerable and time-honored maturity, they will have

indicated the strength and capacity of those for whose benefit they were instituted. All that woman has done in the way of intellectual effort, she has done in spite of restraint. Man has snatched from the hand of his submissive counterpart the pen, the pencil, the graver, the lyre, and banished her to the loom, the nursery, the fireside—made her the instrument of the amusement of his leisure, and yet complains of her want of capacity! The masterly works by which Hannah More strove to raise her sex above the frivolous triflings to which it has been so long doomed, only purchased for her ridicule, and the odious epithet, "blue stocking," from the small-talking firts and gallants of the last century.

The world has produced authoresses of during fame. Amid the spirit harmonies, wafted swelling and dying across the breezes of centuries, the strains of Sappho are distinctly heard. Nobly have Barbauld, and Hemans, and hosts of sister spirits, responded to the magic numbers, and filled the world with entrancing song. We can only allude to the literary labors and literary triumphs of the voluminous Edgeworth, the sweet Mary Howitt, mingling literary labors with the cares of a large family, the quiet Madame D'Arblay, the vulgar Madame Trollope, and the dashing Mrs. Gore.

The literature of our own country is young; yet our female writers have contributed largely to its growth and reputation. That prince of compilers, GRISWOLD, has filled a volume of some four hundred octavo pages with extracts from the poetesses of America. If we correctly translate the transcendentalism of his labored preface, he is doubtful as to the claims of woman to superiority; yet he accords to several "as high a range of poetic art as the female genius of any age or country can display." Madame SIGOURNEY, one of the oldest and most favorite of these, is no very great favorite with the critic; yet he avers, that "she has acquired a wider and more pervading reputation than many women will receive in this country." This deservedly popular authoress is a living illustration of the compatibility of extensive literary labors with domestic accomplishments, the conduct of the household, and the education of offspring. In a communication to the writer, inclosing for publication one of her own choice gems, she apologizes for its hasty structure, as it had been written at intervals snatched from the decidedly domestic employments of making "preserves for family use," and—shade of Esculapius!—"soups for a sick neighbor!"

The description of the scenes of her childhood wear the imperishable stamp of genius. They are indelibly associated with the brightest romances of the writer's own earlier years. We will close our present article with a few illustrative quotations.

"Sweetly wild

Were the scenes that charmed me when a child—
Rocks, gray rocks, with their caverns dark,
Leaping rills like the diamond spark,"

is a picture of the scenery amid which rose the huge stone chimneys of the old two-story red house, in which the infancy of the world-renowned poetess was cradled. Upon the lofty ledges of the foaming Yantic, at Norwich Falls, stood the authoress, in imagination, when she penned,

"Torrent voices thundering by,
When the pride of vernal floods swelled high;"

and piles of gray granite, interspersed with shrubbery and human abodes, the living picture of rocky, romantic Norwich, rise upon the fancy, as she images forth the

"Quiet roofs, like the hanging nest,
'Mid cliffs by the feathery foliage drest."

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

MRS. MARTHA E. KINCAID.

BY A PITTSBURG ITINERANT.

WHAT changes a few years produce, and how much like a panorama of ever-varying pictures is the past! You look back, and memory brings them up, scene after scene—now with brilliant hues and picturesque groups, and anon with dark outlines and somber aspect—a saddening *eterno oscuro*.

It was one Sabbath morning, as performing my accustomed duties in the Sabbath school, in the old church building, in the city of P., that I observed, in the first female class, an unfamiliar face—a new scholar. The class was composed of girls—of such members of our school as were just emerging from girlhood into womanhood—all nearly of one age. An occurrence such as this which I have mentioned, in a large and changing population as is that of most cities, was by no means remarkable, nor, indeed, would it ordinarily have made any very strong impression upon my mind, only that I saw a very marked attention on the part of her classmates, when it happened to be her lot to answer the question on the Scripture lesson. And the same interest might also be seen on the part of the teacher, as she bent forward, eager to catch every syllable of her fair pupil's answer. Thus having my attention drawn toward the—as yet to me—stranger, I soon felt very desirous to hear and see more of her; not that I perceived any extraordinary beauty of person or of feature—for I know not that in this respect she had any superiority over many of her companions—but there was a charm, a sweetness in her voice—a clearness in her expressed thoughts and ideas, not often to be met with in one so young. And then, too, in all her demeanor there was so much of quiet dignity, of modesty; her eyes beamed with so much of intelligence, her countenance was expressive of so much mildness and gentleness, with so much of that which renders woman lovely and dear to the thinking, intelligent mind, that being once seen,

having one's attention once directed to her, she became an object of deep and irresistible interest. On inquiry, I found that she was the pride, the comfort and solace, the daughter of a pious and widowed mother, whose delight it had been to educate and fit her to adorn any station which Providence might assign to her. When she entered our school, Martha Elina—for such was her name—was not a member of the Church; but some time after she found "the pearl of great price"—she obtained a knowledge of Him "who is the fairest among ten thousand"—"whom to know" aright "is life eternal."

It soon happened that a change of teachers became necessary, and, by the voice of her fellow-classmates, she was called upon to take charge of the class. Henceforth it was my lot to be on terms of greater intimacy with Elina; to hear her as she explained and enforced upon her attentive and admiring pupils, with earnest simplicity and pathos, the word of God—that word which alone, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, "is able to make wise unto salvation"—a salvation, the blessings of which she so deeply felt. To me it is something grand, ennobling, beautiful, to see one in the first bloom of womanhood, gifted with sparkling wit, intelligence, and grace, devoting her time, her talents to the interest of education, especially to that education whose end and aim it is to fit the ever-living soul for enjoyment in another and better world. How deep and heart-felt must be the piety, how strong, how ardent must be the love for the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge and truth which this work requires! For such a work as this was Elina peculiarly fitted. Her delight was to drink at the pure fountains of knowledge, to store her mind with the choicest thoughts of the most pure and chaste—the richest gems of the writers of the past. In conversation, from her own deep and meditative mind would she bring forth its treasures, and her vivid imagination, her warm, enthusiastic spirit, with kindling animation, would rouse in her companions corresponding emotions—would charm and delight the soul. How such a one adds to the attractions of the social circle! How cheerful the fireside where such congenial spirits meet in converse! How much is the absence of one of these gifted minds felt!

As was to be expected, Elina drew around her many admirers. The sprightly and gay, as well as the more sober and reflecting, were eager to pay their court. Of the latter class, there was one upon whom her eyes rested with peculiar favor and delight—for whom her heart was drawn out in all its depth of pure and holy love. It was no sudden and indiscriminating passion which was permitted to rage with destructive fury in her breast—it was not a flame fanned by the sickly sentimentality of novel or romance; but gentle and mild, as the zephyr of a summer's eve, as the dawnings of friendship, it grew and increased in the bosom of each, as month after month of intimacy and social intercourse developed more and more the fitness of its

object. The "course of their true love" was even and uninterrupted. Here soul met with its congenial spirit; and, in the blissful enjoyment of reciprocated love, they lived only for each other. Each to each, they plighted their troth, and, at the appointed season, were united at the hymeneal altar. Their love, thus founded on mutual worth, did not become less when thus closely and indissolubly united; nay, rather, it continued to increase, to strengthen day by day. I knew by the cheerful countenance of the husband, as, after the business of the day was finished, he hastened away, that no frowning wife awaited him on the threshold, and it was clear that to him there was, indeed, "no place like home." How delightful to see them meet, with sparkling eye and joyous countenance welcoming each other! and it needed but a glance through the house to know that here was the habitation of peace, of joy, of happiness.

Duty at length called me from the city where they had taken up their residence, and, for a time, I consequently saw them but seldom; yet I often heard of them, and the continuance of their mutual happiness and prosperity. To the husband the domestic hearth became still more attractive; and the mother rejoiced to exhibit their infant William, and trace, in each lineament and feature, a miniature resemblance of his now proud and happy father.

But alas for human joys! The business in which the husband was engaged demanded his absence for a few weeks from his family, and with a heavy heart and sad forebodings he was compelled to leave his still weak and delicate wife and scarcely conscious child. I need not attempt to describe their mutual agony at this parting. They, and they alone, who have separated from all they loved best, can imagine and appreciate their feelings—alternating between hope and despair—racked with doubts and fears. How earnestly does the wife gaze after her departing husband, and listen to the echoes of his footsteps as they die away in the distance! and how lingering is the look which each one takes of the other! But he has gone; and she turns to her boy; and, though she drops a tear on its innocent face, in maternal care she strives to console and cheer her heart. But still how lonely she feels! "How I miss you!" said she, in her letter to him, "how I miss you! Every-where I turn or look I behold something to remind me of you, and sometimes I almost imagine I hear the fall of your dear feet on the stairs, coming to your wife and boy." Alas! Elina, never again wast thou to be conscious of hearing the echo of those feet. A relapse took place. She was prostrated by disease. The throne of reason was overthrown. Her husband was recalled on the first appearance of danger; and, with distress and anguish of mind, not knowing what awaited him, he hastened by the most rapid conveyance. He reached home only to behold the wreck of his fondest hopes—his most brilliant prospects. She whom he loved better

than his own life lies on the bed of death. How changed is she by the fearful ravages of disease! Can it be that this is the wife of his bosom? He calls her name; she lifts her eyes, now fast setting in death; she recognizes his voice—his face; she speaks; and then, after the lapse of a few short hours, beheld only the blanched, the lifeless remains of Martha Elina, the mother of his child, the wife of his youthful and only love.

I stood by the grave as her cold and inanimate clay was deposited therein; and, as I looked at the mourning, weeping assemblage of friends, her trembling and sorrow-stricken mother, her husband, almost crushed to earth, my mind involuntarily recurred to the last time I had seen her. She was then in the bloom of health, and rejoicing in the brightness of her hopes—the brilliancy of her prospects. No cloud had then arisen to darken the clear firmament. Alas! what a few months may bring forth! The budding hopes are nipped; the brilliant prospects are blighted—destroyed by the chilling hand of Death.

Thou hast passed away, Elina! Whither hast thou fled, sweet and pure spirit? To the bosom of our God—to the land of perennial joys. And there has already joined thee the cherub soul of little William. And thither, blessed spirit! he "whose house has thus been left desolate" is waiting to be called up. He who has taken thee, Elina, speaks thus to us, "Be ye also ready." Thou art enjoying thy reward; and may we, whom thou hast left behind, be found ready, worthy to rise, to wing our way, and enter the city of our God, and join thee among the redeemed of earth!

MY HUSBAND'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. SARAH TILTON

Thou sleep'st beneath the forest fair,
Where wild flowers bloom above thy head—
Where warblers of the summer air
Chant sweetly o'er the silent dead.
I gladly turn from gayer scenes,
To meditate in this lone place,
And, in imaginary dreams,
Think I again behold thy face.
Thou bidd'st me check the tears which flow
In bitter drops; for thou art gone
Far, far from scenes of pain and woe—
In fairer realms thou hast thy home.
Thy spirit sighed for joy so pure,
That naught of earth its charms could bring;
Thou'st found a home that will endure,
Where disappointments never spring.
Rest sweetly, then, departed one;
Though sorrow rends this heart of mine,
Erelong, life's tedious journey run,
My spirit freed will seek out thine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMER RAMBLES.

—
BY R. A. LATTIMORE.—
LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THE dawn of an August morning was just beginning to peep over the loftiest summits of the Green Mountains of Vermont, as our steamer bore away from the wharf of Burlington. It was a dark and lurid morning—ominous of a coming storm. Heavily the dense, massive banks of thunder-cloud went trailing slowly across our way, and from their dark recesses, ever and anon, plunged the glaring lightning down into the troubled waters before us. Westward, the distant hills of New York were dimly visible through their envelop of darkness and of gathering tempest. Only here and there might a faint outline be seen, but whether of mountain or of cloud was unknown. Eastward towered up the tall peaks of the Green Hills in spectral gloom, densely veiled in their mantle of storms. Around their tops began to play the electric fluid, leaping and sparkling from point to point, like the discharge of small arms before a battle, while the ear, in painful suspense, listens for the appalling crash and roar of the heavy artillery. It was a scene of indescribable grandeur. It was my realized ideal of a classic spot of which I had read in Homer's olden story. There, right before my own eyes, stood old Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa; and beneath that hovering cloud of battle warred Jupiter, the Thunderer, with his Titanic kinsmen, for the imperial dominion of the skies.

The Lake was in tumult. The waves came wildly tumbling, leaping toward us as if instinct with rage and fury. Our bark rode out upon the billows gallantly, and, veering round with her prow to the north, rushed boldly on, directly toward the point where the storm gathered thickest. As the vessel struggled with the heavy sea, sighs and even slight groans were occasionally audible, and the peculiar rocking motion seemed to affect some of our fellow-passengers very *deeply*. All these indications could not be deemed auspicious auguries of a very pleasant voyage down Lake Champlain, but we had traveled too far to feel like turning back at mere appearances. On we sped in our temerity and in our frailty.

At length, one by one, the heavy clouds began to drive away to the eastward before the wind, and the timid young day, which had seemingly paused in affright at the wrath of the elements, now began again to advance like another brighter dawn. Gradually the heaving tide grew calm, the boat skimmed along more steadily over the subsiding waves, the purity and elasticity of the air returned, and there was a general brightening up among all the *affected* sufferers.

Occasionally, across the glittering Lake, gleamed the morning sunlight through the broken clouds, relieving with soft and somber shadows the many fairy islands, so much admired by all voyagers

who sail on the blue waters of Champlain, and the gentle ripples, breaking along their perpendicular, wave-worn banks of solid rock, in pensive monotone, murmured a soothing lullaby to the quiescent elements. Over Champlain lingers a mellow tinge—a hazy serenity peculiarly its own. Around it stand the mighty, everlasting mountains; yet their rugged outline and riven crags, by a magical distribution of light and shade, are softened down to the tone of the finest mezzotint. A sky bends lovingly over it, such as we always imagine smiles upon the Hesperian Gardens, or upon the far-off Islands of the Blessed. A dreamy sensation falls upon the soul, which few locations inspire. I have felt it amid the scenery of the Susquehanna; and in a still higher degree while gazing, forgetful of all things else, upon that scene of more than Arcadian beauty—the lovely vale of the Neversink. This feeling, which all travelers have experienced, but none described, is the true, æsthetic sensation—the offspring of the purely beautiful.

Threading our devious way through that green archipelago, we saw, on some of the islands, the smoldering ruins of buildings, fired by the lightnings of the recent storm—Cyclopean altars sending up their dense smoke to propitiate the wrath of the storm-demon.

As we swept down the glassy bay of Plattsburg, fancy wafted me back to a bright and beautiful autumnal morning of the past, when, like a direful blot on that silvery sheet of water, lowered the black cloud of battle, far more fearful than the raging tempest which had just vanished before our eyes. On that spot, thirty-seven years before, had two contending navies met, and foe with foe-man struggled in mortal conflict. The engagement of the fleets was the signal for the attack upon the town. Fiercely raged the doubtful combat upon the water and upon the shore at the same moment. The land and naval forces of the British and American armies amounted, in all, to nearly twenty thousand troops. Fourteen thousand men, commanded by Sir George Prevost, beleaguered the village, which was defended by Gen. Macomb, with only three thousand undisciplined soldiers; yet, few and inexperienced as they were, they parried every assault of the swarming besiegers, till finally the brave M'Donough captured the entire British fleet, when the enemy, panic-stricken and repulsed, were compelled to fly. In this battle Commodore Downie, commander of the Royal fleet, and two thousand, five hundred soldiers were killed. The actors in that bloody tragedy are immortalized, and in all coming time the heart of the American will throb with patriotic pride at the very names of PLATTSBURG and M'DONOUGH.

We may shudder when we think of the terrible waste of human life that was there, yet all must acknowledge that just and righteous were the motives that impelled our countrymen to that fearful extremity. But now no tale of the death-struggle will the bright wave reveal, as it smoothly sweeps

over the sepulchral caves where repose the gallant dead. No token do those smiling hills betray of the anguish, rage, revenge, and horror they saw that day. On the wind has died away the expiring curse, and groan, and shriek, and yell. From the grassy plain has faded the red stain of carnage, and passed away forever is the crimson hue from the waters.

THE SORELLE.

Passing onward down the Lake, the shores gradually converged before us; the lofty mountains, receding behind us, went down beneath the southern horizon; the islands disappeared; the bold, rocky banks gave place to low, grassy shores; the scenery lost its wild beauty; and we had imperceptibly passed from Lake Champlain to the river Sorelle. We were reminded, too, that we had passed beyond the boundaries of our own country by a burly Canadian friend, who was congratulating himself that he had really got safely back again after his first adventure across the "line," and coming up, clapped his great brawny hand on our republican shoulder, with a grin peculiarly English, saying, in his broad Yorkshire dialect, "*Now ye're a subject o' the Quane.*"

Soon we came to the Isle aux Noix, which is strongly fortified, to defend the pass of the river. The first object that caught the eye was the tall, erect sentry, with his red coat and bristling musket, perched on the highest pinnacle of the rampart. Here, then, we must intrust our very lives to the hands of our brethren—Victoria's most loyal subjects—and place ourselves completely within their power, as we pass along right before a whole battery of huge guns, glaring at us with unmistakable aim. We did not fail to remember Damocles; his fate depended on a single hair—*ours* on a spark of fire.

At this fort we received on board a Custom-House officer to inspect our baggage, ere we proceeded farther into her Majesty's dominions. A few miles farther down the river brought us to the little town of St. Johns, where we disembarked, and, after a furious storm of uproar and confusion at the railway station, were permitted, at last, to enter a car. Fifteen miles, over a very level, cultivated plain, were passed at a very sleepy rate, and we arrived at the Catholic village of La Prairie, on the bank of the St. Lawrence. Here all of us—Canadians, Americans, priests, immigrants, Indians, negroes, children, horses, dogs, baggage, all together—were indiscriminately tumbled into a large covered steam ferry-boat. Such a scene Babel itself never saw but once. After a ferriage of nine miles, diagonally across this mighty, turbulent Amazon of the North, we gladly stepped from our temporary Pandemonium upon the broad, airy quays of the great commercial metropolis of both the Canadas—

MONTREAL.

This interesting city stands upon the south-eastern side of a large island of the same name, which is,

indeed, an immense delta, bounded on two sides by the divided Ottawa, which, sweeping down from the far north-west, here pours its flood of inky waters into the clear St. Lawrence. The first prominent feature of the city, that strikes the attention of the traveler on landing, is the magnificent quay, built of gray limestone, extending a mile along the river, and said to be unsurpassed, in the beauty and solidity of its masonry, by any similar work of the most opulent cities of Europe. Along its entire length runs a light iron balustrade, adding much to its elegance and security; while at convenient intervals carriage passways slope down to the wharf. Busy multitudes are continually hurrying along the quay; and here, again, *we, Americans*, could not help observing, at every corner, the ubiquitous red-coated sentry, pacing to and fro, more like a machine than a man. Here, too, you might as well expect to escape from the sunlight as from the impertinently quizzical eyes of the policemen, dodging around you, with club and rattle, wherever you go. We had often heard of THE GOVERNMENT—here, we supposed, we saw it.

Montreal is the largest city of either Upper or Lower Canada, and contains a population of sixty thousand, perhaps nearly equally divided between the French and English elements. Every thing is novel, and wears an air peculiarly foreign. All the streets and sideways are finely paved and clean, but narrower than those of American cities generally. Great St. James and Notre Dame are the principal thoroughfares, running parallel with the river—the latter being the fashionable promenade: in a word, the Canadian Broadway. All round the public squares and market-places are ranged long lines of cabs and caleches, the top of each occupied by a cunning Frenchman, bowing and beckoning to every passer-by. You may step from the sidewalk into any one of these two-wheeled vehicles—your mercurial Jehu seems to understand intuitively whither you would go—and, before you can speak half a word, away you whirl, bouncing and spinning along at a fearful speed, after an ambling little pony. Here every body rides in a cab. It is absolutely cheaper to ride than to walk—the time saved in speed is more valuable than the few pennies expected by the accommodating cabman. Coaches, omnibuses, and private carriages are almost entirely unknown, a dozen cabs being always in waiting at your door.

Public buildings—religious, benevolent, and literary—are abundant and magnificent. By far the most prominent is the Roman Catholic cathedral of Notre Dame, the largest edifice in all America. It is built in the Gothic style, and is truly an imposing structure. As you stand in front, and look up to the immense central window, nearly seventy feet in height, and then, upward still, to the massive square towers, two hundred and fifty feet above you, an idea of vastness rushes down upon the soul, such as is produced by no other building on the continent. Its architectural defects are lightly

passed over in contemplating its stupendous magnitude. Its ample doors are ever open, and through them pours a continuous throng. The interior, with its majestic columns supporting the lofty frescoed concave, the double tier of spacious galleries, vacant pews for more than ten thousand persons, the long aisles rapidly converging, in distant perspective, toward the altar, again suggest an idea of vastness such as is seldom felt. Rich old paintings, delineating scenes from the life of Christ and the saints, adorn the walls. Every-where the eye meets the Madonna and the crucifix, of every material, from the coarsest wood to the purest gold—of every size, from miniature mold to colossal stature.

But who can gaze with composure upon these as works of art simply, or coolly criticise the various degrees of skill displayed in their mechanism, when, from the matin to the vesper hour, hundreds come to perform the humiliating rites of their refined and civilized idolatry! How the heart of a Protestant revolts within him to see the elite, the noble, the intellectual, the beautiful, decrepit age, and rosy, lisping childhood, bowing low in the dust to a brazen image—muttering fervent prayers before those pictured saints—confessing, with tears, truly penitential, their many sins; or, perchance, reluctantly, yet conscientiously, yielding up the most inviolable trusts of confiding friendship; or crouching abjectly, in one of those eighteen confessionals, to whisper into the ears of a priest, for aught they know the vilest of abandoned men, those solemn words which none but God should hear! O with what mingled feelings of melting pity and of unutterable scorn and indignation do we go out from such a scene into the pure air of heaven!

Ascending one of the corner towers, by a spiral stairway, we pass the great bell, whose deep-toned peals are echoed back from hills and mountains many a league away. Its enormous weight is but a fraction less than fifteen tons. On gaining the dizzy top, a view of exhaustless beauty expands before the eye. Looking downward perpendicularly, far beneath you, the luxuriant garden of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, with its graceful parterres and many colored flowers, dwindles to a picture of brilliant Mosaic. At your feet is the city—itsself become a map. Every house may be pointed out, and you look down upon a hundred glittering spires and swelling domes. The view is more commanding than either that of New York from the tower of Trinity Church, or that of Boston from the Old State-House. Encircling the city are its boasted suburban villages; while two miles to the north looms up Mount Royal, from which, it is said, the city derives its name. Around its base you see extensive parks, with lordly mansions peering out amid the dark, evergreen foliage with quite an air of royalty. To the south sweeps the broad St. Lawrence, unceasingly onward—onward forever to the ocean. There, too, sleeps the lovely island of St. Helens, in its emerald beauty.

Another object of interest to the stranger is the Hotel-Dieu. This is a benevolent institution, belonging to the French Catholics, and is a retreat for the aged and indigent, an asylum for orphans, and a female seminary, all combined in one establishment. It is under the superintendency of the Gray Nuns—so called from the color of their costume—and contains about four hundred and forty inmates. We were shown to the chapel, it being the hour of vespers. The service was conducted throughout in the French language. The chapel is decorated in the most gorgeous style; and, as we looked upon those old, patriarchal invalids in devout attitude, with rosary and prayer-book, and upon those hundred blooming girls all kneeling, dressed in their plain hoods, reaching down to the waist—as we listened to the solemn chanting of the priest, and heard the sweet-voiced music that came flowing down divinely from the lofty choir, while the departing sunbeams streamed richly and softly through the many colored window, we were not totally insensible to that fascination which robes the fiend of darkness in the radiant garments of the angel of light. Here is gained an influence over the young and susceptible heart that is absolutely boundless and ineffaceable.

In one ward we saw eighty little children, from two to six years of age. All were dressed alike, and with the utmost simplicity and neatness. They formed a circle round us, and sang most charmingly in French, keeping time with their tiny hands. Seldom have I seen sweeter faces, and never any more expressive of overflowing kindness, than those of the nuns who have charge of those little playful prattlers. And are those eighty little innocents all orphans? Ah! they are *more* than orphans! They are helpless outcasts—they are *all foundlings!* I will not here describe the melancholy and painful reflections suggested to my mind while gazing on these children of sin, themselves sinless—unfortunate offspring of crime, themselves pure and spotless—in happy ignorance of the sad fact which maturer years must inevitably reveal.

Montreal abounds in churches of all denominations. The Wesleyan Chapel is the largest Protestant house of worship in Canada, and the most spacious Methodist church in North America. Here also is a Scottish kirk, a college, an English university, besides many French and English schools, hospitals, and convents. With all her other refinements, Montreal has not neglected the military art—she is abundantly supplied with the means of show and defense. Every Tuesday evening a military soiree is given at one of the principal hotels, where the British officers “trip the light, fantastic toe.”

One morning we attended the royal parade of her Majesty's troops. The discipline seemed perfect—the most complicated evolutions being performed with the most exact precision. The music was grand. The bold, thrilling volume of harmony, that went up from that martial band of fifty

accomplished performers—in unison with whose powerful tones vibrated the very field on which we stood—seemed enough to inspire the most craven-hearted coward with the courage of Leonidas or of Napoleon. Yet, pleasing as is the effect of a whole battalion of men all arrayed in brilliant uniform and glittering armor, there is something utterly repugnant to a free spirit in the idea of a thousand human bodies advancing, wheeling, halting, and performing every movement, slavishly obedient to the slightest volitions of a single will. We turned away with the conviction strengthened, that we were not made for soldiers.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Much to our disappointment, we learned that none but night boats plied between Montreal and Quebec; for we regretted exceedingly to lose a single foot of those one hundred and eighty miles of glorious river scenery. But there was no alternative; and we perceived that Canadian enterprise is something very different from American enterprise: five steamboats only are employed in the transportation of freight and passengers between these two cities. Selecting the most comfortable one of the three boats bound for Quebec, we were soon out upon the waters again. As the shore receded behind us, the slant rays of the declining sun fell upon the gray walls of the vanishing city, touching each dome and spire with an opalescent glow, rendering the whole scene one of surpassing beauty, fair as ever reposed beneath Italia's magic sky. Across the water in the distance was Longueuil, its houses and churches apparently afloat upon the undulating waves; while just before us was the romantic island of St. Helens, bathed in the mellow sunlight. On its rocky promontory frowns a powerful battery, commanding the entire passage of the river, and effectually protecting the city against all aggression from the ocean. Behind the fort rise up miniature mountains, embowered in dark masses of foliage, with many a moss-grown rock, and many a darkling dell between. A line of soldiers' tents standing along the shore added to the beauty and variety of the scene. Reluctantly we were borne onward, and the beautiful vision faded away in the blue distance behind us. But the river, the glorious river, was left us still, and to it we clung with rapturous confidence.

The St. Lawrence differs from all other rivers and from all other things in nature. It possesses a grandeur exclusively its own, defying the powers of the most graphic pen. For seven hundred miles it rolls its impetuous tide in an undeviating direction, north-eastward, from Ontario till it pours its flood into the great Gulf of St. Lawrence, so called in honor of a saint of the Romish calendar, on whose festal day it was first entered by French mariners, more than three centuries ago.

The general width of the river, above Quebec, is from one to two miles. Along the shore you see friendly clusters of farm-houses, desolate-looking windmills, and numerous villages, each with its

bright tin-covered church steeple. But no hum of cheerful industry or shout of returning school-children greets you as you pass—all seems quiet as a Sabbath-day, for a mile of water is between them and you. You float onward in profound silence, undisturbed save by the deep asthmatic breathing of the low-pressure engine. Solitude is inevitable—you love it. Like an Arab wandering alone on a boundless desert, you grow taciturn. Like the mighty river on whose bosom you are borne, your thoughts flow on irresistibly—sublimely—but silently.

The channel of the river seems cut through a vast plain, and the sloping banks are mantled with dark, evergreen foliage down to the water's edge. No sudden curves obstruct the view: you look forward and backward to where the water flows beyond the rim of the horizon. The solemn silence was broken as we entered the Rapids of St. Mary, some ten miles on our way. Here the current glides on with arrowy swiftness for a moment, amid the roar of breakers, and again we emerge upon the silent river. Night now came upon us, and reluctantly we withdrew to the cabin, where we beguiled a tedious hour in forming an acquaintance with a few gentry of the black robe and shaven crown. We found in them most agreeable traveling companions, uniting the urbanity of the true Frenchman with such liberal and tolerant views, as would have secured their certain excommunication for heresy had they lived in the dark days of the sixteenth century.

Leaving our trusty pilot to watch alone for the perilous Rapids of Richelieu, we sought repose in our berth for the night. Stepping on deck next morning, but a few miles above Quebec, we were saluted by a piercing blast that came sweeping along fresh from the pole, intimating that we were very perceptibly approaching the Hyperborean regions. The swarthy, babbling Canadians, standing in groups, here and there, about the deck, wrapped in their coarse, gray surtouts, with long hoods, either drawn over the head or hanging down the back, formed a scene highly picturesque.

And there was still that mighty river—still flowing onward, yet more serenely, more calmly, more sublimely than before. The shores were farther off and higher, and the tall pines and firs seemed to stand nearer the brink, peeping over into the surging stream. The level bars of rosy light shot through the morning vapor, gradually reddening into a hue of deeper intensity, till the great sun himself arose from the waters before us, and, with his magic touch, Midas-like, filled all the orient with golden mist.

Rounding a point, we beheld a whole bevy of white-winged ships quietly riding at anchor on the glassy waters, which here expanded into a magnificent bay; before us towered up a vast perpendicular cliff of solid rock, surmounted by its far-famed and impregnable battery, reminding us of a sturdy Roman veteran wearing his mural crown—and we knew we were in the port of Quebec.

THE IMAGINATIVE AND THE HISTORICAL.

THEIR RELATIVE IMPORTANCE IN LITERATURE.

BY MISS LUOT TOWNR.

It is not to be supposed that any person, whose apprehension grasps the extent of area, in the intellectual field, comprehended by our subject, will suspect one of the presumption of an attempt to dispose of it in a brief article like this. The capacity to measure it at all, or to treat it, at any considerable length, as it deserves, is by no means claimed; therefore, the only intention in this is to throw off a few thoughts, that were first awakened by observing the confidence and perfect freedom from hesitation that characterizes the decisions of some regarding the inquiry naturally rising from the subject; namely, Is the imaginative or the historical most important in literature?

The magnitude of the question may, perhaps, not be fully apparent at the first glance, and for this cause may be disposed of lightly. But a just appreciation of the merit peculiar to a particular style of literature must be the precursor to the advantages to be derived from it.

As that indescribable but distinct faculty, or sense, denominated taste, is placed as an usher to introduce material aliment to the organs that incorporate it with our physical being, that it becomes both increasing stature and real strength, so a taste for wholesome literature presents to our immaterial nature the proper nourishment to promote our mental growth and intellectual strength.

For this cause the inquiry, What style of literature is most conducive to the true interests of mind? becomes worthy of earnest attention. It towers in height the more it is contemplated; it descends in depth, it extends in each geometrical direction, as we approach it with a seriousness corresponding to its importance. Volumes could be written upon it, and still leave to future adventurers rich fields of unexplored domains, whose extent would furnish "ample room and verge enough" to display a giant's power.

"Does society owe more to imaginative or to historical literature?" is the exact expression of an inquiry that demands a reply. But who can answer? There are many who, from a natural love of the tangible and real, give, without hesitation, the preponderance of obligation to the treasures of history. It is not strange that such should be the case. We would naturally shudder at the idea of extinguishing the light of the Past, while he stands beaming with a benignant ray on the youthful Present, and promising increasing radiance to the unborn Future. Indifference to the historian's claim to importance would savor of such ingratitude. We would not blind the eyes of the faithful old chronicler, who, since creation dawned, has watched the affairs of men for our especial benefit, carefully preserving in his note-book all important acts

indicative of wisdom, that he may incite us onward to practice the same, and as carefully exhibiting acts of distinguished folly, in close association with their consequences, as warning beacons to preserve us from similar mistakes. Our sense of justice is properly alarmed at the idea of seeming, for a moment, to come short of a full appreciation of the untold wealth bequeathed to us in the historian's massive legacy to our race. Yet, after all, much as we admire the firmness of historic truth, which is claimed by some as the foundation-stone of a wholesome and durable literature, there are many difficulties in an *unqualified* decision, even for the solid masonry of immutable fact, when, for it, we are brought to the point of sacrificing all the rich creations of that wonderful power imparted to the son of genius, who, as if in the secret of omnipotence, has but to say, "Let there be," and there is "light"—light flashing far above, and below, and around the dark and empty void where chaos lately dwelt.

The philosophy of history is more than the letter; the application, supplied by the imaginative, the greatest value derived from the fact.

In most cases of wide extremes, Truth is found in the medium ground; she seldom walks with either. A well-trained child, if called upon to decide to which parent he owed greatest obligation, and if told, at the same time, his decision must effect a final separation from one or the other, as they waited but his choice to dissolve their connection, would probably exclaim, "Take from me the protection of my father's arm! Where, then, shall my orphanage find security? Take from me my mother's patient, exhaustless love, and I am doubly orphaned! Ye are to me but one. I owe you equal love. Remain together; for it is death to me to part with either." It is with similar feelings they who appreciate the value of both history and sentiment would approach the decision of our question. Nor do the child and lover of literature furnish the only ground of resemblance in the figure. Neither history nor sentiment is perfect alone, but must blend their influence to produce the good to be expected from either.

From the lowly violet up to the monœcious and dioecious tree, and through every order of animated being up to the Self-Existent, a dual nature in all things seems necessary to the perfection of unity. Even He who spoke and *it was*, intimates companionship in unity, by saying, "Let us make," etc., rather than, "I will make man in my 'image.'" There is a sublime perfection of purity apparent in this design, though it may escape the perception of the earth-born, crawling class of mind, as effectually as the science of the dioecious tree escapes the observation of the slimy worm that creeps at its root. It is the law of God, and mind, as well as matter, submits to its omnipotence.

Not even is sound, that most ethereal of all the agents employed by Heaven to attract the angel part of man back to his native home—not even is sound

an exception to the general law. If, then, the imaginative is not the bass in the music of literature, it is the sweet soprano, in perfect harmony with it, yet sounding high and clear above its rolling strength, in strains of unearthly melody, to make us aware how deficient the bass would be alone.

Science, among her wonderful developments, has demonstrated that tones swell up from the organ's pealing pipes in strict accordance with unchanging laws—laws sufficiently understood to be obeyed, though, perhaps, not fully to be explained. And in that wonderful organ—the human soul—thought thus leaping from its profoundest depths, in obedience to a hidden law of numbers, is the rich *diapason*, commanding the harmonious tones of all its wide-sweeping octaves, and swelling them up together into one pean of angelic symphony, whose ever-sounding key is found in God alone.

THE ASCENSION.

BY JAMES STRONG, ESQ.

WHERE sojourned the physical person of Jesus during the interval between his resurrection and ascension? How were those forty days employed by him? We find him, in the sacred narrative, suddenly yet opportunely recurring in the company of his followers, as if he hovered spirit-like about them; first saluting the women, as they hurry affrighted to the city, to convey the angelic message to the disciples; and almost at the same instant thrilling the heart of Mary at the tomb with the wonted tones of his address; then, throwing off the guise, in the familiar act of "the breaking of bread" around the board at Emmaus; next startling the assembled disciples by his noiseless presence in their midst; and afterward surprising the fishing party at the Lake of Galilee, or, punctual to his appointment, with the whole body of believers, on the neighboring mountain; and now outside Jerusalem the twelve meet him, unconscious that it is for the last time on earth, to receive his parting instructions.

Another kindred question presses upon our mind: What was the nature of the body in which he thus appeared? an inquiry arising, not from that incredulous curiosity which Paul rebukes as the language of a "fool," but from that affectionate interest which prompts angels to "desire to look into these things." It was no specter-form that mocked the touch of Thomas, nor empty shade that demanded the piece of fish and the honeycomb for a feat of legerdemain! Assuredly the material frame of Jesus mingled as of wont with these chosen witnesses in its entire identity, or the resurrection is a farce, that affords no satisfying hope to the "unutterable groanings" of those who, "having the first fruits of the Spirit," now "wait for the redemption of our body" in the full exertion of that Spirit's power. But was this then his *glorified* body? Alas!

we fear that this would be as little satisfactory to "the earnest expectation of the creature, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." Not from such a model merely could the beloved disciple, who had witnessed the celestial glory anticipated in the transfiguration, have described, as the consummation of our sonship, that "we shall be like him." Doubtless, therefore, we must conclude, that, as the cloud inclosed the person of the Savior from the disciples' view, that "CHANGE" from "*natural*" to "*spiritual*" passed upon it, which the bodies of the living shall experience at the sound of the final trump. The ordinary laws of matter then ceased to bind it in affinity to earth; gravitation no longer resisted its spiritual attractions, and volition became the instrument of locomotion; chemical assimilation was arrested in its processes, and the fullness of immortality was stamped upon it; the rays of celestial glory that would have blinded mortal vision were unveiled, and the acknowledged Mediator took his radiant seat "on the right hand of God;" for the humanity of Christ still holds relations to space—his body must be *somewhere*, and where that place is, is HEAVEN. So far only can speculation safely go.

Christ was "the first-fruits of the resurrection," the type and pledge of ours hereafter. Yet others had ascended before him; but they had not tasted death. Enoch and Elijah were translated, as representatives of the patriarchal and prophetic dispensations in the glorified world. Others, too, had revived from the dead; but it was to die again. Several persons in both Testaments came back awhile to their earthly friends, to report the reality of the other world. Christ alone has exchanged the grave for glory, and thus achieved a complete deliverance from "the bondage of corruption."

How little were the disciples aware of these things, as their Master led them across the Kedron, on the familiar road toward Bethany! While he was preparing to deliver to them, as his final trust, the responsible charge of evangelizing the world, their minds are still full of the frivolous passion for worldly empire; and, as they ascend the Mount of Olives, they break the impressive silence with the childish question, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" The solemn scenes of the crucifixion and of the subsequent events had not even sufficed to open their minds to the spiritual character of his mission; there was but one more event to occur between them, but that would effectually undeceive them. The Savior, therefore, gently reproves their mistake, in terms that seem only to correct their misapprehension of the *time*.

They pass on, till they reach the summit of the hill; and there, in full view of Jerusalem as well as of Bethany, he gives them that commission, which was to be at once the chart of their future operations and the molding institution of the world's history to the latest times. They receive his benediction, doubtless with solemn, but otherwise

apparently with no special emotions, when suddenly, in the act, "he was parted from them, and a cloud received him out of their sight!" With mute astonishment, they stand gazing up at the spot in the heavens where their Master has disappeared—they know not what to think, they have no power to move—till their reverie is broken by angelic voices at their side, assuring them that Jesus has gone up to heaven, no more to return till the final day. A flood of light now bursts upon their burdened, bewildered thoughts; for the first time they distinctly see the grand object of the Redeemer's life; the spiritual apprehension rushes with a tide of joy through their minds, and, in transports of praise, they fall upon their knees, to worship their Lord, truly found only in his departure! From that hour we hear no more of carnal hopes and secular anticipations.

So prompt was the fulfillment of their Master's promise, that, "if he went away, he would send the Comforter" in his stead, the influence of that divine inspirer they already began to feel, as they returned with light hearts to the city, there to await its fullness of power. And here we may find an explanation of that condition of its bestowment, at first so mysterious, "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you." Was this then the reason of the ascension? Was it indispensable to their spiritual enlightenment? Even so; for not only would "the Spirit of truth," by its ubiquity and its unobserved but most immediate access to the mind, be a more perfect teacher than he personally could be, and not only was it suitable—nay, for aught we know, necessary in the councils of heaven—that the interceding Priest and Sacrifice should enter within the heavenly veil, but his presence on earth would have been a hinderance to that spiritual worship, which must be abstracted from all outward form, and to that life of faith which is opposed to sight. And so it proved: the single glance into the heavenly world, through the aperture by which the Son of God retired from them, gave them a juster perception of divine things than they seem to have gained from all his personal instructions while among them. Let us, then, who are often tempted to think, "How much more highly favored were the twelve, with their Master at hand to teach them!" remember that we have even a more efficient substitute in the Holy Spirit, and show, by our diligent application and attention to his monitions, that we duly appreciate the privilege.

Mrs put off religion on the same principle and with the same intent that some put off paying their debts—meaning never to pay them, or, at least, hoping to be able in some way to avoid payment. Is this wisdom, or creditable worldly policy even? Who can answer?

A WISH.

—
BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

Be mine the gentle, kindly art,
Which others might disdain,
To touch the living, human heart—
The soul's electric chain;
To strike the fine, harmonious chords
Where feeling deepest lies,
And kindle joys with burning words,
Or move to tender sighs.

Be mine the power to wake at will
The passions deep and strong,
And each responsive soul to fill
With glowing waves of song;
To win from pallid lips a smile,
The loneliest breast to cheer,
And with fresh, summer thoughts beguile
The wrinkled, old, and sear.

Be mine the old Enchanter's wand,
Which, from the past, could wave
The spectral joys that Time's cold hand
Had plunged within that grave;
Then, in the mourner's lonely room,
And by the hearth-stone cold,
What angel forms should light the gloom,
And broken hearts remold!

Had I but these, I'd ask no more;
For, with such heavenly power,
Unto its bloom I'd swift restore
Each broken, faded flower.

O, give me, then, the kindly art,
Which others might disdain—
The power to touch the human heart—
The soul's electric chain!

WHY THOSE TEARS!

—
BY MRS. M. A. BIGNLOW.

WHAT was it called those tears
Forth from their secret call?
'Twas neither pain, nor fears,
Nor was it a farewell.

Ah! it was one harsh word—
It was a look unkind,
Which, like a piercing sword,
Gashes the tender mind.

A ceaseless smile of love
'Twere easy to impart,
Like a sweet ray from heaven,
To cheer the aching heart.

Surely there is a land
Where no dark tears may flow—
Where the most valued friend
Proves not the bitterest foe!

AN AUSTRIAN OLLA-PODRIDA.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

THE famous Spanish olla-podrida is a favorite national dish, as every body knows, made up of odds and ends of all sorts, that together make a savory morsel that every Spaniard considers an important shade in the national character. We make no pretensions of having discovered a dish of this nature on Austrian soil; but we have long cherished a medley of odds and ends, that we would gladly have given to our fair readers long ere this, had we known when and where to serve them up, that they might be palatable. We have waited in vain, and, in desperation, come to the courageous conclusion to try our hand at an Austrian olla-podrida, humbly begging our fair patrons not to taste this culinary-literary preparation with too critical a palate.

In the first place, we feel like gossiping, and know of no individual in the present moment, while passing in review the reminiscences of Vienna, more deserving of a lashing than that famous gossip, Mrs. Trollope. May she never receive an appellation less deserved than this!

"Sir," said a lady to us one evening, in a social circle of Austrian dames, "are you acquainted with the famous Madame Trollope?"

"Have not the honor, madam," was our brief reply.

"Honor! sir; I hope you do not think it an honor; we certainly do not here; we know her too well; and you must know her, too, for she has written a book about the Americans, and has, I suppose, slandered you as she has slandered us."

"We acknowledge, madam, that we considered ourselves rather harshly treated, and especially the inhabitants of the greatest city of the west—Cincinnati—the field of her glory and witness of her retreat."

"Sir," continued the lady, "she has written a book about us, which she calls 'Vienna and the Austrians;' and, indeed, there is hardly a word of it true; at least that part which she devotes to me is shamefully glossed over with misrepresentation. . . . She was introduced to me by Baroness —, from whom she had learned that I had newly furnished my house, as is the custom here frequently. As I was about to open my new establishment with a large party of friends, according to our German custom, she felt very anxious to be one of the number, to see what might be new to her. At her special request, conveyed to me through the Baroness, I sent her an invitation to be one of the party. . . . She appeared at an early hour, and troubled me with all sorts of inquisitive questions, and, finally, bluntly requested me to show her even my kitchen and sleeping apartments, as she was very desirous of becoming thoroughly acquainted with all the peculiarities of a German household. . . . I thought the request a very strange and

improper one, but complied out of politeness, and was heartily glad when I got rid of my troublesome guest. . . . Shortly afterward she publishes a book, where I am served up as a specimen of the Viennese ladies, who furnish their houses anew every few years in order to have some new attraction for lukewarm guests, and boldly announces that she was dragged over the house from top to bottom, and made to examine every trifle from kitchen to garret."

"Madam," replied we, "there are many ladies in the United States who could sympathize with you deeply."

Shortly afterward we applied to the sacristan of the old Cathedral of St. Stephen, for admission to the immense catacombs that lie under it, and extend for a considerable distance from its precincts—a subterranean city of the dead, over whose vaults the din of business or pleasure resounds unceasingly for at least twenty hours in twenty-four.

"There is no admission for strangers, sir," said the sacristan, "since Madame Trollope was here."

"What," said we, "has Madame to do with the catacombs, pray?"

"Why, sir," was the reply, "when that lady was here, she requested us, through a high personage, to break our ordinary rules, and admit a lady to inspect the vaults of the dead. We did so, and took every pains to show her all she wanted to see, although a little surprised at her desires. . . .

When her book appeared, she abused us for what she termed our coarse feeling in permitting such sights to appear before the public gaze, and gave an engraving of one of the scenes in a vault, where the skeletons are reclining against the wall, presenting a ghastly group as dimly lighted by the flambeaux of the guides, with herself gazing in horror in the foreground. . . . She advised us to bar the entrance to the catacombs; and we think her advice so good that we have determined to follow it in future, and especially toward her ladyship in person, should she appear again."

We left the catacombs, wondering how soon Mrs. Trollope would cross our path once more; and called on an English gentleman and his wife at one of the principal hotels. On inquiring of the clerk if our friends were in, he replied, "My lord has driven out, sir, with my lady." In all the German capitals John Bull is looked upon as a moneyed gentleman, and all those who have any thing to expect from his purse are ever ready to dignify him with titles; and none seem more peculiarly adapted to this use than "my lord" and "my lady." While promenading one bright afternoon in the beautiful public gardens of the capital, surrounded by wealth, fashion, and beauty, a group of happy children richly dressed, and accompanied with a very lady-like governess, ran rompingly by, exclaiming, at the top of their voices, "Come, my lord! come, my lady!" We looked around to see if our friends, perhaps, were thus familiarly invited to hasten their pace, when, behold! we perceived two exquisite

little lapdogs, fairly buried in their silken shaggy hair, approaching with all possible speed, in consideration of the bells and ribbons that adorned their titled persons. Those little canine jewels were nearly as much cared for as were their little masters and mistresses, and, to cap the climax, even bore *English* titles—for any thing that is English is considered *bon-ton* and exclusive in Vienna. The children of the nobles and gentry are taught English at a very early age. French is almost looked upon as their mother-tongue, and may be said to be imparted to them in the same way, as it is not unfrequently the case that the children learn French before the German. No large establishment is considered complete without a French governess for the children, and said lady always converses in French with them, for the most excellent reason that she seldom understands any thing else. This course lays a firm foundation for this language; and the children then frequently pass into the hands of an English governess, and acquire the rudiments of this language in the same way. This is so much the case, that on the fashionable promenade these languages are most usually heard among the children and their teachers, who are always with them, whether during studies or recreation.

This system gives a genteel and agreeable employment to a large number of worthy and intelligent young ladies; but its tendency is to give an undue amount of importance to the languages, and to cause a neglect of other most useful but less polite accomplishments. A young lady in Vienna is considered as possessing the acme of what is worth knowing, if she be well acquainted with the French and English, and be a skillful musician: these enable her to shine in society, to converse with all who may be present, and to charm with her musical powers. Her intercourse with the world, added to the opera and the ball, give her subjects for conversation. If, on the contrary, she be intellectually inclined, she never mingles in the active questions of the world, but prefers Schiller, Shakspeare, or Racine—in short, she becomes a poet. So much are languages cultivated, that on entering a fashionable saloon the French is always used during the ceremony of introduction, on the ground that one or the other party may not be German, and it is retained as a matter of choice by most of the company during the evening. The question is never asked, "Can you speak French?" it would border on insult to suppose one not able to do so. During the carnival a brilliant *conversazione* is given in one of the large saloons of the palace, in which the ladies are in costume. By common consent, the French is here the language of the evening, and a question in German would be looked upon as vulgar, although four thousand people are generally here assembled. The object and result of this is to make the company select and intelligent. English and Italian are considered more perfectly aristocratic, and groups may every-

where be seen conversing in these languages in a sort of exclusive pride. At one of these festivals we inquired of a lady, who had been talking English to us and others for some time, why she did not use the French: "O," replied she, "it is too vulgar—every one here can speak French;" and her answer gave an excellent insight into one of the national characteristics of her country.

The late Emperor, Ferdinand the Fifth, is a curious instance of a man destitute of nearly every other faculty than that of language. It is said that he speaks nearly every language spoken in his dominions, like Mithridates of old—the German, Hungarian, and Italian for his subjects, and French and English for visitors. In other respects he is almost an imbecile; his very countenance betrays the marks of a complete vacuity of intellect; and his subjects, long before he abdicated, knew this circumstance so well that sly stories of his simplicity passed from mouth to mouth, inciting a smile of pity or contempt, as they reached the ear of friend or foe. Not far from the capital lies the summer residence of his Majesty—the beautiful palace of Schoenbrun, the Versailles of Austria. The grounds are extensive and beautiful, and laid out in French style, a circumstance which, no doubt, did its share toward making it the favorite residence of Napoleon on his invasion of Austria. The gardens of Schoenbrun were the usual resort of Emperor Ferdinand during the summer afternoons, and are diversified with exotic plants and a menagerie of rare and curious animals, nearly all of which are so arranged that they live as nearly as possible as when in their native land. We were one day examining the birds, in company with an Austrian friend, when he roguishly whispered in our ear an anecdote that is told of the Emperor. We vouch not for its truth, but give it as we received it. His Majesty was one day walking with his chamberlain through the menagerie, when his attention was attracted by a peculiarly large eagle, sullenly perched in his cage. "What kind of bird is that?" inquired his Majesty. "An eagle, your Majesty," replied the chamberlain. "An eagle," said the Emperor; "that can't be an eagle!" "I beg your Majesty's pardon, why not?" was the reply. "Why not? why an eagle has two heads!" said the Emperor. The whole force of this reply will be comprehended when we remind our readers that the Austrian national flag always bears the double-headed eagle.

To this we exclaimed "bravo!" and, childlike, lustily begged for another story. Our friend's stock was not exhausted, and he good-naturedly acceded to our demand.

"The Grand Council of state," said he, "is composed of five individuals—the Emperor, Metternich, the Archduke Lewis, and two other great personages: these form, so to speak, our cabinet, and are always in session when any very important question is to be debated or settled. One morning an exceedingly knotty question was presented,

which puzzled even Metternich himself; the members of the Council walked to and fro, thinking and planning in silence what should be the solution; presently the Emperor clapped his hand on his knee, and exclaimed, 'I have it!' 'What is it, your Majesty?' said Metternich, turning deferentially around, and approaching him. 'A fly,' replied the Emperor, 'that has been plaguing me all the morning.'

Some time after this we met a most intelligent gentleman in the captain of one of the steamers of the Danube, who had shortly before enjoyed the distinguished honor of conveying his Majesty from Vienna to Pesh, the capital of Hungary. On inquiring how the Emperor seemed pleased with his trip, the captain observed that his Majesty had descended into the lower part of the vessel for the purpose of examining the machinery, and, while looking at the boiler, inquired the power of the boat. "One hundred and fifty horse power, your Majesty," replied the captain. "Wouldn't it be better," said the Emperor, "to have the horses at once, so that there could not be any danger from the bursting of the boiler?"

But the poor Emperor has now retired from the troubles of the world, and transferred his responsibilities to younger hands; and, with all his failings, his people still cherish him in their memory as the "Good Emperor Ferdinand;" for he knew too little to be cruel; his good-nature covered a multitude of sins committed by those who most closely surrounded him. When he shall have seen the last of earth, his heart will doubtless be embalmed as are those of his predecessors, and the silver urn, to which it will be confined, will take its place in the vault in the long line of the hearts of the Hapsburgs; for it is a singular custom in Austria that, on the death of a member of the Imperial family, the heart is taken from the body, embalmed, and placed in a silver urn. These are all placed in a strong vault in the oldest church of the city, formerly a convent, and, for a trifle to the sexton, the stranger can peep through a hole in a strong door that bars the entrance, and there stand the hearts of the most mighty family of rulers that Germany has ever known. As we were gratifying our curiosity, our attention was specially directed to the urn containing the heart of the King of Rome, Napoleon's only son. It is deposited here because his mother, Maria Louisa, was an Arch-duchess of the house of Austria.

The Austrians have a peculiar respect for the remains of the departed, more so, we think, than any other nation that it has been our lot to know. All-Saints'-Day, in Vienna, may be considered a religious holiday, for it is principally employed in visiting the tombs of those who have preceded their kindred in their voyage to the land of rest. We once spent All-Saints'-Day in visiting the cemeteries of the capital, and found much to remember, and little that we could desire to forget. The very entrance to them is soothing and consoling. Over

their portals generally stands the inscription, "God's Field," or more usually, perhaps, "Place of Rest." On passing into the interior, we every-where perceived groups engaged in silent devotion over the graves of the departed. Here it was a mother leaning over the image of her child; there a sister mourning for a brother gone to the dust whence he had sprung; here the wife silently communed with a departed husband; and there a husband dropped a tear and murmured a prayer for a wife that retained his affections even in the cold embrace of death. This commingling of prayers rose in one audible but unintelligible supplication—a murmur from earth to heaven! Over many of the graves were hung small lanterns, that burned dimly all the preceding eve, and all of them were ornamented with wreaths of *immortelles*, a favorite token of remembrance.

Another affecting and refining funeral custom in Austria, is the ceremony of burying a young and innocent girl. The lugubrious and mournful black is laid aside, and all her friends and acquaintances, who are maidens as she, appear in robes of white, that they may accompany her to her narrow home in the appropriate habiliments of innocence. On either side of the pall-bearers that support the coffin are rows of young girls, so that the bier and its burden is within a hollow square. These bear festoons of *immortelles*, that pass from one to the other, as a chain of sacred remembrance to the departed. On the coffin lies a wreath of orange blossoms, to indicate that she has become the bride of her Savior. And thus, with a *Te Deum laudamus* to her memory, is she borne to her new home.

Even the poor criminal that expiates his crime on the gallows is, nevertheless, an object of sympathy. The government, as an example to evildoers, lets the body hang from morning till night, a fearful warning of retributive justice; but soon after his spirit has ceased its struggles with the body it is loth to leave, the people spread a large sheet under the gallows, and appoint sentinels to pace along its border, and guard the modest trifle that many of the passers-by throw on it, for the purpose of paying for a mass to be said for the benefit of his soul. In a few days after this the villages of the environs will receive a visit from an *improvisatore*, who is provided with a large amount of canvas, on which are painted the scenes of the murder, and, perhaps, the preliminary circumstances that led to it. This canvas he unrolls in the streets, fastens on a fence, perchance, and then commences his story to the gaping group that never fails to gather around him. First is presented the young and blooming youth, surrounded by friends and the prospects of a happy future. Here his early life is sung in a whining tone. Then appears the temptation to sin, and the efforts to resist it, according to the circumstances. This is most generally the gambling-table or the rum-bottle. This part of the story is now sung; and then are unrolled the scenes attending the crime, generally disgusting, at times revolting, as every effort is

made, by a plentiful daubing of red, to work upon the feelings of the ignorant group. If the latter effort has been successful, the poor simpletons throw in their hard-earned coppers generously, and the *improvisatore*, well pleased with his harvest, travels on with his canvas and stereotyped story to the next village.

The people are ever ready to hear something new, in order to fill the gap in their vacant minds and lives; for political events do not interest them as they do us, for the simple reason that they are so totally destitute of political rights that they seldom question the propriety or impropriety of political measures, except the latter infringe on their material welfare in a very palpable manner. The policy of the government is to give them holidays, on which to dance, sing, or be idle; but these holidays are always professedly of a religious nature, being in honor of some saint or some event. They are so numerous that three sometimes come in a week. This would seem a serious interruption to business men; but custom has inured them to it, and they close their factories or stores, as a matter of course, and enjoy themselves with the masses. This frequent return of holidays requires a good memory to keep pace with their arrival; and, to obviate all difficulties in this respect, the almanacs are so printed that all the holidays appear in large red letters instead of black. Thus every calendar is plentifully interspersed with red lines; and when the question arises, Is such a day a holiday or not? the red settles said question without even the ability or trouble of reading. We one day requested a workman to postpone a little job till the morrow, as being more convenient to ourself. He replied that he would do so willingly, but it was a holiday. "Why, it was a holiday the day before yesterday! What day can come to-morrow?" "I do not remember," said he, "but it is printed red in the almanac." We referred, and, to our dissatisfaction, found it to be St. Leopold's day, or some other saint of that family.

A peculiarity of many of the holidays of these saints is the circumstance, that they end the day with a grand ball, *in honor*, say they, of the distinguished name that the day may happen to bear. It is made a very brilliant affair for the working and trading classes who take part in it. It gives a curious exhibit of the kind of social intercourse that pervades all classes in Vienna. In company with a number of Americans, some of whom were from the southern states, we found ourselves once precipitated right into the midst of one of these performances. We found no less than two thousand very well-dressed and apparently very happy people, swarming in the immense saloon, galleries, and refreshment-rooms. All were gay, inobtrusive, and extremely affable in their intercourse with each other. Hundreds were whirling round like butterflies in one immense swarm, when presently two ebony dames from Africa, black as the darkness of Egypt, whizzed by, in the arms of their partners,

with such swiftness that our southern friends could scarcely collect their scattered senses before the dark ladies were lost in the crowd. In the common course of revolving bodies, it was supposed, however, that they would soon appear again, and all the American delegation was drawn up, rank and file, to see their evolutions. Sure enough, in a few moments they again passed us, and fortunately the more slowly, from being fatigued. This gave us an opportunity to examine them the more critically. They were young, and blooming with the hilarity of the occasion, showing prettier rows of teeth than any other ladies in the saloon. Their dress was peculiar, and faultless for the occasion, being pure white, with sleeves so short that a striking contrast was effected between the color of the plump and youthful arms and the spotless white of the sleeves and long kid gloves, that passed beyond the wrists, and were adorned with jeweled bracelets. They were whirling round with the most distinguished-looking gentlemen in the room, and we were afterward convinced that they were considered the *belles* of the evening; for in the refreshment-rooms the invitations for the next performance were so numerous that the ladies could hardly discuss their ices or jellies. Our southern friends were incensed, and would have held an indignation meeting on the spot, had it not been for the pitiable minority in which we found ourselves. Considering prudence the better part of valor, we hurried out without making any demonstration. Shortly afterward we learned the history of those happy daughters of Africa. An Austrian vessel of war had rescued them from a slave ship near the coast, and brought them home. They were now in a strange land, young, friendless, and unfortunate, and unable to speak a word of the language. A Christian lady of wealth and title—a baroness—took compassion on their misfortune, and determined to raise and educate them. Her labors were crowned with success, and they are said to be intelligent and worthy young ladies. Their race is a curiosity in Austria, and there exists no prejudice in relation to their color; they are, therefore, treated as others—according to their merits.

All arrangements for festivals in Vienna, whether public or private, are gotten up with a taste that is surpassed only in Paris. Indeed, in some particulars the Viennese seem to carry the palm away from the Parisians, and especially in that department in which the latter are considered to excel; namely, in that of the confections. We were first fully convinced of this at a private dinner-party, given to a company of about twenty by a diplomatist of the capital. After a couple of hours spent in slowly discussing the substantial of a magnificent entertainment, spiced with lively conversation, wit, and repartee, we saw a beautiful poll-parrot, seated on a perch, brought into the room, and carried to the lady of the house at the head of the table. The plumage of "*Pretty Poll*" was as

brilliant and striking as if she had just arrived from the luxurious regions of the torrid zone; but, alas! poor Poll was doomed to destruction. The fair lady raised a knife, and, with one stroke, cut off Poll's head, and handed it on a plate to a lady at her side. Those among us that were strangers and uninitiated, soon learned from Poll's history that she was composed of ice-cream. But this was not all. A basket of flowers was now set on the table, and rare flowers they were—roses, white and red, japonicas, tulips, dahlias, and cactuses. The illusion was complete; for the coloring was so perfect that any unsuspecting wight would have pronounced them flowers, on a casual glance. They were also of ice-cream, and were soon distributed among the company, the young ladies being complimented with the white roses. And still they came. A plate of delicious-looking fruit was now brought in—apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, grapes, and currants. These were also colored and shaded so true to nature, that it seems as if that matchless artist must have applied their tints with her pencil. But to enhance the value, each fruit also had its peculiar natural flavor; so that one could almost imagine, on eating them, that they were real apricots, currants, or plums, instead of a simple preparation of ice-cream.

To indulging in these delicacies we anticipate no decided objection on the part of our fair readers; but lest they may be too decidedly in favor of a Viennese dinner, we propose serving up what they are at liberty to consider the dark side of this picture. Among other dainty bits indulged in by the epicures of the Imperial city are *snails*. These, in their season, are considered delicacies, as we take the liberty of considering oysters such. Said snails, however, are hardly served up in so many various styles as is the oyster, but they have, nevertheless, received much attention from regular professors of the culinary art. They are generally stewed in the shell, and served up in this way; and one who is well acquainted with this favorite dainty exhibits a peculiar grace in extracting the snail from its shell with his fork. An immense number of snails are annually brought to the Vienna market. The neighborhood of Ulm, on the Upper Danube, is said to furnish two millions. Styria, also, engages largely in the business of raising snails for the table. We were once stopping at a small inn in the heart of the country, where there seemed, on the afternoon of our arrival, to be no other attractions than those of nature. Determined, at least, to profit by these, we directed our steps toward a gurgling brook that we heard in the vicinity. To reach it we were obliged to cross a small field, and, on jumping over into the high grass, we found ourselves in an immense snail-bed, and, of course, trampling on the innocent creatures. Astounded at this unexpected apparition of snails, we were preparing to part company with them, when the old hostess of the inn saw us among her snails, and came running with most plaintive tones of

intercession in their behalf. I, of course, beat a retreat.

The merits of snails we are neither prepared to discuss nor defend; we merely ask a charitable reception for them on the ground that custom is every thing. Those very ardent lovers of snails entertain a supreme disgust for oysters, and wonder how people can swallow such uninviting-looking things. Oysters are not known in Vienna; and when a denizen of the latter city visits London, he generally expatiates in round terms on the vitiated tastes of John Bull. On this sublunary sphere custom is every thing, and may even make inviting so abominable a dish as an Olla-Podrida.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

—
BY PHILEMON.
—

MONTGOMERY, the poet, is dead! Sadly will these words fall on thousands of hearts; not in England alone, but throughout our whole country. He was born on the 4th of November, 1771, and was eighty years old the week in which he breathed his last. On his last birthday he planted an oak-tree on the lawn in front of the Infirmary of Sheffield, in which town he had resided from boyhood. He was intended originally for the Moravian ministry by his parents; but, finding himself not strongly called that way, he entered a mercantile house, with a view to following that as a permanent calling. Subsequently mingling in politics, he became editor of a journal in Sheffield. Narrowly watched by the government, he was arrested twice and thrown into prison—the first term for three months, and the second for six months.

Montgomery's principal poetical works are his *Wanderer in Switzerland*, *The West Indies*, *Prison Amusements*, *The World before the Flood*, *Greenland*, and *the Pelican Island*. The first of these works was made the subject, on its first appearance, of a scathing review in the *Edinburg Quarterly*, but received, nevertheless, the warm suffrage of the public, and has passed through some fifteen editions.

Montgomery will be chiefly remembered by his minor pieces, almost all of which are of a devotional cast. They breathe the spirit of the simple and fervent piety in which he was nurtured by his godly Moravian parents, but they are at the same time lyrical productions of the highest order, full of pathos and gushing tenderness. They breathe a spirit of enthusiasm in keeping with the strictest principles of piety, and will continue to be regarded among the choicest specimens of choral melody, while men speaking the English language meet to worship Him who is ruler and benefactor of all our race. Long be his memory green in the hearts of thousands, and vividly be his virtues proclaimed through this world of ours!

MENTAL SYMMETRY.

—
BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

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(SECOND PAPER.)
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III. **SOMETIMES** the want of mental balance is found in the faculty, or process, if you please, of *abstraction*. By this we resolve a complex idea, and separately consider one or more of its elements. This process can scarce be overrated. Without it, neither the poet nor the artist could form his beautiful creations. His power of combination were useless without materials. Whence can he obtain materials, but by abstracting from complex ideas; without it, we could have no philosophy; for what is philosophy but generalization? and this implies abstraction. Without it, we could have no reasoning, at least of the demonstrative kind. Without it, indeed, what better were mankind than the brute? Deprive them of abstraction, and you rob them of language; deprive them of language, and you set them with the beasts of the field. Though all human minds possess it, yet some have it in so small a degree that they rarely attain to comprehensive views or general truths. They survey the fields that encompass their native village without ever reaching the ideas of vegetation or germination. They amuse themselves with the cat that paws at their feet, and the dog that bears them company, without thinking of the classes and orders of animated nature. They shiver in winter, and perspire in summer, without any notions of zones and latitudes. They whistle with their shopmates, and sing songs with their merry wives, without ever reaching the great idea of man. They look up to the heavens without seeing God. Whether they mark the moon walking in brightness, or the stars that glitter in her train; whether they hail the rising sun, or repose in the evening beams; whether they survey the well-poised central orb, or the planets wheeling in their spheres, they see naught but sights charming to sense—no goodness, nor order, nor might, nor design: these are all abstractions. Nor, hence, the glorious concrete which they imply—the great I AM. They walk the earth, or plow and plant it, or mold some of its productions into useful or beautiful forms, without perceiving the distinction between the instrument and the agent, the muscle and the mind. They think and feel, without thinking themselves up to the idea of soul. They seem lost in the visible, the tangible, the temporal. Of such the poet speaks in these words:

“Fools never raise their thoughts so high:
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,
Like brutes they flourish, till Thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.”

What can such a one think of worship in spirit and in truth? Would you have him adore? You must give him something *visible*. Would you have him worship? You must put an *emblem* in his hands. How different the Christian philosopher!

He garners truth—abstract truth—wherever he turns; he emerges from the limited circle of home and friends to survey humanity, and sympathize with its wants and sorrows; he distinguishes, not only between the vegetable and the animal, but the animal and the rational, the rational and the spiritual. By abstracting evidences of design from the face of nature, he obtains an impressive idea of an intelligent First Cause. By the same means he traces the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator; and, adding to them the idea of infinity and eternity suggested within him, he lives, and moves, and has his being in God. It was by a series of abstractions, for example, that Newton climbed to the top of the universe, and caught that glimpse of God which made him adore for the rest of life. By the same process he learned to see, like Moses, Him that is invisible through the smoke of Sinai, and, like Paul, him that is eternal through the flesh of Jesus. Thus, too, an ancient but not less worthy sage, who looked through the heavens to the glory, through the firmament to the hand, through the sun to him that set his tabernacle; who all through the spheres heard a voice, and all through the earth saw a line; who, when he sought to cover himself with darkness, found the night turned to light about him, and, when he would hide within his own breast, found the candle of the Lord tracing his thought afar off. Do not misunderstand me. Men do not become Christians by *abstraction*, but by faith; but I would have you mark how abstraction and its attendant processes aid faith, and how the absence or imperfection of them may *predispose* to infidelity or *iatrenak* it. The best gifts may be perverted. There is a devilish abstraction often associated with great genius, which can go through all the works of God forgetful of his hand; can carry its lamp through all science without seeing him; can wing its way to all worlds, and sing its song under the gates of heaven, without thinking of him. Hellish metaphysics, that can abstract, for its contemplation, the earth—God’s footstool—from his feet; the heaven—God’s throne—from his majesty; the clouds—God’s chariot—from his presence; the thunders—God’s voice—from its teachings; the wings of the wind, on which he walketh, from the impress of his footsteps; that can even abstract the human soul from the universal spirit in which it breathes, and the universe from the arms which bear it up.

The Almighty has mercifully regarded human infirmities. In Paradise he walked visibly in the garden; in the patriarchal dispensation he conversed with men by his angels, and gave them altars and sacrifices for his worship. When he led his chosen people out of bondage, he put a cloud before them by day, and a pillar of fire by night. When he gave them a law, he did it in the midst of thunder, and lightning, and smoke, and an audible and mysterious voice. All this was adapted to a low state of intellectual cultivation, in which the mind was taken up with the outer world, having

only reached the borders of the region of abstract thought. In the fullness of time, Christ came to preach peace, through his blood, in accents of mercy. Even under the present dispensation we are not entirely without aids for the mind in its ascent to spiritual things. We have churches, Sabbaths, ministers, and a few simple but significant symbols. He who *neglects* them is criminal; so he who *rests* in them. God is a spirit. The case of the heathen we are not called on to judge; but, surely, we, who harness the lightning for horses, may ascend the heavens to worship. The world is hastening to another dispensation, in which, perhaps, there need be no sanctuary built by hands, for no one shall say to another, "Know ye the Lord." We are called on to prepare for this state of things, or for one analogous; for in the world where men are as the angels of God they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light.

IV. The want of mental balance is often found in the imagination—that faculty which, electing, with a nice perception, from the train of associated thought, the beautiful or the sublime, combines them, with a delicate appreciation of relations, in enchanting forms. This is the artist of the mind, and it decorates all her chambers with pictures and statuary, and perfumes them with precious odors. It may unbalance the mind either by its *excessive* or *defective* action. The former will carry it from the outer world to wander through Eden or through hell; the latter will make the real world one of mere blood and bones, of granite and grass. It is not my purpose to treat of imagination any farther than it is related to the reasoning power; nor this, only so far as to show its influence on faith. For imagination is not only a soother of human sorrows, a builder of joyous homes, an enchantress leading the soul up the steep slopes of lofty conception to bright and boundless visions, but in its soberer moods is the handmaid of reason, the friend of God. Hence, skepticism generally denounces and affects to despise it.

Imagination aids faith by aiding its indispensable condition—apprehension. Every description is an outline merely, which imagination must fill up, to give it resemblance to reality, and make us feel the force of analogy in favor of its truth. It is needed in the interpretation of prophecy. The prophets speak in figurative language, and their words can not be properly appreciated by one whose imagination is torpid. It is requisite that we may feel the force of the evidences of revelation. The external evidences being adapted to the mass of mankind, in whom the imagination is generally strong, he who represses this power, to the same degree, puts himself out of a proper relation to their evidences. The internal evidences are founded in the value of revelation; and since it is adapted to the *wants* of man, how can any one fully appreciate it who is unable to feel the great *heart* of humanity? and how shall one do this without the faculty which

enables us to rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep? The Bible points to scenes on high, and fancy helps faith to feel the powers of the world to come.

There is a large section of skeptical minds who, by an exclusive attention to natural science, extinguish all that is warming and expansive in the soul. These men would raise children as they do hogs, by placing them in favorable circumstances to fatten, and, when they are grown, would measure them with a three-foot rule, and weigh them in the hay-scales; would estimate their hearts by the pulsations at their wrists, and their brains by an electrometer. They would test the Bible by the rule of three, and estimate piety by the laws of physiology. They live in a world of exclusive matter, where all utilities are measured by inches, and all profit and loss denoted by dollars and cents. Surely, this is philosophy falsely so called.

Equally injurious is an excessive imagination. By presenting every thing in distorted proportions, it prevents a correct apprehension of any thing; divorcing the heart from the conduct, it unfits us for a right estimate of morality; shunning the real world, it destroys our sympathy with man, and our interest in what concerns him—happy if it do not press us to the borders of derangement. There are many skeptics of this class, of whom Rousseau may be taken as a type. Geneva, in the early part of the last century, gave birth to this remarkable man. His mother dying young, and his father being engaged in the humble duties of an artisan, his mind was permitted to grow as a vegetable in the wilderness, deriving nourishment from the soil in which it was accidentally placed, and sending forth its branches without direction or repression from human skill. At the age of seven he was an eager devourer of romances; at eight he committed Plutarch's Lives to heart; at nine he read Tacitus and Grotius; at ten he was placed in the care of a country clergyman; and at fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver. Running away from his master, he wandered upon the mountains of Savoy, till the prospect of starvation induced him to renounce the Protestant faith for the sake of a support from the mother Church; placed in a monastery, he soon made his escape, and, after many adventures, at length found a patroness in Madame de Warens of Amery, with whom he remained till he was twenty. He then went to France as music teacher, in which capacity he maintained himself with various fortune till 1742, when he was appointed secretary to the French ambassador of Venice; quarreling with his employer, he returned to France to resume his former occupation, and devote attention to natural science. In 1750 he commenced author-writing, and at different but not distant periods he composed numerous works; the last of which excited so much opposition, that he found it difficult to procure a resting-place for his feet, either in France or Switzerland. In a miserable and misanthropic old age, and after a

fruitless, aimless, and romantic, though gloomy life, he found a grave in the Isle of Poplars. Though possessed of a mind of peerless power, a heart of exquisite tenderness, a style of surpassing beauty, an accurate knowledge of the human breast, and an extensive acquaintance with the world, his powers, because ill balanced, were always questionably, often perniciously, employed.

His works evince knowledge that would honor Bacon, with ignorance that would disgrace a school-boy; principles worthy of Socrates, with sentiments that should shame a rake; imaginings gorgeous as Plato's, mingled with ravings like those of madness. But, to be more specific, the want of mental balance in Rousseau is evident both from his opinions and conduct.

1. His opinions are characterized by extravagance. His first essay, which drew the prize of the Academy, was written to prove that the re-establishment of the arts and sciences has been unfavorable to morality, which was evidently a hasty induction. In his essay on the inequalities among mankind, he maintains that savage life is superior to civilized—a notion which, being contrary to the sober judgment of the enlightened world, no well-informed, well-balanced head could adopt. In his *Emelius*, treating of education, he lays down, as his fundamental principle, that every thing should be left to nature—a principle which needs but to be stated to be refuted.

2. His works evince inconsistency. In the one last noticed he draws a lively and affecting picture of Jesus. But in the same work in which he records this beautiful vindication of the blessed Jesus and his Gospel, he attempts to stab both to the heart, by representing Christ as an impostor, and his Gospel as founded upon false pretensions.

3. Absurdity. Though he courted flattery and relished favor, he was accustomed, late in life, to insult those who offered him the incense of their praise, and to interpret the world's approbation of him as a persecution instituted against him by literary men.

His conduct bears no less evident marks of ill-disciplined mind. It is characterized by extravagance. His demeanor in youth provoked his father to drive him from home; early in his apprenticeship he steals from his master, and runs away to avoid the consequences; next we hear of him as a footman, in which situation he repeats the crime of theft, adding to it that of perjury; escaping from service again, he is an outcast and a vagabond; soon we see him seeking shelter and food in a monastery, and anon breaking away to go through a series of adventures, till necessity brought him again to the door of the Church. But these are his years of boyhood. Let us trace his manhood. Dissatisfied with an occupation of his own choosing, he aspires to political favor; receiving it at the hands of Montague, he quarrels with his patron, and quits in disgust a post he had sought with avidity. Becoming an author, he attracts the popular praise

by an opera, and then turns it into a storm of wrath by a letter on French music. By his work on education he draws from Parliament upon his favorite pages a condemnation to the flames, and upon his person a sentence of imprisonment; he provokes his native city, as he seeks an asylum within her walls, to close her gates against him, and send her hangman to burn his writings; he rouses the populace of Neufchatel, the city of his refuge, to compel him to flee at peril of his life; causes Berne to drive him from Peter's Island in the most inclement season of the year; and induces England, who opened a peaceful bosom for his weary head, to look upon his retreating footsteps with the indignation due to a flying ingrate. Persecution, in itself, is no proof of a want of duly regulated mind, but when it comes from all parties it is *prima facie*. Rousseau was persecuted alike by Catholic France and Protestant Geneva; by fickle Paris and steady London; by pious bishops and infidel philosophers; by the unthinking crowd and the meditative Hume. We can understand how a man of good sense may, in this wicked world, in defense of some high and holy principle, provoke the opposition of all parties, but not how such a one can do so in endeavoring to *upset* all righteous principle.

Rousseau's conduct also is stamped with inconsistency. He writes a pastoral for the stage, and then inveighs bitterly against theatrical corruption. He praises integrity, yet changes his religion twice—once for bread, and once for protection. He writes a treatise on education, and commits his own children to the foundling hospital. While an infidel at heart, he professes the Christian religion. Advocating the purest morality, he is, by his own confession, a thief, a liar, and a debauchee. It was at an advanced age that he said, "I have been a rogue, and am still so for trifles which I had rather take than ask for." In reference to his licentiousness, his perfidy, and his want of natural affection, nothing need be said to those who know his history.

His conduct in many particulars is absurd. While with a stubborn infidelity he rejects the Christian religion, though his mind perceives its evidence and his heart feels its purity, he receives with an easy faith the baseless systems of French philosophy, which teach that animal vigor is the perfection of man, and animal pleasure the acme of human happiness. He maintains the sufficiency of reason to discover a complete and comfortable scheme of natural religion, yet confesses himself agitated and distressed with his doubts. Professing love for men, he employs his matchless arts to infuse into their minds the poison which corrupts his own. Pretending to teach the science of happiness, he curses his own birth as a misfortune. Priding himself upon the inductive philosophy, he amuses himself with fanciful hypotheses. Strange compound of vice and virtue, ignorance and wisdom, prayer and blasphemy, faith and skepticism! It is easy to see in his mind the preponderating influence of imagination. Says Madame de Stael: "I

believe that imagination was the strongest of his faculties, and that it had almost absorbed all the rest. He dreamed rather than existed; and the events of his life might be said more properly to have passed in his mind than without him—a mode of being' which did not hinder him from observing, but rendered his observations erroneous. His imagination sometimes interposed between his reason and his affections, and destroyed their influence."

A few questions and inferences, and I have done. Have not those who have impaired their power of belief some excuse for skepticism? No more than the drunkard, who, by his intemperance, has disqualified himself for the practice of virtue. Are they not, however, deserving of peculiar sympathy? No more than the Christian, who professes Christ in prospect of the stake; the difficulty of belief in the one case is not greater than the difficulty of obedience in the other. Is not the case of such a one hopeless? Nay; because the will has power over belief. Gen. Taylor, when asked the secret of his success at Buena Vista, said, "During all that bloody and unequal conflict, I never allowed myself for one moment to doubt that I should be victor;" and he expressed in these words a truth which every man feels. Moreover, the skeptic acts in common affairs on doubtful evidence. He can not demonstrate that he will succeed in business; that his money will pass; that his food will nourish him. If he has faith enough to preserve his natural life and secure his temporal welfare, he has enough to secure his spiritual life and provide for his eternal welfare.

If the want of proper mental balance disqualifies for correct judgment, does it not exonerate us from all blame for our errors? Nay; because the balancing of the mind is as much in our power as the subjugation of the affections, or the regulation of the life. I close with a few inferences:

1. Though a mind may be incapable of arriving at a correct judgment, it may, nevertheless, by reason of the charms of eloquence or other advantages which it may possess, be the means of misleading others. Rousseau's essays upon the effect of the sciences, and the origin and progress of society, were among the fruitful seeds whence sprung the French Revolution of 1789—seeds which have reproduced themselves in the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848; mere logical sequences of that of 1789, and which are now leavening the whole mind of Europe, not with the principles of rational liberty, but with the various forms of socialism, radicalism, and red revolutionism.

2. The friend of man should aim, not merely at the diffusion of knowledge, but at the proper training of mind. Schools, presses, books, lyceums, lectures are not enough. We must have institutions with courses of instruction so arranged as to produce well-proportioned and well-regulated intellect.

3. Nor is the regulation of the intellect all that is necessary. The sensibilities and the will must

be developed and trained. The intellect itself is often well balanced. How rarely does the world produce a well-developed man! Look into the Bible, and you may easily find a person distinguished in one or more particulars. A Peter, for example, gifted both in intellect and sensibilities, but deficient in will; a Solomon, mighty in intellect and will, but wanting in sensibilities. Rarely do you meet with a Moses or a Paul, equally able to reach a conclusion, feel an obligation, or execute a purpose. Look into profane history, and you meet the same difficulty. There are Aristotles who reason; Sapphos who can sing you almost into delirium with their utterances of intense emotion; and Alexanders who put forth will, till you tremble as in the presence of the Almighty; but not often do we meet with a Socrates, presenting, in fair and beautiful proportions, all the capacities and susceptibilities of exalted manhood. Nor have modern nations, with all their boasted advancements, been more fortunate than ancient. Here are the Bacons, with peerless reason; there the Napoleons, with matchless will; and there the Byrons, with morbid passions; but where are the Luthers—good, sound, symmetrical men?

4. The tendencies of the age seem to oppose the full development of humanity. Let me be understood. I refer not now to the proposed improvements in education, which have a direct tendency to make monsters instead of men; but to the progressive division of labor. It is separating society into castes as distinct as those of India. There is one class running into brain, another into tongue, another into eye, another into foot, and another into hand, so that it will soon take the whole human race to make one great human animal. The different classes are like so many wheels in some great complicated machine, each one worthless without the rest, and each individual, instead of being the world in epitome, is like a cog in a cog-wheel. I grant that this division of labor secures wealth, art, and civilization; and if the great object of God in creating man was to beautify the world, I would have no objection; but if not? God does not create man for the world, but the world for man.

WORKING FOR ETERNITY.

"I PAINT for eternity," said Zeuxis, a celebrated painter of antiquity. Every individual now living is doing work for eternity; but a mother, to whom is committed the training of a mortal immortal, is emphatically painting for eternity. Hers is the hand that is delineating features on a canvas which will retain its characters "far into the other world." Great and fearful is the weight of responsibility resting upon her, and dreadful will be the account she must give at last, should she prove recreant to the trust reposed in her. Yet how few, with this responsibility before them, strive in any just way to meet its claims!

RECOLLECTIONS OF OLIN.

BY PROFESSOR H. S. LIPPITT.

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!" Like David of old, who wept over Saul and Jonathan, who were "lovely and pleasant in their lives," we would weep over the great, the good man who has fallen in our midst. Though we knew the feebleness of his health, we felt no fears of his sudden demise, knowing, also, his constant infirmity for many years. Hence, were shocked at the news, "He is dead!" Like the leaning tower of Pisa, we thought that, though not upright, he might yet long remain an object of admiration and love, in his exalted purity and power. But the yielding sands gave way, and, lo! prostrate in the dust lies this gigantic tower of mental symmetry and moral beauty. Truly, "how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

STEPHEN OLIN was the son of Judge Olin, of Vermont, and was born March 2, 1797. He graduated at Middlebury College, in his native state, with the highest honors of his class. It was here he laid the foundation of that infirmity that was to dim his light, and dwarf his usefulness, and, finally, lay him in the tomb. He was a hard student; and adds another to the list of ripe scholars who have martyred the body for the benefit of the soul, and another to the list of giant minds that God has removed from the midst of their labor. But "God can bury his workmen, and carry on his work." Say not that they have lived in vain; for their light, the light of a noble example, yet shines upon us, while their spirits, with developed power, are grappling with the philosophy of heaven. He remarked to our class once concerning his method of study when in college. In the study of the mental and moral sciences, he said he was accustomed to write an analysis of each lesson, and commit it to memory, and then to read the text in connection with each division, and then, repeating his analysis, repeat also to himself all the thoughts embraced under each division as he recollected them. Thus he prepared himself for the recitation-room. He assured us that this method pursued had given him, in a great measure, his precision of language, as well as his power over it. In all respects he was a ripe scholar at graduation, with a mind thoroughly disciplined, to which he added, in after years, stores of valuable information. Soon after graduation he was obliged, on account of failing health, to go south. He removed to South Carolina, and was elected Principal of Tabernacle Academy. While holding this position he was converted, and was soon after licensed to preach. At that time he was decidedly skeptical in his views, or trying to be; and, knowing the snare which he had escaped, he could never sufficiently warn us of the danger of harboring such notions, but incited us by the most urgent appeals to entire trust in the

merits of Christ. After his conversion he commenced preaching under the presiding elder, who took him with him to close his meetings with an exhortation. But he soon showed such power as a preacher that he exchanged places with the elder. In 1824 he joined the conference on trial, and was stationed at Charleston. But his health failed, and, after six months of labor, he was obliged to leave the city. He was sent to Charleston again in 1825; but he was again compelled to leave the city; and he located, after bearing a supernumerary relation for two or three years. In 1827 he married a Miss Bostwick, of Milledgeville, Ga., a lady of great beauty of character. She died while on his continental trip in Europe, and was buried in Naples in 1839. In 1830 he was called to the chair of English Literature in the University of Georgia; but did not long retain the office. In 1832 he was called to a professorship in Franklin College, Georgia; and soon after to the Presidency of Randolph Macon College, Virginia. He entered upon the duties of the last office in 1834, and in them more than met the expectations which the prestige of his name had excited. But he was again obliged to give up all professional labor, and seek health in foreign travel. He left in 1837, and spent several years on the continent of Europe and in the Holy Land. The results of his travel were presented in those admirable volumes, entitled, "Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land." Though lacking the humorous sketches of Stevens, and the critical investigations of Robinson, especially in philology and antiquities, yet, in a simple, easy style, these volumes convey to the reader all the chief topics of interest that could present themselves to an earnest Christian mind. After three years' absence he returned; and, finding it impossible to live in the south, he returned north; and in 1842 was elected President of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. The year following he was married to Miss Julia Lynch, the daughter of the Hon. Judge Lynch, of New York, who now remains his widow, with one little son, who seems to have received the mantle of his father. May she receive of the tender mercies of our God, in this her hour of deep affliction, as she is receiving the earnest sympathies of all the students of the University, who have known only to love her!

I entered the University just after Dr. Olin became President; and I propose, in the remainder of my article, to present the reader with such recollections of him as may occur, premising, that to no man did I look with more veneration and love, nor in the presence of any other did I feel my own soul so dwarfed, as in the presence of this our beloved President. In the language of another, "my soul seemed to take off its hat in his presence."

In physical appearance he was a giant, standing six feet six; yet he was finely proportioned, erect, not obese nor yet slim, but a large and noble frame. His head was very large; his forehead high, wide, prominent, massive. His eyes were blue and small,

deeply set in their sockets, and ordinarily rather dull, but when he was excited shone with great brilliancy and expression. His walk was slow and measured, well becoming his massive frame; his mien majestic and commanding, and his whole physical character calculated to inspire admiration and reverence.

In his social relations he was one of the most affectionate men we ever knew. His whole being was love—love wide and comprehending—love that gushed forth in Christian sympathy with all-embracing fullness. He seemed capable of bestowing a love in proportion to his stature. How far above most men! And O, how pure, how unselfish was that love! If it was thus he appeared to friends, how must he have lavished upon his family a wealth of affection and tenderness few in this world are so blessed as to receive! This affection was not either the gracious nod from Olympus; but he descended, without appearing to do so, to all the intimate and delicate manifestations of that affection. Yea, he delighted in these outward tokens of the sacred fount that bubbled up, clear and pure, from the crystal depths of his heart, and gushed forth in one constant stream of holy sympathy. There was no restraint in his manner. All his soul seemed to be open to you in frankness and simplicity. When in his presence we felt that we were in the presence of a father. Students, when called before him, were usually compelled, by his frankness and manifested confidence in them, never to dissemble. Few could go before him and meet the gaze of that eye, which seemed to read the very soul, and do aught but confess the truth. And I have often thought that it would be punishment enough for any one who could be thus guilty, to *feel* that he had deceived one who was so open, confiding, and unsuspecting.

It was his constant theme to the students—the cultivation of high and holy moral principles. In the chapel how often have we listened to the rich treasures of thought and illustration that he brought from the storehouse of his mind, to urge upon us the necessity of living up to some exalted moral standard! His language to us was ever to choose the *right*, the *good*, the *true*, and adhere to them whatever it might cost. Was any act committed by the students which called for censure? With what pained feelings he referred to it! and then, making the act the embodiment of some principle, he would portray the evil tendencies of that principle with a power and earnestness that carried conviction to every serious mind. His government over us was mild and gentle, yet stern and decisive. He did not scold nor threaten, but he *acted* promptly, energetically, without fear or favor, when duty called. If a student had committed some flagrant act, a public acknowledgment must be made, or he must leave. I remember an instance which will illustrate the point:

Our class had desired a holiday one afternoon for some purpose which we deemed sufficient, and,

therefore, applied to the professor who was to hear our class that afternoon to excuse us from our recitation. But this he refused to do. The class thereupon took the half day *volens volens*, omitting the recitation, and spending it as we desired. The class were reasoned with by the professor, and urged to make some acknowledgment. But this they refused to do. The next night, after prayers, the Doctor requested us to stop. He called us forward before him, and then gave us a mild but earnest lecture upon the nature of law and the duty of obedience. He then mentioned the unpleasant circumstances in which we were placed toward our teachers, and said that he had written a paper which he thought would settle the matter, and which would be satisfactory to all concerned. We thought by the mild manner toward us that he was about to propose a compromise, which we deemed a victory; or at least that he was in a manner to condemn us, though in reality to condemn the professor. Never were students more deceived. The paper contained a full, frank, and humble acknowledgment of our error, and an expression of our sorrow, and a pledge of future obedience. After having read it, he remarked that he presumed that we all would sign it without hesitation, adding, ominously, *that those who did not would pack their trunks, and leave the college premises in the morning.* I need not say that the paper was signed with no hesitancy on our parts, and ever after we felt it was not safe to trifle with college laws.

His whole soul was given to the interests of the University, and he often mourned his inability to be actively engaged among the students. But when among them, they all felt that he was their friend, one who had a great interest in their welfare. He took pleasure in inquiring into their plans for life, and often added his advice and counsel. So great was this confidence in his solicitude for them, that they often sought aid from him in the choice of pursuits, or in marking out a course of reading. He ever sought to impress upon our minds the grandeur of Christianity, and to enforce upon us the obligation of meeting all its requirements. Especially did he seek to instil into our hearts a zeal for missionary enterprises, and a heart-felt interest for the conversion of the world. Hence, we see Williams, who graduated in 1844, leaving for the shores of Africa. But O, how soon to sleep beneath its burning sands! And afterward White, my chum for two years, gave up all, and in China to-day is preaching the truths of the Gospel to them that sit in darkness. And others, I doubt not, under his instructions first awakened to a zeal for the salvation of the heathen, many others, shall go forth to the missionary field. And O, how beautiful upon the mountain-top are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace! To beget such high Christian daring and self-sacrifice for the cross is surely not to live in vain. But not alone in heathen lands is seen the fruit of his labors; but over the United States, east, west, north, and south;

amid the rocky hills of New England and the gold-ribbed rocks of California; amid the snows of the north and the orange-groves of the south, the ripening fruit of his influence upon those brought under his care is filling the air with fragrant odor, and giving promise of a glorious harvest.

Those who have read his baccalaureate addresses to the graduating classes, will have perceived how deeply he felt for their future well-being, and how earnestly he strove to kindle in them the most ardent longings for a life of true and exalted greatness, because a life of exalted holiness.

A great man, he used to remark, was not he who read the most, but he who thought the most. He was great who revolved great thoughts in his mind, and made great and pure principles his rule of action. Hence, he urged us to seek for the first principles of things, and to struggle for the mastery of wide, comprehending, and far-reaching causes. To incite to deep and earnest thought, was a higher aim than imparting merely the graces of an education.

He took a peculiar interest in the spiritual welfare of the students; especially of those preparing for the ministry. How many now on fields of labor in our various conferences, look back to his influence and advice that decided them to toil for perishing souls! After they left the institution his interest in them did not cease, but often his eye followed them, often his pen counseled them, urging them to the performance of their high duties with holy zeal and unwearied study and preparation. God wanted no idlers in his vineyard. He used to remark, that the highest intellectual power, sanctified by the grace of God, was the most powerful engine for good in the world; that we should seek for the highest intellectual culture and the most comprehending knowledge, that we might lay it upon the altar of God, and go forth in the spirit of Christ to conquer the world; that an archangel's intellectual power, could man possess it, dedicated to the service of God, would be the most exalted offering we could bring; that *learning* was not an evil, but only *unsanctified learning*.

If he was a giant in body, he was Titanic in intellect. Few of the sons of men have ever reached a like mental altitude. His mind was acute and profound; his perceptions quick, seemingly intuitive; his conclusions seemed rather inspirations than the results of reasoning and judgment. Though his enfeebled health disqualified him for protracted study and reading, yet what he lacked in acquired learning he made up in profound, original thought and observation. Hence, in originality, profundity, and broad comprehensiveness of thought, I have never seen his equal. But I can not find language justly to express the full portrait of his mental character. I believe he had few peers in this or other lands, in this or other times.

Above all other characteristics of greatness was the greatness of his moral character. This was an overshadowing element of majesty in his character,

like the overshadowing presence of the cloud and flame on Sinai, that turned all its earthy rocks into sapphire. Yet, exalted as he was, he felt himself as a child. Humility, like the great exemplar, Christ, sat as a garment upon him. In all the daily walk of life he gave the energies of his mind to the service of the humblest of men, feeling that his labor was honored as much as if he had spent it for princes. Dwelling himself in the high, pure regions of truth and virtue, he ever sought to bring others up to the same empyrean heights.

The basis of this high morality was religion—a humble and entire consecration of all he had and was upon the altar of his God. For all the duties of religion he had the greatest reverence. And his whole life seemed devoted to the great object of walking humbly in the footsteps of his divine Master, and of spreading abroad the knowledge of a Savior crucified in all its saving power. To this he brought all the towering capacities of his soul, all the treasures of his mind, the activities of the body; to this he devoted his soul, body, and life. And who that has known him will not acknowledge that he patterned more closely Christ than any other they ever knew? O how at prayers in the chapel, with almost inspiration, has he unfolded the relations we sustain to God through Christ, and all the wonder-working influence of the Gospel and the Holy Spirit upon the heart! And O, how strong, how fervent his supplications for that power from on high that would sanctify us wholly! Few could listen to his prayers, and not feel that a faith that was godlike in power was drawing him to the cross. Few could listen, evening after evening, to his soul poured out in earnest entreaty and supplication for their good, and not feel thrown around the hallowed restraints of those prayers.

As a preacher he had few equals. Not that he was what might be called by some an eloquent man, not a graceful orator, not a finished rhetorician—at least he did not make rhetoric prominent before you, so as to suggest the page in Jamieson—but noted for deep, commanding thought and an earnestness of style that held the largest audiences chained for two hours, his usual length of a sermon. He had few gestures, and these well chosen. At times his long arm would be extended horizontally before him, and the hand would have a quivering motion, that, in connection with the thought, sent the blood tingling along every remote artery of the system; sometimes both hands would be extended in this manner. He usually read his text, then shut the Bible, and commenced. He had no divisions, as first, second, third, etc.; but you could always perceive the most beautifully adjusted frame-work of each discourse, though clothed with the vivid and glowing imagery of his thoughts. His enunciation was distinct; but at times it seemed as if the rushing torrent of thought choked his utterance. He always labored in the pulpit, the perspiration standing in drops upon his forehead, and his handkerchief becoming literally wet, during his

sermon, with wiping away the moisture of his brow. Who that has heard him can forget his ministrations? There was an unction in his preaching that always brought the blessing of God upon those that heard him. He was very lucid. I have often heard it remarked by those that heard him, that the truths he presented seemed so simple that they wondered they had never thought of them, or how they had never thought of them in that relation before. He was not what might be called an imaginative preacher; and yet his thoughts, far-reaching and profound, were so fused by passion that they poured one molten stream of overwhelming brilliancy and power upon the soul. At times he seemed like some seraph, that scattered from his plumes the fragrance of heaven, and sprinkled us with the waters from Siloa's stream, that flowed fast by the oracles of God. I recollect once that he delivered a baccalaureate sermon to one of the graduating classes, which he had written. He attempted to read it; but it trammelled him excessively, and we perceived that it worried him. Soon he laid his papers aside, put off his glasses, and then, for more than an hour, poured forth such a continuous stream of powerful, brilliant, earnest thought as I never expect again to hear.

Few of those that heard him will ever forget a *talk* he gave us in the college one college fast-day. There had been, and it had not ceased, a most powerful revival in college, in which all but seven had been converted. During the whole series of meetings he had been unable to attend, on account of ill health. Near the close of the revival a college fast occurred, and a general class meeting was held by the students in the college, which was also attended by several clergymen from the city, and by the Faculty with their families. Dr. Olin wrapped his cloak around him, and came also. During the meeting many of the young converts spoke. At length Olin arose, and said that he wanted to say a word, remarking that he would not speak but fifteen minutes. His subject was faith; and for one hour and a quarter he held us entranced. Such an unfolding of the atonement and the nature and effects of faith, such a power of illustration, such a majesty of conception and sublimity of utterance, I never heard before, nor do I expect to hear again till my feet stand on Zion's hill. At times all were bathed in tears, and then roused into triumphant exultation; then filled with calm and holy joy. Dr. Holdich, then professor, is said to have remarked, that it was the greatest uninspired effort he had ever read or heard. An incident may show its power. There was one of the students who had resisted all the entreaties of his mates to seek the salvation of his soul. He came in, as he said, to that meeting through curiosity. He went to his room, saying to himself, "If the way by faith be thus simple, surely I can try." He kneeled alone in his room that night, and there was converted to God.

But he sleeps at last; and in his death exhibited

the crowning glory of his life. It was a triumph. It was the calm resting of the wearied head on the bosom of his Savior.

His life was one long path of light—not the gleaming path of some shooting star, but the steady, pure brilliancy of the milky way, and a light that shines on, though he sleeps, reflected from hundreds who have come within the sphere of his influence.

On a beautiful hill west of the University, in the college cemetery, side by side with the sainted Fiak, he reposes. The tomb of each shall be a shrine for the devout worshiper, whither they shall oft go up to meditate. Oft as the annual feast occurs shall his students go up, from all parts of the Union, to pay their homage at the grave of Olin. And though freed from the infirmities of clay, his spirit now soars on angelic wings high amid the seraph throng above; yet the simplicity, the purity, the meekness of his life, exhibiting the power of the Gospel of Christ, shall shine from the marble that marks his bed, and powerfully influence all who go thither with loving hearts, with sorrowing hearts to recollect Stephen Olin.

A NEW-YEAR'S GREETING.

—
BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.
—

A HAPPY year, a bright new year,
A year undimmed by sorrow's tear,
A year to love, to friendship dear,
I wish for thee, my Mary!

The sunshine of the heart be thine;
The star of Hope, with light divine,
Softly upon thy pathway shine,
And bless the year, my Mary!

Sad, pensive thoughts my lyre unstring;
Their mournful memories they bring,
And gloomy shadows densely fling
Across my path, my Mary.

Loved friends, the beautiful and dear,
Who with me welcomed the old year,
Lie coldly in the graveyard drear—
They sleep in death, my Mary.

The new year comes; but at its close
Perchance the chilly, win'try snows
May o'er our pulseless hearts repose;
For all must die, my Mary.

Yet in a fairer, better land,
Among the glorious angel band,
Who round the throne eternal stand,
Shall we not meet, my Mary?

A happy year, a bright new year,
A year undimmed by sorrow's tear,
A year to love, to friendship dear,
I wish for thee, my Mary!

LETTER FROM THE EAST.

BY JONATHAN.

Visit to Bishop Hedding—His health—His early history—Dr. Olin—Reminiscences of him—His conversion—Sanctification—Preaching.

Ma. Error,—Since my last letter, I have had the pleasure of visiting our venerable senior Bishop at Poughkeepsie. We of the eastern states have considered him as peculiarly *our* bishop. He was originally a New England itinerant, was elected to the Episcopal office from New England, and during many after years resided in New England. His home is now not far beyond our border, and he has been, till his late illness, the Episcopal counselor of our eastern preachers. So far, then, as local sympathies are allowed to discriminate our excellent superintendents, Bishop Hedding is especially the favorite of New England, endeared, not only by his actual excellences, but by old recollections.

He resides in a very comfortable but unpretending dwelling in a pleasant part of Poughkeepsie. His home is not too ample for his small family—which consists of himself and lady, besides a servant—nor too limited for the hospitality which befits the head-officer of a great Christian community. I was favorably surprised at his healthy aspect; for the reports of his late illness led me to suppose him to be on the very verge of the grave. He rose up, and heartily approached me with an extended hand, showing as much vivacity as I have seen in him for several years. Two or three hours were spent in well-sustained conversation in his study or his garden. He had even been out during the day, to consecrate a marriage at the neighboring Methodist chapel; and, in the cheerful consciousness of improved health, he ventured to express the hope, that he might meet his brethren in the next General conference, to shake their hands, if not to undertake any official labor.

It must not be inferred, however, that his health is not still in a very precarious condition. His old complaint, the asthma, contracted by excessive winter labors, on northern circuits, in his early life, afflicts him much. He can not walk far without great difficulty of breathing; he is subject to severe effects from the changes of the weather, and is entirely incapable of using his voice in the pulpit. He is, in fine, liable at any moment to be called to the presence of his Master, and lives in continual readiness for his change. Still it may be hoped that his habitual precautions will prevent any evil effects from the present winter, and that the representatives of our extended cause will see his venerable form once more in their quadrennial meeting.

Bishop Hedding is usually supposed to be a native of New England. New England, so prolific in great men, has given birth to several of our bishops—to Soule, Hamline, and Janes—but she can not claim this honor in respect to Hedding.

He was born in the county where he now resides, in the state of New York, but removed about his tenth year to Stackboro, Vt. It was here that he was born again, in about his sixteenth year; and in this higher sense does his nativity belong to New England.

His rustic home at this early date was far beyond the reach of the regular ministrations of Methodism; but there lived not far off a worthy and devout Methodist couple, who had removed thither from Connecticut, and who held meetings for their neighbors in their humble dwelling. Young Hedding attended these little assemblies in the wilderness; the pious matron of the cottage became interested in his spiritual welfare. She loaned him Methodist books, and taught him, in conversations, the leading peculiarities of our system. He has often referred to this "elect lady" as the chief instrument of his salvation.

While thus seeking light in the wilderness, a Methodist preacher arrived in the vicinity—a staunch, heroic evangelist—Joseph Mitchell. Hedding hastened, with the neighboring yeomanry, to hear him, and was powerfully smitten under the truth. On his way home he turned aside into a forest, and kneeling upon the earth, under the shade of a tree, called upon God, and covenanted with him to pursue a holy life. Subsequently his religious emotions became intensely excited, even to anguish, and day and night he sought relief in prayer.

The itinerant returned; and, learning the perplexity and despair of the young inquirer, proposed, after preaching, that special prayer should be offered up for him. The rustic assembly continued in supplications till the divine light broke in upon his spirit. The day of his deliverance has always been a memorable date in his history—it was the 27th of December, 1798.

Some months after this event the noted Lorenzo Dow was traveling the old Essex circuit, of Vermont. Dow was a good man, an indomitable and indefatigable evangelist, but eccentric to a degree which our modern medical science would pronounce lunacy. While spreading a sensation all through the neighboring country, and laboring night and day as if he would storm the very gates of hell, he was suddenly seized with an idea that he was Divinely called to visit Ireland, to attempt the conversion of its demoralized population. Procuring a leaky canoe, and erecting in it a small tree for a sail, he departed alone down a neighboring river, reached the St. Lawrence, and embarked for Ireland. This odd fact opened the way for the beginning of the ministry of Elijah Hedding. He was sent to supply the vacated circuit. He traveled it some three months, "exhorting," but without venturing to take a text. Being subsequently licensed as a "local preacher," he was sent to Plattsburg circuit, N. Y., where he was reappointed in 1801. There he labored mightily, through a range of three hundred miles, preaching daily, leading class meetings, holding prayer meetings, and building up the

young societies. His travels reached into Canada; he had to traverse forests, swim streams, and sleep in log-cabins, through the roofs of which the rain and snow often descended on his bed; but he was young and stalwart, and ardent with the zeal of his new work.

His next appointment—1802—was Fletcher circuit, which reached from Onion river in Vermont to beyond the Canada line, and comprised the settlements west of the Green Mountains and east of Lake Champlain. He had, as fellow-laborer on this vast circuit, a character noted in our early annals—Henry Ryan, an athletic Irishman, who passed over the country like a flame of fire. When the two preachers met at the point where their routes intersected, Ryan, it is said, could hardly be stopped for the usual courtesies, but, urging his way, would exclaim to his young colleague, "Drive on! drive on, brother! let us drive the devil out of the land!" A rough salutation, but quite expressive of the itinerant energy of our early ministry. They had severe persecutions in that then remote region, but flaming revivals also; and the foundations of some flourishing Churches were laid.

On his next circuit—1803—which embraced some thirteen towns, he was alone, and had to preach two sermons, and sometimes three, a day, traveling about a hundred miles a week. An extraordinary revival resulted from his labors; but he sunk under them, and has never been in good health since. I have heard him remark, that for six weeks he could not turn himself on his bed or lift food to his lips, and during four months he was unable to walk across his room. He, nevertheless, so far recovered as to resume his labors, and pursue them on various and extended circuits and districts in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, till 1824, when he was elected to the Episcopacy. He had a full share of the labors and privations of our early itineracy. On one of his districts he traveled three thousand miles a year, and preached daily, besides holding love-feasts, quarterly conferences, etc. At the end of the year his whole receipts for salary—besides traveling expenses, which were small, as he owned his horse, and lodged with the brethren—amounted to four dollars and twenty-five cents. He saw, however, the glory of God displayed along his course. The multitudes often fell under the word to the earth. On one occasion, at a camp meeting, he saw "about five hundred persons fall down as if shot, in five minutes," under a powerful sermon. Whatever explanation may be given to such a phenomenon, it must, at least, be taken as indicative of the energy of the preaching of the day.

Since his elevation to the Episcopacy, Bishop Hedding has stood before the Church as noble, a model of character, personal and official, as its ministerial hosts have afforded. He has a commanding *physique*, being tall, robust, and robed, as it were, with that simple dignity which usually accompanies true greatness. His head and physiog-

nomy are very marked, the features large, and expressive at once of great strength and benignity; the forehead elevated, and yet gradually retreating, resembling the finest heads of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Vandyke—those from which we get an idea of the old nobility of Europe. Looking only at his personal aspect and bearing, a stranger inclined to aristocratic sentiments would spontaneously say, "That man was made to be a king in the state or a bishop in the Church."

I shall not attempt a moral or intellectual portraiture of this superb old apostle. It may be remarked, however, that throughout all his traits simplicity and accuracy predominate. His manners are as simple as those of a little child, and you are reminded in his presence of our Lord's remark on entering as little children into the kingdom of heaven. His diction, in the pulpit and in conversation, is marked by Saxon purity, and consequent terseness; and his thoughts, however profound, strike you always by their lucid simplicity.

This is the art of a great mind, as well as the virtue of a great heart. All truth is simple, and he that sees truth most thoroughly expresses it most simply; and thence arises the other trait I have mentioned—the *accuracy* of Bishop Hedding's mind. I never knew a judgment of his, whether official or private, turn out to be incorrect. I was conversing the other day with an old Methodist layman who has known him for nearly half a century, and was years ago under his pastoral charge. He remarked that he never knew an opinion advanced by his old pastor which had to be recalled or materially modified. It has come, indeed, to be the fact that Bishop Hedding's construction of a case of either Discipline or casuistry, is received among us as next to infallible. Such a mind, presiding over a great public interest, is an inestimable blessing—one of the grandest gifts of God to men.

I hope I shall not be considered as transgressing the proprieties of a public writing like this, by these spontaneously uttered remarks on a great and good man, who is about passing away from our affectionate gaze. It is probable they will not come under his own eye; and if they should, he will experience no other effect from them than a disposition to pardon what he will consider their thoughtless freedom.

Another noble name has recently been mournfully current in our public prints—that of Stephen Olin. Your western readers can not appreciate the loss the Church has sustained in the death of this great man, as he never passed the mountains, and has been heard by few of them. I do not introduce his name here to record the newspaper outline of his history, with which the whole country has recently been made familiar, but to give a few reminiscences and impressions respecting him.

While walking one beautiful Sabbath morning on the veranda of the Presidential mansion of the Wesleyan University, he related to me the circumstances of his conversion. I have now under my

eye a brief memorandum of the conversation. His family were Baptists, in Vermont. When a boy the Methodist itinerants began to visit his neighborhood; they soon made it a regular fortnight appointment. He heard them often, and became convinced of the falsity of the Calvinistic doctrines, and abandoned them. It is singular that the strong and evidently constitutional moral susceptibility of his nature did not yield farther to the impressions of the truth. He embraced more generous views of the Gospel, but not the Gospel itself, and remained unconverted through his youth.

On graduating at Middlebury, Vt., his health had so far declined that he was recommended by his medical advisers to go to the south. He obtained a school in the midst of southern planters, and boarded in the family of a Methodist local preacher. At this time he had no religious tendencies, but was decidedly skeptical. One day he overheard the mother of the family inquiring of her son, who attended his school, whether the teacher opened it with prayer. On receiving a negative answer, she dropped some observations which led young Olin to consider the subject. He came to the conclusion that it would be for his own interest to conform to the former usage of the school in this respect; he esteemed it an idle form, but still, as a gratification of the religious prejudices of the neighborhood, and no great inconvenience to himself, he resolved to commence it. He went out to a neighboring woods, and attempted a prayer, to ascertain if he could succeed in the proposed experiment. Being satisfied with the result, he announced to the school his design, and maintained it habitually.

Some time afterward he found that the mere form thus singularly introduced began to suggest many sober queries. He became serious in the ceremony; he often asked himself what it was he was thus doing, and at last began in good earnest to call upon God for the salvation of his soul. Resorting to the tree where he first made his experiment, and prostrating himself penitently before the Lord, he ceased not to pray till he received the transforming grace of the Spirit. He described this change as remarkably sudden and powerful, producing no slight physical effect even. It was as a shock of electricity, startling his whole frame, and thrilling his soul with divine emotion. Thus did the local scene of the young infidel's mock experiment at prayer witness at last the heart-broken utterances of his penitent and prevailing supplications, and the regeneration of his soul. How marvelous is the grace of our merciful God!

Hitherto he had designed to make the law his profession. He was at this time under engagements with a lawyer in a neighboring town, with whom he was about to commence legal studies. Without definitely deciding upon what should be his future employment, he passed from under the shade of the tree which had witnessed his prayer with the conviction, that, as he was now determined to live only for eternity, the bar was not his appropriate place.

He started the same day, I think, to make known his new determination to his legal friend, but tarried on the route one night. When he awoke in the morning, a terrible conflict of soul almost overwhelmed him. Doubts of the genuineness of the preceding day's experience were suggested; his purpose to change the professional plan of his life appeared absurd. What honors and emoluments might he not thus be sacrificing! Might not his supposed change of heart be a delusion! It was a fearful and yet a sublime crisis in the history of his young and struggling spirit. But the grace of God prevailed. The overwhelming motives of eternity bore down upon the struggle. If he was mistaken in this matter, what was the other course! what was all of life but a mistake—a farce! He fell again upon his knees, another agony of prayer ensued, and again the Divine answer overpowered his spirit, and swept away all his misgivings, determining his destiny for all time and all eternity. He rose up, pursued his course, broke off the contract with his friend, the lawyer, and became—a *Methodist preacher*.

Such were the facts of his conversion, as related to me by himself. They may differ somewhat from other narratives lately in the newspapers, but I am quite certain of their accuracy.

He was not prone to say much respecting his religious experience or himself publicly; but in social, and especially in private conversation, he delighted to testify of the grace of God as revealed in his own history. During a period of illness, while he was in Boston—where he almost always suffered under the climate—he took a ride for exercise in a carriage through the beautiful adjacent villages. I was his only companion in the excursion, and the conversation became of the most personal and familiar character, especially in reference to subjects of religious experience. I never before saw him when his spirit was more mellow, more heavenly. The simplicity of the child, the meekness of the sage, seemed blended in his person. The conversation flowed along from topic to topic with surpassing interest to myself. There was no reserve in speaking of the gracious experiences the Lord had deigned to him. He ventured even to indulge the highest confidences. God had sanctified him, soul, body, and spirit, as he believed.

The subject was one of no little interest to me. I alluded to the diversity and exceeding crudeness of recent opinions among us respecting it. "I had," he remarked, in substance, "difficulties regarding our theoretic views of the doctrine. I even joined the conference with exceptions to it, and stated my objections when a candidate before the whole body. But I was admitted, the conference expressing the hope that further inquiries would rectify my views. Years, however, passed without any modification of my opinions. But it pleased God to lead me into the truth. My health failed, my official employments had to be abandoned,

my children died, my whole family was at last gone, and I was wandering over the world alone, with scarcely any thing remaining but God. I lost my hold on all things else, and became, as it were, lost myself in God. My affections centered in him—my will became absorbed in his. I *sank*, as it were, into the blessing of his perfect love, and found, in my own consciousness, the reality of the doctrine which I had theoretically doubted."

Some years have elapsed since this conversation. I can not pretend to give it verbally, but this was its substance. He lived through the remainder of his career in the spirit and power of the great doctrine of holiness; his views of it were remarkable for their simplicity. The usual technical subtleties and metaphysical embarrassments of theorists hardly received his consideration; he saw the simple, perfect standard of evangelic holiness; he perceived that neither himself nor the Christian world generally lived up to it; he gave himself entirely to it by laying his whole being on the altar of consecration, where he daily kept it by faith and watchfulness.

Dr. Olin was the most powerful preacher I ever heard. The assertion is made without a reserved qualification. He did not affect the orator—his manner had peculiarities which were against the laws of the art; he gesticulated badly, defying all rules; his utterance was often exceedingly defective, especially when he was powerfully excited; but such was the massive magnitude of his ideas, the majesty of his language, the comprehensiveness of his logic, sweeping in mighty curves around the whole field of his subject, and concentrating at its very core—such the earnestness of his spirit, rising often to sublimity, that you were overwhelmed, if not appalled, at the example of intellectual and moral mightiness which he presented.

His very "failures" were usually great sermons, being remarkable for their thorough thought and sound logic, when even they lacked his usual vivid feeling. His feeble health was sometimes attended with a languor which was insurmountable, under whatever excitement the public occasion might afford. He seemed not disposed to disguise his sense of such "failures," and was grateful to find any good effect from them. I spent a Sunday evening with him in Boston, after he had failed, as he thought, in a sermon during the day. He referred to it with much good-nature, and remarked that his history as a preacher had taught him to expect the blessing of God on even such efforts. He proceeded to relate an instance which occurred during his ministry in South Carolina. He preached at a camp meeting where a Presbyterian clergyman, who was to address the next session of his synod, in Charleston, heard him. The Presbyterian doctor repeated, not only the text, but substantially the sermon before his clerical brethren, giving, however, full credit to its Methodist author. This was a remarkable fact, and excited great interest among the people of Charleston to hear the latter.

He then occupied the Methodist pulpit of that city, and the next Sunday evening his chapel was crowded with the *élite* of the community, including several clergymen. He preached long, and, as he thought, loud and confusedly: in fine, he felt at the close of the discourse confounded with mortification. He sank, after the benediction, into the pulpit, to conceal himself from view till the assembly should be all gone. By and by he espied some *distingué* individuals apparently waiting in the aisle to salute him. His heart failed. Noticing a door adjacent to the pulpit, he determined to escape by it. He knew not whither it led, but supposed it communicated with the next house, which had once been a parsonage, as he recollected having heard. He hastened to the door, got it open, and, stepping out, descended abruptly into a graveyard, which extended beyond and behind the former parsonage. The night was very dark, and he stumbled about among the tombs for some time. He reached at last the wall which closed the cemetery in from the street, but found it insurmountable. Gropping his way to the opposite side, he sought to reach a back street by penetrating through one of the gardens which belonged to a range of houses there. It was an awkward endeavor in the darkness and among the graves, but at last he found a wicket-gate. He had no sooner passed through it than he was assailed by a house-dog. Having prevailed in this encounter, he pushed on, and reached the street, with some very reasonable apprehensions that the neighborhood would be alarmed by his adventures. He now threaded his way through an indirect route to his lodgings, passed unceremoniously to his chamber, and shut himself up for the night, but slept little or none, reflecting, with deep chagrin, on the strange conclusion of the day. On the morrow he hardly dared to venture out; but, while yet in his study, Mr. —, one of the first citizens of Charleston, and a leading officer in a sister denomination, called at the house; he was admitted to the preacher's study with reluctance; but what was the astonishment of the latter to hear him say, that the sermon of the preceding evening had enabled him to step into the kingdom of God, after many years of disconsolate endeavors, during which he had been a member of the Church! The same day a lady of influential family came to report the same good tidings. Other similar examples occurred, I think, that morning; and this "failure" was one of the most useful sermons of his ministry.

Alas, for our loss in the death of this good and great man—our loss, but his gain! Life had been a weary pilgrimage with him for many years. Disease had smitten his gigantic frame through and through, and month after month, and year after year, passed away in languor and feebleness, which disabled him from almost all mental labor. At his time of life the hope of recovery was hardly to be entertained: was it not well, then, that he should enter into his rest, though at our loss? Peaceful

be his sleep in Jesus! Precious will ever be his memory in our Israel. Long will his name live in the memories of the just and the good.

THE POETS OF THE WEST.

—
BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.
—

THOUGH few volumes of poetry have been published by writers residing west of the Alleghany Mountains, yet there is scattered, through newspapers and magazines, every year, a sufficient amount of first-rate poetry by western writers to make a volume of respectable size. Some of our female writers have produced stanzas equal, in beauty of conception and harmony of measure, to any thing I have ever read in the English language.

I purpose to furnish occasionally to the readers of the Repository a paper on the poets of the west, giving, as opportunity may offer and materials be obtained, brief biographical and personal sketches, with specimens of composition, illustrating the style and peculiar talent of each writer. In prosecuting my design, it is but natural for me to begin with the writers of my own state, and to head the list with the name of one who resides in the capital of Indiana, and who, for her talents and virtues, deserves an honored place among the choice spirits of the age.

Few, if any, of our writers, whose productions have never been collected in a volume, have written more or better than Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton. Her poems are found in various papers and magazines, and exhibit extraordinary talent and taste. Her history, though brief, is one of interest. She is a child of the west. She was born in Newport, Ky., on the banks of the Ohio, near Cincinnati. When she was yet a mere infant, some two or three years old, her father, with his family, removed to the interior of Jennings county, Ia., and settled in the wild woods.

There are in Indiana beautiful and lovely spots—groves delightful as those of Arcadia, vales delicious as Sempe, and fields fair as that

“Of Eana, where Proserpina, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was carried off.”

But no such groves, nor vales, nor fields were found in that remote and cheerless region, where little Sarah T. Barrett spent the days of childhood. There were no hills nor vales, and few running brooks. Beyond the cleared opening of her father's farm, there stretched away on every side an expanse of flat beech woods. The nearest neighbor was three miles distant, and the next nearest, six miles. To provide for his family, the father toiled on from day to day, clearing the land, sowing the seed, and reaping the harvest. The mother, within the rude walls of the log-cabin, incessant plied her industrious hands, in preparing for the use of her family

the materials of food and of clothing which the father had provided. The children, as soon as they could handle the lightest implements of labor, were employed in assisting the father and the mother in whatever department their services might be available.

There would not seem much poetry in such a place and such a life; yet little Sarah, before she had attained her ninth year, and while as yet she knew not one letter of the alphabet, had actually composed a poem, which she used to sing, alone in the woods, to a tune of her own making. The circumstances under which she composed her first poem are curious. There came along one of those primitive preachers, who, in the order of Divine providence, have followed the pioneer settlers of the west to the most remote frontiers, and preached the Gospel in every neighborhood, before the first log-cabin was hardly roofed. He was a man of tall and commanding form, and of powerful yet melodious voice. To the small congregation of settlers gathered in the woods from far and near, he spoke with as much zeal, and, perhaps, as much eloquence, as did Massillon before the court of France, or Whitefield to the thousands at Moorfields. His theme was the *judgment*. He depicted the magnificent and awful scenes of the last day. Among the auditors sat enchained and spell-bound the little Sarah T. Barrett. To the measured and melodious tones of the preacher's voice her own ear vibrated in harmony. The scenes of awful grandeur, of terrific sublimity, so vividly portrayed, aroused in her soul, from its unconscious state, the spirit of Poetry. On leaving the place, she retired to a sequestered retreat of the forest, and wove the rude descriptions of the preacher into melodious verse. So soon as she learned the letters of the alphabet, her first literary exercise was the writing down of her poem in large capitals. It is a pity the copy was not preserved. It would doubtless be a curiosity now even to herself.

Though Mr. Barrett had probably little, if any, conception of the value of the rare gem that sparkled among his household jewels, yet was he not indifferent to the education of his children. For the purpose, therefore, of affording access to the means of instruction, he removed, when Sarah was nine years old, to Madison. No sooner had he become settled at Madison, than he procured for his children such advantages for education as the place afforded. The school which Sarah attended was at North Madison, on the hill, near the upper terminus of the inclined plane of the Madison and Indianapolis railroad. To reach the school-house she had to clamber daily up the hill, and, when the school hours expired, return to her home by the river-side. But to a child such as she, of vigorous health, buoyant spirit, and poetic fancy, a daily ramble over the Ohio hills was far from being disadvantageous. The physical exercises added strength to her constitution, and the romantic scenery nourished the genius of Poesy,

which the itinerant preacher's description of the *last day* had aroused in her soul.

During her early school-days she wrote several little poems, which Col. Arion, a gentleman of whom she ever speaks in the kindest terms, was pleased to publish and to praise in his paper. While yet a young girl, she became known, through her poetical effusions, to Mr. Nathaniel Bolton, a printer, who was then publishing a paper at Madison. Mr. Bolton first solicited from the youthful and talented fair one her poetical contributions for his paper, and after that, as any man of taste might reasonably and naturally have done, he solicited her hand.

During the disastrous storm that swept over the business community in 1837 and 1838, the financial interests of Mr. Bolton were nearly wrecked. To extricate himself from his difficulties, he opened a tavern on his farm, a short distance west of the city of Indianapolis. Mrs. Bolton, then scarcely seventeen years old, found herself incumbered with the care of a large dairy and a public house. To aid as much as possible in relieving her husband from embarrassment, she dispensed with help, and with her own hands, often for weeks and for months, performed all the labor of the establishment. Thus for nearly ten years this child of genius, to whose spirit song was as natural as to the bird of the green wood, cheerfully resigned herself to incessant toil and care, in order that she might aid her husband in meeting the pecuniary obligations which honesty or honor might impose.

During these long and dreary years of toil and self-denial she wrote little or nothing. At last the crisis was reached, the work was accomplished, the liabilities were liquidated, and the bird, so long caged and tuneless, was again free to soar into the regions of song.

For the last few years Mrs. Bolton has resided, with her husband and children, in a quiet little cottage in the city of Indianapolis. The income from the office of state librarian, which Mr. Bolton holds, added to other resources, affords means of competent support to the small and frugal family, and enables her to devote to literature the time that can be spared from those domestic duties, which she, like a true-hearted and right-minded wife and mother, never neglects. Her attention to household duties ought to teach to others in her sphere, that the highest gifts of genius, and their exercise, are not at all incompatible with the commonest of domestic pursuits and cares.

The most of her poems which have come under my observation, have been written within the last three or four years. There is among them great variety of subject and of measure. There are songs of the affections, elegies, songs of patriotism, songs of philanthropy, and numerous occasional or miscellaneous poems with a wide scope of subject.

From her songs of the affections we will present a few stanzas, as specimens of her genius and taste. The delicacy of poetic conception, and the

simplicity and beauty of style, in the following lines, can but be admired by every reader of taste:

“THE FLOWER AND THE STARLIGHT.

“From its home on high, to a gentle flower,
That bloomed in a leafy grove,
The starlight came at the twilight hour,
And whispered a tale of love.
Then the blossom's heart, so still and cold,
Grew warm to its silent core,
And gave out perfume, from its inmost fold,
It never exhaled before.
And the blossom slept through the silent night
In the smile of the angel ray;
But the morn arose, with its garish light,
And the soft one stole away.
Then the zephyr wooed, as he wandered by,
Where the gentle floweret grew,
But she gave no heed to his plaintive sigh;
Her heart to its love was true.
And the sunbeam came, with a lover's art,
To caress the flower in vain;
She folded her sweets in her thrilling heart,
Till the starlight came again.”

The following stanzas contain poetry and philosophy in melodious measure:

“Cloudlets, with their brows so fair,
In the summer weather,
Wandering through the fields of air,
Meet and blend together.

Moonlight, from its throne above,
In its fond devotion,
Trembles, with a smile of love,
O'er the mighty ocean.

Zephyr ranges summer bowers,
Fearless and unbidden,
Wooing fragrances from the flowers,
Where the dew is hidden.

Then the joy affection brings
Try no more to smother;
Taught by brightest, fairest things,
We should love each other.”

Over the threshold of Mrs. Bolton's cottage the angel of death has never passed; at the fireside of home all of hers meet; at the family table no seat is vacant; the deep fountains of her heart have never been moved by the swelling tide of bereaved affection; yet, true poet as she is, she has written some of the most touching elegies in the English language. The following lines on the death of William Quarles, one of the most generous and noble men that ever trod the soil of Indiana, are, both in expression and in measure, surpassingly beautiful:

“Mournfully, mournfully toll for the dead:
He passed from our side in his manhood's pride,
Ere the glow of his rainbow hopes had fled;
When his sky was bright with meridian light,
Death bore him away to a dreamless night:
Mournfully toll for the dead.

Silently, silently let him sleep on:
From the hurry and strife of the battle of life
A victor away to his home has gone;
Gone, gone from the tears, from the sorrows and fears,
That come to the heart on the tide of years:
Silently let him sleep on.

Hopefully, hopefully lay him to rest,
Where the dew-bright flowers, in the long still hours,
Will weep o'er the sod on his pulseless breast;

Where the breeze will sigh, as it wanders by;
Where the starlight comes from its home on high
Hopefully lay him to rest.

Solemnly, solemnly bow and adore:
An angel of light, on a pathway bright,
Conducted his soul to the viewless shore;
His dust, from the gloom of the silent shore,
Shall arise again in immortal bloom;
Solemnly bow and adore."

From an address to a lady on the death of a
darling daughter I extract the following stanzas—
polished and perfect gems:

"She was a radiant star, mother,
That made thy pathway bright,
Till a cloud passed o'er thy summer sky,
And stole away its light.
It stole away the light from thee,
And hid it up on high,
Where the fairy flowers never fade,
And the lovely never die.
This world was far too cold, mother,
For such a heart as hers,
And she left it ere her eyes were dimmed
With sorrow's bitter tears.
And though, around thy quiet hearth,
She comes and sits by thee,
Her form is far too glorious now
For mortal eyes to see.
Upon thine aching heart, mother,
She lays her radiant brow;
But her angel touch is soft and light—
Thou mayest not feel it now.
She sings to thee the dear old songs
Thy lips had taught her here,
But her voice is all too sweet and low
To reach a mortal ear."

Mrs. Bolton's power of description is very great.
The following picture of the battle of Monterey is
hardly inferior to Byron's masterly description of
the battle of Waterloo:

"O, there were trembling hearts, and sighs,
And shrieks of deep despair;
All bloodless cheeks and tearful eyes,
And wild confusion there,
When first the cannon tolled death's knell
Upon the troubled air.
On, on they came, the free and brave;
I saw their ranks advance,
Their starry banners proudly wave,
Their war-steeds gayly prance,
And all along the solid lines
The unsheathed weapons glance.
There was a sound that seemed to rend
The strong old earth in twain,
And then the battle smoke did bend
Its wings above the plain,
As though it strove to hide from heaven
The gory, ghastly slain.
Among the wounded and the dead,
Along the crimson street,
I heard the soldier's measured tread,
The sound of flying feet,
And words of bitter parting said
By friends no more to meet."

The description of "A Gallop on the Grand
Prairie" makes us feel, from its peculiar measure,
as if we were really bounding away over the plain:

"Away, away, on our coursers fleet,
Where the grass is green, the air is sweet,

Where the earth and sky like lovers meet,
On the Grand Prairie.

Now we are leaving the forest-trees,
Flying along like the fairy breeze,
Midst budding flowers and humming bees,
On the Grand Prairie.

On, on we speed; there is naught in sight,
But the bending sky so blue and bright,
And the glowing, sparkling sheen of light,
On the Grand Prairie.

The oppressor's tread may never stain
The glorious soil of this lovely plain,
For Liberty holds her court and reign
On the Grand Prairie."

The following stanzas afford another example of
measure peculiarly appropriate to the sense. In-
deed, the poetry of Mrs. Bolton generally is remark-
able for well-constructed measure:

"Genius is a mighty fountain,
Gushing from a cloud-capt mountain;
Talent is a pleasant rill,
Winding round a sunny hill.
Genius is forever pouring,
Rushing, foaming, seething, roaring;
Talent sings a pleasant lay,
As it glides along its way.
Genius from its wild endeavor,
Stoppeth, resteth, never, never;
Talent loiters oft to play
With the rainbow on its spray."

I can not withhold from the reader the following
inimitable lines, which express so truly, so beauti-
fully, and in so sweet numbers, the pleasures of
the ideal:

"Oft when the world is cold and dark, in seeming,
When friends I loved too well have changed or flown,
I wander far away in spirit, dreaming
Of light and beauty in a world my own.
In that transcendent realm, my soul's elysian,
I hide me from misfortune's simoon blast,
And realize hope's fondest, fairest vision,
And live and move amid the shadowy past.
I see again, in those bewitching trances,
The brightest, dearest scenes of other years;
And revel, in wild dreams and glowing fancies,
Till I forget life's cares, and toils, and tears.
There are the pictured forms of loved ones sleeping;
There are the eyes that once spoke love to mine;
And there is faithful Memory, fondly keeping
Her vigil o'er the treasures in her shrine.
The song of birds in dim old forest bowers,
The murmur of the stream where first I roved,
The music of the breeze, the breath of flowers,
Memory hath hoarded all that childhood loved.
The latest ray of loveliness, that lingers
Around my devious pathway, may depart;
But O, forbid that Time's effacing fingers
Should mar the sacred record on my heart!
When somber clouds along my life-sky darken,
When in the future not a star appears,
Still let me love the past—still let me hearken
To the sweet melodies of other years."

Mrs. Bolton is a philanthropist—a philanthropist
of high and holy aspirations. In her poems are
exhibited the yearnings of a spirit thrilling with
sensibility to human suffering, and a soul overflow-
ing with the love of humanity. In illustration of
her devotion to the cause of active benevolence,

we would be glad to quote the whole of her poem, "Awake to Effort," but we must content ourselves with two stanzas:

"Awake to effort while the day is shining;
The time to labor will not always last,
And no regrets, repentance, nor repining
Can bring to us again the buried past.
The silent sands of life are falling fast;
Time tells our busy pulses, one by one;
And shall our work, so needful and so vast,
Be all completed, or but just begun,
When twilight shadows veil life's dim, departing sun?
The smallest bark, on life's tumultuous ocean,
Will leave a track behind forever more;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar,
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake."

The inequalities in human condition, the wrongs in the present organization of society, and the contrast between the noble and the peasant, are thrillingly described in the following poem. Let the reader also notice the perfection and beauty of the measure:

"TWO SCENES.

SCENE IN A PALACE.

Over the moorland the wind shrieketh drearily—
Ice-jewels glitter on heather and thorn—
Pale is the sunlight that flashes out fitfully,
Over a dome where an infant is born.
Fold silken robes round the little one carefully;
Lay him to rest on his pillow of down;
Watch o'er the sleep of that scion of royalty,
Born to inherit a scepter and crown.
Shut out the light, that the room may be shadowy;
Fold silken curtains around the proud bed;
Ladies in waiting step softly and silently;
Let not a word in a whisper be said.
Joy in the palaces lighted so brilliantly,
Beauty and bravery are reveling there;
Wine in the jewel-wrought goblet foams daintily—
All things proclaim that the king has an heir.
Joy in the villages—church bells ring merrily—
Rockets are lighting the sky with their glare—
Bonfires are crackling, cannons are thundering,
Children are shouting, long life to the heir.
Downtrodden millions, go join in the revelry—
Go, in despite of the fetters you wear—
Vassals and beggars, and paupers right joyfully
Flutter your tatters, the throne has an heir.

SCENE IN A Hovel.

Over the moorland the wild wind wails mournfully—
Ice-jewels glitter on heather and thorn—
Pale is the sunlight that trembles out fitfully,
Over a hut where an infant is born.
None heeds his wailing, although it sounds pitiful,
None shield his form from the wind, cold and wild;
Heir to privation, scorn, misery, and poverty,
Dark is thy pathway before thee, poor child.
Child, with the spirit to live through eternity,
Born to the yoke of the tyrant art thou;
Even the bread that is dealt to thee scantily,
Thrice must be earned by the sweat of thy brow.
Cold is the hovel, the hearth-stone is emberless—
Creaks the old door as it moves to and fro;
O'er the poor bed, where the mother lies shivering,
Busily flutters the white-fingered snow.

Pale is the cheek of the plebeian sufferer,
Passing from poverty's vale to the grave;
Better by far had she died in her infancy,
Ere to the millions she added a slave.

Yes, she is pale, and her voice sounds hoarsely,
Beggings in vain for a morsel of bread:
Hush! it is over; her heart slumbers silently;
Grim famine stands by the pale mother dead."

The space allowed us in the Repository will hardly admit of more selections; but there is one other poem before me, of so high an order, so thrilling in description, and indicating in the writer so much humanity and so much poetic power, that I will venture to give it entire, at the risk of occupying more than my share of space in these pages. The sickness of heart, the wild despair, the reviving insanity, and ineffable agony of the ruined one, are depicted in language and in measure which cause the soul of the reader to thrill with intense emotion:

"Above us the clouds are wild and black,
The winds are howling on our track;
The shivering trees are bare and bleak,
My heart is sick, and my limbs are weak,
Wandering wearily, wearily.

They turned me away from the rich man's door,
Haggard and hungry, and cold and poor.
There was feasting, laughter, and song within;
But they turned me away, in my tatters thin,
With thee, thou pledge of my shame and sin,
Away, where the wind sobs drearily.

My heart was cold, and the demons came,
With their livid lips, and their eyes of flame;
They told me to murder thee, child of shame,
And laughed till my brain whirled dizzily.

They followed my path through the drifted snow,
Taunting, and mocking, and gibbering low,
'There is peace and rest where the cold waves flow,
Far down o'er the white sand besily.'

I felt their breath on my tortured brain;
They tore my heart, and shrieked in vain;
They whispered, 'Death is the end of pain;
Fly, fly to the grave's security—
The world will turn from the hideous stain
That mars thy womanly purity.'

They bade me remember the bright old time,
My cottage home in a foreign clime,
The friends I lost by my love and crime,
Till smothering my soul's humanity,
I grasped, in the strength of my deep despair,
Thy neck, my babe—it was soft and fair,
But the warm blood curdled and blackened there,
To witness my wild insanity.

How quiet, and rigid, and cold thou art!
I lay my head on thy fainting heart,
And kiss thy lips, with a quivering start!
My hand! God! let me not think of it!
I have seen thee smile, I have felt thy breath:
Can I feel it now? O death, pale death!
Thy Lethæan cup, let me drink of it!

We'll make us a bed in the snow so deep;
The frosts with a shroud will cover us;
The winds will lull us to a dreamless sleep,
And the stars, in their far-off homes, will keep
Their beautiful night-watch over us.

But where is the father of that dead child,
That sleeps where the winds wail mournfully?
He left the woman his love beguiled—

Is the monster loathed, contemned, reviled?
Does the world regard him scornfully?

He is reveling now, where the lamps are bright;
Where the hours go by in festive flight,
And the gleeful song rings merrily;
They wish him joy, on his bridal night,
And warm, young hearts beat cheerily.

The bride is a creature of love and youth;
With an eye of light, and a lip of truth,
And a fair form molded slenderly;
Her heart is a fountain of kindly ruth,
That flows for the suffering tenderly.

O, little she dreams that a wretch defamed,
Deceived, dishonored, betrayed, ashamed,
By the strength of the bridegroom's oath once claimed
The love she is fondly cherishing.

For he is a model of manly grace,
With the sounding name of a noble race;
He has power, and fame, and fair broad land,
And there is no blood on his jeweled hand
To tell of the lost one perishing.

Where the censurs breathe, and the jewels shine,
They pledge him now in the rich red wine;
But never, by token, or word, or sign,
Allude to his victim's history.
No, fill the cup to the sparkling brim,
With life, and pleasure, and fame for him;
The future is bright, let the past be dim,
And wrapped in a fearful mystery.

In the penal code of this righteous world,
Justice, I ween, is a rarity;
At the kind, but frail, the lip is curled,
The bitter taunt, the sarcasm hurled,
With sure, unvarying parity;
But over the monster, mean and vile,
Whose heart is a canker, festering gulle,
Who kills with the light of his serpent smile,
We throw the pure mantle of charity.

And many a heart that faints and fails,
And many a beautiful cheek that pales,
And eyes that weep at fictitious tales,
Of sorrow, and wrong, and misery,
Will turn from the pallid brow that veils
A deeper and wilder agony."

We do not claim for the poems of Mrs. Bolton, more than for other human things, perfection. The measure is nearly faultless, and the rhyme generally good; but the rhetoric of some lines and some stanzas might be improved. We, however, have no great propensity for fault-finding, especially where there is so much excellence. We could hope that she would collect, correct, and publish in a volume her productions, now scattered through the columns of magazines and newspapers. It is true she may hereafter write more; for she is yet young, scarcely more than thirty years of age. But we know not how she can write any thing better than are some of the verses which she has committed to leaves, as frail and evanescent as those on which the Cumean Sibyl wrote her prophecies. It is our deliberate conviction, that, of her scattered and fugitive productions, there might be collected a volume, which, for variety of subject, beauty of conception, purity of sentiment, and perfection of measure, would be fully equal to any volume of poems yet published by any American writer.

We do not often attempt to describe personal

appearances, nor social qualities; nor shall we now draw a portrait of the face or heart of Mrs. Bolton. We need only say, that she is not deficient in personal beauty, and that she excels in goodness of heart, in kindness, in generosity, in artless purity of character, in devoted and confiding friendship, and in all those domestic virtues and social affections which throw a sanctity about the person, and a charm about the society of woman.

A SHORT LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

—
BY MINNIE.
—

I AM not a married woman, Mr. Editor, nor yet am I an old maid; but I am one, who, when I find the right person and the proper time, shall offer my hand for matrimonial purposes. But, then, understand me, if I ever get married, I don't wish to be treated as some of my good female friends are. Not long since I was on a visit to one of my school companions, hardly married a year, and what I saw then and there made me a little spirited. Bear with me. On coming in the house, the husband of the lady to whom I refer acted just as though he was to do nothing but to make confusion and work. He took down his boot-jack from a nail in the entry, and carried it into the parlor, and, having jerked off his boots, tumbled them and the jack into the middle of the room, and placed his feet up against the fire-jacks, and began his comfort. I looked and waited a long time, and thought *may be* he would put his boots in a corner, if he did nothing else. But he neither put them away nor the jack. His wife attended to both of them, and that without one word of complaint. Various other matters, of which this is a mere sample, were the subjects of my notice, and I felt pretty strongly kindled in my wrath against any such husband as that man for me.

Do you not think that a husband could help his wife a great deal by accommodating her in small matters? Ought he not to build the morning fire, put on the tea-kettle—forgive my commonplace talk, for I am in earnest—and attend now and then to some other domestic affairs? I think he ought; and I wish you would add your sanction to my views, and help in some reform in the conduct of many men who style and think themselves first-rate husbands. You will not think me ill-humored or splenetic in my remarks. I only ask for fairness between husband and wife. The latter, because she is made a drudge among Mohammedans, ought not to be made one by American citizens. "Live, and let live," says somebody; and "help, and love to help," should be the motto of every high-minded young husband in this free country. But I must stop, short as my letter is, and wait some other opportunity for additional remarks on this topic.

The Ladies' Repository.

FEBRUARY, 1852.

A DISMANTLED INQUISITION.

BY REV. J. A. WELLS.

We once had the fortune to be shown over a dismantled inquisition—one, too, famous in its day; and we may be permitted here to tell what fell under our own observation. In the summer of 1847 we found ourselves, one fine day, on the shores of the Lemman. At our feet was the Rhone, pouring its abundant, but discolored, waters into the beautiful blue lake. The lake itself, moveless as a mirror, slept within its snow-white strand, and reflected on its placid bosom the goodly shadows of crag and mountain. Behind us, like two giants guarding the entrance to the lovely valley of the Rhone, rose the mighty Alps, the Dent de Midi and the Dent d'Oche, white with eternal snows. In front was the eastern bank of the lake, a magnificent bend, with a chord of a dozen miles, and offering to the eye rocks, vineyards, villages, and mountains, forming a gorgeous picture of commingled loveliness and grandeur. The scene was one of perfect beauty, yet there was one dismal object in it. At about a mile's distance, almost surrounded by the waters of the lake, rose the Castle of Chillon. Its heavy architecture appeared still more dark and forbidding, from the gloomy recollections which it had called up. It had been at once the palace and the Inquisition of the dukes of Savoy, so celebrated in the persecuting annals of Rome; and here had many disciples of the early reformers endured imprisonment and torture. We had an hour to spare, and resolved to pay a visit to the old castle. We crossed the draw-bridge, and a small gratuity procured us entrance, and the services of a guide. We were first led down to Bonnard's dungeon, "deep and old." There is here a sort of inner and outer dungeon; and in passing through the first, the light was so scant that we had to grope our way over the uneven floor, which, like the landward wall, is formed of the living rock. Into this place had been crowded some hundreds of Jews; and we felt—for we could not be said to see—the little niche of rock on which they were seated one after another, and slaughtered for the good of the Church, which it was feared their heresy might infect. We passed on, and entered the more spacious dungeon of Bonnard. It looked not unlike a chapel, with its groined roof and its central row of white pillars. The light was that of deep twilight. We distinctly heard the ripple of the lake against the wall, which was on a level with the floor of the dungeon. At certain seasons of the year it is some feet above it. Two or three narrow slits, placed high in the wall, admitted the light, which had a greenish hue, from the reflection of the lake. This effect was rather heightened by the light breeze, which kept flapping the broad leaf of some aquatic plant against the opening opposite the Martyr's Pillar. How sweet, we thought, must that ray have been to the prior of St. Victor, and how often, during his imprisonment of six years, must his eyes have been turned toward it, as it streamed in from the waters and the mountains around his dungeon! We saw the iron ring still remaining in the pillar to which he was chained, and read on that pillar the names of Dryden and Byron, and others who had visited the place. The latter name recalled his own beautiful lines, descriptive of the place and the martyr. We quote them,

not to praise the author for his poetic worth, but as so perfectly descriptive of the locality before us:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnard! May none those marks efface!
For thy appeal from tyranny to God."

This dungeon had its one captive; and the image of suffering it presented stood out definitely before us. The rooms above had their thousands, and were suggestive of crowds of victims, which passed before the mind without order or identity. Of their names few remain, though the instruments on which they were torn in pieces are still there. Emerging from the dayless gloom of the vault, we ascended to these rooms. We entered one spacious apartment, which evidently had been the "Hall of Torture;" for there, with the rust of some centuries upon it, stood the gaunt apparatus of the Inquisition. In the middle of the room was a massy beam reaching from floor to ceiling, with a strong pulley a-top. This was the *corda*, "the queen of torments," as it has been called. The person who endured the *corda* had his hands tied behind his back; then a rope was attached to them, and a heavy iron weight was hung at his feet. When all was ready, the executioners suddenly hoisted him up to the ceiling by means of the rope, which passed through the pulley in the top of the beam: the arms were painfully wrenched backward, and the weight of the body, increased by the weight attached to the feet, in most cases sufficed to tear the arms from the sockets. While thus suspended, the prisoner was sometimes whipped, or had a hot iron thrust into various parts of his body, his tormentors admonishing him all the while to speak the truth. If he refused to confess, he was suddenly let down, and received a severe jerk, which completed the dislocation. If he still refused to confess, he was remanded to his cell, had his joints set, and was brought out, as soon as able, to undergo the same torture over again. At each of the four corners of the room where this beam stood was a pulley fixed in the wall, showing that the apartment had also been fitted up for the torture of the *scaglia*. The *scaglia* resembled a smith's anvil, with a spike a-top, ending in an iron die. Through the pulleys at the four corners of the room ran four ropes. These were tied to the naked arms and legs of the sufferer, and twisted so as to cut to the bone. He was lifted up, and set down with his back-bone exactly upon the die, which, as the whole weight of the person rested upon it, wrought by degrees into the bone. The torture, which was excruciating, was to last eleven hours, if the person did not sooner confess. These are but two of the *seven tortures* by which the Church of Rome proved—what certainly she could not prove by either Scripture or reason—that transubstantiation is true. The roof beneath which these enormities were committed was plastered over with the sign of the cross. In a small adjoining apartment we were shown a recess in the wall, with an *oubliette* or trap-door below it. In that recess, said the guide, stood an image of the Virgin. The prisoner accused of heresy was brought, and made to kneel upon the trap-door, and, in presence of the Virgin, to abjure his heresy. To prevent the possibility of apostasy, the moment he had made his confession the bolt was drawn, and the man lay a mangled corpse on the rock below. We had seen enough; and, as we recrossed the moat of the Castle of Chillon, the light seemed sweeter than ever, and we never in all

our lives felt so thankful for the Reformation, which had vested us with the power of reading our Bible without having our limbs torn and our body mangled.

KNOCKINGS AT A MAIDEN'S HEART.

BY MISS E. A. ORRISTER.

THIS moral frame of ours is not without its share of mysterious demonstrations. Truth comes rapping and whispering at the door of the heart; and to the clamorous knockings of remorse, alas! few are strangers—they waken us from our stupid reveries, or recall us from our thoughtless wanderings, and bid the sharp tones of conscience pierce our ears. We would fain, it may be, sleep on in false security; but knock succeeds knock, and wretched, O! beyond expression, wretched they who yet bar the door, and irremediably sink into the slumber of moral death as the last faint sound of the messenger sounds upon the ear.

And I could tell of knockings yet more mysterious than even these—ay, more curious than all Rochester could manufacture; but I may not reveal these to all, or bruit them about to gratify that insatiable monster, the public.

Let me whisper them softly in your ear. There is such a thing as a maiden's heart. Curious little sanctum *that!* containing things strange, passing strange. Of itself, it is a little world; and yet this little world, how capacious! What a living picture-gallery—what landscapes, and cottages, and castles, and palaces—what portraits hung up around its wall; and then what mighty hopes and fears—what imaginings, what longings, what anxious peerings into the future, what visions bright and radiant—what telescopic, what microscopic wonders! And how this little sensory at times palpitates, and beats, and throbs—how it dilates as if to fill all space, and again shrinks into nothingness! Think you it hears no knockings? Think you it never listens, and fancies that it hears when all is still? Let its history for one short year be penned, and what a history would be there? Mysterious, ay, passing strange! How the little thing has fluttered, like a frightened robin, and tried in vain to cease its flutterings, and hush itself into a quiet. Perhaps it would not that these knockings would actually cease, nor yet does it *consciously* wish their continuance. It sometimes endeavors to commune with itself; but, despite its every effort, some disturbing cause is ever present—some form constantly intruding. These mysterious knockings may perchance become more and more importunate, and it is certain, though it may be very mysterious, that the fastenings of the door of this little heart—poor tumultuous thing—too weak to resist, in some unguarded moment, or by some strange volition, sometimes yields, and in walks a stranger-tenant, henceforth to act the master in this little tenement; or, after a little tarrying, to be thrust out, a no longer welcome guest!

I once *knew* such a little heart. It unfortunately heard the mysterious knockings. Curiosity—how strange for a woman!—awoke from its dozings. A most persevering knocker was this visitant. He came for "yes," and "no" was no answer to him; early or late, rain or shine, it was knock, knock, at the door of this little heart. There was no use in turning a deaf ear, for deafness itself could not but hear such importunate rappings. Untiring perseverance deserves success. That little heart began to reproach itself for its discourtesy. Sure the door ought to be opened a little, a very little—to be left

just ajar—a little look into the tenement might be allowed, and no harm felt; so it *was* left ajar, but still the intruder knocked on, peering in the while, and the knocks were so gentle, so full of melody—so full of entreaty—they spoke so imploringly—how could the door shut again? Softly it turned on its hinges, and the knocker was in that little tenement—a snug little house for the knocking knocker. The door closed and the key was in his pocket, and his spirit danced to the tune of

"Knock, knock away, knockers—in knocking's no sin;
Nor is woman's heart steel, that knockings can't win."

OUR CHANGING SKY AND CLIMATE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

LET me, reader, say a word in favor of those vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and thrilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest luster, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; and then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life!—and the splendors of our summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky—surely we may say that in our climate "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night showeth knowledge."

SINGULAR EXPERIMENTING AND DEATH.

BY REV. JACOB ABBOTT.

WHEN Cleopatra was warned by dreadful presentiments of what would probably at last be her fate, she amused herself in studying the nature of poisons—not theoretically, but practically—making experiments with them on wretched prisoners and captives, whom she compelled to take them, in order that she and Antony might see the effects which they produced. She made a collection of all the poisons which she could procure, and administered portions of them all, that she might see which were sudden and which were slow in their effects, and also learn which produced the greatest distress and suffering, and which, on the other hand, only benumbed and stupified the faculties, and thus extinguished life with the least infliction of pain. These experiments were not confined to such vegetable and mineral poisons as could be mingled with the food or administered in a potion.

Cleopatra took an equal interest in the effects of the bite of venomous serpents and reptiles. She procured specimens of all these animals, and tried them upon her prisoners, causing the men to be stung and bitten by them, and then watching the effects. These investigations were made, not directly with a view to any practical use which she was to make of the knowledge thus acquired, but rather as an agreeable occupation, to divert her mind, and to amuse Antony and her guests. The variety in the forms and expressions which the agony of her poisoned victims assumed—their writhings, their cries, their convulsions, and the distortions of their features when struggling with death, furnished exactly the kind and degree of excitement which she needed to occupy and amuse her mind.

The experiments which Cleopatra thus made on the nature and effects of poison were not, however, wholly without practical result. Cleopatra learned from them, it is said, that the bite of the asp was the easiest and least painful mode of death. The effect of the venom of that animal appeared to be the lulling of the sensorium into a lethargy or stupor, which soon ended in death, without the intervention of pain. This knowledge she seems to have laid up in her mind for future use. For when the messengers who were sent by Octavius, the Roman general, arrived at the place where the Egyptian Queen held her last festival, what were their discoveries? The soldiers and sentinels were quietly on guard before her door, as if all was well. On entering Cleopatra's room, however, they beheld a shocking spectacle. Cleopatra was lying dead upon a couch. One of her women was upon the floor, dead too. The other, whose name was Charmion, was sitting over the body of her mistress, fondly caressing her, arranging flowers in her hair, and adorning her diadem. The messengers of Octavius, on witnessing this spectacle, were overcome with amazement, and demanded of Charmion what it could mean. "It is all right," said Charmion. "Cleopatra has acted in a manner worthy of a princess descended from so noble a line of kings." As Charmion said this, she began to sink herself, fainting, upon the bed, and almost immediately expired.

The bystanders were not only shocked at the spectacle which was thus presented before them, but they were perplexed and confounded in their attempts to discover by what means Cleopatra and her women had succeeded in effecting their design. They examined the bodies, but no marks of violence were to be discovered. They looked all around the room, but no weapons, and no indication of any means of poison, were to be found. They discovered something that appeared like the slimy track of an animal on the wall, toward a window, which they thought might have been produced by an asp; but the animal itself was no where to be seen. They examined the body with great care, but no marks of any bite or sting were to be found, except that there were two very slight and scarcely discernible punctures on the arm, which some persons fancied might have been so caused. The means and manner of her death seemed to be involved in impenetrable mystery.

It has, however, been generally believed among mankind that Cleopatra died in some way or other by the self-inflicted sting of the asp, and paintings and sculptures without number have been made to illustrate and commemorate the scene. And what the great majority of mankind believe as truth, the few, we presume, must not dare openly to dispute or doubt.

FAREWELL OF FRIENDS.

BY L. G. CLARK.

THERE is perhaps no feeling of our nature so vague, so complicated, so mysterious, as that with which we look upon the cold remains of our fellow-mortals. The dignity with which Death invests the meanest of his victims inspires us with an awe that no living thing can create. The monarch on his throne sinks beneath the beggar in his shroud. The marble features, the powerless hand, the stiffened limb—O, who can contemplate these with feelings that can be defined? These are the mockery of all our hopes and fears—our fondest love, our fellest hate. Can it be that we now shrink almost with horror from the touch of the hand that but yesterday was fondly clasped in our own? Is that tongue, whose accents even now dwell in our ears, forever chained in the silence of death? Those dark and heavy eyelids, are they forever to seal up in darkness the eyes whose glance no earthly power could restrain? And the Spirit which animated that clay—where is it now? Does it witness our grief? does it share our sorrow? Or is the mysterious tie that linked it with mortality broken forever? And remembrances of earthly scenes, are they to the enfranchised spirit as the morning dream or the fading cloud? Alas! "all that we know is, nothing can be known," till we ourselves shall have passed the dread ordeal. And well will it be, if in looking our last upon the dead body of a departed friend, we can say with the sainted Wesley, in the full fruition of that faith which "reacheth within the veil:"

"The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
That quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more:
The heart is no longer the seat
Of sorrow, or shaken with pain:
It ceases to flutter and beat—
It never will flutter again!
No anger, henceforward, nor shame,
Shall redder that innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion has vanished away:
The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep."

We say of our departed friends, "They are gone!"—the angels say, "They are come!" We say, "They are dead!"—the angels say, "They are alive!" We say, "They are fallen asleep in Jesus;" the angels say, "They are awakened to a blissful and joyous resurrection morning." It is not many months since we attended the funeral of a young friend, who, with his family, were professors of religion. The scene at the house surprised while it gratified us. There was no dead silence, no darkened windows and darker faces, glooming in the "sad habiliments of woe;" but the windows and doors were open; the apartments were light and cheerful; there were no suppressed sobs or violent weeping. Till the minister began to speak, hopefully and cheerfully, of the departed brother, who had gone to another and a better world, the friends and acquaintances of the deceased gathered about the coffin which stood in the hall, and spoke familiarly and affectionately of the spirit which had so lately informed the passive clay that lay before them. No bitter tears were shed—no heart seemed wrung with anguish. Certainly it was to our eye, a perfect realization of the strength and sincerity of a

faith which could thus "overcome the darkness of death" and illumine the gloom of the grave.

FOREST-WORSHIPERS OF BOHEMIA.

BY REV. W. K. BULLS.

PANORAMIC in the first days of the seventeenth century was the word of life to the followers of Christ. When religious meetings could not be held in towns, people would go away, even in the depth of winter, to the vast native forests, and penetrate so far that no sound could be heard, nor any trace of them perceived. Under the trees covered with snow that formed a solid roof, they laid up their wagons and tethered the horses. With the straight branches of fir-trees they raised commodious huts, which gave their children shelter; and in the open spaces they made fires. From the rivers and lakes they drew fish to vary their repast. Daily worship was held without fear. A bell summoned the scattered families to the place of congregation, and there they sang from rare copies of the old Bohemian Hymn-Book; and a clergyman, long banished from a tree, a tenant of the wilderness, set forth the lively truths of Christianity, and administered the eucharistic emblems of the Lord's death, just after the manner that John Huss had taught their fathers. The trunk of a tree, felled for the purpose, and cut smooth, served as a communion-table. Villages on the skirts of those forests were sometimes deserted, except by children, who could scarcely be trusted with the secret. If a stranger happened to ask them where their parents were, they would answer, "In the forest;" a sentence as familiar to their ear as "in the field," or "at the plow."

Too familiar is the reader with the chronicles of history to doubt the bloodthirstiness of persecution in those days. "In the forest" and "in the field," the faithful were pursued and caught—then fagoted and murdered. Glance with me, reader, a moment, and view the department of some of these faithful ones, after having been caught and caged in the prison-houses of Prague.

Disconsolate friends implored the release from prison of their kindred and acquaintance; yet within the dungeon walls there was less appearance of sorrow; for God sustained his servants in the hours of severest trial. In one of the town-halls they united in a solemn meal, their last on earth, rejoicing in the prospect of so soon eating at the table of their Lord in heaven—a hope which the Romish governor derided; and, hearing that their brethren, the lords and barons, were coming from the castle, in order to be ready for execution the next morning, they ran to the windows, and welcomed them by singing the forty-fourth Psalm. The people on the outside also received them with a sincere solemnity of tears. When the fatal hour arrived, the condemned came to the scaffold, one by one, as called by name. On leaving his brethren, each pronounced a short sentence or two—such as, "Farewell, dear friends! May God give you the consolation of his Spirit, patience, and firmness, to persevere in that which you have hitherto acknowledged with your heart, mouth, and hand!" or, "I go before you to behold the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. Follow me, that we may together behold the Father's face." And they answered him by, "God help thy departure, and send thee a happy passage from this vale of tears into the heavenly country!" or, "May the Lord Jesus send his holy angels to meet thee!" or, "Hasten before us, dear brother, into the house of our Father: we follow thee." A clergyman attended each, conversing with him in words taken chiefly

from the word of God, which the guards and judges within hearing could not but hear with reverence; while the beating of drums and clang of trumpets prevented all others from catching a syllable. So the company in the court-yard diminished; and as the clergyman returned with intelligence of the constancy with which each met death, they praised God, and prayed for equal strength. One of these champions—Count of Passau and Elbogen—stepping on the scaffold, observed the sun shining brightly, and, looking upward, said, "Sun of righteousness, Jesus Christ, grant that I may come to thy light through the shadow of death." Another, seventy-four years old, heard, from certain officials, of a report that he had died of grief. "I?" the hoary baron asked, "I? I have seldom had more joyful hours. See my paradise," holding up a Bible in his hand, "it has never offered me such heavenly food as now—." Just before receiving the deadly stroke, he said, "Now I shall wear the garment of righteousness. I shall shine before God, in whom I have trusted." Another—Gaspard, Baron Kaplitz—eighty-six years old, and unable to walk without assistance, was supported by two clergymen. "Raise your head," said one of the ministers as he stood on the black cloth. He looked up, and cried, "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The executioner swung his sword—the gray head fell. Another knelt on the fatal spot, and repeated the song of Simeon. Another declared that heaven was his prospect, where God would wipe away tears from his eyes, and where there would be no more pain nor death, neither sorrow nor crying.

Bitter was the spirit and keen the indignation of Milton when he wrote the lines,

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!"

and irrepressible is the spirit within us, when we see how like wild beasts the Bohemians were hunted down, and made to yield up their lives to the stroke of the executioner's ax!

HOPE IN GOD.

THE sailor on the midnight sea, if he would behold the star, that alone would guide him across the trackless deep, must look not on the dark troubled waves, but at the clear blue heavens. If the sky is overcast, and the star veiled by clouds, he must turn to his compass; and its needle, ever true to the pole, will point to the star, though it be all hidden from his vision. So we, tossed on many a billow, if we would see Heaven's guiding light, must look, not on the waves of temptation that dash and break around, but above, to God. Should darkness and clouds gather in the sky, let us turn to the Bible, and it will point to Him who shines beyond the clouds in unchanging glory.

POPULAR RELIGION.

HIS that breaks off the yoke of obedience, and unties the bands of discipline, and preaches a cheap religion, and presents heaven in the midst of flowers, and strews carpets softer than Asian luxury in the way, and sets the songs of Zion to the tunes of the Persian and lighter airs, and offers great liberty of living, and reconciles eternity with present enjoyment—he shall have his schools filled with disciples; but he that preaches the cross, and the severities of Christianity, and the strictnesses of a holy life, shall have the lot of his blessed Lord; he shall be thought ill of, and deserted.

New Books.

A COMPENDIUM OF METHODISM: embracing the History and Present Condition of its Various Branches in all Countries; with a Defense of its Doctrinal, Governmental, and Prudential Peculiarities. By Rev. James Porter, A. M. C. H. Peirce & Co.: Boston. 1851.—This work, the full title of which we have given, is, without question, the most ample and satisfactory of the kind now before the public. It is not simply a good book in the typographical sense of the term, but it is a good book in the full literary and religious meaning of the word. We have been extremely gratified in its examination; and though embracing about five hundred pages duodecimo, it is certainly as cheap an issue as can any where be found. Didactic, polemic, narrative, historical, and biographical, it can not fail to interest the reader. On sale by Swormstedt & Power, at one dollar; twenty-five per cent. discount to wholesale purchasers.

PRIMARY PLATFORM OF METHODISM; or, Exposition of the General Rules. By Rev. Moses M. Henkle, D. D. Louisville, Ky.: Published by the Author & Company. 1851.—“Another work on Methodism?” Yes, reader; but not, perhaps, the last one. This volume does not pass over the ground of the work above noticed. Its field is almost entirely distinct. We have not had an opportunity thoroughly to examine Dr. Henkle's treatise; yet, so far as we have looked, with the exception of a few paragraphs, we think it opportune and valuable. Worldly amusements are shown to be wholly incompatible with Christianity and Methodism—a fact which we wish were practically known by all who profess religion. Dr. Henkle is editor of the Southern Lady's Companion. We wish him entire success in the circulation and sale of his book.

HISTORY OF JOSEPHINE. By John S. C. Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.—The name of Josephine is one of peculiar interest in modern history. Pages in this book will draw tears from eyes, perhaps, that are not in the habit of weeping at ordinary woe. Written in Mr. Abbott's peculiarly felicitous and graphic style, we can see no reason to prevent an extremely wide circulation for the volume. Our lady friends, we think, will not regret the time spent in reading this history of the life and trials of one of the most accomplished and amiable of the ladies of modern times.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.—This work has enjoyed a very wide popularity both in this country and England. It has appeared under a great variety of editions; but the one before us, in its clear type and numerous engravings, is altogether superior to any edition hitherto published. With some of the peculiar theological views of Mr. Abbott we can not sympathize. The general tenor of the treatise before us is not, however, very exceptionable. Some parts are of a decidedly superior character; and we think much light and profit of a religious nature may be obtained from a careful perusal of its pages.

THE HORRORS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC, both Wholesale and Retail: a Discourse delivered in Wesley Chapel, Indianapolis, September 14, 1851, by Rev. B. F. Cravy, A. M., is a well-tempered and stirring sermon for all abettors of the trade in human happiness and blood. We should like to see it in the hands of every importer and vender of liquor, as well as distributed among the hosts of hotel-keepers and bar-keepers that, like Egypt's locusts, cover our land. It would stir them up to thought.

THE SNEAP; or, the Work of God in the Soul, as Illustrated in the Personal Experience of Mrs. Cordelia Thomas. Henry F. Degen: Boston. 1852.—This is an 18mo. volume, neatly printed, and tastefully bound, and contains the Christian experience of the wife of a Methodist clergyman in the city of Buffalo. From a hasty glance at the table of contents and the style of the work, we think it will prove abundantly useful. Narratives of this kind are, in general, more interesting and more profitable than didactic treatises of a severer character. The Christian reader will be delighted in the perusal of this volume. It conveys many instructive lessons in practical religion.

Periodicals.

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, published by John Mason, City Road, London, is a monthly of one hundred and forty-four pages, devoted to the interests of Wesleyan Methodism in Great Britain, and is now in its seventy-fourth year of existence. It was commenced in the year 1788, and has been published without interruption to the present day. In the November and December numbers, lying before us, we observe a memoir of Miss Marianne Fawcett, of Sheffield, written by Rev. Robert Jackson; a very edifying article on a most intelligent, and deeply useful, and pious disciple of Jesus. Dr. Olin's baccalaureate address on the Relations of Christian Principle to Mental Culture, is republished entire in these two numbers. The subscription price is one shilling per number, or about three dollars per year.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October has several striking articles. Western Africa, the first of the number, is quite readable and instructive. The eighth, on Life and Immortality, is one that characterizes the Westminster. It is just such a piece of composition and infidel theorizing as will suit the followers of Theodore Parker and others of his school.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for October has nine articles, several of which are of commanding interest. Widow-Burning, the first of the list, is a sad picture of the continued existence of one of the most horrible of heathen rites. It shows that in some places, at least, the suttee or burning of widows is purely a voluntary act on the part of the latter, and that any widow can decline the death if she desires so to do. Life and Works of Bishop of Ken, Life and its Successive Developments, and Papal Pretensions, are well-written papers.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for November has rather an excess of political and novelette matter. The Dramas of Henry Taylor, German Letters from Paris, and the Submarine Telegraph, are worthy of perusal. The December number is rather better than the November.

THE SOUTHERN REPERTORY AND COLLEGE REVIEW is a new candidate for public favor, issued monthly at Emory, Va., under the supervision of the Faculty of Emory and Henry College. The Poetry of Science, a leading article, is written in a fervid and eloquent style. The Exodus of Egypt, a poem in five cantos, is a beautiful and creditable specimen of versification.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS for December opens with an article on Christian Perfection by Dr. Bangs, wherein the Doctor argues that what of holiness we possess we must profess—a point which has caused some pretty animated discussion of late. The number is an excellent one.

THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT, YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND, AND FAMILY MANUAL for January comes to us in a new dress. Its articles are very creditable—pure in style and sentiment, and well adapted to the home circle.

THE UNITED STATES MONTHLY LAW MAGAZINE AND EXAMINER, edited and published by John Livingston, New York, contains judicious essays upon legal topics, biographical sketches of distinguished lawyers, early notes of the more able and important decisions of the courts of America and Great Britain, alphabetical digests of all cases of general interest in the superior courts of law and equity, properly classified and arranged, besides a large amount of critical notices alike of literary and law publications. The numbers for October, November, and December of the last year, stitched together, contain the names and post-office address of all the lawyers of all the states in the Union.

WOODWORTH'S YOUTH'S CABINET, published at New York, at one dollar per year, begins its seventh volume with fine prospects. Of all the monthlies for the youth, the Cabinet is first in point of typographical execution and literary merit.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION, it appears from a circular issued by the Publishing Committee, must close its existence with the March number, unless delinquent subscribers make immediate payment, and unless there be a large increase of paying subscribers. We regret this.

EMSAUPTA.

One stormy winter day, the Rev. Mr. Young, of Jedburg, was visiting one of his people, an old man, who lived in great poverty in a lonely cottage. He found him sitting with the Bible open on his knees, but in outward circumstances of great discomfort—the snow drifting through the roof and under the door, and scarce any fire on the hearth. "What are you about today, John?" was his question on entering. "Ah, sir," said the happy saint, "I am sitting under His shadow with great delight!" He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver.

Robert Hall said of family prayer, "It serves as an edge and border, to preserve the web of life from unraveling."

None have been so good and so great, or have raised themselves so high as to be above the reach of troubles. Our Lord was "a man of sorrows."

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well, while the one ascends the other descends.

Never reproach a man with the faults of his relatives.

They have voices, those bright stars, and speak to the human heart, if we will but seek counsel of them—voices more sweet, more powerful, more true, than those which astrologers of old ascribed to them. The power and presence of Divinity is spoken by them, if not to crush, to overcome man's passions; and deaf must be the ear that will not hear.

A young minister lately said, when near death, "Formerly death appeared to me like a wide river, but now it has dwindled to a little rill; and my comforts, which were as the rill, have become the broad and deep stream."

Dr. Belknap, in a mixed company, hearing a person speak in a very free manner against the Christian religion, asked, "Have you found one that is better?" and the reply being in the negative, he added, "When you do, let me know, and I will join you in adopting it."

Temptations are a file which rub off much of the dust of self-confidence.

True courage is the result of reasoning. A brave mind is impregnable. Resolution lies more in the head than in the veins; and a just sense of honor and religion will carry us further than the force of mechanism.

Many a noble enterprise, when almost safe in port, has at last been shipwrecked by well-meanting willfulness, or through that infirmity of vision which mistakes a house-lamp for a light-house—a denominational crotchet for a Christian principle.

Like one of those wondrous rocking-stones reared by the Druids, which the finger of a child might vibrate to its center, yet the might of an army could not move from its place, the American Constitution is so nicely poised that it seems to sway with every breath of passion, yet so firmly based in the hearts and affections of the people, that the wildest storms of treason and fanaticism break over it in vain.

Chateaubriand says, "In new colonies, the Spaniards begin by building a church, the French a ball-room, and the English a tavern."

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.

Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he can not keep.

It has been said by a fine writer, that "prayer should be the key to open the heart in the morning, and lock it against all enemies at night," and the remark can not fairly be confined to private devotion; the whole household should assemble at the beginning of the day, and when it draweth toward evening, and with one accord address the throne of grace in words of supplication and thanksgiving.

It is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten.

Be not ashamed to be, or to be esteemed poor in this world; for he that hears God teaching him will find that is the best wisdom

to withdraw all our affections from secular honor and troublesome riches, and by patience, by humility, by suffering scorn and contempt, and the will of God, to get the true riches.

A writer has compared worldly friendship to our shadow; and a better comparison was never made; for while we walk in sunshine it sticks close to us, but the moment we enter the shade it deserts us.

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one from which we must first erase. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her steps, has further to go before she can arrive at truth than ignorance.

Were we as eloquent as angels we should please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.

The enthusiast has been compared to a man walking in a fog—every thing immediately around him, or in contact with him, appears sufficiently clear and luminous; but beyond the little circle of which he is the center, all is mist, error, and confusion.

Virtue without talent is a coat of mail without a sword; it may indeed defend the wearer, but will not enable him to protect his friend.

The purest ore—metal—is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.

When we are at the summit of a vain ambition, we are also at the depth of real misery.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

None are so seldom found alone, or are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object—self; but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.

Two men who were most interested in finding Christ guilty, bore their testimony to his innocence: "I have betrayed innocent blood;" "I find no fault in him."

Our thoughts, like the waters of the sea, when exhaled toward heaven, will lose their offensive bitterness and saltiness, and leave behind them every distasteful quality, and sweeten into an amiable humanity and candor, till they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness on our fellow-beings.

Error is like the fabled hydra—though a thousand times beheaded, she still lives; and will live so long as men "love darkness, and choose it rather than light."

When the heart is pure, there is hardly any thing that can mislead the understanding of the thoughtful and pure-minded.

Religious toleration is a duty, a virtue, which man owes to man; considered as a public right, it is the respect of the government to the consciences of the citizens, and the objects of their veneration and their faith.

It is bad to make an unnecessary show of high principles, but it is worse to have no high principles to show.

Pride is never so effectually put to the blush as when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility.

An hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs than a month's meaning.

Men and actions, like objects of sight, have their points of perspective; some must be seen at a distance.

The first step to misery is to nourish in ourselves an affection for evil things, and the light of misfortune is to be able to indulge such affections.

To yield to the passions is to give up the struggle and acknowledge ourselves better; but to contend to the last is to earn the reward of the faithful.

A person can scarcely be put into a more dangerous position than when external circumstances have produced some striking change in his condition, without his manner of feeling and of thinking having undergone any preparation for it.

A benevolent man estimates others by the degree in which he can make them happy. A selfish man by the degree in which he can make them subservient to his own interests.

Editor's Table.

OUR congratulations once more to you, reader. Thus far winter has given us some samples of bitter cold weather. The simple fact that a bridge of ice was formed over the Ohio, between Cincinnati and the adjacent cities—Covington and Newport—before Christmas had even reached us, is demonstration enough that fires have been comfortable things in our city, and much appreciated by all classes of citizens. Thousands upon thousands, and ten times ten thousand, were the trips made back and forth by men, women, and children. Horses and mules, cattle and hogs, wagons, sleds, and drays, without number, also found their way over the frozen bridge, the width of which was said to be about fourteen hundred feet.

"Too much of a good thing is good for nothing," as the proverb has it; and we fear that the bare mention of the word *Kossuth* by us will help some one wholly to overlook the remainder of this paragraph. The advent of the Queen of England to our shores could not create a greater degree of excitement than has been created by the visit of the illustrious Magyar. The London papers, always slow to see, and slower still to acknowledge, merit in any body except their own countrymen, were prompt in declaring Kossuth to be one of the most wonderful orators that has appeared in modern times. It is doubtful whether the past three hundred years can claim a mightier man than the Hungarian governor. Beyond all others, he seems to possess the faculty of rousing the human mind and touching the human heart. On his arrival in England, and while making a speech, in which were detailed some of the most thrilling incidents that took place during the struggle for independence in Hungary, he paused for a few moments, apparently overcome by feeling and memory; and on resuming, "*Pardon my emotions,*" said he, with a sublime solemnity; "*the shadows of our martyrs passed before my eyes—I heard the millions of my native land once more shouting Liberty or Death!*" The reader may have seen these words before; but where is the man that will hesitate to read them again and again? and where, in the whole range of oratory, ancient or modern, will a more striking, a more affecting, and a more overwhelming effort be found? We have looked in vain for a parallel.

Our volume on Hungary and Kossuth, we are informed by the publisher—Mr. Ball—is selling rapidly. A second edition, much larger than the first, is being printed, and orders for nearly the whole edition are already received. It seems that in New York city folks were anxious to see who could get a first copy. For a while there the work sold at the rate of a *thousand a week*.

The lectures by Dr. Durbin—the first on the Signs of the Times, and the second on the Present Condition of Turkey—delivered early this winter in our city, were among the finest of extemporaneous performances. The proceeds of the second lecture were devoted to the liquidation of the debt hanging over the Everett-Street German Mission Methodist Episcopal Church of Cincinnati.

Our stock of long articles, we are under the necessity of repeating, is ample. Brevity is said to be "the soul of wit." Certainly it would now and then give soul to us if we could find it in communications. Readers like long articles occasionally, but they do not like them as a perpetual thing. An article, we confess, may be brief, and yet be wholly destitute of terseness. When an article is short, let it also be vivacious and captivating.

A lady friend inquires of us why we do not furnish a "Sermon to Young Husbands," as a sort of counterpart to the "Sermon for Young Wives" in our last number. Most cordially would we publish such a discourse, could some of our fair readers find time to fix one up, and send it in. Young men, and particularly young men who are husbands, stand just as much in need of good sound counsel, if not more so, than young ladies. They frequently need checks to their temper and to their purse-strings; and we know of none who could deal out these checks better than some young wife, well furnished with moderation and amiable Christian temper. In our judgment, all husbands, old as well as young, ought to be well behaved at home. By this we mean that they should not dispose of all their smiles and all their sweet looks when among strangers, but should treasure up a full supply

of kind words and pleasant looks for the home circle. Nobody likes a smile more than a wife from her husband—just one smile: it is worth forty frowns, and will act like magic on the domestic circle. Ye who are husbands—for we must add a word of exhortation—learn this first great lesson of your married life—be kind and cheerful at home, love your wife, keep your soul from fretting, and lend your heart of sympathy and your hand of help in all the trials that come upon her, who has left every thing to make you happy.

The appearance of a volume of poems by Mrs. Rebecca S. Nichols, our welcome and talented contributor, has created quite a sensation in literary circles. We have nothing of flattery in the remark, that Mrs. Nichols ranks among the first of American poetical writers. She is better known, of course, in the west, her place of residence; but wherever known her talents are acknowledged and appreciated. Songs of the Heart and the Hearth-Stone is the title given her collection of poems, and a most appropriate title it is. Whoever wishes to treat himself or any female friend with a real literary gem, could not do better than purchase this work. We may again allude to it hereafter.

Our plates, we think, must give satisfaction. "Perished in the Snow" will probably awaken sad incidents and associations in the heart of some reader; yet death by freezing is not the most painful process of dissolution. Stupor, sleep, total insensibility come gradually on, and the victim dies without apparently any suffering. Sit you, reader, before a bright and glowing fire? Think, as the wind comes hunting, like a famished wolf, for entrance around your dwelling, of the traveler on the plain or in the forest, or of the sailor far out on the sea, rattling and climbing among the shrouds, or keeping watch on the vessel's deck. The hour for retiring comes. Your toils are over for the day, and, without a thought of anxiety or an emotion of concern for others, may he, you throw yourself upon your bed, and seek, in dreams, an oblivion of all the sorrows of this life. Think of the wretched. Turn your eye and your ear without. Listen if you can not catch some sound, though faintly, of distress. Think of your lot, better than that of thousands, and then thank Him who is your kind Father in heaven, that the lines have fallen to you in such pleasant places.

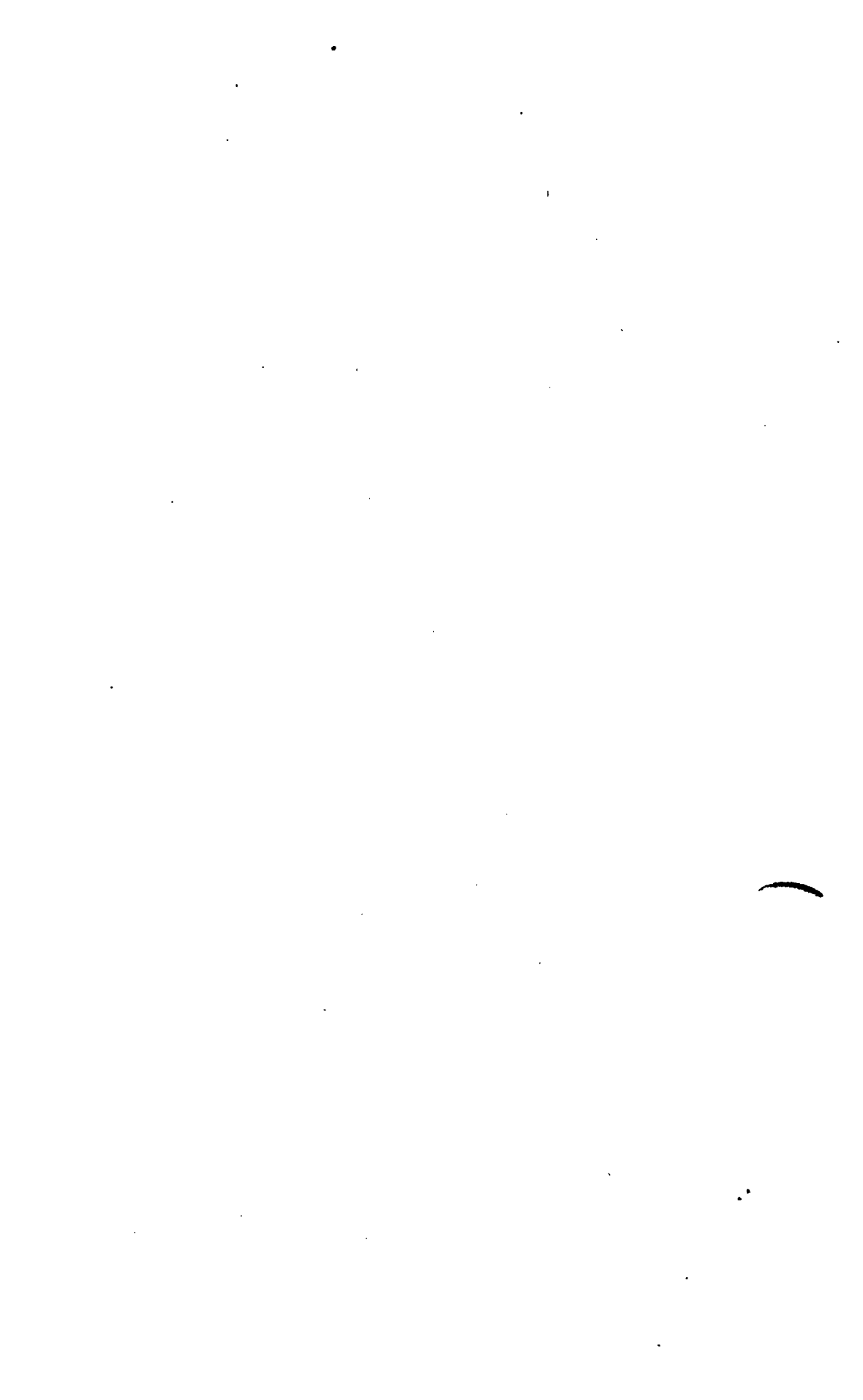
We have had it in our mind a long while to say something of the Young Men's Mercantile Library and Reading Room of this city. The rooms are in the College Building, Walnut-street, east side, just above Fourth. Resident young men should by all means avail themselves of a membership in this association, and devote such moments as they can spare from business to reading the books, periodicals, and newspapers found here. Strangers visiting the city should likewise give the Library rooms a call. They can be introduced by any friend who is a member of the Association. The Librarian—Mr. Cirt—and all the other officers are most attentive and gentlemanly. We are under great obligations to them for their many civilities tendered us.

Very gratifying is it for us to be able to state that our friends, east and west, are not forgetting the interests of the Repository. Subscribers are pouring in from all quarters. At the present writing—the holidays—we have a larger number on our books than for the same period last year. And this notwithstanding the rule adopted by the Agents requiring payment strictly in advance. Brother Pilcher, of Michigan, as a beginning in his efforts, sends us twenty-seven names for the new year. He has our thanks for his efforts. We hope he may even yet have more abundant success.

Our correspondent who sends us a letter criticising a brother preacher, will be so kind as to excuse our publishing his remarks. Polemics, or any leaning toward polemics, in our columns, would prove unacceptable, we think, to the vast majority of our readers. Personal difficulties and peculiarities are much easier mended by personal interviews than by bringing them before the public, who generally are much better pleased with an ignorance of them than a parading of them before their view.

The Methodist Monthly, a sprightly periodical, edited by Rev. T. N. Ralston, Lexington, Ky., has closed its career, at the decision of the Publishing Committee.

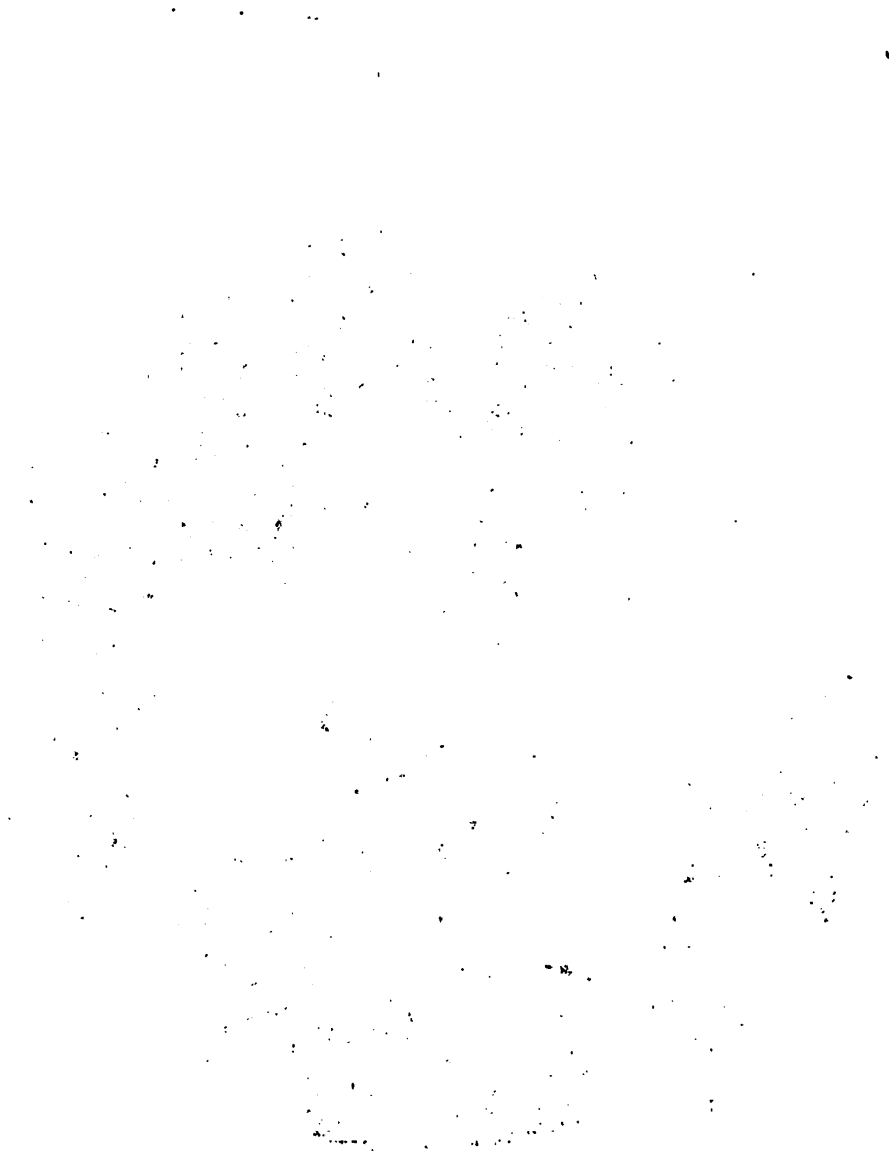
Salander and the Dragon, an allegory not inferior to Bunyan's immortal work, shall be noticed in our next.





THE TROPICAL LANDSCAPE OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

THE TROPICAL LANDSCAPE OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE







THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD

To My Wife.

Music by Fr. WENZEL, Steinbrucher.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a common time signature (C). The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music begins with a piano introduction in the grand staff, followed by a vocal line in the treble clef staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a common time signature (C). The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff. The vocal line in the treble clef staff contains the lyrics: "Pillow thy head up on this heart, My own, my cherished".

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a common time signature (C). The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff. The vocal line in the treble clef staff contains the lyrics: "wife; And let us for one hour forget Our dreary path of life, Then".

TO MY WIFE.—Continued.

let me kiss thy tears away, And bid remembrance flee Back to the halcyon

days of youth, When all was hope and glee.

2d Verse.

Fair was the early promise, love, Of our joy-freighted bark; Sunlit and lustrous

too, the skies, Now all so dim and dark; Over a stormy sea, dear wife, We drove with shattered

sail, But love sits smiling at the helm, And mocks the threat'ning gale

3rd Verse.

Come, let me part those clustering curls, And gaze upon thy brow— How many, many

memories Breathe o'er my spirits now; How much of happiness and grief, How much of hope and

fear, Breathe from such dear loved lineaments, Most eloquently here.

TO MY WIFE. — *Continued.*

4th Verse.



Thou gentle one, few joys remain To cheer our lonely lot, The storm has left our



par - a - dise With but one sunny spot; Hallow'd for e'er will be that place To hearts like thine and



mine — 'Tis where our childish hands upreared Af - fection's earliest shrine.

5th Verse.



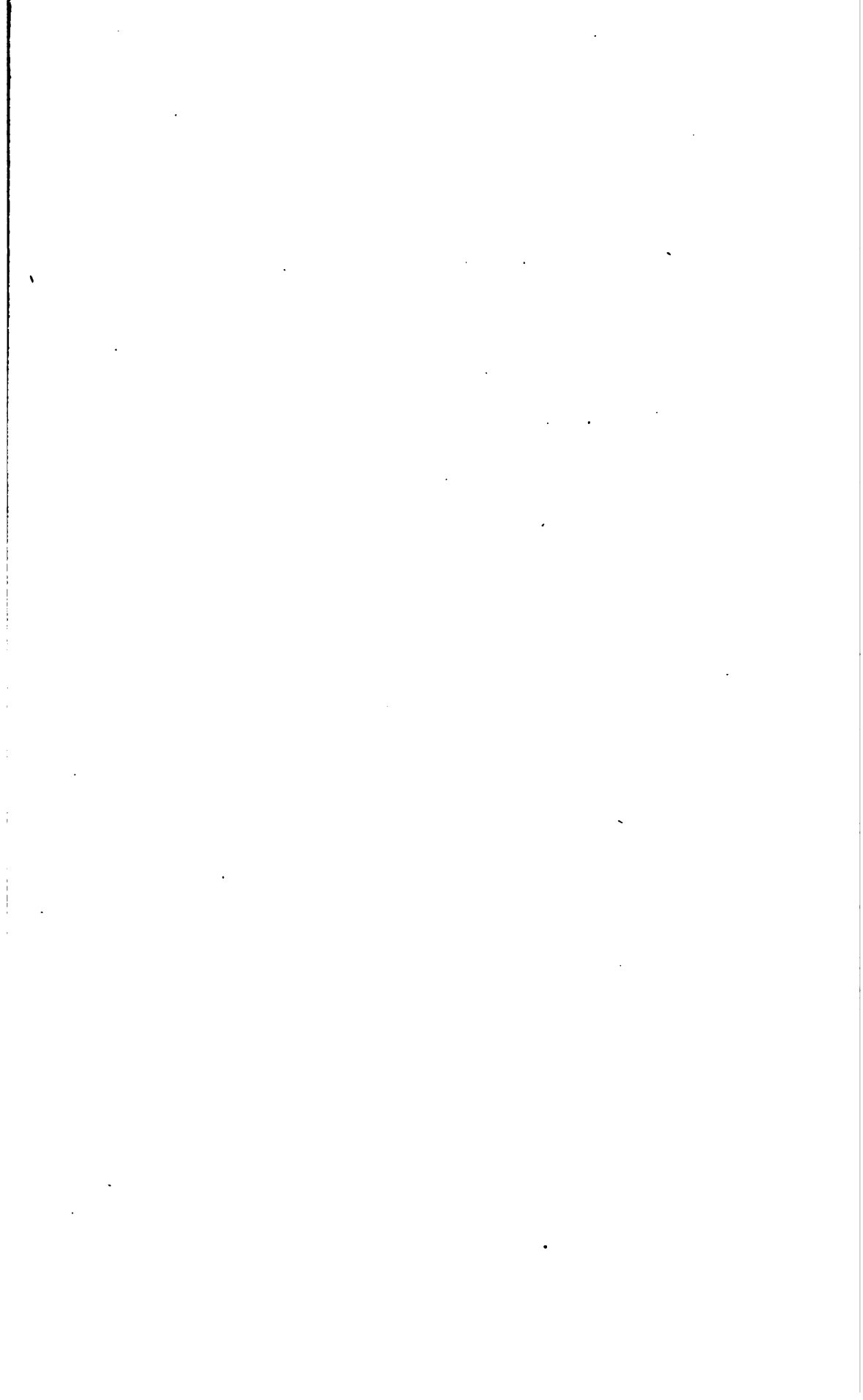
Then nes - tle closer to this breast, My fond and faithful dove! Where, if not here, should



be the ark Of refuge for thy love? The poor man's blessing and his curse Pertain alike to



me: For, shorn of worldly wealth, dear wife, Am I not rich in thee?



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1852.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY.

BY THE EDITOR.

My reader well knows, as well as I do, that the world is full of men, who, in one way or another, propose to re-create, to reorganize, or to re-form the social fabric. Such men have lived and labored in nearly every age. The moderns do not seem to be discouraged by the ill success, or rather by the total failures, of their predecessors in ancient times. We are now overwhelmed with theories on this subject. All Europe, and all America, are teeming with productions of every order and grade of scientific merit on this standing and ever-fruitful theme. The great question is, and has been, How, by what means, into what new form, according to what model, shall society be reconstructed? I would humbly suggest several others, which, it seems to me, ought first of all to be determined: Can society be reconstructed at all? Are the evils experienced by men inherent in society, or only accidental to it? Is it possible to remove these evils, by any means, provided they are only accidental to the social state? Listen, if you will, to a friendly word, uttered by no unfriendly voice, on these absorbing questions of the age.

Let us, in this first paper, giving a little system to our discussion, inquire into the structure of human society; then, in a second, see what evils there are connected with it; and, last of all, discover, if possible, by what means those evils may be removed, and society carried up to what it should be. By this procedure, we shall not only lay open the philosophy of society, but draw many practical inferences, it may be warnings also, from a subject as seriously important as it is attractive.

Society is supposed by many to be an artificial structure, built up according to the will or caprice, and hence capable of being taken down and reconstructed at the bidding, of some great master-builder. There never was a greater error; and yet it is the fundamental idea of nearly all that class of men called social reformers. It is necessary, therefore, first of all, to dispel this illusion.

If we look deeply into the nature of man, who is the subject of this social state, we shall find him endowed with two great principles, which, in a sense, seem to pervade every thing in the universe. They are, the principles of attraction and repulsion, or love and hatred, out of which are made, by the force of circumstances, all the affections, benevolent and malevolent, of which a man is capable. Love is the social, hatred the unsocial, element of our being. If, then, we wish to know man as the subject of society, and as the great exponent of the philosophy of society, we must trace out and understand the various modifications of his love. I will endeavor to record these loves in the order of their strength.

First of all, and strongest of all, is self-love, which, so far from being unsocial, leads man directly into society, where he can the better cater to his wants. The next is sexual love, a pure and holy passion, which looks forward to the first natural union between two fellow-creatures. Then comes conjugal love, which, in contradistinction from the last-named, is that which the husband and the wife cherish toward each other as the partners of a mysterious unity. The fourth is parental love, which draws parents to their offspring under all circumstances. The fifth is filial love, or that of a child to its parent, by which the two are doubly and passionately united. Fraternal love, the affection by which brothers and sisters are attracted to each other, is the sixth in order. Then family love, which is the feeling entertained toward our kindred, near and remote, must hold the seventh place in this enumeration. Friendly love, or the love of friends, usually styled friendship, which acts so conspicuous a part in neighborhoods and small communities, where hearts are united to hearts by agreeable intercourse, takes the eighth rank in this series. The ninth is patriotic love, or patriotism, which places before it one's country, as the object of affection. Last of all, and weakest, though widest of all, is the love we have to our race, commonly called humanity, which sees in every human being the lineaments of a brother.

These, reader, are the instincts, the affections, the passions, which call so loudly in us, in every

man, for society. They are the voices of the heart, that will and must be listened to, in spite of all attempts to stifle them. They are those yearnings of our being, which men do not wish to stifle, so natural and delightful is their influence over us. We gladly yield our souls and bodies to them, regarding them as the indications of God's will concerning us, and as the deep fountains of all social blessedness.

It can not be denied, however, that these instinctive, pure, and powerful principles, may, if left entirely to themselves in the work of constructing the social state, transgress their own limits, as prescribed by other and higher principles. These loves, these mighty passions, are only the propelling forces of our nature, urging us into association, but incapable of laying down the laws and limitations of a just, and safe, and harmonious intercourse. Reason, by universal consent, is the lawgiver of the passions, which must submit to act in obedience to its wise, and cool, and deliberate commands. "Every man's reason," says Bolingbroke, "is every man's oracle;" and so, in this sense, though not in Bolingbroke's, it is; but reason is not supreme. There is within us a moral element, a conscience, to whose authority reason itself owes fealty, and which, when faithfully obeyed, becomes, in the language of the gentle Hooker, "the mother of our peace and joy." This, certainly, is the order of supremacy, as pointed out by experience and by revelation, between these different faculties.

If, therefore, the great society-builder, man, consults his passions, when about to enter into the social state, or to form new associations, or to taste any of the enjoyments of natural life, these voices loudly cry, "Rest not, but rush, O mortal, with impunity to thy pleasures!" If next he turns to reason, he is not held back, not repulsed, not chained, but the answer is, "Happy art thou, O man, who dost not act inexpediently, and wear out the sense of pleasure by contradiction and excess!" Lastly, if he looks with a filial reverence to the conscience, as the final arbiter, this divinity in humanity exclaims, "Do right, wouldst thou inherit peace."

If, as is very likely, the great architect is not convinced, but goes out to follow the bent of his unbridled instincts, in the high work assigned him, he soon learns by experience what he rejected in precept, and comes back with words as melancholy as beautiful:

"Pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

By going a little farther with his work, he sees the higher truth, and ratifies at last the authority of his intellectual guide:

"'Tis Reason's part
To govern and to guard the heart,
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When loves and hates distract the breast."

He goes still onward, and arrives, at length, at the threshold of the highest natural truth, and, in words full strong, subscribes to the supremacy of the inward law of right:

"What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue."

He has now become, so far as nature can make him so, a legitimate world-builder, a perfect social man. His very hatred, the staple from which the malevolent passions come, has assumed the character of a social virtue; for, armed in the holy cause of the heart's instinctive loves, it wars only against their enemies, and smooths the paths to their various ends. He may now build society, and will build it well, if he lays the foundation and rears the superstructure entirely on himself.

But let us see him do it. With this analysis of his social nature, guided and guarded by the higher principles of his being, full in view, let us watch him at his work, and witness the regularity and system of the process. We may thereby discover whether society is built up by chance, or man's caprice, or whether it does not *grow* out of our social faculties, out of our instinctive loves, as naturally as the oak comes from its acorn, or the plant of summer from its native soil. Even the philosophy of our subject is more clearly seen, at least by practical minds, when thrown out into living pictures of what may pass, for the moment, for an actual scene.

Yonder, reader, is a fair and spacious island. It is a new Atlantis, the theater of a new world, the center of a new civilization, based philosophically on the foregoing analysis of the soul. The waves of a vast ocean, encircling it on all sides with an expanse of blue waters, separate it completely from all other countries. Let us suppose that, for the present, it is an undiscovered country, to whose shores the ships of no nation have yet anchored. We will place on it, for a beginning, just one hundred persons; and they shall be just equally divided between the sexes. They are, also, unmarried people, but precisely in that blooming period of existence, when each one feels impelled to make choice of a companion, though not one companion has as yet been chosen.

There they are, then, each as separate and distinct, not only in the individuality of their being, but in the exclusiveness of their feelings, as if every one singly were the sole occupant of the island. But this powerful self-love becomes the remedy of itself. These persons find it essential to seek the help of each other in order to their preservation; and thus the first step is taken, and that from a natural necessity, toward the formation of a social state.

But, hark! another instinct is about to be set at work. Is it fancy, or do I hear the distant note of a shepherd's pipe? Ay, nature now has her sway. Look! I am not the only listener to the moving strains and melting moods. Not far away—for we all know what the scene would likely be—though carefully concealed by a thicket of friendly foliage, there is an ear open, there is an eye watching, there is a heart beating, which, alas! will list, will look, will beat, till the music of that reed is lost in heart-melody. Like a charmed bird, the fair one—for it is a fair one—approaches nearer and nearer, step by step, more and more desperately bold, till, caught at her fearful business by the loveliest eyes of the magic charmer, she faints and falls, but wakes where she must wake or perish. A thousand apologies, on both sides, are offered and accepted, where not one was needed. Each has been obeying the impulse of a legitimate passion, which, seated at the very center of the soul, will have its way in spite of every thing. To reach the object of this passion, a man will leave home and friends, abandon the haunts of his youth and the dearest of his earthly associations, and brave dangers and difficulties with a lofty self-denial. The woman, too, who is singled out by this affection, repaying it with interest, will excel her lover in feats of moral heroism. She will endure, if need be, poverty, and reproach, and the loss of her inheritance, and the anger of her family and friends, and the coldest look of a very cold world. The heat of summer, or the frost of winter, or the plunge she often makes into obscurity, toil, and wretchedness, is no obstacle, no sacrifice, no wretchedness to her. She bares her bosom to all evils, if, by so doing, she may meet the object of her desire. This is nature. Both parties feel it. Both would rather die than not yield to it. If either is taken from the other, there is a void made, which earth may not hope to fill again. The one, like Petrarch, like Klopstock, like Lamartine, like Burns, will weep forever over the memory of his Laura, of his Meta, of his Elvira, of his blue-eyed Highland Mary. The other, like all these distinguished females, and thousands more unknown in immortal verse, will live with the image of her lover on her heart, and with her last breath pronounce his name, as she enters into the presence of her God. If both survive, sooner or later, over less or greater obstacles, through the midst of few or many dangers, they meet; and marriage, the end and consummation of their passion, the result called for by the voice of nature, the first institution of revelation, and the very ground-work and basis of the social state, settles and sanctifies their union.

Look again at the fair Atlantis. While we have been regarding a single case, just forty-nine other courtships and marriages have been enacted; and the hundred individuals have become fifty families, bound together, in the first place, by the conjugal affection. Does any one now suppose, that these families, thus originated and thus united, can be

dissolved by any trivial circumstance, or at the bidding of any romantic philosopher, who may wish to try his genius at constructing a new social fabric? Nothing is more chimerical. There are some, nay, there may be many families, within older nations, in which the true conjugal passion never existed, whose union could, no doubt, be very easily broken up, if tampered with; but there are, also, thousands, tens of thousands, as many as form the foundation of society every-where, which no power on earth could sever; and here, on our fair and happy island, they are all based on that genuine affection, which has become the emblem of devotedness and fidelity. Each man, as we have seen, was impelled by a resistless impulse to seek his counterpart. He found her, and now loves her, not so much for her being called a woman, as that she is his wife. She is *his* wife; the *two* are *one*; and both are deeply conscious of this unity. The one has become the property of the other. They both acknowledge and feel this fact; they acknowledge because they feel it; for nature, much more clearly than custom, points it out to them, and records it on the sacred tablet of their being. What dangers will not the husband dare for the angel of his bosom! What woes and sufferings will the wife not welcome, if she may wipe a tear from the eye of her faithful husband! If either proves unfaithful, how the malevolent passions themselves rise up—jealousy, anger, revenge—leading often to blood and murder, in defense of this amiable and innocent affection, thus insulted! All nature arms itself, both the loves and hates of the soul, to maintain the marriage union! Lucretia stabs herself to avenge the insulted rights and honor of her husband; and Brutus fires the world in the name of the bloody sacrifice! It is not law, or custom, or convenience, that founds the family. It is built on human nature; and men will suffer war, and famine, and death itself in all its forms, rather than see them broken up or polluted! If any social reformer, therefore, wishes to abolish the family, in order to begin his new era, let him expect to do it only when he has annihilated one of the innate, universal, indestructible, unconquerable elements of being that God has given us!

Look again on the fair and happy island. Time, the great producer, has peopled those families with helpless offspring. They are in want of every thing and have nothing. Some one, at the expense of much unrequited toil, must supply the necessities, or they perish. See, then, what nature has provided for them! There, in that mother's soul, in that father's heart, are those wells of love that never lack for living, gushing waters. From the cradle to the grave, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, how the parental nature yearns after them! Though they run into sin and crime, and turn their backs upon the love that follows them, that love still follows, and will not give up the struggle for them. Insult and injury can not conquer it. Fraud, deceit, treachery

can not weaken it. There it is, and there it will be, after every opposition. Sickness becomes health, and death is changed to life, if endured for the benefit of children. What, then, is that unconquerable love, which the parent thus cherishes for his offspring? "There," says the father, "are my children; they are the children of my wife; we love them because they are ours, and because we love one another." Will that father, now, to gratify some philosopher or reformer, give up the knowledge he has, from the exclusiveness of the marriage covenant, that those are his children, and not the children of another? Will the mother, as she sits viewing their interesting traits, or watching their bed of death, easily resign the privilege, arising from her own fidelity, of sharing her joys and griefs with him, whom she *knows* to be their natural protector? Would the child, could he see so far, willingly relinquish his interest in a father's love, and sink to the sole care of her, who, calling herself his mother, lives rather the life of an unvirtuous widow, without the consolations or support guaranteed by the widow's God? No, verily. Heaven and earth cry out upon such sins against the family relation. Nature, in her powerful loom, has woven these domestic ties; and no man could burst them if he would; and no rational being would, were the effort the easiest within the compass of his power!

But those family ties are not yet complete. The children, so dearly loved by those that gave them being, return that love with almost an equal strength. It did not require a Sophocles to give us the affecting spectacle of the fair Antigone, clinging to the blind old *Cædipus*, her father, in his crimes and self-inflicted cruelties, leading him from place to place, and suffering many things worse than death for his happiness, to show us an example of filial tenderness. Nor need Dickens have piled up that huge mass of chapters, entitled *Dombey and Son*, to prove to us, that long-repeated insult and injury can not subdue the ardor of this love. The truth of it is, the world is full of Antigones, of Florences, who, when the occasion comes, will sacrifice their life on this altar; and they remain unnoticed and unknown, like other great characters in obscurity—unknown even to themselves—only because the circumstances do not often happen to call forth and test the power of their dormant love.

The same is true, also, of the fraternal feeling, which reigns in the breasts of all. It is a passion which nothing can destroy. No form of society, no fashion of association, except it is that which abolishes at once all family relationships, can take it from the soul. Brothers and sisters will love each other, with a peculiar love, and will wish to know each other as brothers and sisters truly, connected on the father's no less than on the mother's side, so long as the world shall stand. Take that knowledge from them, by removing the fact on which it rests, and this lovely tie is broken, the feeling of

fraternal love is gone. But it can not be broken. Nature, felt in man, ratified by the providence of God, will have its way.

You will see each family, moreover, governed by a strong affection between its individual members, doing as all families throughout the world have done, or tried to do, to perpetuate their existence and their name. This feeling, the family feeling, reaches beyond the grave. It carries men often to endure all manner of hardships, both of soul and body, through a long, and laborious, and self-tortured life, so powerful is its influence. It is felt alike, though in degrees corresponding to the expectations of success and the means of gratification, in the palace, in the country mansion, and in the poor man's cot. The rise of great families, in every land and age, gives us untold examples of its power; while the history of empires, from Babylon to Britain, is almost a continued commentary on the universality of its sway. To found a family, the father of the Medieis could bury himself in an early grave, dug by the same hand that sought for and found his gold; and Napoleon, for the same purpose, could lay aside the dearest principles of his heart, declare war against his deepest convictions, and even banish from his bosom the woman he most dearly loved. He, indeed, who essays to abolish the family, the first specimen of natural society, bound together by nature's strongest bonds, has undertaken a task beyond the power of mortals to achieve.

But look again, reader, on the fair Atlantis. After the formation of these fifty families, which have sprung up in obedience to the laws and necessities of our being, the next step, in the onward growth of society, is the gathering together of those next larger affiliations called neighborhoods. The island, like the great continents on every side of it, is divided and subdivided by rivers, hills, lakes, and other natural landmarks. These fifty families, therefore, can not all live together. As many of them, however, as can conveniently visit and traffic with each other, in the use of the ordinary means of intercourse, tacitly fall into a single group, till the whole territory is cantoned out into these little neighborhoods. This traffic, which acts so important a part in bringing and holding adjacent families together, is as much the result of nature as are those hills and rivers by which one group of families is hemmed in from contact with every other. Not only are the productions of every man's few acres liable to differ, both in kind and quality, from those of his more distant neighbors, but his own genius, his physical advantages or disadvantages, or some peculiarity of his condition, will not fail to fit him for certain occupations, while they disqualify him for other business. The division of industry, therefore, and the consequent necessity of trade, even in small districts of country, are as much provided for in our constitution and circumstances as are the instincts, the laws, and the regulations of the family; and thus, by the business of life, no less than by the

divisions and varieties of the soil, the neighborhood comes into being next, as the work of nature and of God. In this neighborhood an arena is opened for the unbounded gratification of friendly love; and there has never been a day, in the worst communities, or in the corruptest periods of the world, when it has not furnished examples of friendship, which have demonstrated the strength of our social ties. More than one David has had his Jonathan, more than one Euryalus his Nisus, since society began; and never can these social ligatures be broken, and all our freely-formed friendships be given up, merely to gratify some speculative reformer, who wishes to crowd us into involuntary fellowship with those whom we would not and could not choose to cherish as bosom friends. The heart knows its own predilections best; it wishes to follow out its own affinities; and, in spite of every attempt to cramp and fetter it, it must and it will be free.

Once more let us turn our regards on the fair and happy isle. Let us see these neighborhoods consolidating themselves, by the action of natural causes, into one common state. The great ocean, in the first place, while it separates this people from all other countries, gives them a common interest in the one they inhabit. "This," says the islander, as he plants his foot on his native soil—"this is my country, the land of my habitation;" and when he says so, he means the whole of it. Here were born, and here live, or are buried here, his wife, his children, and his friends. The people occupying the territory he regards as a sort of kindred, because they sprang, as it were, from the same soil that gave him birth. His soul, in a word, swells out to a kind of ideal ownership of the whole island, with every river, rock, and tree that marks its face. Every other man feels the same emotion. It is the emotion of patriotism, or love of country, which has performed such wonders in the world. It is the feeling to which Leonidas sacrificed himself and his noble-hearted followers. It is the feeling which animated the spirit of Tell and Winkelreid in their glorious struggles. It is the feeling that fired the breasts of our own countrymen, with the illustrious Washington at their head, in that long and bloody day that made us free. It is the feeling around which a state is formed, despotic, monarchical, or republican, with all the laws necessary to its order and prosperity, both in peace and war, including the interests of agriculture, manufactures, and trade. It is that feeling which keeps alive all nations, repressing internal feuds, meeting and subduing external aggressions, and preserving their institutions, their manners, their customs, and their laws. It is a feeling which follows us to other lands and holds us at the verge of the round world. Many centuries ago it sustained the hearts of that glorious band of Greeks, who, retreating homeward from Babylon through sufferings and perils till then unrecorded, wept when they only saw the sea that rolled its

blue waters toward their native shores. The Swiss soldier now can not listen, in a foreign country, to those national strains which he heard in childhood on his birthplace hills. The French sailor, wandering on the bosom of distant seas, far from his sunny home, takes to his hammock with no unreal sickness—*La Maladie du Pays*—when the martial valor of his countrymen is imaged forth in the melting, rousing music of old Marseilles. Who, then, what man opposed to all human government, shall be able to root out this passion, and that love of order to which it ministers, from the human soul? Who shall be able to break up the state, and the natural relations of man to man, of individuals to law, and of law to individuals, all of which grow up so directly from the native passions of the mind? No man, my reader, in this age, or in the ages yet to come. Nations, states, are not the work of art, or of caprice, or of chance. They are the work of God; and they will remain, in some form or other, in spite of all philosophers and reformers, so long as humanity regards social happiness of any value, or God himself shall occupy his throne! Society, too, in the largest as well as the most restricted sense, including the family, the neighborhood, and the state, will ever be organized according to the same principles of human nature, on which it now so firmly stands; because, let it never be forgotten, the passions which institute, support, and perpetuate society, the same now that they always have been, are inherent in our being, as immortal as the mind! From the reason itself, which checks but does not change the passions, the social state acquires stability; and the moral feeling, the conscience, lends it her mighty sanction, deciding, that the work of nature, carried on under the direction of the reason, must be, as we have found it, and as the experience of the world has proved it, the lawful and unchangeable work of God!

THE FAR-OFF LAND.

Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars hold "their festival around the midnight throne," and are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then are taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

BY HYPHERION.

I do not wonder at the philosopher who doubted the reality of material existences. Indeed, the material world is only a world of shadows, of unsubstantial phantasms, of transitory appearances. Sensuous objects flit before us, and are gone. Nothing continueth in one stay. The form, the organization of the object changes, and its very individuality vanishes. And when once the material organization has passed the crisis in any stage of its existence, return to its former condition is impossible.

So rapid are the changes of material nature, that it is doubtful whether we ever see the same object twice of the same form and substance. The landscapes familiar to us, the home of our childhood or of mature years, slowly yet surely changes, as day succeeds day, and year follows year. The changes so gradual may not be observed, while we are incessantly looking on the scene; but returning after a few years, or even a few days of absence, we shall find the changes readily perceptible.

The child that grows up by our side passes through changes which, from our constant intercourse, we rarely appreciate, till a period of separation makes us sensible of the sure and unerring effects of time. Not alone the corporeal form, but those qualities of mind which constitute individuality of character, are affected, often radically, in the course of a few years.

Never in the history of nature or of man has there been any restoration of things, when once changed, to precisely their former condition. Successive have been the changes on the surface of the earth since in the beginning God created it; but no two geological periods have been the same, if, indeed, they have been in any respect similar. In no two periods of human history have the same circumstances existed, or the same events transpired. No two men have been produced precisely alike. The world has seen but one Moses, one Solomon, and one Paul; one Alexander, one Cæsar, and one Napoleon; one Homer, one Bacon, and one Newton.

The most evanescent and transitory appearances of nature are but emblems of the rapid mutations of the most enduring works of man. The magnificent cities, the gorgeous temples, and the elegant palaces of antiquity have wholly disappeared from human vision. The empires, the kingdoms, the political institutions, the religious organizations have all ceased to exist in any substantial form. They have passed away, cities, kingdoms, and all, like the vapory creations of sunset.

The forms of visible things are often preserved long after the original object has disappeared, by the skill of the sculptor or the painter; yet the marble is not imperishable, nor may the colors on the canvas always retain their truthfulness to na-

ture. The statue and the picture may, therefore, finally prove as unsubstantial as the forms whose image they were designed to perpetuate.

The ideal world is really the world of substance. Spirit forms alone retain forever unchanged their original impress. The conceptual existences of mind are immortal and changeless. The conception once entertained by the mind of a beautiful object, a landscape, or a "human face divine," becomes an imperishable and inalienable picture in the gallery of intellect. The ideas suggested to the mind by external objects of perception, by reading, or by reflection, become real, indestructible existences, subject to none of the changes and accidents which befall material objects. There may be oblivion, but there is no obliteration of knowledge. And the reign of oblivion is only temporary. The surges of her waters may fill up imprints made in the sand, but can not erase thought traced and graven in the imperishable tablet of mind. Forms of beauty once conceived in the mind become changeless. Images of loveliness once daguerretyped on the soul become effaceless.

What a glorious gallery of lovely pictures may the observant mind in one short life collect; pictures of natural beauty, of thousand-tinted flowers, of green hills, of fair vales, of smiling plains, of brooks winding amid verdure, of lakes embowered amid grand mountains, all forming a landscape more beautiful than fairy ever saw or poet ever dreamed; pictures of moral beauty, scenes of magnanimity, of virtue, of goodness; conceptions of the beautiful, the grand, the sublime, with all of pure and indestructible thought, accumulated through life! All these conceptual images we may classify, distribute, and arrange so as to form for ourselves a world of beauty in which we may forever luxuriate.

The treasures of thought laid up in the impregnable storehouse of mind remain secure from stratagem or ravage. Into that treasury thieves may not break. From it they may not steal. Men may take from me all of external I have, my property, my liberty, my life; but they can not take from me the acquisitions of knowledge. They have neither key to unlock the storehouse, nor force to demolish it, nor power to drag thence the possessions.

Rich, surpassing rich is he, whose is the ideal world, the world of conception, the world of thought. All of beauty and of good, all of present and of past, is his. He ranges over earth; he ransacks the old and dilapidated repositories of the past; he collects all of thought from the archives of humanity; he constructs a world of his own, and furnishes it with the choicest products of nature and of art. Within the precincts of that world there is no decay, no change; there is only accumulation, as thought after thought is added to his possessions. Not, then, in the external, but in the spiritual world, the world of conception, of thought, must we look for reality, for substance. All else is shadow.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY ALICE GARREY.

As we look back upon life—to many of us a wilderness of shadows—we may find here and there a patch of clearing, where the flowers bloom fresh and the dews always lie bright and cool. It is pleasant to go back to these green spots that we crossed as we came up to the summit whence the way is down—to listen again to the songs of the birds, or the lullaby of the winds as they rock the green cradles of the trees, or to commune again with the traveler, who, faint and worn, paused for a little rest, and talked of the long and unknown way before him. One little episode I will relate, rendered exceedingly pleasant from the dark surroundings of the time.

It is now a little more than a year since, when, at the gloomiest of all seasons—late in November, when often

The chill rain begins at shut of eve—

I found myself midway from Cincinnati to this great Babel of New York, whence I write to-day. I was quite alone; had just parted from all that was dear to me in the world; and a pining homesickness, mingled with many fears—for the future path I was to try was one in which I might well fear to plant my unpracticed feet, so many stronger and braver had faltered and failed there before me—weighed down my spirits, and recalled to memory all the songs of wretched poets about homeless wanderers I had ever read. The blue and beautiful Ohio was left behind, bordered with its grass belt, beyond which rises the hem of darkly wooded hills; and the Alleghanies, topt with clouds and gray with rocks and mists, were just overpast.

With my companions over this picturesque route I had exchanged only a few words, rendered necessary by occasion or courtesy. They were all men—four in number; and, though honest clowns enough, seemingly, had none of the graces to recommend them. Two were brothers, dark, slim-faced young men, wearing red mittens and other "fixings" not for the fashion of these times. One was a drover, arrayed in what might be termed *Hoosier* gentility, and who had sent his "flock of hogs" on before him to Baltimore.

The two brothers, I omitted to say, had been to look at western lands with a view to settling; but, from what I gleaned from their conversation, it appeared that they

Still to their home had turned with ceaseless pain,
And dragged at each remove a lengthening chain;

and were now retracing their steps—their "hearts untraveled." Perhaps it was well; for it may be that neither one of them would readily have found one to say,

"O to abide in the desert with thee!"

But, no, this judgment is too harsh; and it may have been that very voice which was calling them back.

"But howsoever these things be,
A long farewell to Lockaly Hall—"

to the brothers I mean, for I shall not see them again.

The fourth of my fellow-travelers over the Alleghanies was a short, thick-set young man, who wore an overcoat of bearskin, and kept his hands constantly in his side-pockets, from one of which he now and then took some cloves, which he chewed. I don't like men who chew cloves, or caraway seeds, or any thing of the sort—ginger-root not excepted; and this simple fact was the foundation of a prejudice that made my replies to his observations monosyllabic, though he seemed conversable, and inclined to sow the hours with various seeds of talk. This person was on his way to Washington; but whether that were his home, or for what other purpose he went, I did not learn, and now I probably never shall. We had passed the night at one of the hotels at the foot of the mountains, in the pleasant and flourishing town of Cumberland, and, on taking the cars for Baltimore, I lost sight of my mountain friends.

I was among the first aboard, and my sachel and myself occupied one entire seat of the little room appropriated to the ladies. In so disposing of myself and my effects, I did not intend mean selfishness; but, unless the number of passengers should render it necessary, I confess I preferred no very near neighbors.

I had been for some time in undisturbed possession of my quarters, and amusing myself with observations of one and another, as the little parlor filled. Now came an old lady, with a black boy behind her, carrying a footstove; but, though she was "aged and respectable," and my hand involuntarily reached to take up my sachel, I did not fulfill my first intention, not because of the vacant seat opposite, which she might take, and did take, but because of the gingercake she was nibbling, and the snuff which hung like a fungus upon her nose.

Next came a young man, with a very large, and very round, and very white face, bearing in his arms a young baby, with a handkerchief over its face, and skirts sweeping downward and backward several yards. He was followed by a slender, flaxen-haired woman, whose lips were almost as blue as her eyes. I thought they would like to sit near the stove; at least I said so to my conscience, as I suffered my sachel to retain its monopoly.

The little parlor was nearly filled, and the shrill whistle had sounded, when an elderly gentleman appeared at the door, and probably thinking the seats all taken was about to turn away, when, removing my sachel, I offered him a part of mine; for the first glance had prepossessed me in his favor—benevolence, excellence were so unmistakably written in his countenance, and over all was that seal of nobility which only Heaven can give. My manner was, perhaps, a little beyond civility—cordial, I think; for I knew him to be a gentleman

and a Christian; and why should it not have been so? To this, in some sort, may be attributed the warmth of his thanks, as he seated himself beside me, and the easy elegance with which he opened a conversation. How the lonely, homesick feeling that had made the Ohio so mournfully sullen, and changed the wild sublimity of the mountains into inhospitable desolation, vanished before the friendly sunshine of a smile! Even nature began to assume a new aspect. The precipitous range of the Cumberlands on the one side, and the frosty meadows, stretching away to meet the horizon, on the other—how distinctly I remember them, and the various pictures they presented! The railroad from Cumberland to Baltimore is an exceedingly fine one, and my new acquaintance progressed as smoothly and happily as my journey.

There are some persons who, without seeming at all uncivilly inquisitive, manage to elicit a good deal of your personal history, without revealing much of theirs. My railroad acquaintance was possessed of this faculty. We spoke of the scenery, and naturally of other parts of the country—of the effects of nature upon character. I had not been accustomed to mountain scenery, nor did I think rocks, rivers, and trees had much to do with mental formation. My friend dissented, and brought some striking and, to me, novel arguments in favor of his theory. Out of this sprang the inquiry as to what I had been most accustomed. I mentioned the south of Ohio, adding that, with the exception of one or two little journeys to the east and south, I had seen nothing not in the vicinity of Cincinnati.

"Then, this is not your first visit to the east?"

I said that I had passed the late summer here.

"Alone, as now?" suggested my friend.

And on my replying that I had not been from home entirely alone before, he remarked,

"You have relatives here, I suppose? or do you not stop in Baltimore?"

I did not stop in Baltimore save for the next train; regretted that he did, as I inferred; which was sincerely true, for he was a most lovable gentleman—one in whom "I built a most absolute trust." The flowers of age were white about his brow, but his natural strength was not abated, and his vivacity was very delightful.

"Are your relatives in Philadelphia? or do you proceed farther?" he presently asked.

I went as far as New York; but had no relatives in either place.

"And when do you propose to return to Ohio?"

I had no definite idea—future arrangements would depend upon circumstances.

The curiosity of my friend was aroused. He could probably not imagine what a harmless and respectable-looking individual, as I trust I was, could propose to do in a great, strange city where she had no friends. For a minute or two he locked his delicate hands together over one knee, as if puzzled.

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fully, and as if to himself; and added, in a tone, "Do you know Dr. Tefft?"

Well by reputation, but not personally: some little correspondence with him of late.

This was no especial elucidation; but as I make it a point to gratify harmless curiosity that Dr. Tefft had graciously admitted me crew of contributors.

"Ah, then, we shall be friends. The Re is an excellent letter of introduction; he shall I know you in that sphere of disc spirits?"

I gave him my card, saying an exchange give me pleasure. After glancing at it, and it in his pocket-book, he shook hands was said it would not be in his power to give What under the heavens is the reason? t are you an escaped convict? I suppose, something of that sort, for he smilingly that he had no card. I took one from case, and gave him; but the motion of would not permit him to write, and he put it in his pocket, and renewed the con about Dr. Tefft—his scholarship, litera and about a variety of other matters.

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In my own spiritual welfare he man kindliest interest, and my heart goes of him in blessings; but Heaven knoweth shall be found when the Lord shall nt his jewels. If I am lost, his, among oth ful admonitions, will stand between m light; and if I am saved, they will | among the golden cords that drew me t the pit.

When we came upon the smoke and indicated the vicinity of a great city, I felt inex- pressibly sad; and my friend seemed to feel also some regrets, as, taking my hand, he said we should, perhaps, never meet again; but should I ever encounter a little work entitled Reminiscences of the West Indies, to think of the day in the rail- road car.

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I could well remember, I said, and should not fail to keep it. The sun was down, and the motion of the cars was checked in the suburbs of Baltimore. The clergyman had buttoned his coat, and drawn on his gloves, talking the while of the pleasantness of such meetings and the melancholy of partings, when a slender, pale-faced young man came aboard, and grasped the hand of the old man, whom he had apparently come to meet, most cordially. He has got home, I thought. What a blessedness there is in getting home! And for the moment I would have given the world to stay that night beneath his roof—the night was darkening before me, and all the future seemed so, too. I could scarcely restrain my tears, and say farewell. Only the knowledge that I must not betray feeling, which, perhaps, under the circumstances, no one else would have had, kept them back. When he was gone, I drew my veil before my face, and let them drop and drop as they would. As I looked from the window, across the common, I caught a last glimpse. But he did not look back—why should he? We glided in between walls of houses; lamps were burning, and people were passing to and fro, and life in all its multifarious forms and phases was busy; but in the vast throng there was no one to look up and be glad because of me.

Men and boys began to call from the windows and doors, "Have a carriage?" "Have a carriage?" "Baggage?" "Baggage?" "Here's your carriage!" "I'll take your baggage—United States Hotel—here's your carriage!" "Railroad House—this way, if you please!" And amid the din I sat alone, sadly repeating some of my own early verses:

No beautiful star will twinkle
To-night through my window-pane,
As I lie to the mournful falling
Of the leaves and the autumn rains.
High up in his leafy covert
The squirrel a shaker hath,
And the tall grass hides the rabbit
Asleep in the church-yard path.
O for a friend that loved me!
O for a gray-haired sire,
To sit, with a quaint, old story,
To-night by my cabin fire!

May came round; the tryst was not forgotten; but ill-health kept me within doors; but if life and health are spared me till another May-time, I mean to attend the annual conference to which my transient friend belongs, though, no doubt, he has long ago forgotten the day in the railroad cars.

Opening my card-case a few days ago, I saw, to my regret, that the carefully kept card was gone; but no matter, the name is well transcribed in memory. There it will stay while memory stays; and often in my wanderings through the world will I think of the author of that little work—Reminiscences in the West Indies.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY REV. B. ST. JAMES FRY.

WHISTLES the wind without, but now within

Blazes the crackling wood;

The father tells this simple tale of life

To still the merry brood:

Dark and dreary, dreary was the gloom,

And thick the falling snow;

But gloom and snow, alas! they could not hide

From me the world's stern woe.

A pale, thin hand beset me in the way—

A gentle, feeble word;

And who could dare refuse the little hand

When that sweet voice was heard!

It led me to a dim-lit, dreary room,

Where want in triumph dwelt,

Except when love would speak a word, so sweet

The sternest heart would melt.

And there, within the dim and dreary place,

Worn out with want and grief,

A pale, sweet form of faded beauty lay,

Like wither'd autumn leaf.

The light that flicker'd o'er the youthful face

Upon the sleeper smiled;

And thus, untold, I knew I stood before

A mother and her child.

The little, sweet-voic'd daughter trembling said,

"They tell me she must die!"

I felt, but dare not say, how true it was,

For death was standing by.

Yet said I, "The Father doeth all things well:

He hears the feeblest cries."

She said, "He doeth all things well;" but then

The tears stood in her eyes.

The mother woke, and looking wildly round,

She saw us standing near;

And when we knelt, her arms encircled both,

Like children in their fear.

She put the little daughter's hand in mine,

"Thou'lt love her as thine own?"

I scarce had time to look an answer back

Before a stifled moan.

I trembled then, because full well I knew

That heart's deep wail of woe

Was but the echo of a deeper grief

That burst unseen below.

The little daughter dwelleth now with me—

I love her as mine own;

Her smiles are like the summer's sunny light

'Mid brightest flowers thrown.

The father stops—a cheek bedewed with tears

Is pressed against his own;

It is the same—the little daughter once,

But now a maiden grown.

and a Christian; and why should it not have been so? To this, in some sort, may be attributed the warmth of his thanks, as he seated himself beside me, and the easy elegance with which he opened a conversation. How the lonely, homesick feeling that had made the Ohio so mournfully sullen, and changed the wild sublimity of the mountains into inhospitable desolation, vanished before the friendly sunshine of a smile! Even nature began to assume a new aspect. The precipitous range of the Cumberlands on the one side, and the frosty meadows, stretching away to meet the horizon, on the other—how distinctly I remember them, and the various pictures they presented! The railroad from Cumberland to Baltimore is an exceedingly fine one, and my new acquaintance progressed as smoothly and happily as my journey.

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The squirrel a shelter hath,
And the tall grass hides the rabbit
Asleep in the church-yard path.

O for a friend that loved me!
O for a gray-haired sire,
To sit, with a quaint, old story,
To-night by my cabin fire!

May came round; the tryst was not forgotten; but ill-health kept me within doors; but if life and health are spared me till another May-time, I mean to attend the annual conference to which my transient friend belongs, though, no doubt, he has long ago forgotten the day in the railroad cars.

Opening my card-case a few days ago, I saw, to my regret, that the carefully kept card was gone; but no matter, the name is well transcribed in memory. There it will stay while memory stays; and often in my wanderings through the world will I think of the author of that little work—Reminiscences in the West Indies.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY REV. S. ST. JAMES, FRY.

Whistles the wind without, but now within
Blazes the crackling wood;
The father tells this simple tale of life
To still the merry brood:

Dark and dreary, dreary was the gloom,
And thick the falling snow;
But gloom and snow, alas! they could not hide
From me the world's stern woe.

A pale, thin hand beset me in the way—
A gentle, feeble word;
And who could dare refuse the little hand
When that sweet voice was heard!

It led me to a dim-lit, dreary room,
Where want in triumph dwelt,
Except when love would speak a word, so sweet
The sternest heart would melt.

And there, within the dim and dreary place,
Worn out with want and grief,
A pale, sweet form of faded beauty lay,
Like wither'd autumn leaf.

The light that flicker'd o'er the youthful face
Upon the sleeper smiled;
And thus, untold, I knew I stood before
A mother and her child.

The little, sweet-voic'd daughter trembling said,
"They tell me she must die!"
I felt, but dare not say, how true it was,
For death was standing by.

Yet said I, "The Father doeth all things well:
He hears the feeblest cries."
She said, "He doeth all things well;" but then
The tears stood in her eyes.

The mother woke, and looking wildly round,
She saw us standing near;
And when we knelt, her arms encircled both,
Like children in their fear.

She put the little daughter's hand in mine,
"Thou'lt love her as thine own?"
I scarce had time to look an answer back
Before a stifled moan.

I trembled then, because full well I knew
That heart's deep wail of woe
Was but the echo of a deeper grief
That burst unseen below.

The little daughter dwelleth now with me—
I love her as mine own;
Her smiles are like the summer's sunny light
'Mid brightest flowers thrown.

The father stops—a cheek bedewed with tears
Is pressed against his own;
It is the same—the little daughter once,
But now a maiden grown.

BERLIN AND THE BERLINERS.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

BERLIN, as the capital of Prussia, holds the rank of the second city in Germany, the Queen of the Danube—Vienna—being the first. The contrast between these two cities is extremely striking. Vienna is situated in one of the most romantic spots on the Danube, at the base of a spur of the Noric Alps; Berlin is situated in the midst of a sandy plain, which for miles presents not the slightest elevation on which to rest the weary eye. Geographers declare that the river Spree flows through Berlin; but to our senses said river always seemed to lie in the city, instead of flowing through it, the current being so extremely sluggish as to make it a doubtful case which course it was pursuing, if, perchance, it were not completely at a stand. This is the result of the perfectly level character of the sandy desert which surrounds Berlin, and from the midst of which this truly magnificent city towers forth in the pride of its palaces and treasures.

The inhabitants are well aware of this unpardonable defect in the position of their city, and have endeavored to remedy it, in some measure, by an artificial elevation in the vicinity. Thither strangers are first led to obtain a view of the capital. We followed a friend to this mountain, as the Berliners term it, and found an artificial mound of earth, about fifty feet in height, from which a very indifferent view of the city could be obtained. Berlin numbers nearly half a million of inhabitants, and occupies a very extensive area for a European city, being about twenty miles in circumference, and nearly eight miles in greatest length. Its distinguishing feature is its very modern appearance in contradistinction to its sister capitals. It resembles an American city in many respects. Berlin is modern in reality, and owes much of its rapid growth to the numerous railroads which branch out from its precincts in every direction.

But the pride and glory of Berlin is its far-famed and incomparable University—an Alma Mater that seldom numbers less than two thousand students within its walls, who are taught by a corps of one hundred and fifty professors. Among the latter are some of the most brilliant names that adorn the prolific field of German research and thought. Humboldt, the beacon-light of human knowledge, is still living near the field of his most memorable triumphs, although not in active service as a professor; and the great and immortal Neander has been gathered to his fathers since we left the scene, where it was our inestimable privilege to draw for a season from the fountains of wisdom.

Neander's matchless merits as a historian of the Church are so well known and appreciated, that our humble pen can add nothing to his fame. We will merely give a few of the incidents that we saw and heard while a listener to his teachings, as

illustrative of the singular and highly eccentric character of the man and the professor. Neander was considered one of the curiosities of Berlin; and, as such, strangers were as regularly led by the city guides to see Neander as they were to the wonders of the museums of art and science. Our first evening in Berlin was passed in social intercourse with the American ambassador and family, and, after the usual compliments of the evening, came the standing question to new-comers, "Have you seen Neander?" We replied in the negative. "You must see him to-morrow, sir, by all means; he is more worthy of a visit than any thing in the capital of Prussia." We determined to follow this advice, and the next day at noon we were in the large amphitheater devoted to his discourses. Every seat was filled, and we with difficulty obtained a place at the extreme right and rear of the room. In a few minutes rather a feeble-looking man entered, dressed in a long overcoat trimmed with fur; his hat was drawn down deeply over his eyes, and his head inclined to the ground, as if lost in thought and perfectly unconscious of the audience before him. His servant led him to the tribune, and took off his coat and hat as if he were a child. We then saw Neander's face for a moment; and those remarkably arched and heavy eyebrows, which nearly hid his sunken eyes, left a deep impression on us; but at that moment his face disappeared; he had placed himself behind a desk, about four feet high and two wide, and, reclining one arm on it, he leaned over the left side, and bent down his head so far that we who were on the right saw nothing but the back of his head occasionally rising above the level of the desk. In this strange position he began his discourse, with a slow, clear, and solemn tone. As he warmed with his subject, he began to rock his desk to and fro, so that we entertained serious fears that it would tilt over with its precious burden.

The students around us seemed to be perfectly accustomed to these movements, and wrote down the words, as they fell from the lips of the learned divine, with so much assiduity that they seldom cast an eye toward the tribune. His subject was the doctrine of the true and orthodox Church, as contrasted with the teachings of Hegel and Schelling. His thoughts flowed in one pure and uninterrupted stream of Christian eloquence, that discovered a soul borne on the pinions of genius and nourished with the most sublime truths of the Christian's faith. Neander seemed only conscious of his own existence and the cause he was vindicating; and at times he appeared to us perfectly unaware of the fact that he was in the presence of a large and critical audience, for he never once raised his head nor cast an eye toward his listeners. Thus he began, and thus he closed. We had heard but not yet seen Neander. A friend, to whom we expressed our surprise as to this curious, and to us inconvenient, eccentricity, remarked that we had been unfortunate as to our choice of a seat and

promised a scene still more eccentric, if we would go early and secure a seat on the left, toward which side the lecturer always leaned, for a particular reason, which we would find out on getting nearer to him.

The next day we were at our post betimes, and within a few yards of the desk. On the left side of it we perceived a half dozen small holes bored in the wood, sufficiently large to admit the barrel of a quill; into these were introduced quills with large feathers, about six inches in length; they were evidently new ones, and just placed there. Neander entered, approached the desk, leaned over to the left as before, and taking one of the quills began to pull it to pieces as he began his discourse. He seemed to be solely absorbed in his quills, and when one was demolished another was attacked. Thus he began, and thus he closed. We had heard and seen the great Neander. It is said that these quills were to him as the heads of his discourse, and if, by chance or design, they were not there he was at a loss to proceed. For some years before his decease his sight began to fail, and his eyes were so weak that he kept them nearly closed: thus, in the absence of something on which the eye might rest, he took refuge to something that he might touch, and quills seemed to lull him in the sweet delusion that he was committing his glowing thoughts to paper for the benefit of the world and posterity. It was well that he thus found means to fill a void; but at the same moment hundreds of pens were busily employed in securing every word that fell from his eloquent and pious lips. For some time previous to his death his literary labors were always dictated to an amanuensis.

In all the common business and observances of life Neander was extremely helpless, and was dependent on a maiden sister, who devoted all her attention and love to him. She was the mistress of his house, received his numerous guests, and attended to all those little civilities so essentially necessary from a man of his standing toward the strangers, from all quarters of the world, that wandered to his shrine. Once a week he gave a reception, when his sister would introduce to him all new-comers anxious for the honor of a few words with the great and good man. It was even necessary to remind him of the arrival of the hour that required his presence at the University, and to send a trusty servant to see him safely there and back. He was occasionally sent there alone, when circumstances rendered it inconvenient to give him a companion or guide; but he always protested against this as being very disagreeable. This eccentricity gave rise to numerous stories, some founded on truth, others the creatures of imagination, but all showing how deeply Neander entered into all minds, and how much he was the subject of observation and conversation on all occasions, grave or gay.

We were one evening in company with a number of professors of the University, when we were asked the usual question to a foreigner, "Have you

seen Neander?" After conversing about him for some time, his colleague inquired if we had heard the reason why he was unwilling to go to the University alone. We replied in the negative; when the following story was told, as one going the rounds, although it was admitted to be highly colored. "Neander one day applied to an eminent surgeon of Berlin, with the complaint, that sometimes, when on his way to the University alone, he suddenly began to limp without any adequate cause, and was anxious to receive medical advice in relation to this source of discomfiture, declaring that he believed something to be wrong in the structure of one of his legs. The surgeon found nothing out of order, and was unable to advise in such a case; but Neander still declared that sometimes one leg became shorter than the other. This was a new feature for the surgeon; and, expecting some eccentricity from the well-known character of the applicant, he one day requested Neander's sister to insist on his going to the University alone, the servant having been sent a long distance on a pressing errand. Neander started, and, without his knowledge, the surgeon was close behind him. His patient proceeded slowly but surely till he arrived at a cross-street, but, in endeavoring to reach the other side, he steered too near the gutter, and regained the pavement with one foot in the former and the other on the latter: thus he limped from pavement to gutter, for a moment, till his surgical friend came up, and explained to him the magical shortening of his limbs at particular periods." Many such anecdotes are told by those who respected him most highly, but loved to indulge in a laugh at his numberless eccentricities.

Neander has been gathered to his fathers, but has left behind him, in his inestimable productions, a monument more lasting than that of conquerors. To quote a beautiful expression from his native tongue, "May the earth rest lightly on his ashes!"

While on the mysticisms of German professors, we may be allowed to linger a little longer, for the purpose of tracing their professional peculiarity, although an article would not suffice to relate all that is worth telling. We once received a very kind invitation to be present at a little reunion of the classical professors of the celebrated University of Berlin, which social gathering was known as the "Greek Circle." On arriving, we found it composed of such men as Boekh and Zumpt, whose brilliant position in the classical world is a sufficient guarantee that the "Greek Circle" need fear no rivals. A cordial welcome soon made us feel at home; and we found this social company a sort of amateur club for the cultivation of the Attic muse. It numbered about ten, and each member would read a small passage in some Greek author, and give the most correct translation possible, accompanied by remarks; the latter were open to criticism; and the whole exercises of the evening showed an astounding accuracy in the knowledge of the very minutiae of Greek lore. In the course of his remarks, one

of the professors translated a difficult passage from a Greek historian, giving an account of one of the Greek tribes that refused to take off their hats while entering the territory of another, desiring by this to show enmity and contempt. The question was then immediately raised, What was the form of the covering of the head that they then wore? A moment's hesitation took place, to ascertain the exact date of the occurrence, when the gentleman gave a minute description of the fashions of that period. Had he been requested to give a description of the fashions of the year and season in which he then was, he would, no doubt, have failed signally. And this is a true type of a thorough German professor—he knows every thing that ever did occur in his particular department of knowledge, but little of the practical world around him. The evening's entertainment closed with a good supper, to which even German professors can do ample justice; and the brilliant Zumpt observed to us at table, that he could never reconcile himself to a residence in the United States on account of the low state of classical learning. He also has built himself imperishable monuments, and been gathered to his fathers. "May the earth rest lightly on his ashes!"

Berlin is undoubtedly the grand focus of mind for the German states; and the Academy of Sciences, founded by Leibnitz and long cherished by Alexander von Humboldt, is a body that we are almost tempted to prize more highly than its celebrated rival of Paris. Its sessions are employed in receiving the opinions and scientific researches of the first men of the age; and we have seen Humboldt and his Majesty of Prussia sitting side by side while listening to its deliberations. During the residence of our celebrated jurist Wheaton, at the court of Berlin, as American ambassador, he received the highest honor ever paid to profound erudition, in being elected a member of this Academy of Sciences, on account of his famous work on international law. It was an honor well placed, as this distinguished scholar was a brilliant exception to a very general rule; his time while abroad was continually employed in scientific and valuable researches. Would that we could say as much of all who represent the nation in foreign lands!

A prominent trait in the German character is the great respect paid to literary men of all professions: this pervades every class, from the government to the people. The students of the University never allow the professor to pass them in the schools or the street without raising their hats; and whatever may be the noise and excitement of the lecture-room, his entrance stills the troubled waves in a moment, and all heads are uncovered. On leaving the room, he always passes through a double row of his pupils, who, standing respectfully on one side, greet him as he leaves. The celebration of a teacher's birthday, be he high or low, is always an affair of absorbing interest to his pupils. The highest honor is a torch-light procession, and a

serenade by a choir of pupils, who generally produce something new for the occasion. Neander's birthday was sure to be honored by a brilliant procession. His pupils were regularly organized, and the proceedings were arranged by a committee on ceremonies. A speaker was appointed to express the feelings of his pupils, and congratulate him on the successful termination of the labors of another year. This assumed, in reality, the importance of a public demonstration. The students, bearing torches, formed a half circle around his dwelling, while others sang or spoke, and, finally, Neander addressed them and the multitude from the balcony. The pupils of the highest class were then invited to spend the evening in social intercourse with him and assembled admirers. There are many of such pleasing customs in the father-land, which tend to cement most closely the feelings and sympathies of teachers and students. In the schools and colleges the teacher's birthday is a holiday, and the scholars rival one another in making him the most acceptable presents: these are treasured up as mementos, and often form valuable collections. We were once passing through a small village in the interior of the country, and roamed about the town in search of curiosities or antiquities; scarcely had we left the house before some school children came past, and, approaching us respectfully, took our hands, and kissed them. This was repeated, to our surprise, a number of times during the walk. On inquiry, we learned that, being dressed in black, the children supposed us to be a pedagogue from the capital, and received us with school honors accordingly. At another time we were seated in one of the largest universities of Germany, listening to a very abstruse and learned discourse on international law, by a professor of great ability and popularity. The audience was large and attentive. In the midst of an abstraction the professor suddenly sneezed with violence; every student sprang on his feet as if touched by a magic wire; they all bowed their heads respectfully, and were again seated. We were for a moment alarmed, but soon perceived that this was only a mark of respect to their teacher, which, in society, is expressed by congratulations of a different character. The first time we had the misfortune to sneeze in company in German; both gentlemen and ladies bowed their heads slightly toward us, and exclaimed simultaneously, "May you get better!" This latter expression is variously modified for a variety; as, "To your health!" "May you be well!" But to take no notice at all of a hearty sneeze would be considered very ill-breeding. The custom is said to have originated with the pest in earlier times; the premonitory symptoms of an attack were violent fits of sneezing, when it became usual to wish that all who sneezed might get better.

The Prussian system of education for the masses is so well known that to linger here would be to repeat; suffice it to say, that it is thorough and

universal as far as possible. Their system educates the heart more than ours. It is compulsory; the law forces attendance in the common schools till a certain age; if the children do not come, they are placed under the surveillance of a branch of the police, whose duty it is to work hand in hand with teachers. Continued neglect is followed by punishment of the parents. But by far the most effective means of enforcing attendance at school is the absolute necessity of proving such attendance when entering into the business of life. The owners of manufacturing establishments dare not employ children under a certain age, and are subjected to a fine if they take those children without having first demanded and examined their certificates of attendance at school. A master can not take an apprentice to a craft of any kind unless said boy can show his school certificate. If the man wishes a marriage license, he must produce his certificates of school attendance and baptism; and recent enactments have, we believe, made it also necessary to produce certificates of having received religious instruction also. If he wishes a license to establish himself in his business, these certificates are also demanded. Even candidates for public offices are strictly examined as to their qualifications and regular attendance in public institutions. We knew a gentleman who applied for a position in the post-office, and with his application he handed in certificates proving a fourteen years' attendance in the schools, from the elementary department up to that institution specially destined to qualify young men for the responsible post of public officer. In short, ignorance there is a fearful Nemesis, that follows and torments, at every step, the poor victim whose youth has been a blank in his existence—a blank in youth draws a blank for life.

Berlin is peculiarly favored in institutions for unfortunate humanity in all its phases. The Institution of the Blind is unsurpassed; and in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum the teachers are no longer satisfied to teach deaf and dumb pupils, but are endeavoring to give back to them what nature had deprived them of; namely, the power of speech. It will be remembered that the Hon. Horace Mann some years ago visited this celebrated institution, and, on his return to this country, declared that the deaf and dumb can be taught to speak nearly as well as those who have never been afflicted. This bold assertion met with much opposition; and actual experiments were made in several of the splendid institutions of the New England states. The result has not been gratifying; and we think we clearly saw in Berlin the reason of the honorable enthusiasm of Mr. Mann, in relation to this new effort to alleviate the afflictions of humanity. Being politely favored by the learned principal with a few experiments in speaking, it was clear that the deaf mutes only understood their teacher by paying close attention to the movements of his lips: thus, understanding seemed by no means reduced to a cer-

tainty. The replies made by the pupils appeared to be little more than the result of a mechanical ingenuity in the organs of speech, acquired by a most fatiguing process; they were, so to say, mere explosions of the voice, with most imperfect modulation, destitute of feeling, and perfectly void of soul. To our eye the efforts were painful, and to the ear wounding and almost unintelligible; and no one understanding the language they endeavored to speak could pronounce it a successful result. It seemed to be battling too strongly against the decree of nature, and wasting efforts that would produce a much more happy influence in another direction.

We saw at that period, in a branch of the same institution, the commencement of an effort likely to result in infinitely greater good to the human race: it was the training of idiots. In a few small rooms were about twenty of the most hopeless imbeciles collected, varying in age from eight to twenty. In the first room were some that had just entered, that were so perfectly idiotic as to require watching to keep them from the fire, or to prevent them from chewing or eating whatever small objects they could obtain. The first effort made to rouse their attention was addressed to the eye; they were provided with a number of square blocks painted in brilliant colors; with these they played and became familiar. The next lesson was given by means of a board, having painted on it little figures of the color and shape of the blocks; they were then taught to place the red block on the red figure, and so on. Simple as this seems, weeks were sometimes required to bring them thus far. This being accomplished, they received three red blocks of different shapes, square, round, and triangular, and a board having the same figures and color on it. A double attention was now required, not only color but also form—the round red block was to be placed on the round red figure, etc. But color here soon assisted form too much, and various colors were now added. Having acquired this, they were promoted to a higher class in another room. The first lesson here was to distinguish form among a multitude of blocks of the same color, or, rather, not painted. A board containing cavities of various shapes, and blocks fitting these cavities were given—the problem was to place the round block in the round cavity without the aid of color. Then came number: take six blocks, and put three on one side of the table and three on the other. This required the most patient training. Not to tire by minutiae, we will merely state that in the last room we saw pupils performing simple problems in addition, pointing out countries on a chart, etc. These were pupils that had entered that institution with little of humanity about them except its image. The results were astounding; and so gratifying, that when we saw a parent come for a beloved child, which had thus been snatched from idiocy, we could scarcely repress a tear of secret joy. To the indefatigable teachers, who sacrificed their

and a Christian; and why should it not have been so? To this, in some sort, may be attributed the warmth of his thanks, as he seated himself beside me, and the easy elegance with which he opened a conversation. How the lonely, homesick feeling that had made the Ohio so mournfully sullen, and changed the wild sublimity of the mountains into inhospitable desolation, vanished before the friendly sunshine of a smile! Even nature began to assume a new aspect. The precipitous range of the Cumberlands on the one side, and the frosty meadows, stretching away to meet the horizon, on the other—how distinctly I remember them, and the various pictures they presented! The railroad from Cumberland to Baltimore is an exceedingly fine one, and my new acquaintance progressed as smoothly and happily as my journey.

There are some persons who, without seeming at all uncivilly inquisitive, manage to elicit a good deal of your personal history, without revealing much of theirs. My railroad acquaintance was possessed of this faculty. We spoke of the scenery, and naturally of other parts of the country—of the effects of nature upon character. I had not been accustomed to mountain scenery, nor did I think rocks, rivers, and trees had much to do with mental formation. My friend dissented, and brought some striking and, to me, novel arguments in favor of his theory. Out of this sprang the inquiry as to what I had been most accustomed. I mentioned the south of Ohio, adding that, with the exception of one or two little journeys to the east and south, I had seen nothing not in the vicinity of Cincinnati.

"Then, this is not your first visit to the east?"

I said that I had passed the late summer here.

"Alone, as now?" suggested my friend.

And on my replying that I had not been from home entirely alone before, he remarked,

"You have relatives here, I suppose? or do you not stop in Baltimore?"

I did not stop in Baltimore save for the next train; regretted that he did, as I inferred; which was sincerely true, for he was a most lovable gentleman—one in whom "I built a most absolute trust." The flowers of age were white about his brow, but his natural strength was not abated, and his vivacity was very delightful.

"Are your relatives in Philadelphia? or do you proceed farther?" he presently asked.

I went as far as New York; but had no relatives in either place.

"And when do you propose to return to Ohio?"

I had no definite idea—future arrangements would depend upon circumstances.

The curiosity of my friend was aroused. He could probably not imagine what a harmless and respectable-looking individual, as I trust I was, could propose to do in a great, strange city where she had no friends. For a minute or two he locked his delicate hands together over one knee, as if puzzled.

"From Cincinnati," he said, at length, thought-

fully, and as if to himself; and added, in a livelier tone, "Do you know Dr. Tefft?"

Well by reputation, but not personally. I had some little correspondence with him of late.

This was no especial elucidation; but as I always make it a point to gratify harmless curiosity, I said that Dr. Tefft had graciously admitted me of his crew of contributors.

"Ah, then, we shall be friends. The Repository is an excellent letter of introduction; but 'how shall I know you in that sphere of disembodied spirits?'"

I gave him my card, saying an exchange would give me pleasure. After glancing at it, and placing it in his pocket-book, he shook hands warmly, and said it would not be in his power to give me his. What under the heavens is the reason? thought I; are you an escaped convict? I suppose I looked something of that sort, for he smilingly remarked that he had no card. I took one from my card-case, and gave him; but the motion of the cars would not permit him to write, and he presently put it in his pocket, and renewed the conversation about Dr. Tefft—his scholarship, literary merits, and about a variety of other matters.

"Ten minutes here for passengers!" called out the conductor, and the cars came to a stand-still—a hotel on one side, and a long, low shed on the other, with ginger and sponge-cake in the windows, and fragrant with coffee.

The sun was past the middle heavens, and I sighed to think how soon I should be alone again. "The vile physical wants" engaged us during the respite, and the card was not written when the bell rung for our setting forward.

During the afternoon our conversation became more serious, and my friend discovered himself to be what I had previously thought—a Methodist minister—and many interesting things connected with eminent men of the Church he related to me, as also something of his own history. He was a native of the West Indies, and had been for some time the pastor of one of the wealthiest societies in New York.

In my own spiritual welfare he manifested the kindest interest, and my heart goes out toward him in blessings; but Heaven knoweth where I shall be found when the Lord shall number up his jewels. If I am lost, his, among other prayerful admonitions, will stand between me and the light; and if I am saved, they will have been among the golden cords that drew me away from the pit.

When we came upon the smoke and stir that indicated the vicinity of a great city, I felt inexpressibly sad; and my friend seemed to feel also some regrets, as, taking my hand, he said we should, perhaps, never meet again; but should I ever encounter a little work entitled Reminiscences of the West Indies, to think of the day in the railroad car.

"And must I wait till then for the card?" I asked.

He wrote, and handed it to me, saying, "I shall be in New York in May, at the annual conference meeting. Can you remember to keep a tryst so long?"

I could well remember, I said, and should not fail to keep it. The sun was down, and the motion of the cars was checked in the suburbs of Baltimore. The clergyman had buttoned his coat, and drawn on his gloves, talking the while of the pleasantness of such meetings and the melancholy of partings, when a slender, pale-faced young man came aboard, and grasped the hand of the old man, whom he had apparently come to meet, most cordially. He has got home, I thought. What a blessedness there is in getting home! And for the moment I would have given the world to stay that night beneath his roof—the night was darkening before me, and all the future seemed so, too. I could scarcely restrain my tears, and say farewell. Only the knowledge that I must not betray feeling, which, perhaps, under the circumstances, no one else would have had, kept them back. When he was gone, I drew my veil before my face, and let them drop and drop as they would. As I looked from the window, across the common, I caught a last glimpse. But he did not look back—why should he? We glided in between walls of houses; lamps were burning, and people were passing to and fro, and life in all its multifarious forms and phases was busy; but in the vast throng there was no one to look up and be glad because of me.

Men and boys began to call from the windows and doors, "Have a carriage?" "Have a carriage?" "Baggage?" "Baggage?" "Here's your carriage!" "I'll take your baggage—United States Hotel—here's your carriage!" "Railroad House—this way, if you please!" And amid the din I sat alone, sadly repeating some of my own early verses:

No beautiful star will twinkle
To-night through my window-pane,
As I list to the mournful falling
Of the leaves and the autumn rain.

High up in his leafy covert
The squirrel a shaker hath,
And the tall grass hides the rabbit
Asleep in the church-yard path.

O for a friend that loved me!
O for a gray-haired sire,
To sit, with a quaint, old story,
To-night by my cabin fire!

May came round; the tryst was not forgotten; but ill-health kept me within doors; but if life and health are spared me till another May-time, I mean to attend the annual conference to which my transient friend belongs, though, no doubt, he has long ago forgotten the day in the railroad cars.

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Yet said I, "The Father doeth all things well:
He hears the feeblest cries."
She said, "He doeth all things well;" but then
The tears stood in her eyes.

The mother woke, and looking wildly round,
She saw us standing near;
And when we knelt, her arms encircled both,
Like children in their fear.

She put the little daughter's hand in mine,
"Thou'lt love her as thine own?"
I scarce had time to look an answer back
Before a stifled moan.

I trembled then, because full well I knew
That heart's deep wail of woe
Was but the echo of a deeper grief
That burst unseen below.

The little daughter dwelleth now with me—
I love her as mine own;
Her smiles are like the summer's sunny light
'Mid brightest flowers thrown.

The father stops—a cheek bedewed with tears
Is pressed against his own;
It is the same—the little daughter once,
But now a maiden grown.

BERLIN AND THE BERLINERS.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

BERLIN, as the capital of Prussia, holds the rank of the second city in Germany, the Queen of the Danube—Vienna—being the first. The contrast between these two cities is extremely striking. Vienna is situated in one of the most romantic spots on the Danube, at the base of a spur of the Noric Alps; Berlin is situated in the midst of a sandy plain, which for miles presents not the slightest elevation on which to rest the weary eye. Geographers declare that the river Spree flows through Berlin; but to our senses said river always seemed to lie in the city, instead of flowing through it, the current being so extremely sluggish as to make it a doubtful case which course it was pursuing, if, perchance, it were not completely at a stand. This is the result of the perfectly level character of the sandy desert which surrounds Berlin, and from the midst of which this truly magnificent city towers forth in the pride of its palaces and treasures.

The inhabitants are well aware of this unpardonable defect in the position of their city, and have endeavored to remedy it, in some measure, by an artificial elevation in the vicinity. Thither strangers are first led to obtain a view of the capital. We followed a friend to this mountain, as the Berliners term it, and found an artificial mound of earth, about fifty feet in height, from which a very indifferent view of the city could be obtained. Berlin numbers nearly half a million of inhabitants, and occupies a very extensive area for a European city, being about twenty miles in circumference, and nearly eight miles in greatest length. Its distinguishing feature is its very modern appearance in contradistinction to its sister capitals. It resembles an American city in many respects. Berlin is modern in reality, and owes much of its rapid growth to the numerous railroads which branch out from its precincts in every direction.

But the pride and glory of Berlin is its far-famed and incomparable University—an Alma Mater that seldom numbers less than two thousand students within its walls, who are taught by a corps of one hundred and fifty professors. Among the latter are some of the most brilliant names that adorn the prolific field of German research and thought. Humboldt, the beacon-light of human knowledge, is still living near the field of his most memorable triumphs, although not in active service as a professor; and the great and immortal Neander has been gathered to his fathers since we left the scene, where it was our inestimable privilege to draw for a season from the fountains of wisdom.

Neander's matchless merits as a historian of the Church are so well known and appreciated, that our humble pen can add nothing to his fame. We will merely give a few of the incidents that we saw and heard while a listener to his teachings, as

illustrative of the singular and highly eccentric character of the man and the professor. Neander was considered one of the curiosities of Berlin; and, as such, strangers were as regularly led by the city guides to see Neander as they were to the wonders of the museums of art and science. Our first evening in Berlin was passed in social intercourse with the American ambassador and family, and, after the usual compliments of the evening; came the standing question to new-comers, "Have you seen Neander?" We replied in the negative. "You must see him to-morrow, sir, by all means; he is more worthy of a visit than any thing in the capital of Prussia." We determined to follow this advice, and the next day at noon we were in the large amphitheater devoted to his discourses. Every seat was filled, and we with difficulty obtained a place at the extreme right and rear of the room. In a few minutes rather a feeble-looking man entered, dressed in a long overcoat trimmed with fur; his hat was drawn down deeply over his eyes, and his head inclined to the ground, as if lost in thought and perfectly unconscious of the audience before him. His servant led him to the tribune, and took off his coat and hat as if he were a child. We then saw Neander's face for a moment; and those remarkably arched and heavy eyebrows, which nearly hid his sunken eyes, left a deep impression on us; but at that moment his face disappeared; he had placed himself behind a desk, about four feet high and two wide, and, reclining one arm on it, he leaned over the left side, and bent down his head so far that we who were on the right saw nothing but the back of his head occasionally rising above the level of the desk. In this strange position he began his discourse, with a slow, clear, and solemn tone. As he warmed with his subject, he began to rock his desk to and fro, so that we entertained serious fears that it would tilt over with its precious burden.

The students around us seemed to be perfectly accustomed to these movements, and wrote down the words, as they fell from the lips of the learned divine, with so much assiduity that they seldom cast an eye toward the tribune. His subject was the doctrine of the true and orthodox Church, as contrasted with the teachings of Hegel and Schelling. His thoughts flowed in one pure and uninterrupted stream of Christian eloquence, that discovered a soul borne on the pinions of genius and nourished with the most sublime truths of the Christian's faith. Neander seemed only conscious of his own existence and the cause he was vindicating; and at times he appeared to us perfectly unaware of the fact that he was in the presence of a large and critical audience, for he never once raised his head nor cast an eye toward his listeners. Thus he began, and thus he closed. We had heard but not yet seen Neander. A friend, to whom we expressed our surprise as to this curious, and to us inconvenient, eccentricity, remarked that we had been unfortunate as to our choice of a seat and

promised a scene still more eccentric, if we would go early and secure a seat on the left, toward which side the lecturer always leaned, for a particular reason, which we would find out on getting nearer to him.

The next day we were at our post betimes, and within a few yards of the desk. On the left side of it we perceived a half dozen small holes bored in the wood, sufficiently large to admit the barrel of a quill; into these were introduced quills with large feathers, about six inches in length; they were evidently new ones, and just placed there. Neander entered, approached the desk, leaned over to the left as before, and taking one of the quills began to pull it to pieces as he began his discourse. He seemed to be solely absorbed in his quills, and when one was demolished another was attacked. Thus he began, and thus he closed. We had heard and seen the great Neander. It is said that these quills were to him as the heads of his discourse, and if, by chance or design, they were not there he was at a loss to proceed. For some years before his decease his sight began to fail, and his eyes were so weak that he kept them nearly closed: thus, in the absence of something on which the eye might rest, he took refuge to something that he might touch, and quills seemed to lull him in the sweet delusion that he was committing his glowing thoughts to paper for the benefit of the world and posterity. It was well that he thus found means to fill a void; but at the same moment hundreds of pens were busily employed in securing every word that fell from his eloquent and pious lips. For some time previous to his death his literary labors were always dictated to an amanuensis.

In all the common business and observances of life Neander was extremely helpless, and was dependent on a maiden sister, who devoted all her attention and love to him. She was the mistress of his house, received his numerous guests, and attended to all those little civilities so essentially necessary from a man of his standing toward the strangers, from all quarters of the world, that wandered to his shrine. Once a week he gave a reception, when his sister would introduce to him all new-comers anxious for the honor of a few words with the great and good man. It was even necessary to remind him of the arrival of the hour that required his presence at the University, and to send a trusty servant to see him safely there and back. He was occasionally sent there alone, when circumstances rendered it inconvenient to give him a companion or guide; but he always protested against this as being very disagreeable. This eccentricity gave rise to numerous stories, some founded on truth, others the creatures of imagination, but all showing how deeply Neander entered into all minds, and how much he was the subject of observation and conversation on all occasions, grave or gay.

We were one evening in company with a number of professors of the University, when we were asked the usual question to a foreigner, "Have you

seen Neander?" After conversing about him for some time, his colleague inquired if we had heard the reason why he was unwilling to go to the University alone. We replied in the negative; when the following story was told, as one going the rounds, although it was admitted to be highly colored. "Neander one day applied to an eminent surgeon of Berlin, with the complaint, that sometimes, when on his way to the University alone, he suddenly began to limp without any adequate cause, and was anxious to receive medical advice in relation to this source of discomfiture, declaring that he believed something to be wrong in the structure of one of his legs. The surgeon found nothing out of order, and was unable to advise in such a case; but Neander still declared that sometimes one leg became shorter than the other. This was a new feature for the surgeon; and, expecting some eccentricity from the well-known character of the applicant, he one day requested Neander's sister to insist on his going to the University alone, the servant having been sent a long distance on a pressing errand. Neander started, and, without his knowledge, the surgeon was close behind him. His patient proceeded slowly but surely till he arrived at a cross-street, but, in endeavoring to reach the other side, he steered too near the gutter, and regained the pavement with one foot in the former and the other on the latter: thus he limped from pavement to gutter, for a moment, till his surgical friend came up, and explained to him the magical shortening of his limbs at particular periods." Many such anecdotes are told by those who respected him most highly, but loved to indulge in a laugh at his numberless eccentricities.

Neander has been gathered to his fathers, but has left behind him, in his inestimable productions, a monument more lasting than that of conquerors. To quote a beautiful expression from his native tongue, "May the earth rest lightly on his ashes!"

While on the mysticisms of German professors, we may be allowed to linger a little longer, for the purpose of tracing their professional peculiarity, although an article would not suffice to relate all that is worth telling. We once received a very kind invitation to be present at a little reunion of the classical professors of the celebrated University of Berlin, which social gathering was known as the "Greek Circle." On arriving, we found it composed of such men as Boekh and Zumpt, whose brilliant position in the classical world is a sufficient guarantee that the "Greek Circle" need fear no rivals. A cordial welcome soon made us feel at home; and we found this social company a sort of amateur club for the cultivation of the Attic muse. It numbered about ten, and each member would read a small passage in some Greek author, and give the most correct translation possible, accompanied by remarks; the latter were open to criticism; and the whole exercises of the evening showed an astounding accuracy in the knowledge of the very minutiae of Greek lore. In the course of his remarks, one

of the professors translated a difficult passage from a Greek historian, giving an account of one of the Greek tribes that refused to take off their hats while entering the territory of another, desiring by this to show enmity and contempt. The question was then immediately raised, What was the form of the covering of the head that they then wore? A moment's hesitation took place, to ascertain the exact date of the occurrence, when the gentleman gave a minute description of the fashions of that period. Had he been requested to give a description of the fashions of the year and season in which he then was, he would, no doubt, have failed signally. And this is a true type of a thorough German professor—he knows every thing that ever did occur in his particular department of knowledge, but little of the practical world around him. The evening's entertainment closed with a good supper, to which even German professors can do ample justice; and the brilliant Zumpt observed to us at table, that he could never reconcile himself to a residence in the United States on account of the low state of classical learning. He also has built himself imperishable monuments, and been gathered to his fathers. "May the earth rest lightly on his ashes!"

Berlin is undoubtedly the grand focus of mind for the German states; and the Academy of Sciences, founded by Leibnitz and long cherished by Alexander von Humboldt, is a body that we are almost tempted to prize more highly than its celebrated rival of Paris. Its sessions are employed in receiving the opinions and scientific researches of the first men of the age; and we have seen Humboldt and his Majesty of Prussia sitting side by side while listening to its deliberations. During the residence of our celebrated jurist Wheaton, at the court of Berlin, as American ambassador, he received the highest honor ever paid to profound erudition, in being elected a member of this Academy of Sciences, on account of his famous work on international law. It was an honor well placed, as this distinguished scholar was a brilliant exception to a very general rule; his time while abroad was continually employed in scientific and valuable researches. Would that we could say as much of all who represent the nation in foreign lands!

A prominent trait in the German character is the great respect paid to literary men of all professions: this pervades every class, from the government to the people. The students of the University never allow the professor to pass them in the schools or the street without raising their hats; and whatever may be the noise and excitement of the lecture-room, his entrance stills the troubled waves in a moment, and all heads are uncovered. On leaving the room, he always passes through a double row of his pupils, who, standing respectfully on one side, greet him as he leaves. The celebration of a teacher's birthday, be he high or low, is always an affair of absorbing interest to his pupils. The highest honor is a torch-light procession, and a

serenade by a choir of pupils, who generally produce something new for the occasion. Neander's birthday was sure to be honored by a brilliant procession. His pupils were regularly organized, and the proceedings were arranged by a committee on ceremonies. A speaker was appointed to express the feelings of his pupils, and congratulate him on the successful termination of the labors of another year. This assumed, in reality, the importance of a public demonstration. The students, bearing torches, formed a half circle around his dwelling, while others sang or spoke, and, finally, Neander addressed them and the multitude from the balcony. The pupils of the highest class were then invited to spend the evening in social intercourse with him and assembled admirers. There are many of such pleasing customs in the father-land, which tend to cement most closely the feelings and sympathies of teachers and students. In the schools and colleges the teacher's birthday is a holiday, and the scholars rival one another in making him the most acceptable presents: these are treasured up as mementos, and often form valuable collections. We were once passing through a small village in the interior of the country, and roamed about the town in search of curiosities or antiquities; scarcely had we left the house before some school children came past, and, approaching us respectfully, took our hands, and kissed them. This was repeated, to our surprise, a number of times during the walk. On inquiry, we learned that, being dressed in black, the children supposed us to be a pedagogue from the capital, and received us with school honors accordingly. At another time we were seated in one of the largest universities of Germany, listening to a very abstruse and learned discourse on international law, by a professor of great ability and popularity. The audience was large and attentive. In the midst of an abstraction the professor suddenly sneezed with violence; every student sprang on his feet as if touched by a magic wire; they all bowed their heads respectfully, and were again seated. We were for a moment alarmed, but soon perceived that this was only a mark of respect to their teacher, which, in society, is expressed by congratulations of a different character. The first time we had the misfortune to sneeze in company in German; both gentlemen and ladies bowed their heads slightly toward us, and exclaimed simultaneously, "May you get better!" This latter expression is variously modified for a variety; as, "To your health!" "May you be well!" But to take no notice at all of a hearty sneeze would be considered very ill-breeding. The custom is said to have originated with the pest in earlier times; the premonitory symptoms of an attack were violent fits of sneezing, when it became usual to wish that all who sneezed might get better.

The Prussian system of education for the masses is so well known that to linger here would be to repeat; suffice it to say, that it is thorough and

universal as far as possible. Their system educates the heart more than ours. It is compulsory; the law forces attendance in the common schools till a certain age; if the children do not come, they are placed under the surveillance of a branch of the police, whose duty it is to work hand in hand with teachers. Continued neglect is followed by punishment of the parents. But by far the most effective means of enforcing attendance at school is the absolute necessity of proving such attendance when entering into the business of life. The owners of manufacturing establishments dare not employ children under a certain age, and are subjected to a fine if they take those children without having first demanded and examined their certificates of attendance at school. A master can not take an apprentice to a craft of any kind unless said boy can show his school certificate. If the man wishes a marriage license, he must produce his certificates of school attendance and baptism; and recent enactments have, we believe, made it also necessary to produce certificates of having received religious instruction also. If he wishes a license to establish himself in his business, these certificates are also demanded. Even candidates for public offices are strictly examined as to their qualifications and regular attendance in public institutions. We knew a gentleman who applied for a position in the post-office, and with his application he handed in certificates proving a fourteen years' attendance in the schools, from the elementary department up to that institution specially destined to qualify young men for the responsible post of public officer. In short, ignorance there is a fearful Nemesis, that follows and torments, at every step, the poor victim whose youth has been a blank in his existence—a blank in youth draws a blank for life.

Berlin is peculiarly favored in institutions for unfortunate humanity in all its phases. The Institution of the Blind is unsurpassed; and in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum the teachers are no longer satisfied to teach deaf and dumb pupils, but are endeavoring to give back to them what nature had deprived them of; namely, the power of speech. It will be remembered that the Hon. Horace Mann some years ago visited this celebrated institution, and, on his return to this country, declared that the deaf and dumb can be taught to speak nearly as well as those who have never been afflicted. This bold assertion met with much opposition; and actual experiments were made in several of the splendid institutions of the New England states. The result has not been gratifying; and we think we clearly saw in Berlin the reason of the honorable enthusiasm of Mr. Mann, in relation to this new effort to alleviate the afflictions of humanity. Being politely favored by the learned principal with a few experiments in speaking, it was clear that the deaf mutes only understood their teacher by paying close attention to the movements of his lips: thus, understanding seemed by no means reduced to a cer-

tainty. The replies made by the pupils appeared to be little more than the result of a mechanical ingenuity in the organs of speech, acquired by a most fatiguing process; they were, so to say, mere explosions of the voice, with most imperfect modulation, destitute of feeling, and perfectly void of soul. To our eye the efforts were painful, and to the ear wounding and almost unintelligible; and no one understanding the language they endeavored to speak could pronounce it a successful result. It seemed to be battling too strongly against the decree of nature, and wasting efforts that would produce a much more happy influence in another direction.

We saw at that period, in a branch of the same institution, the commencement of an effort likely to result in infinitely greater good to the human race: it was the training of idiots. In a few small rooms were about twenty of the most hopeless imbeciles collected, varying in age from eight to twenty. In the first room were some that had just entered, that were so perfectly idiotic as to require watching to keep them from the fire, or to prevent them from chewing or eating whatever small objects they could obtain. The first effort made to rouse their attention was addressed to the eye; they were provided with a number of square blocks painted in brilliant colors; with these they played and became familiar. The next lesson was given by means of a board, having painted on it little figures of the color and shape of the blocks; they were then taught to place the red block on the red figure, and so on. Simple as this seems, weeks were sometimes required to bring them thus far. This being accomplished, they received three red blocks of different shapes, square, round, and triangular, and a board having the same figures and color on it. A double attention was now required, not only color but also form—the round red block was to be placed on the round red figure, etc. But color here soon assisted form too much, and various colors were now added. Having acquired this, they were promoted to a higher class in another room. The first lesson here was to distinguish form among a multitude of blocks of the same color, or, rather, not painted. A board containing cavities of various shapes, and blocks fitting these cavities were given—the problem was to place the round block in the round cavity without the aid of color. Then came number: take six blocks, and put three on one side of the table and three on the other. This required the most patient training. Not to tire by minutiae, we will merely state that in the last room we saw pupils performing simple problems in addition, pointing out countries on a chart, etc. These were pupils that had entered that institution with little of humanity about them except its image. The results were astounding; and so gratifying, that when we saw a parent come for a beloved child, which had thus been snatched from idiocy, we could scarcely repress a tear of secret joy. To the indefatigable teachers, who sacrificed their

feelings and wore out their bodies in this labor of love, posterity should raise a monument; for one must see the many revolting and trying scenes to be passed through in their efforts to appreciate the full worth of their devotion. We are gratified to know that an institution for idiots has just been established in this country, and bid it, with a full heart, "God speed!"

THE FUTURE

—
BY ONE IN HER TERMS.

—
"Trust to the future; the present may fright thee,
Scowling so fearfully close to thy side;
Face it unmoved, and no present can blight thee—
He who stands firmly each blast shall abide."

—
THE future—that undefined object of all our desires and anxieties! How the bright prism of hope tinges and colors all the aims and purposes that throng the dim, ideal future! It hath been wisely ordained that the future shall be all unknown to us; for if we could but foresee the calamities we should be called to endure, the spirit would often sink into despair, and thus deprive us of our presence of mind when it is most essential to our safety.

How often would the souls of great men have sunk within them, could they but have foreseen the trials through which they would have been called to pass, and the persecutions they would have to endure! For it must be remembered, that many of the great reformations and revolutions which have happened in the world, have been commenced without any conception of what would, in the end, grow out of them.

Luther, when he began his labors, aimed only at the correction of some outrageous abuses. If he could have known the division which his principles would occasion in his Church, and the troubles to which his followers would be subjected, his spirit might well have been dismayed, and deterred from attempting his great work. Such has been the case with very many who have been distinguished as discoverers or reformers.

It is for the best that the future should be hidden from us; yet, when the past is a dark oblivion and the present a fearful dream, how the heart yearns toward the far-off future! This is as it should be. Denied the pleasure of looking to the future for our reward, we should be deprived of some of the most effectual motives to industry and energy in exertion.

"Trust to the future." What though the waves of life's boisterous ocean come roughly, and threaten to overwhelm us! we are comforted with the knowledge that it can not last forever. One speaks truth as well as poetry who says:

"Never a night but there cometh a morrow;
Never a grief but the hopeful will borrow
Something of gladness to lighten the sorrow."

There are, indeed, seasons in every one's history when clouds and darkness are thick around, when frowns are more frequent than smiles, and when weariness, almost of life itself, hangs on the suffering spirit; yet in such hours doth hope come like a ministering angel, rousing us to action, and whispering to us, "Trust to the future." It is this thought of the future that nerves the heart to bear up under all the storms of life. It is this hope in the future that strengthens us to patient endurance of evil with the encouragement "all will yet be well."

Another thought gives importance to the future—the relation which it bears to the present. We seldom reflect on this as we should. A random thought, a little word, may have an influence which will only be known in eternity. "One word in kindness spoken" may bind friendship's chain so firmly that it will break only in death. One little act, one hasty deed, may part forever those who have been friends together from infancy.

"No one liveth to himself." Throughout the whole train of cause and effect a beautiful harmony is preserved, and the removal of one link of the golden chain disarranges the whole. How important, then, that every act be performed with reference to its effects on those under our influence! Particularly does this remark apply to those gifted ones, the "ten talented" few, who possess an almost unbounded influence over their readers. Their responsibility is, indeed, fearfully great. But none are so insignificant, how humble soever their station may be, as to claim exemption from this general law. In the beautiful words of a female writer:

"The smallest bark, on life's tumultuous ocean,
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore;
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be—and we should take
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake."

THE BROTHER OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WHEN Mr. Thomas Campbell was at college, he roomed with an elder brother, who was an admirable critic, and possessed a species of dry, sarcastic humor, peculiarly his own. Mr. Campbell had descended to the breakfast-room one morning, leaving the poet to follow at his leisure. He commenced his meal in solitude, and had nearly finished, when his brother entered with a copy of verses in his hand, which he laid on the table as an excuse for the delay, at the same time requesting Mr. Campbell's opinion of their merit. The reply was quite characteristic: "Your lines are admirable, Tom, my boy; but they want *fire*;" and, suiting the action to the word, the merciless critic committed the paper to the flames.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMER RAMBLES.

BY S. A. LATTIMORE.

CITY OF QUEBEC.

No other city of the new world, perhaps, presents to the summer rambler so many objects and associations of thrilling interest as this old metropolis of transatlantic France. Situated, as it is, in high northern latitude, and during half the year bleak, and cold, and frozen, as the desolate steppes of Siberia, yet enjoying a brief, sunny summer, mild and bland as the climate of Andalusia; standing on American soil, yet exhibiting to the observant visitor all the novelties of a foreign capital; far in the interior of a continent, nearly four hundred miles from the ocean, yet displaying a deep and spacious harbor, thronged with ships from every commercial nation of the globe; governed and defended by one of the great powers of Europe, yet strictly practicing the social and religious customs of another, conforming to their manners publicly and privately, and universally speaking their language—Quebec is, surely, one of the most unique and paradoxical cities of the world.

Its location is as singular as the appearance of the city itself, standing upon the extremity of an immense cliff of dark-colored, slaty rock, terminating in an abrupt right angle, formed by the confluence of the rivers St. Charles and St. Lawrence. Of the city there are two distinct divisions—the Upper Town, occupying the heights of the bold promontory; and the Lower Town, encircling its base at the water's edge, built upon a narrow area, which is almost entirely artificial—the creation of human industry—being partly formed of excavations made in the solid rock, and partly redeemed from the waves, as was the site of ancient Tyre.

The name of Quebec is intimately identified with the history of the most important colonial enterprises and military achievements, both of France and of Great Britain. More than once has this city constituted the valued prize for which three of the most powerful nations of the globe have fiercely contended. Twice has it belonged to France, and is now, the second time, a tributary of the British crown. Once it sustained the dint of American arms; but against even these its rock-built battlements proved invincible, and survived the shock unscathed.

As our steamer glided down the glassy harbor, and swept round in a graceful curve among the shipping, we gazed upon those high, defiant walls, and could not help contrasting that bright summer morning with a calm, beautiful afternoon more than two centuries and a half in the past, when a lonely, adventurous bark was seen unfurling her whitened sail to the breeze, and struggling slowly upward against the heavy current of the unexpelled St. Lawrence. No Sabbath bell had ever sent its solemn tones booming across the silent waters; none but the sea-fowl's snowy image had

ever been mirrored on their silvery sheen; the gay Canadian had never awakened the echoes that slept along the shore singing his boat song:

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

I envied the emotions of wonder and surprise that filled the breast of the brave old mariner—Cartier—as he gazed, from the deck of his vessel, upon that scene in its primeval freshness, and silence, and grandeur. His soul was awed within him, as, on either hand, he saw precipitous, rocky shores, densely mantled with waving forests of pines and firs, lifting their tall columnar shafts up toward heaven, and casting somber shadows far across the rolling waters of that mysterious river, pouring its swelling tide from a distant, unknown land onward to the ocean. Whence its vast and ceaseless flood? Where the exhaustless fountains that sent such a princely tribute to the realms of Neptune? Of Erie and Ontario, of farther Michigan and Superior, he had never heard; yet gorgeous were his fancies by day, and glorious his dreams by night, of that undiscovered country. Sometimes in his tedious progress upward he saw the birch canoe of the wild Algonquin, or of the fiercer Huron, shoot swiftly across the water before him, in affright at the strange apparition of a ship thus suddenly intruding upon his undisputed domain. Rounding a point of the Island of Orleans, an abrupt crag of colossal size towered up before them, at the first sight of which the pilot cried out, in Norman-French, "*Que bec!*" *What a beak!* and thus was chosen a facetious name for the future city.

On this almost inaccessible eminence the celebrated Champlain, geographer to the King, founded the metropolis of New France. For several years after its foundation, the growth of the new city was sadly retarded by an unfortunate interference in the hostilities then existing between the neighboring tribes of Indians. By contracting an alliance with the Algonquins, the colonists provoked the deadly and inexorable hatred of the powerful Iroquois, with whom the former were at war. Thus did those early pioneers in the pathway of empire become involved in a train of difficulties, which directed against them the malignant enmity of a numerous and relentless foe, against whose insidious attacks it became necessary to defend themselves by the erection of rude barriers, which, through the industry of successive generations, have grown into the magnificent walls as they now stand—the pride of the city.

Not long did this inviting prize escape the vigilance of the British Lion. Within twenty years from its foundation it fell into his possession, but was soon restored. Sixty years afterward, at the close of the seventeenth century, England made a bold effort to reconquer the city. By this time the

fortifications had been materially strengthened, and the attempt proved a failure. Seventy years more passed away, and again the British legions, in overwhelming numbers, swarmed round the walls of that doomed city, with the desperate determination to gratify their national avarice or perish in the attempt. The result was a complete and final conquest, and George II added to his crown a gem which William and Mary had failed to secure. During the American Revolution the city was again assailed by an army commanded by Arnold and Montgomery; but the expedition proved disastrous to American arms; and now for three-fourths of a century England has maintained an undisturbed possession, and will, most probably, for years to come, till the slow and gradual process of growth and decay shall change the relations at present existing between England and America.

While thus hastily recalling to mind these prominent points of interest in the annals of this city—the subject of many a vicissitude—the theater of many a stirring event—our vessel touched the shore. The singular construction of the wharf upon which we stepped first attracted our attention. It is an ingeniously contrived system of inclined planes, made to assume any angle of elevation suited to the tide, which here, notwithstanding the great distance from the sea, varies from sixteen to thirty feet in height. At the landing we underwent the usual grievances of such a place, being assailed by a phalanx of rude fellows, who raised an intolerable noise, each vociferously declaring the peculiar merits of his cab or caleche. They seemed to respect or fear nothing but our canes.

The streets are narrow, serpentine, and excessively crowded. As we forced ourselves along, we were reminded of the beginning of a line in Virgil, "*Fit via vi.*" Our emotions of the ludicrous were awakened, as we noticed in the streets a novel motive power applied by these crafty Canadians to purposes of transporting merchandise. A great amount of the labor performed elsewhere by more sturdy animals is here imposed upon the unfortunate dog. Harnessed to a Lilliputian wagon, the weight a dog will draw is really surprising. But in spite of his degradation, you can not help smiling, at least, while you observe one of these enslaved beasts patiently scrambling along at the heels of his lazy master, cautiously dodging from side to side to avoid collision with drays and carts drawn by his fellow-laborers, and all the while on the alert, looking out before and behind for the hoofs of horses and the wheels of cabs, as they dash along past him at their reckless rate.

The Upper and Lower Towns are connected by Mountain-street—a mere cleft in the rock—whose appellation, by the way, is highly indicative of its true character. Perseverance at last brought us to the summit of the acclivity, and, passing through the massive arch of Prescott Gate, we entered a walled city.

The walls are nearly three miles in extent, embracing a slightly irregular triangle. They are built of solid limestone, and stand upon the very verge of the cliff, which is precipitous on two sides of the city. Their thickness is about thirty feet, but their height varies with the inequalities of the surface of rock on which they rest. Only five gates, protected by powerful defenses, and carefully closed at night, communicate with the outer world. Of these the most elegant is Palace Gate, which is modeled after the style of the old Roman gateways, and excels all the others in the symmetry of its light and airy proportions. The numerous embattled towers, mounted cannon, embrasures, and loop-holes impart to the walls, especially when viewed from a distance, a beautifully castellated appearance.

The city within the wall is attractive to the tourist from its novelty and oddity, not from its beauty. As you jostle along the contracted street, the impression is one of extreme yet premature age. It is difficult to remember or realize the present—you live only in the past. It needs but another softening hue from the weird touch of Time to make Quebec a classic city. At every turn you meet a chieftain's monument—mementos of the brave, the noble dead; at every step you press heroic dust—mingled dust of deadliest foes. These are scenes rich in suggestions for the man of thought. The quaint old buildings, often combining several styles of architecture, evidently built piecemeal, by different hands, and at distant periods, stand before you as the grotesque relics of past ages. In other newer cities, the palaces of our own day, elaborately molded after the Italian, the Grecian, or the Gothic fashion, lift up their gaudy fronts with a presumptuous, lordly air, designed to compel our admiration, but which, in truth, only provokes us to most deliberate and unimpassioned criticism.

Not such is the feeling with which we look upon the gray, old, crumbling walls of Quebec, storied with many a memorable and romantic legend of yore. They exhibit no attempt at producing an effect—they suggest no thoughts of pride. There they stand, and look down upon us with the complacency of a cheerful old patriarch, whose genial spirit repines not querulously at the hand of Fate, as it braids another silver thread in his thin locks, or adds another mark of reverence to his furrowed brow. They inspire a loving sympathy, and we feel at once an attachment for them, obsolete and fantastic as they are. Dilapidated ruins inspire melancholy; but around these old buildings breathes an inviting air of familiarity and home-like feeling, deliciously congenial to the stranger or thinker, who loves his reflections spiced with a flavor of the antique. It seems the city was perfectly finished long, long ago, and the whole race of artisans vanished upon the completion of their work. Apparently, not a stone has been moved nor a repair or improvement made for years. The houses are

uniformly of a dingy, weather-stained hue, and are covered with bright tin roofs. Here all similarity ceases. There are no rows of stately, silent mansions, all fac-similes of each other—no blocks of stores, all of equal height, and width, and length. All kinds, shapes, and sizes are crowded together; and often, even in the same building, is seen a singular blending of the eccentricities of French and English taste. The streets are either curved or zigzag, and all narrow and intolerably rough; they cross each other at all possible angles, and scarcely can two be found parallel.

Near Prescott Gate, at which we entered, stands the Parliament House—the finest edifice of the city. Its lofty dome and elegant though simple front, render its effect quite imposing. For several years it had been unoccupied, but was beginning to put on a more cheerful air at the prospective return of the Provincial Government, which seems to have adopted an itinerant policy, dividing the salutary influences arising from its royal presence, in rotation, between the cities of the St. Lawrence. It is a significant fact, that, in the last twelve years, the four cities—Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto—have each in its turn been the capital of Canada. No doubt the proximity of a vigorous young republic exerts a disturbing influence upon those delicate relations existing between the people and the Government. The latter seems to be in a quandary, which reminds us of the story of Mohammed and the mountain: Court must be paid—if the people will not court the Government, then the Government must court the people.

The area between the Parliament House and the precipice is occupied by the Grand Battery, with its range of huge guns, commanding the entire harbor below. Turning to the left, and passing the Place d'Armes a short distance, we entered the Castle Garden, which is a favorite resort, and affords some delightful views of the suburban scenery. In one of its lovely recesses stands a plain obelisk—the monument of Wolfe and Montcalm, whose antagonism in life has transmitted to posterity their memory inseparably united.

In the central part of the city stand the Ursuline Convent and Church of St. Ursula, surrounded by a magnificent garden. The convent is a substantial building, founded as an educational institution by a benevolent French lady, more than two hundred years ago, for the benefit of the young ladies of Canada, of whom about four hundred are now its inmates. Generally the houses of public worship are inferior to those of Montreal in size and elegance. In numbers they are nearly equally divided between the Church of Rome and the Church of England, although more than three-fourths of the inhabitants are Catholics. The Wesleyan Chapel is the largest Protestant church in the city.

On the afternoon of a calm summer day we made our pilgrimage to the memorable Plains of Abraham. Leaving the city by St. Louis Gate, we entered at once upon an open plain, which stretches

away as far as the eye can see, toward the wild region embraced between the St. Charles and the Lawrence. Soon we passed the Martello Towers—a line of circular buildings of massive masonry—each surmounted by a piece of artillery, while from its lower sections numerous loop-holes, for the fire of musketry, open in all directions. Forming a line parallel with the western wall of the city, they are designed as outposts, to prevent an enemy from approaching sufficiently near to effect a successful bombardment. On the side exposed to the undefended plain these towers are of immense thickness, impervious to the heaviest cannon-ball; while on the side next to the city they are so thin that they may be instantaneously demolished by a single shot from the citadel, should they fall into the hands of the besiegers.

Nearly a mile west of the city walls, we arrived at the field of battle—the Plains of Abraham. No vestige of war met our gaze as we strolled thoughtfully over that gently undulating field—no sound fell upon our ears but the twitter of a sparrow and the chirrup of a cricket. How striking the contrast between that scene as we saw it, bathed in the serene, golden light of the sinking sun, and that same scene as *others* saw it, on a portentous morning, nearly a century ago, yielding its luxuriant human harvest temptingly to the hand of the Death-Angel!

One September morning, in the year 1759, the inhabitants of Quebec were awakened by the cry of alarm, and, rushing to the heights of the city, they beheld, with horror and dismay, the Plains of Abraham, which they had always deemed inaccessible to any invading foe, teeming with a countless host. To them it was a miracle more wonderful than the ancient myth of Cadmus, whose legions sprang full armed from the Theban soil. During the previous night the impetuous Wolfe—General of the British army—had landed his troops on the shore of the St. Lawrence, two miles above the city, at a cove, which ever since has borne the hero's name. In the van of his invincible grenadiers, he scaled the perpendicular cliff, attracting his men after him by the force of his unparalleled example. Such a daring feat was worthy of Napoleon and the San Bernard, or of M'Donald and the Splügen. The dawn of day saw that for which he had almost insanely dared to hope—that of which reason had bidden him despair—successfully, triumphantly achieved. He now felt that the long-coveted prize was fully in his grasp.

For the French only one alternative remained: they must either suffer the prolonged miseries of a siege, and probably a final and total overthrow and capture by an exasperated foe, or they must nobly and manfully meet the enemy in the open field. They chose the latter. Montcalm—their General—marshaled his soldiers before the walls of the city, and, when all things were ready, moved slowly yet firmly forward, at the head of his army, to meet his fate.

Painfully vivid were my impressions, as I stood upon the field of battle, and saw, in fancy, the whole tragic scene re-enacted before me—the dark, advancing host—the pause—the dreadful shock—the impetuous charge—the successive flashes and stunning explosions of artillery—and the wild confusion of hasty flight and hot pursuit, thundering over that ensanguined plain.

Around the two commanders the conflict raged the fiercest. Twice was Wolfe severely wounded, yet, in the fury of the fight, he heeded it not. Again a bullet pierced him; the wound was mortal; he fell; yet, falling, whispered, "Support me—let not my brave soldiers see me fall!" He was borne from the field dying, and his officers bent anxiously over him. While the darkness of the shadowy land was gathering thick and fast around the soul of the dying chief, his quick ear caught the words, "They run! They run!" "Who run?" asked he, wresting his departing spirit back to him with a convulsive struggle. "The enemy! The enemy!" "What!" he exclaimed, "do they run already? Now God be praised: I die happy!" and expired in the very moment of victory. Thus died General Wolfe, at the early age of thirty-two. Such is the death of a hero! It was Mohammed, I believe, who expressed the sentiment, "Paradise is under the shadow of swords!" On the spot where he expired now stands a light Corinthian pillar, surmounted by the Roman helmet and sword, bearing on the side facing the Plains of Abraham—the field of his glory—the simple inscription, "HERO DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS."

The defeat of the French was total. Montcalm received a mortal wound and died the following morning. He now sleeps within the sacred precincts of the Ursuline Convent, buried in an excavation made by the bursting of a bomb during the engagement. Wolfe's valor, however, was deemed worthy of a more honored burial, and he was taken home to old England to molder in the hallowed dust of his father-land.

Thus was lost and won the key to all Canada; and the important historical events which have followed in the train of this brilliant conquest are known to all. We need not here stop to detail them.

When we were ready to return, it was intimated by our cabman in very explicit terms, although he was not master of English enough to express it in words, that our reflections and loiterings had been prolonged to his great vexation. He, however, found us utterly heedless of his complaints, and became indignantly silent, much to our gratification. As we wheeled away from that still, houseless city of the dead, toward the busy city of the living, I fell into a pensive, moralizing train of thought, thinking how many a happy circle that single battle left with a vacant chair—how many a fond heart it left broken and desolate forever. Verily, on the field of conflict are witnessed the most trivial circumstances of war: the pain, the

agony, the anguish is felt—*not there*—but in unknown hearts and homes far, far away.

Entering the city again by St. Louis Gate, and winding up a labyrinthine passage cut through the Glacis, with towering walls of solid masonry on either hand, we at last arrived at Dalhousie Gate, the entrance to the citadel. This Gate is of gigantic proportions, and is all that iron and adamant can make it.

Here we presented our pass, previously obtained from the Town Major. As we emerged from the massive portal into the open area of the citadel, we felt that we were in a fortress of as great security as man can make. So complex is this stupendous masterpiece of military art, that an adequate idea of its plan can not be given without a diagram. Its general form is that of a triangle included in the great triangle of the city walls. Its outline embraces about forty acres, cut off from the city by a strongly fortified wall extending across the southern angle. Here for two centuries have been accumulating the successive improvements made by all nations in the science of fortification, till it is, at this day, second only to one other stronghold in the world, and well deserves its epithet—the Gibraltar of America.

As you stand upon the parade-ground, and look around you upon the high gray walls, with their bastions, and angles advancing and retreating in all directions, the effect is bewildering. Your position seems to be the center upon which, at any moment, might be concentrated a simultaneous volley from a hundred loop-holes and embrasures. You change your place, and they glare down upon you still. The point of greatest danger seems to be like the center of the sphere of Hermes—everywhere. Moreover, all around the ramparts are ranged powerful mortars, ready to drop their deadly bombs upon you from above; while in subterranean passages, deep beneath your unsuspecting feet, are deposited vast magazines of explosive matter, which may be fired in a twinkling. It is, perhaps, the most secure and perilous spot on the continent. An army of myriads could not harm you; yet a spark might make the mountain of rock on which you stand a blazing volcano, terrible as *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*.

Here thirteen hundred soldiers, with provisions for seven years, are constantly maintained at public expense. One of them conducted us round the ramparts, and, in his officious efforts to enlighten us upon statistical and historical facts, disclosed the secret that, in many respects, he was more ignorant than we of the matters he pretended to understand. It should be added to his credit, however, that he displayed a commendable magnanimity in allowing us frequently to correct and contradict him. We were soon satisfied and tired looking at stone walls, pyramids of cannon-balls, and great black guns—the machinery of death.

On ascending the highest pinnacle of the citadel, and taking our stand beside the huge signal gun,

over which the broad folds of the Royal standard are forever flung to the breeze, we hailed with delight, from our rock-built observatory, a landscape of woods and plains, of mountains and rivers, such as had seldom blessed our eyes. In the transport of the moment, we felt as if we had suddenly, unexpectedly escaped from a long and dark captivity, in which we had been cruelly shut out from the beautiful creation of God.

The marvelous transparency of the atmosphere diminishes the apparent distance of remote objects even to delusion, revealing their outlines and shades with wonderful clearness. Breathing becomes an exquisite luxury in that pure, exhilarating air, which penetrates every cell of the lungs, quickening the play of the heart, and impelling the warm current of life onward with a sparkle through the veins. You feel yourself becoming an ethereal being. The sprightliness and vivacity for which the Canadians are proverbial is not the result of temperament—it is *inhaled* from the air.

Leaning over the parapet, and looking downward perpendicularly a giddy distance, our eyes rested once more on the broad St. Lawrence, still rolling onward, three hundred and fifty feet beneath us. A little to the left was the Bay glittering in the sunlight, with countless ships reposing on its bosom like a bevy of sea-gulls. There was the Lower Town, with its narrow row of buildings, encircling the base of the crag on whose eminence we were perched; while adjoining, yet below us, was the dingy, crowded city, with a glare of blinding light reflected from its roofs of polished tin. For forty miles up and down we saw that grand river flowing between banks of unfading verdure, flashing in the evening sun like a flood of liquid silver. Seemingly within a stone's throw, but in reality a mile or two away, down the stream, was the emerald-green Island of Orleans. Far, far away to the south, in the very horizon, we saw the green hills of Vermont, vividly recalling the happy hours we had spent in rambling along the shores of the Connecticut, or in admiring the classic beauty of the mountain scenery, which suggested the whim that it resembled the landscapes of ancient Greece—not desolate as it is now, but as it was in the palmy days of Pericles. Toward the northwest we traced the winding course of the St. Charles, till it was lost in the evergreen hills of the wilderness. In one of its most graceful curves is cozily nestled the beautiful little Indian village of Lorette, where dwells a handful of aborigines claiming descent from the ancient Hurons—a remnant of sad, hopeless, gloomy people; who live only to perpetuate a memory of the melancholy fate that once befell a mighty nation, and swept it from existence.

As our eyes swept farther round to the north, the scenery became more stern and savage. Over a region hundreds of miles in extent, spread out an expanse of low, rugged hills, covered with a

dense, unbroken forest, whose gigantic growth may well justify the Indian hyperbole, which declares that the trees hide their heads in the clouds. Here is an ample domain, green and fresh as it first came forth from the plastic hand of the Creator, upon which civilization has never committed sacrilege by rendering its vast mines of varied wealth tributary to the use or avarice of man, where the genius of the most romantic day-dreamer may roam, wild and free, with Aladdin's lamp, in a world all his own, working the airy wonders of a new creation, and peopling it with fairy Naiad, Oread, and Dryad—the bright-eyed children of his own exuberant fancy. Here all the summer-day long gambol the shadows of the passing clouds, merrily chasing each other as they fit along in their wavy flight from hill-top to hill-top. As the wind swept over that wide expanse of hill-country, bending the lordly pines and silver firs before its breath, the dense, heavy masses of somber foliage swaying and heaving to and fro resembled the tumult of the ocean after a storm. Across that sylvan main, a hundred miles away to the north, we perceived a low range of mountains forming the background of that mighty landscape. That mountain range in the blue distance is the farthest limit of civilization. Beyond that barrier impenetrable wilds, untrudged save by the feet of the solitary Indian hunter, extend an unknown distance to the shores of Hudson's Bay. Long did we linger to gaze upon that stupendous panorama, as seen from the Acropolis of the quaint, the grotesque, the antique city of Quebec.

THE DEAD FLOWER.

BY HON. E. F. BIDDLE.

The fairest flower can least withstand
The chill of winter's blast;
'Tis born to grace a sunnier land,
Too fragile here to last.

The flower upon the mountain's crest
By storms is soonest driven,
Because it far o'erpeers the rest,
And stands the nearest heaven.

The tenderest flower by some rude frost
Is ever first to perish:
'Tis thus the fairest first are lost,
And those whom most we cherish.

So I have lost my bosom's flower;
I guarded her with care,
And nursed her in my heart's own bosom;
But, ah! she was too fair.

Pale relic of a lovely gem
That faded in an hour!
I would not give the withered stem
For any living flower!

CHARITY.

BY ORLA.

"Tis not to pause, when at my door
A shivering brother stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or *why* he help demands.
'Tis not to spank that brother's prayer
For faults he once had known;
'Tis not to leave him to despair,
And say that I have none."

"*Are you cold, mother?*" and the lustrous eyes were raised wistfully to the mother's face. "O, how I wish the summer-time would come!" It was the home of want, that dreary room; the window closed, because the cold was more dreaded than the darkness, and the few embers upon the old hearth were dying out.

The snow was deep upon the ground—its chilling mantle over all; and in many a dwelling bright faces looked forth from the casements, joyously watching the feathery flakes in their rapid flight, while round the cheerful fire-light clustered loving hearts, the young, the gay, the happy. What mattered it to such that there were dwellings where no joy had room, young hearts beating fainter as the night came on, eyes dimmed with tears, and watching amid want and woe! Yet from homes of happiness such as these that very day the poor wanderer had been turned away—carelessly by some, and from others words more chilling than the wintery blast added to her heart's desolation.

To those who questioned, how could she tell that he who should have been a guide and protector filled a drunkard's grave? and even if she had, that was too common a story to reach some hearts. "Be ye fed, and be ye clothed," was too often the sympathy given—the sympathy which availoth naught to the destitute. Turn not away despairingly, poor child of want; though mortal eyes look not pityingly upon thee, the Father in heaven is hearing that earnest prayer from the depths of thy stricken heart.

From the abodes of plenty, the homes where peace and joy seemed resting, the weary woman turned with her sick boy. She had taken many a painful step that day, and the last brought her to the city's crowded mart, and she wandered on hopelessly, reduced at last to ask charity, that she might find shelter till the morning dawned. But the earnest petition was all unheeded by those who might have given aid.

As the day wore on, she stood worn and exhausted before the dreary home of one, herself an object of pity. Food she had none, but what she had—a shelter from the storm—she gave, and the blessing of one who was ready to perish rested on the widowed head. A few sticks were laid upon the hearth, and for a brief time the cheering blaze brought hope to the mother's heart, but not warmth to the dying child. He had lived beneath a sunny

sky, in a summer land; and in that last hour, when the Death-Angel hovered near, his sick heart yearned for the blue sky that once smiled upon him, and the breath of the flowers that sprang up beneath the feet, in that far land a blessing alike to all.

The night came on at last—the storm without, and death within; but silently the mother watched by that rude pallet, save when the young voice called her name, or sought to twine his arms about her neck. She shrank not from the icy touch, but laid her wan cheek to his, and soothed him with words of love from an anguished heart. "Are you cold, mother?" how the words rang in her ear!

It was soon over—the watching and the grief. The young spirit fled peacefully away; the eyes that had yearned to look upon a fairer land were opened in the glorious home, where there are no more tears. And the mother bowed her head, and wept; yet not murmuring, for she knew that it was well. She was alone in the wide world, not even the little child's love to brighten her pathway; yet she murmured not.

The night passed on; the morning came; but its light was not for her: the weary were at rest—the mother and her child had fallen asleep.

They laid them in a pauper's grave; but no one stood beside it as they placed them there, save the hoary-headed who had shared with them her all. She lived alone, uncared for by the world, and perchance ere the coming of another winter her bosom will have ceased to beat, and her home be in the far-off land. But in the day when the Son of God shall come to number his jewels; when the earth shall pass away and its homes be no more forever; when he calleth his own to the Father's dwelling, then she whom the world knew not may hear him saying, "Come ye blessed!" or, "Forasmuch as ye did it unto one of these little ones, ye did it unto me!"

TENDENCIES OF THE AGE.

"*AMERICANS,*" says Dr. Edward Thomson, "are formed for activity—not contemplation. We tear up our forests before they can become classical. Should a poetical lover choose an elm to immortalise its shade, his muse would hardly be invoked before the echo of the woodman's ax would frighten her away. We have our 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' but our breathing is through the steam-pipe, and our burning is by the furnace. We have our wire-drawn distinctions, but they are drawn over poles to distinguish turnpike-roads. We are utilitarians, and we measure our achievements by the mason's square and weigh our gains in the scale *avoirdupois*. Divines and doctors, like boots and bridges, are made in a hurry. Our hurry has led us into an excessive division of labor, which, however favorable to the development of resources, is not so to the development of mind."

THE STING OF DEATH.

BY REV. J. B. PARKER.

DEATH is the foe of all mankind. He may be repulsed for a season, but he invariably conquers at last; and as if enraged by defeat, every succeeding approach is made with increased and more tiger-like ferocity. A hundred times has he stripped earth of her numerous denizens, and left her in sorrow and mourning. Of all the millions that have ever lived upon the earth, two only have been rescued from his devouring jaws; and these he diligently pursued till they were even taken to heaven. No wonder, then, that death should be viewed with terror and alarm by so large a portion of the human family. It may well poison their happiness, and cast a gloom upon many a pleasure. Paul the apostle represents this formidableness of death under the idea of a *sting*. All those who have ever realized the painful effects of this weapon must be struck with the appropriateness of the figure or manner of representation.

Wherein does the sting of death consist? What clothes it with so much terror, and enables it to poison so effectually the cup of human joy? We have the effect, but where is the cause? This is certainly a question of importance—one that should be well considered by every human being.

Paul tells us that this "sting of death is *sin*." Remove this, therefore, and its power to terrify and distress man will be gone; and instead of destroying his happiness, it will be looked upon as the final messenger that shall usher the weary spirit of earth into the pure and fadeless enjoyments of the immortal state. The truth of this is not dependent alone upon revelation; numerous and familiar facts also attest it.

1. Some may suppose, without due reflection, that the sting of death consists in its *certainty*—the fact that, sooner or later, it will inevitably be our portion. That certainty clothes the subject of death with importance is true; but that it clothes with powers to terrify and distress man is manifestly absurd. If *certainty* could give death its sting, then we might expect that every other event or fact of whose existence or occurrence we are certain would likewise give us pain. But how many events, past, present, and future, known to be certain are nevertheless wholly without this effect! We know, for instance, that we are here, and not somewhere else; that we have descended from a long line of ancestry; that we are rational, intelligent creatures; and yet there is no *sting* in this knowledge. We are certain that light emanates from the sun, that day to night and night to day succeeds; we are certain of a benign providence that kindly supplies our varied wants, that a virtuous life is rewarded with blessings; but there is no *sting* in all this certainty. Who was ever distressed because a fondly cherished friend was restored to health and happiness? or that

danger of any kind was past and safety returned? or that any other desire of the human heart was realized, provided it was found to conduce to our happiness? Far from true is it, therefore, that the sting of death is the simple fact of its certainty.

2. Others may suppose that it is the *uncertainty*, not of its approach, but of the *time* of its approach, that gives to death its sting. This view, however, is no less erroneous than the preceding. Let us, for the sake of illustration, suppose a case, as follows: I become indebted to a friend in a certain sum of money, for the payment of which no specific time is agreed upon; the understanding, however, is that my friend may call upon me at *any time*, and that when he calls payment shall be faithfully made by me. As a man of prudence and honor, I am, as a matter of course, highly anxious to meet my engagement according to promise. A failure to meet it thus would perhaps materially injure me in my reputation and business. Hence the great caution and care which characterise all my plans and operations by which to meet my engagement. Days, weeks, perhaps months, elapse, and, contrary to my most sanguine expectations, my plans all fail, and, consequently, the means with which to meet the demand are not secured. My friend, perhaps, has not yet called on me for the redemption of my promise; but how anxious and troubled am I all this time in view of the possibility that my friend may call and find me thus unprepared! What sleepless nights and restless days do I pass! What alarm does every opening of my gate and every rap at my door cause! Every man dimly seen, every voice faintly heard, produces the impression, "That is probably my creditor and my friend."

Extend the case still further. Circumstances take a change, and I come in possession of the necessary means to cancel this demand whenever it may be made upon me; that is, I am now fully prepared for the emergency. What now are my feelings! How great the change that has come over me! I no longer fear each rap, and step, and voice; my sleep is now undisturbed, and my days are cheerful and happy. All fear from this source is now gone. But what so quickly has wrought this change? Has the certainty that my friend will, some time or other, make the demand been diminished? Not at all. Has the time when he will make it been ascertained? Surely not. The case, in both these respects, remains unaltered. This familiar illustration exhibits the error of those who place the sting of death in our want of knowledge of the time when it will take place. The uncertainty when any event will occur in which we feel no interest, or for which we consider ourselves prepared, gives us no uneasiness. We know not how often we breathe in a given time, or what moment we shall wake in the morning, or what thoughts shall first possess the mind; we know not beyond conjecture whether the numerous planets in the heavens are inhabited, or, if so, what is the character of their inhabitants, what their form and

size; whether, like us, they have violated any law of their being, and need a vicarious atonement to restore them to forfeited happiness; and yet we receive no pain from all this uncertainty. Thousands of facts, the time of whose occurrence is as unknown to us as the time of our last struggle, give us, nevertheless, no pain: No more can it be the uncertainty of death that gives us this sting.

3. The sting of death does not consist in the physical pain with which it is often accompanied. Great as this pain is in many instances, it is seldom equal to that of many periods prior to that event. We generally endure a thousand times more pain *before* death than *in* death. The pain *in* death is of short duration—lasting but a few moments, or hours at most. And more frequently it seems to be unknown at this time. The system becomes so reduced, and worn out by previous suffering, that death often severs unheeded the ligaments that bind soul and body together. But take the strongest case, one where pain is the greatest, and it will be far less, in most instances, than the suffering of the same individual at former periods. If it is the suffering connected with death that causes it to be so much dreaded, why is not the previous suffering known as probable equally dreaded? Whoever suffered as much physically in the hour of death as he with a broken arm or dislocated joint? Yet such is their dread of death that many would rather have all their limbs broken than be summoned to die. Why this singular choice, if the pain of death is all that makes it dreadful?

4. Neither do the circumstances or its manner of approach constitute the sting of death. It is a remarkable fact that there is a great want of harmony among those who reason otherwise. The sparkling, joyous youth thinks that at no period would death be so unwelcome as at present. Let me enjoy the bloom of life, let the pleasures of youth and the comforts of maturer years be mine, and when I reach the period of old age and infirmity death will be stingless and easy. The aged and infirm, on the other hand, staggering under the weight of years, tell us that never was death so dreadful as now, regretting often that they had not died while young. Death may come upon us with some loathsome or pestilential disease; its approach may be lingering and long protracted, or it may be quick and violent, affording no time for reflection and preparation. It may come upon us when alone or among strangers, where no kind one is present to wipe the gathering moisture from the cold brow, and whisper in the last hour the love of a friend; or by snatching us from their arms, it may be a source of the keenest anguish to those nearest our hearts. But the error of supposing the sting of death to consist in these, or any other of its modes of manifestation, is seen in the great contrariety of opinion on this subject. One fixes it in one fact; another in something directly its opposite. Scarcely can two be found who entertain precisely the same opinion. It is farther seen, and clearly seen,

in the fact, that death has been frequently known to be stingless under each and all of these circumstances. Its dread was all gone. The aged and the youthful, the friendless and the befriended, the long sufferer and the sudden victim, have each been enabled to submit to this ordeal, in its most trying forms, without a murmur.

5. The question being thus narrowed down, we are the better prepared to appreciate the true answer, as given by the apostle, "The sting of death is sin." Behold, in its mother's arms, the tender infant! How guileless and how lovely! Its sweetness is equaled only by the fondness of the mother. Look again! It has fallen a victim, all at once, to the destroyer—it is struggling in death. But where are those expressive signs of pain and suffering so often seen in the trying hour? Where are the mental perturbation, the frantic ravings, the entreaties for rescue, and the utter unwillingness so often manifested by persons as they are about to be ushered into the untried future? In this case all is calmness and composure. Not a murmur is heard, not the slightest evidence of alarm is seen. And why this difference? Why all this composure and resignation? Surely it is not because no pain is present. List to those expressive groans! Observe the heavings of that innocent breast! How numerous the signs of the severest physical suffering! Alas! these are the unmistakable evidences of the greediness of Death; they show him to be severing, in the most careless manner, the ligaments that bind in one the tender twain. He always bears the resistance of divine Providence with impatience; and no sooner is it withdrawn, than he devours his victim with the voraciousness of the lion. The calmness and resignation manifested in such a case can only be accounted for by the absence of a consciousness of sin and its consequences. Pilloved on the bosom of innocence, the soul can take its flight without starting a tear or causing a sigh. "Except ye become as little children, ye can not see the kingdom of God."

Saints, too, have died most cheerfully. Some of them have been favored, in the final struggle, with so large a prelibation of heaven, that we are reminded of Stephen's joy, when all who looked on him in the council beheld his face as it were the face of an angel. Such sudden flashes of spiritual greatness and soul-transfiguration in men who calmly moved through the last conflict to their eternal home, resemble the white wing of the seabird, gleaming through the mist and spray, against the storm-cloud, as she homeward veers to her friendly rock. They are like the glory on earth of some ministering cherub, suddenly unveiled in the moment of its return to heaven. How unlike the teaching of earth on this subject is the hopeful language of the Gentile apostle: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand!" The sentiment here expressed is the sentiment of thousands under similar circumstances. Their language may be different, but their hopes are all the

same. One, when dying, exclaimed in ecstasy, "Death is not terrible; it is unstinged; the curse of the fiery law is done away. I bless his name, I have found him, I am taken up in blessing him; I am dying, rejoicing in the Lord; I long to be in the promised land; I wait for thy salvation: how long! Come, sweet Lord Jesus, take me by the hand! what means he to stay so long?" Another expressed himself as follows: "I am through mercy quite above the fears of death, and am going to Him whom I love above life. O, that I could let you know what I now feel! O, that I could show you what I see! You little think what a Christ is worth upon a death-bed. O the glory! the unspeakable glory that I behold! My heart is full, my heart is full! Christ smiles—would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed Savior are open to embrace me, the angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom: you would not have the heart to detain me if you could but see what I see!" How different from that of his revilers is the dying language of that great reformer, John Knox; "That day is now at hand which I have so often and intensely longed for, in which I shall be dissolved, and be with Christ. O, my friends, wait on the Lord, and death will not be terrible! I have a certain persuasion in my own breast, that Satan shall not be permitted to return or molest me any more in my passage to glory; but that I shall now, without any pain of body or agony of soul, sweetly and peacefully exchange this wretched life for that which is through Christ Jesus." The last words of another, now eminent in glory, were, "I shall shine! I shall see him as he is, and all the fair company with him, and shall have my large share; I have gotten the victory; Christ is holding forth his arms to embrace me." A little before his last breath, he said, "Now I feel, I enjoy, I rejoice; I feed on manna, I have angel's food; my eyes will see my Redeemer! 'I know that he will stand at the latter day upon the earth.'" He expired saying, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!" John Wesley left a testimony in the hour of death that will be quoted to the end of time. Through his matchless perseverance and untiring energy he had roused from apathy a Christian world. He outlived the storm, conquered his enemies, and died the object of universal admiration. During his own lifetime his worth was but illy appreciated. He was at least one hundred years in advance of his time; and it remained for coming ages to see his worth, and confer upon him the honor he earned during the darkness of the past century. He now ranks, by common consent, among the greatest benefactors of our race. Honor comes pouring in upon him from every direction; but he needs it not. His happy and triumphant death assures us that he is honored of God. His last words—"The best of all is, God is with us"—are replete with meaning, and show us how easy is death in the absence of sin. Observe the death-bed of Bishop M'Kendree—the man who endured

for his Master hardships and toil seldom endured by mortal being. His language to those in tears and anguish around him is, "Weep not for me: all is well—all is well!" These are but instances of a large class who have died thus triumphant. They occurred in the history of men who lived to God; who moved in a stratum of the moral world far above other men—above the carnal babblers who sneered at their consolations, as also beyond the counterfeit consolations of a world that lieth in wickedness. "It is thus that the superb eagle, in the region of thunder, darts along on majestic pinion, and seems to say to mortals, 'I was born on the earth, but I live in the sky.'"

DISTINGUISHED CONVERSATIONISTS.

It was said of Dr. Johnson, though his time seemed to be bespoke, and quite engrossed, that his house was always open to all his acquaintance, new and old. His amanuensis has given up his pen, the proof-reader has waited on the stairs for a proof-sheet, and the press has often stood still, while his visitors were delighted and instructed. No subject ever came amiss to him. He could transfer his thoughts from one thing to another with the most accommodating facility. He had the art, for which Locke was famous, of leading people to talk of their favorite subjects, and on what they knew best. By this he acquired a great deal of information. What he once learned he rarely forgot. They gave him their best conversation, and he generally made them pleased with themselves for endeavoring to please him.

Poet Smart used to relate, "that his first conversation with Johnson was of such variety and length, that it began with poetry and ended in fluxions." He always talked as if he was talking upon oath. He was the wisest person, and had the most knowledge in ready cash, that I ever had the honor to be acquainted with. Johnson's advice was consulted on all occasions. He was known to be a good casuist, and therefore had many cases submitted for his judgment. His conversation, in the judgment of several, was thought to be equal to his correct writings. Perhaps the tongue will throw out more animated expressions than the pen. He said the most common things in the newest manner. He always commanded attention and regard.

It seems, however, that the great lexicographer found in Edmund Burke considerable of a compeer. Said Dr. Johnson once, when reduced by sickness, "That fellow Burke calls forth all my powers. Were I to see him now, it would kill me." Goldsmith, the poet, once remarked to Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, "*Can your old friend wind into a subject, like a serpent, as Burke does?*"

Some men talk from sunrise to sunset, and say nothing at last. Hence, no more in satire than in truth, may we say, "The greatest talkers have not always the greatest sense."

THE SUBLIMITY OF THE BIBLE.

BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

SUBLIME, etymologically, means high; applied to the arts, that which transcends nature; to the soul, a certain emotion, an expansion, elevation, agitation—better felt than described; and to composition, those ideas which awaken this emotion. That the Bible abounds in such ideas it is easy to show.

1. Its first line carries us back to the beginning. Should you see a mountain calmly rise by volcanic force from the bosom of the sea, would not your soul, as you watched it lifting its head for the first time to the clouds, be conscious of sublime emotions? and would not such emotions be revived as often as memory recalled the scene? Go back, with the Bible, to the beginning, when there was no earth nor sea; no sun nor star; not even a thin cloud, nor glimmering lightning, nor breath of air, nor gravitation, nor impulse, and watch till this teeming, glowing universe rises before you, and you shall feel the emotion of the sublime.

2. Creation is another sublime idea of the book of God. Ancient philosophers could not attain to it; they thought matter to be eternal, and God to be a mere architect, who constructed the universe from pre-existing materials. When you see a noble edifice rising rapidly under the labors of workmen, who are supplied with materials, you are conscious of a sublime emotion; but could you see a temple rise instantly, without materials and without hands, how much more would the soul be moved! Think then of that voice which spoke in the infinite void, and at whose utterance up rose the earth and heavens amid the shout of the sons of God!

3. It gives the idea of the end as well as the beginning. I know not which is the more sublime. Who can think seriously of his own end, even though he reflect upon death as the avenue to higher life, without being deeply moved? The idea of parting with the world and all its struggles and prospects, with earth and skies, with sun and moon, with wife and children; of hovering on the verge of an unknown state of being; of hailing the disembodied spirits, angels and heaven, God and Christ, is capable of awakening in any susceptible mind the mightiest movement. It was this idea that pressed from the soul of Mozart the sublimest strain perhaps that mortals ever heard, who have not heard the heavenly halleluiahs. He thought he was composing his own requiem. There he sat, the idea of death upon him, combining the solemn sounds that were wafted to him from the enchanted land of song, till the overpowering emotion crushed his body and liberated his soul. But what is the death of a single man to the burial of this earth and these heavens? Think of it! To stand on the globe when the last trumpet is blown; when the cities are emptied, and the shores are dumb; when the waters are pulseless, and the plains are cold; when the sun wipes the death

damps from the face of the world, and the dying agonies of the universe begin! The conception has produced one of the finest lays of the English language—"Campbell's Last Man."

Another of the Bible's sublime ideas is immortality. Multiply the sands of the shore by the dews of the morning, and you would have a number which could hardly be enunciated in an age by the united labors of all the tongues of earth. Let that number stand for years, and it were as nothing to eternity. Yet this interminable duration is the inheritance of the soul; and through it that soul shall preserve its personality, its capacities, its susceptibilities, and may ascend the steeps of light with uninterrupted and accelerated progress, with wider understanding, deeper emotions, finer sensibilities, nobler principles, higher duties, riper fellowships, and through more elevated ranks of the angelic hosts, and grander demonstrations of infinite power. He who can not see the sublimity of this thought, can not have meditated upon it. Let his soul struggle day and night with that serpent thought annihilation, till it would seem that it must be strangled by its folds; then let him lift up the swelled eyeballs of his suffocating spirit to see the seraph immortality descend from her native hills to his rescue, and he shall know how the soul can swell at the mention of the word. Deprive a people of the idea of immortality, and you check their noblest aspirations and impulses, you blight their affections, you strengthen their vices, you weaken their virtues, and sweep away the foundation of statuary, painting, eloquence, and song. Grecian genius attained its height when the great Athenian martyr reasoned his soul into a belief of a pure and inviolable world; and the glory of Rome culminated when her great orator cried out, "*O preclarum diem cum ad illud divinorum animarum concilium, ceterumque proficiam, cumque ex hac turba et colluvione discedam*"—"O glorious day, when I shall withdraw from this crowd and dust, and go to join that general assembly of glorified spirits!" The idea of immortality may be found in other books than the Bible; but no where else is it presented steadily, distinctly, certainly, authoritatively. In connection with this doctrine, the Bible presents us with the sublime idea of a resurrection—an idea foreign from the suggestions and even the dreams of philosophy, but not contradicted by either reason or analogy. Distinctly it is announced by Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The Bible not only announces the doctrine, but illustrates it. We see an illustration of it beneath that cloud of the excellent glory which overshadowed the mount of transfiguration, when Moses and Elias from the courts of Heaven conversed with the incarnate God and his flesh and blood disciples, till the face of Immanuel did shine as the sun, and his very raiment was white as the light. We have another illustration at the period of the crucifixion, when many of the saints which slept came forth from

their opened tombs in the rocks, and walked the streets of the holy city. But the brightest and most perfect illustration is afforded by the Son of Man, when he comes forth from the sepulcher with his body, and bears it, with all its wounds and scars, up the heavens to the throne of God. The idea must strike every one as sublime, but its full power can not be felt under ordinary circumstances. It may be your privilege, gentle reader, to love intensely some beautiful fellow-being, and to enjoy his fellowship with increasing affection; and he becomes the idol of your heart, the angel of your pathway, the sunshine of your home. It may be your calamity to have the ties which bind you to him suddenly broken: then, as you follow his coffin to the grave, and feel that the earth is robbed of its brightness, and that you are the lone pilgrim of the desert, you will be able to comprehend the sublimity of these words, piercing your ear as from the lips of God, "I am the resurrection and the life." I have hailed that glorious sun at his rising, and stood entranced in his setting beams; I have looked up to heaven at midnight, and mused on the moon and stars when none but God was with me; I have sat silent and solitary in my closet, and thought over, one by one, my Savior's miracles; I have pictured to my mind the Almighty molding the earth of the fresh creation into a human form, and breathing the breath of life into the nostrils of Adam; but never has my heart been so agitated as when I have thought of Jehovah coming forth, at the blast of the last trumpet, to summon together the scattered dust of the corpse, and mold it into a body spiritual, incorruptible, immortal, radiant as the sun, and fashioned after the glorious body of the God-man. Of all miracles the miracle of the resurrection is the most sublime. No wonder that it has inspired some of the noblest strains of song and the greatest triumphs of art.

The Bible gives us the notion of angels. It often recalls to us these glorious beings. An angel stands by a fountain of water in the wilderness to speak a beautiful promise to a wandering and broken-hearted mother. Angels converse with Abraham in his tent door; and smite a crowd with blindness to protect a good man in a guilty city. They crowd a mountain to guard one prophet, and drive a chariot up the skies to bear another home. They walk the burning furnace on Dura's plain to protect the martyrs from the power of fire. An angel breathes on an Assyrian camp, and spreads the earth with corpses of the ungodly host. Nor are these messengers confined to former dispensations. One of them announces to the shepherds Messiah's birth, and presently a multitude of the heavenly hosts throng the plain around him, and fill the midnight air with the ravishing music of their song. Angels minister to the Mediator after his temptation; they strengthen him in his prayer of agony and blood, roll away the stone from the mouth of his tomb, and spread before the eyes of his disciples the vision of his glory. They are

with his apostles after his ascension; for them they bear down messages from heaven, and bear up praise from earth; they are with them in prisons and in shipwreck. That wonderful vision of the Apocalypse, which closes the sacred canon, is as full of angels as the arch of heaven is full of stars. They blow the trumpets; they open the seals; they pour out the vials of wrath upon earth and sea, rivers and fountains, sun and air. Indeed, revelation's history begins and ends with the ministry of cherubim and seraphim. After the expulsion of man they guard the gates of Paradise, and at the final judgment they sever the wicked from the just. That this adds to the sublimity of the Bible who doubts? The mythology of Greece and Rome, which peopled the stars and the elements with divinities, and even turned natural phenomena into mysterious existences, inspired the genius of those nations, and gave vast range and power to their chisels, their pencils, and their songs. Though nature herself is grand, her mountains, her storms, her clouds become far more inspiring when regarded as animated with the ghosts of the dead, and gleaming with the shields of the gods. The immortal works of the past owe their sublimity chiefly to the stimulating influence of conception of the supernatural upon human imagination. Job well describes this effect: "In thoughts from visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence." Think how you would feel if your slumbers were broken by unearthly sounds, or your vision greeted with such midnight apparitions as that which struck the prophet to the earth on the banks of the Ulai! You would feel those spirit-stirring surges of the soul whose echoes are eternal. With what sublimity does Christ invest the infant, when he paints an angel at its cradle to watch its slumbers, hear its prayers, and represent its little joys, and griefs, and dangers in the courts of the Eternal! Inspiring was ancient mythology; but what was it to the Bible! Its most glorious gods were encompassed with the infirmities of humanity, discordant in sentiment, conflicting in interest, disunited in aims, limited in range, imperfect in wisdom and power, without kindly sympathies for man, and defamed and degraded with vices and crimes too shameful to name. The angels of God are clothed with majesty: one flies through the midst of heaven; another stands in the sun; another enlightens the earth with his glory; another comes down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow is upon his head, and his face is as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire. John saw in vision angels standing at the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of heaven. Ezekiel beheld cherubim, the sound of whose wings was as the voice of the Almighty when he speaketh. They

are *holy*, they dwell in heaven, commune with God, share his spirituality and purity, are instruments of his providence, and heralds of his love; and though they are ten thousand thousand and thousands of thousands, they all move in obedience to his will. They sympathize with man, they are ministers to the heirs of salvation, they have fellowship with saints, and are responsive to the invocations of sacred lyrics: "Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength!" "Bless ye the Lord from the heavens, praise him in the heights: praise ye him all his angels, praise ye him all his hosts!"

Our philosophy tends strongly to sensualism; and perhaps this is the chief reason why our canvases so rarely entrances, and why no glorious epic rolls its majestic pentameters through our groves. The Church has caught the prevailing spirit. Under pretense of purifying religion from its abuses, she has nearly banished angels as well as saints from both her conceptions and her songs. Let her not suppose that in doing so she honors God. Does it disparage him who employs physical ministers for the supply of our natural wants, to suppose that he appoints angelic ministrations for our spiritual necessities? Let us not imagine that by excluding angels we render the idea of God more sublime. Blot out sun, moon, and stars of light, and would you render your idea of infinite space more lofty? Nay. If you would be moved with immensity, ascend the heavens, and, with the measuring rod of modern astronomy, pass from sun to sun, from system to system, upward, still upward, and your soul shall be crushed with overpowering emotion.

Blot out angels from your faith, and what is your idea of God? Interminable distance stretches out between you and the infinite One, and the sublimity of the thought is lost because the mind can not grapple with it. Now let concentric horizons of angels rise one above another between yourself and God, making the intermediate space vocal with their halleluiahs, radiant with their robes of light, and warm with their loves and sympathies, and you can ascend, as on the ladder of Jacob, to the sublime heights, from which you get that sight of God that suspends the consciousness by its *oppressive* sublimity.

Never let the Church think she can improve her piety by destroying the notion of angels. The Sadduceeism which denies angels usually denies spirit, too. The nearer the saint draws to the better world, and the more entirely he commits himself to God, the more does he expect the death-privilege of him who died full of sores at the rich man's gate. His quivering lips usually utter some such strains as these:

"Bright angels are from glory come;"

"They're round my bed, they're in my room."

But there are *bad* as well as good angels; and this leads me to another sublime revelation of the Bible. It is that of an incessant conflict in this

lower world between the powers of evil and those of good. See two brave and mighty men step out for battle! See the flashing eye, the compressed lip, the uplifted head, the stretched limbs, the clinched fist; mark the advance of the combatants, the blows falling like hail-drops on each other's head, the blood flowing in streams down their breasts and mingling at their feet, the successive suspensions and renewals of the conflict, till both fall bloody and breathless upon the sand! Though the sight is horrid, yet hath it that which is sublime—the power of muscle and of mind, the consuming fire of passion, and the deathless energy of will. But what is the rush of body on body compared with the life-grapple of spirit with spirit? Look over yon broad stream. See the warrior summoning his troops from the garrison, and marshaling them in battle array! And now onward, onward, they tramp, their bayonets gleaming in the sun, whose setting beams must shine on many of them cold in death. Are not those moving columns sublime? Hark! the enemy's bugle blast breaks on the ear, and the war-horse smelleth the battle. Regiment meets regiment, volley succeeds volley, the heavens grow dark with smoke, and the earth shakes with the thunder of artillery; and now, from line's end to line's end, soldier meets soldier, rushing on the cold steel. As you stand viewing the scene, even from afar, does not your cheek turn pale, and your heart swell with emotion? But what were such a scene to the great conflict of souls, for which the whole earth is a battle-field, and all time the day combat, and on the issues of which depend eternal life and death? O could we see, as angels do, the gleaming shields of the embattled hosts, and mark the advances and retreats of the opposing ranks, the obsequies of the lost soul, and the crowns of the triumphant! could we see mingling in the fight "helmed cherubim and sworded seraphim," fresh from the courts of glory, and principalities and powers of darkness following "the black standard that floats the skies!" could we behold the slow but steady advances of Truth's bright forces and the retreat of Error's mad lines—O how sublime, how inspiring a sight! No wonder every advance of Immanuel's banner raises a new shout through all the armies of the blest!

There is another sublime idea of the Bible—that of man. There is a philosophy which teaches that man is a part of God, as the breath of his nostrils is a part of the atmosphere; that his actions and words flow from the Divine will, as the streams flow from the fountain; that he is borne onward to his destiny, as the vapor to the ocean; that, of course, he has neither personal soul, nor free agency, nor responsibility. Where then his sublimity? A world of living men, in such a view, would present no more to move the soul than a world of sponges—their loves were but the affinities of matter, and their aspirations as indifferent as the ascending wreaths of the "will-o'-the-wisp."

The bloody murderer on his way to the gallows is as pure and good as the benefactor with his price-less charities. Such a philosophy is death to painting, poetry, and song. The Bible stands man up in the image of God, personal, moral, immortal, free; law, obligation, sin, holiness, an avenging power, heaven, hell, all come to view; now revive gratitude, love, sympathy, brotherhood; now every word, idle though it be, is docketed for the last judgment—every human act is sublime, for its vibrations are eternal.

Another idea is that of God—the greatest of all ideas, the comprehension of all; an idea which alone would fill a rational mind forever, and turn an infinite void around it into an infinite fullness; an idea susceptible of indefinite enlargement, and incapable of being fully grasped. That the Scriptural idea of God is sublime need hardly be asserted. Indeed, every great conception is sublime only in proportion as it approximates this idea. Is great height sublime? "If I ascend into heaven, God is there." Is great depth sublime? "If I make my bed in hell, God is there." Is great extent sublime? If "on the wings of the morning I dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand find me." Is the exhibition of great power sublime? "He is almighty." Is solitude sublime? "Thou art God alone." Is darkness sublime? It is his secret place. Are the clouds sublime? These are his chariot. Is thunder sublime? That is his voice. Is obscurity sublime? His ways are past finding out. Is rapid motion sublime, as that of lightning? God speaks, and it is done; he reposes, and the pillars of heaven tremble. Is unbending will sublime? See God's will moving through eternity, sweeping before it all opposition, as the cataract does the canoes upon its bosom! Is holiness sublime? "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of hosts! the whole earth is full of his glory." Is benevolence sublime? God out of his infinite fullness fills an empty universe.

And this brings me to another sublime idea of Scripture—that of *Christ*. Considered merely as a conception, where is there a parallel? He is the subject in whom is fulfilled a thousand prophecies, uttered, in various forms and at different times, during a period of four thousand years. He is to be born of a virgin. Strange thought! He is to unite the most violent extremes. He hath not where to lay his head, yet by him all things consist; he is despised and rejected of men, yet worshipped by all the angels of God; he is hunted as a partridge upon the mountain, yet attended by legions of celestials; the object of scorn, yet crowned with glory and honor; he is of spotless virtue, yet he dies by the hand of the public executioner; the infant of days, yet the everlasting father; feeble man, yet the mighty God; he sinks in death, yet rises from the grave. Why this mingling of man and God? O it is the mystery of mercy! Hush! tread softly, speak low, draw not those curtains;

in this room a child lies dying. See the parents standing at the cradle! How the tears fall, as they mark convulsion after convulsion pass over that beautiful form! It is an innocent child, a loving child, a well-beloved child. The father looks at the doctor, whose countenance says, "O that I had never chosen this profession!" That look is too much for him. He rushes to his chamber, overpowered by emotion; he sinks upon the floor, and, resting his bosom on the bedside, he says, "O God! thou who hast given me this child, and this heart to love it, pity me! I can bear to be a beggar, a cripple, a maniac; but O can I bear to lose this babe? Take, I pray thee, my life for the child's life. O here, while I am upon my knees, make me a corpse, and warm again the limbs of my first-born!" The position of that father is sublime; but what is it to that of Jesus, who, when sinful, unrepenting man was dying, stepped forth amid the hosts of heaven, with his eye upon the cross, and said, "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me!"

I imagine myself in the world's great gallery of arts. The first object that strikes my attention is that amazing statue at the end of the gallery. I ask whence did the artist derive that godlike simplicity, that quiet grandeur, that mental strength, which he has impressed upon the marble? The answer is, that is the statue of Moses—Michael Angelo's embodiment of the Hebrew law. My attention is next drawn to the cartoons of Raphael. Admiration, gratitude, astonishment, rapture breathe from the canvas, and the graces in unsurpassed attractions wait around; but what is before me, save a *silent* Gospel? Here stands the God-man on the mount of transfiguration, there the cripple leaps; here the deaf has his ears unstopped, there the dumb speaks; and here the blind man opens his eyes for the first time.

But hark! there is sublimity in sounds. What numbers are these that flow over me, so that the tide of life is almost arrested in its channels? They are the strains of Haydn's sublimest oratorio—the first chapter of Genesis in music.

Enter the world's library, and ask its librarian for its noblest uninspired poem. He will hand you *Paradise Lost*. Open the book. Mark how uniformly grand its line of thought, and how, under the magic touch of its author, the beggar springs into a patriarch, the infant teems with man, the man teems with angel, and even the damned spirit of the pit is stamped with grandeur. How was Milton inspired? He sat at the feet of the prophets of God. Turn to the historian, and ask for the sublimest uninspired character. He will point to Luther. See him, while the daggers of earth are drawn at him, and all hell, according to his fancy, emptied on him! how firm, how calm he stands! He looks up to heaven, and sees "its arch sustained without any pillars," and he knows that the same Hand which holds up the stars can hold back the daggers and the devils. Ask him from heaven

what nourished him up to his giant manhood. He will say, "I hung upon my pater-noster as a child upon his mother's breast."

THE HEAVENS.

—
BY PROFESSOR LARABEE.
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How glorious must have appeared the nocturnal sky to the Chaldean philosophers and the dwellers along the Nile! In the pure atmosphere and clear sky of the plains the stars shone out bright from the concave firmament, seeming like a thousand lamps hung on high. The diurnal motions of the stars could not escape the notice of the observer for a single night. When the sun had disappeared, he saw myriads of lights scattered over all the heavens. Of those in the eastern horizon, in the zenith, and in the west, he could but remark the motions even in a single hour's observation. Those in the east would ascend by regular movements, those in the zenith would descend, and those in the west would set. The Chaldean shepherd, as he watched his flocks during the summer night, would observe, as the hours passed away, stars continually rising one after another, and following each other over the firmament. When he looked toward the north he would observe a variant phenomenon. The star at the pole would appear stationary, and all in its neighborhood revolving in circular orbits about it.

The observer would naturally search for the cause of these appearances. He would easily perceive that the diurnal motion of the stars might be real or only apparent. If the earth be motionless, then the stars move. If, however, the earth revolve on its axis, then the motion of the stars is only apparent, their rising and setting being caused by the revolving earth interposing its rotund surface between the star and the observer.

The observer could not long fail to remark the unchanging relations which most of the stars retain among themselves. Certain clusters, occupying definite relative positions, retain those positions night after night, week after week, month after month, and year after year. The individual stars forming these clusters seemed associated permanently together. These clusters they designated constellations. Names were early given the constellations—names either of persons or animals, founded on some fancied resemblance of shape or some story of mythology. At what time the constellations first received names is unknown. Homer, who lived about one thousand years before Christ, mentions the constellations Pleiades, Hyades, Bootes, Arcturus, and Orion. Hesiod, who lived near the time of Homer, mentions the same, with the addition of Sirius.

But neither Homer nor Hesiod mentions planets distinct from stars; nor is it known at what precise time the planets were distinguished and named;

yet the difference between them and the stars must have been early observed. The stars maintain, year after year, precisely the same place among themselves, and the same with respect to the sun and the earth. But the planets were observed to change often their position relative among themselves, and relative to the sun and the earth.

Pythagoras had some conception of the revolution of the planets about the sun, and a tolerably correct idea of the various distances of the several planets from the sun. He fancied he saw some analogy between the distances of the bodies of the solar system from each other and the divisions of the octave in music. He supposed that the planets in their motion about the sun caused musical vibrations, and the sounds, owing to their regular intervals combining in harmony, formed the music of the spheres. A passage in the book of Job seems to recognize this idea—"the morning stars sang together." In that music what powerful bass must be made by Jupiter rushing through space, while Venus would pour forth her delicate and melodious tones!

What an hour of deep and strange interest was that, when Gallileo, receiving a hint from a spectacle-maker, had with much ingenuity and labor contrived the wonderful telescope, which has effected such a revolution in modern science! When he had completed his instrument, he turned it toward the heavens, and pointed it at the planet Jupiter. To his astonishment, he discovered what had never before been unsuspected, four moons accompanying the planet, as our moon accompanies the earth. He looked at Saturn, and saw encircling the planet enormous rings, whose nature or purpose he could not determine. He looked at Venus, and perceived that she suffers change of phase precisely as does our moon. He looked at the moon, and discovered on her surface prodigious mountains, dizzy precipices, and fathomless ravines. He looked at the sun, and saw on its surface dark spots, from whose changing position he inferred the rotary motion of the orb of day himself. Similar observations soon proved the diurnal motion of Jupiter and Mars.

Wonderful have been the triumphs of science in measuring the distances of the heavenly bodies. The exact distance of any planet, whose place is within twenty millions of millions of miles from the sun, may be, by well-known mathematical rules, easily calculated. But there are bodies in the heavens at distances so immense, that no certain means of computation have ever been discovered; yet enough is known to prove that the nearest of the fixed stars must be so distant as to require more than three years for light, though traveling nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second, to reach us from their surface. Indeed, by observations lately made, it is rendered probable that from no star does light reach the earth in less than nine years. By similar observations it is inferred that the Polar star, the star better known than any

other in the heavens, the star that for ages has guided the sailor over the deep, is so far from the earth as to require twenty years for light to pass from its surface to the human eye. Let, therefore, at this moment, that glorious star be struck from the heavens, and its light would still stream on for twenty years.

The number of stars is inconceivable. The number visible in both the north and south hemispheres with a good telescope is computed at five and a half millions. Yet every one is supposed to be a sun, as large as our sun, and may have a planetary system moving about it. And these bodies are all in motion. The moons move around their primary planets; the primary planets of each solar system move around their sun; and the system, our sun with its attendant planets, and the five and a half millions of other suns with their planets, are moving round a great common center in the heavens. A distinguished astronomer supposes he has discovered that center, near the Pleiades, around which our system is moving at such a rate as to make one revolution in eighteen millions of years, and other systems in other times, but all in regularity, order, and harmony. Omnipotent far beyond human conception is He who, from nothing, created this sun, these planets, and this innumerable host of stars, each itself another sun with its attendant planets. As yet we are far from having explored the utmost depths of space. Our telescopes have only reached a limited distance into the regions of the heavens. There lies a depth beyond the lowest depth, a height above the utmost height, and a length beyond the greatest length yet reached by human eye or philosophic glass. There may lie as many stars, as many suns, as many solar systems, without as within the range of the most powerful telescopes yet invented. To space there is no bounds. And space seems full of the handiwork of the Almighty.

Omniscient, as well as omnipotent, must be He who hath given all these bodies their orbits in the heavens, and who, from age to age, regulates their motions and prevents collisions. In our system, one sun, nineteen planets, counting the newly discovered asteroids, at least twenty moons, and an unknown multitude of comets, have been, for many thousand years, moving in the heavens, each subject to attractions and disturbances from all the others, and yet no collision has ever occurred. The millions of stars, so far as we can discover, pursue their way eternally in the heavens without interference or collision. Wise is the mind, and strong the hand, to control and regulate so many immense and rapidly moving bodies.

It is impossible now to conceive how widely the sphere of human knowledge may yet be extended in the heavens. Wonderful were the revelations made by the telescope of Gallileo, imperfect as was its construction. Sir William Herschel constructed with his own hands a telescope much superior to that of Gallileo, and immediately therewith dis-

covered a new planet, new satellites, and innumerable new stars. The Earl of Rosse has lately constructed one far superior to that of Dr. Herschel. By it the most wonderful sidereal pictures are afforded. Spots in the heavens, appearing in common instruments only light, misty clouds, are resolved by this telescope into distinct, beautiful, magnificent stars.

There is no probability that human ingenuity is yet exhausted, or that science has reached its terminus. Other telescopes of higher power may yet be contrived, and other observers may detect new planets and new stars. Our amount of knowledge respecting those parts of our own solar system already discovered may be vastly increased, and our view into the depths of space may be greatly extended. While we see on the surface of the planets only lofty mountains and dark ravines, others, with better instruments, may see green trees, and waving harvests, and cities with towers and steeples, and living men.

Would you like to visit these planets, and suns, and stars—these monuments of the glory and the handiwork of the Almighty? Conveyance may now be found difficult, and all known means of locomotion entirely too slow. It would require the rail-car, at its utmost speed, five hundred years to reach the sun, twenty-five hundred to reach Jupiter, four thousand, seven hundred and fifty to reach Saturn, nine thousand, five hundred to reach Uranus, fifteen thousand to reach Neptune, seventy millions to reach the nearest star, and four hundred millions to reach the Polar star.

Take, then, the wings of the morning, mount a sunbeam, and away on your adventurous journey. You would even then be eight minutes in reaching the sun, forty in reaching Jupiter, one hour and a quarter in reaching Saturn, two and a half hours in reaching Uranus, and four hours in reaching Neptune. Should you venture to the stars on a beam of light, your journey would be in going to the nearest three and a quarter years, to the Polar star twenty years, and to Alcyone, the central star of the beautiful Pleiades, five hundred and thirty-seven years. If, therefore, in your future state of spiritual existence, ye are disposed to visit and explore the works of God, ye need never fear want of employment—ye need never have occasion, as did the conqueror of earth, to sit down and weep over the lack of more worlds to visit, more wonders to admire, and more glorious exhibitions of Divine power and wisdom to observe.

FERVENT PRAYER.

There is nothing that cuts the air so swiftly—nothing that takes so sublime, so happy, and so auspicious a flight as prayer, which bears the soul upon its pinions, and leaves far behind all the dangers and even the delights of this low world of ours.

THE HUMAN EYE.

BY MARK STEPHENSON, M. D.

If each muscular fiber in man, beast, bird, and fish, proclaim the existence of a great First Cause, how overwhelming is the evidence when we examine that curious and wonderful organ, the human eye! Surely, in no other structure do we discover more of the wisdom, power, and benevolence of the Supreme Being. Look at its complicated mechanism, the rapidity of its movements, its wonderful powers in the phenomena of vision, its numerous diseases, with their pathological appearances, and it is, I had like to have said, a world of study in itself. By the aid of this delicate and beautiful organ we are enabled to take cognizance of the whole material universe—we behold its verdant lawns, its variegated foliage, its lovely plains, its towering mountains, its meandering streams, and its placid lakes. Deprived of the organ of vision, and this beautiful landscape, so lovely to the sight, with all that is pleasing and delightful in life, becomes a perfect blank.

The prince of English poets, in reference to himself, thus pours forth his lamentations:

"These eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year;
Or man or woman!

Not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn;
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose;
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank."

The eye is not only the most useful, but it is also the most beautiful and expressive of all the organs of sense. Its brilliancy lights up the human face divine, and renders it inexpressibly sweet. What language so winning, so subduing, so captivating, as a laughing, intelligent eye! What is there that sheds greater luster upon the face of a lovely woman, or gives greater fascination to her charms, than a sparkling eye!

But there is another aspect in which we must now view the eye: I refer to its diseases; and for this reason it is pre-eminently interesting, especially to the physician. From its diversity in structure and extreme delicacy, the eye is subject to a greater variety of diseases than almost any other organ in the body. When we consider the various textures composing the eye, we are not surprised at the diversity of diseases to which it is exposed; for it must be borne in mind, that in the eye or its appendages we have nearly every tissue that can be found in any other part of the body. In truth, there are no diseases which are more important, and none which require so prompt treatment as those of the eye.

THE EYE TO FRIENDSHIP TRUE.

BY J. D. BELL.

Y^e star-gems set in space, amid whose light,
Twinkling in ether waves, strange spells have hung,

Oft while from vigil haunts I've gazed to thee,
With life's thrilled chords to passion-music strung,
Farewell, I bid you now! my spirit waking
Amid a magic more of heaven partaking—
The silvery magic quivering from the spell ensouled
Within the hazel of bright eyes, I oft behold.

Oft have I breathed for hours the luscious haze,
Born of soft sunlight, blent with fragrant air;
And oft I've basked in richest rainbow light,
Till seraph tongues seemed echoing every-where;
But yet no spell was on my heart—no gushes
Of mystic sweetness rapt its fount in hushes,
Until the sparkle, wandering in that hazel night,
Flung to my breast its volant ray of balmy light.

There's beauty in the jeweled azure, hung
Upon the pearly depths of waters blue;
There's beauty in the dazzle, gliding o'er
The clear, pellucid drop of morning dew;
There's beauty in the sheen of snow-clad mountains,
And in the leafy solitudes, where fountains
From crystal veins are gushing, and the brooklet's sigh

Hallows the bird-harps with a sacred melody.

But in that mirror from the soul's brow hung—
The eye that beams with friendship ever true—
Beauty hath made her heaven. There, silver-winged,
She glides through skies of matchless hazel hue,
Shedding upon the soul the light of sweetness,
Which steals into its depths with mystic fleetness,
Stilling each truant pulse, and rousing bright-winged
Hope

And lightly sandaled Love to seek a nobler scope.

THE WILDERNESS OF TIME.

Load of my life, my Guide, my Friend,
Whose love shall last till life shall end,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Conduct my steps, control my fears!

While skies are starless overhead,
While dangers waken to my tread,
Be Thou, O God, a light to cheer,
My Help and Friend forever near!

Welcome, dark sorrow's cheerless path,
Welcome of earth or hell the wrath,
The yawning gulf, the waste abyss,
So I but reach the realms of bliss!

Unchained let storms and tempests be,
Let whirlwinds howl o'er earth and sea;
What is the wrath of earth or sea
To an eternal rest with Thee?

The Ladies' Repository.

MARCH, 1852.

WILBUR FISK IN THE PULPIT.

BY REV. M. E. WILLING.

EVERY great orator has his own peculiar manner of thinking, forms of expression, and style of delivery. It is only third and fourth-rate minds that obliterate their own native distinctive characteristics, and become servile imitators of others. Original, noble, sublime eloquence, such as will convince the understanding and move the heart, stops not to dally with puerile, feigned eccentricities, or to court applause by bedecking itself with the rich plumage of others—but like the bold, majestic Niagara, it leaps over all barriers and irresistibly moves on, bearing every thing before it. The man who attempts to play the orator by copying the peculiarities of some great speaker, will generally deceive nobody but himself—in his own estimation, only, is he a Cicero, a Demosthenes, a Fenelon, or a Webster.

Dr. Fisk was not only a firm believer and successful teacher of the Scriptures, but what was still better, he practiced upon the religious, moral, and philosophical precepts which they lay down. He comprehended that wisdom which induced David to reject the armor of Saul and contend with the giant Goliath in his own native dress and style of warfare. He acted no feigned, no borrowed part, but every thing about him bore the impress of that excellent greatness which Heaven had kindly given, not to some one else, but to himself. It would be ridiculous for an uncouth, herculean frame to aspire to the most refined and graceful style of delivery—strength and not beauty, force and not smoothness, is expected from such a one—his awkward gestures, harsh articulation, and ungraceful movements can be borne with, if we perceive mighty original thought, like volcanic fires, agitating his frame, flashing from his eye, and pouring forth from his lips—he becomes great in spite of himself, and he holds spell-bound listening thousands. But, if the person of the speaker has been cast in nature's finest mold, to the first and principal requisite already mentioned, he must add all the ease, dignity, and gracefulness of the most refined orator—then, indeed, he touches the nobler, finer feelings of his audience, as a skillful musician does the strings of his harp, delightfully awakening, at pleasure, the smile of joy or tear of sympathy. I will venture the opinion, that an audience never looked upon Dr. Fisk, without expecting from him the highest and most refined kind of oratory, and that they were not disappointed.

The gentleness of the dove, with the power of the lion, characterized Wilbur Fisk's preaching—he fearlessly charged home upon the sinner the baseness of his ingratitude, the enormity of his crimes, the tremendous punishment that awaited him, but it was with such spirit of solicitude and love, that the most obdurate could not be offended; all would gladly hear him point them to the kind, bleeding, atoning, forgiving Savior, and hundreds, yea, thousands, through his instrumentality have been washed in that "blood which makes the foulest clean."

There were no foolish eccentricities about Dr. Fisk, no assumed airs of importance, no indication that he was aware of his own greatness, no disposition to eclipse all others, no putting himself before the cross and casting that in the shade, rather it was ever before him, and his

mighty intellect was as a lamp illuminating it, and exhibiting the lovely characteristics of the suffering, dying sinner's Friend. His eloquence was not like the mountain torrent formed by a winter storm, whose turbid waters foam and dash with a great noise from cliff to cliff, but rather like the broad, pure, fertilizing Schuylkill, which furnishes nature's crystal beverage not only to the thousand flowery meads through which in beautiful majesty it glides, but to the hundreds of thousands of human beings that dwell upon its banks and inhabit its world-renowned City of Brotherly Love. The impression which it left upon the mind was so pleasing and lasting that the anxieties, cares, and business of a dozen years have done little toward effacing it from memory's tablet. You returned, from hearing the Doctor, not dazzled, and blinded, and bewildered, bestowing the highest encomiums upon the orator, and yet unable to tell a single point that he made—no, but his sermon was spread out like a map before the mind, every leading feature stood forth prominently, boldly, clearly—with perfect ease you might describe them to your companion, or copy them into your note-book. You would be taken up, not so much in dreaming about the splendid genius of the man, but in seriously and delightfully thinking over the heavenly truths which he had been delivering—you would love the good, faithful, humble, devoted servant, however, not the less, because you desired to love and serve his divine Master a great deal the more.

Will the reader listen to me a little further, while I give an incident connected with a camp meeting in Connecticut at which Dr. Fisk was present?

This meeting was held on the banks of the Connecticut, in a beautiful grove, near the old village of Saybrook, about twenty-five miles from Middletown, the seat of the university over which Dr. Fisk presided. His health was so feeble at the time, for it was toward the close of his earthly labors, that he could but partially attend to his duties as president. He, however, desired to do all in his power to promote the good of the meeting, and not only gave those of us who wished, permission, but encouraged us to go. The meeting commenced on Tuesday and was closed on Saturday. From some cause it seemed almost impossible to get the people into the camp meeting spirit. The place was so delightful, the season of the year so pleasant, and the society so agreeable, that the young people felt disposed to walk, admire the beauty of the scenery, and talk, too sparingly, however, upon religion; and those who were not young, instead of teaching them better, were too much inclined to follow their example.

The result of all this was, that up to Friday noon there had not been a single conversion, and the feeling of apathy on the subject of religion seemed to me to be greater than I had ever before witnessed at a camp meeting. To the great delight of every body there, the steamer of Friday noon had Dr. Fisk on board. Notwithstanding the miserable condition of his health, he had come once more to the tented grove to unfurl the banner of the cross, and urge on the glorious cause of the Redeemer.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, that large audience assembled before the stand, beheld the countenance, and heard the voice of Dr. Fisk—the hymn was sung, then we knelt down, and O how he prayed! fervently, feelingly, powerfully.

Some few minutes after he announced for his text—Jesus Christ "the Savior of all men, specially of those who believe." There were many Universalists present,

who seemed highly gratified at hearing this their favorite text announced. His countenance and voice seemed to have in them "less of earth than heaven"—so calm, so placid, so mild, so sweet. He commenced in a clear, soft, mild voice, not loud, but so distinct that every syllable could be heard. For some fifty minutes, in his own peculiarly gentle, yet forcible and convincing style, he poured forth such an eloquent, luminous flood of clear, logical argument, that Universalism seemed too absurd for any man of even common intellectual capacity to believe for a moment. The Universalists saw their doctrine cut up root and branch—yet they could not be angry. The speaker had not ranted at them, had not denounced them as actuated by the basest motives; had not closed his sentences and rounded his period, by using against them language, which, if uttered by a non-professor of religion, every one would pronounce vulgarly profane—no, but he had fairly, manly, nobly, and sincerely argued the question, not for the purpose of gaining a triumph, but that he might convince them that they were imbibing errors, which, he believed, unless corrected, would result in their eternal ruin. Some were convinced—all of them were confounded—none, however, esteemed Dr. Flak the less.

This was only the first part of the discourse, for almost an hour longer a mighty avalanche of the most sublime, impassioned, and eloquent truth that I had ever heard, rolled forth from his lips. As he advanced his soul warmed up, and beamed out, and glowed like a furnace—yet still the living fire which gleamed from the eye was not permitted to pour forth wildly from the lips and overwhelm the speaker—the Holy Spirit spoke through him, not with wildness and confusion, but with such heaven-like propriety, simplicity, love, sublimity, and power, that the whole encampment seemed soon to be pervaded with this blessed Spirit—sinners were crying out for mercy, happy Christians were shouting aloud for joy, and others were pleading for a deeper work of grace. This state of things continued without intermission through the whole evening and night, and till the camp meeting was closed the next day.

During the eighteen hours referred to, many captive souls were set at liberty, the lukewarm professors present were greatly quickened, and old stable Christians received a baptism from on high which will be pleasingly remembered in eternity.

FIRST WIFE OF NAPOLEON—THE DIVORCEMENT.

BY JOHN S. O. ABBOTT.

NAPOLEON cherished a strong attachment to his little grandchild, the son of Hortense and of his brother Louis. The boy was extremely beautiful, and developed all those noble and spirited traits of character which peculiarly delighted the Emperor. Napoleon had apparently determined to make the young prince his heir. This was so generally the understanding, both in France and in Holland, that Josephine was quite at ease, and serene days dawned again upon her heart.

Early in the spring of 1807, this child, upon whom such destinies were depending, then five years of age, was seized suddenly and violently with the croup, and in a few hours died. The blow fell upon the head of Josephine with most appalling power. Deep as was her grief at the loss of the child, she was overwhelmed with uncontrollable anguish in view of those fearful consequences which she shuddered to contemplate. She knew that Napoleon loved her fondly, but she also knew the strength of his ambition, and that he would make any

sacrifice of his affection, which, in his view, would subserve the interests of his power and his glory. For three days she shut herself up in her room, and was continually bathed in tears.

The sad intelligence was conveyed to Napoleon when he was far from home, in the midst of the Prussian campaign. He had been victorious, almost miraculously victorious, over his enemies. He had gained accessions of power such as, in the wildest dreams of youth, he had hardly imagined. All opposition to his sway was now apparently crushed. Napoleon had become the creator of kings, and the proudest monarchs of Europe were constrained to do his bidding. It was in an hour of exultation that the mournful tidings reached him. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and, for a long time, seemed lost in the most painful musings. He was heard mournfully and anxiously to repeat to himself again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this?" The struggle in his mind between his love for Josephine and his ambitious desire to found a new dynasty, and to transmit his name and fame to all posterity, was fearful. It was manifest in his cheek, in his restless eye, in the loss of appetite and of sleep. But the stern will of Bonaparte was unrelenting in its purposes. With an energy which the world has never seen surpassed, he had chosen his part. It was the purpose of his soul—the purpose before which every thing had to bend—to acquire the glory of making France the most illustrious, powerful, and happy nation earth had ever seen. For this he was ready to sacrifice comfort, ease, and his sense of right. For this he was ready to sunder the strongest ties of affection.

Josephine knew Napoleon. She was fully aware of his boundless ambition. With almost insupportable anguish she wept over the death of this idolized child, and with a trembling heart, awaited her husband's return. Mysterious hints began to fill the journals of the contemplated divorce, and of the alliance of Napoleon with various princesses of foreign courts.

At length the fatal day arrived for the announcement to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. The Emperor and Empress dined at Fontainebleau alone. She seems to have had a presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all that day she had been in her retired apartment, weeping bitterly. As the dinner-hour approached, she bathed her swollen eyes, and tried to regain composure. They sat down at the table in silence. Napoleon did not speak: Josephine could not trust her voice to utter a word. Neither ate a mouthful. Course after course was brought in and removed untouched. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically, and apparently unconsciously, struck the edge of his glass with his knife, while lost in thought. A more melancholy meal probably was never witnessed. The attendants around the table seemed to catch the infection, and moved softly and silently in the discharge of their duties, as if they were in the chamber of the dead. At last the ceremony of dinner was over, the attendants were dismissed, and Napoleon, rising and closing the door with his own hand, was left alone with Josephine. Another moment of most painful silence ensued, when the Emperor, pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, approached the Empress. He took her hand, placed it upon his heart, and in faltering accents said, "Josephine! my own good Josephine! you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only few moments of happiness I

have known in the world. Josephine! my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France."

Josephine's brain reeled; her blood ceased to circulate; she fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, threw open the door of the saloon, and called for help. Attendants from the ante-room immediately entered. Napoleon took a taper from the mantle, and uttering not a word, but pale and trembling, motioned to the Count de Beaumont to take the Empress in his arms. She was still unconscious of every thing, but began to murmur, in tones of anguish, "O, no! you can not surely do it. You would not kill me." The Emperor led the way, through a dark passage, to the staircase which conducted to the apartment of the Empress. The agitation of Napoleon seemed now to increase. He uttered some incoherent sentences about a violent nervous attack; and, finding the stairs too steep and narrow for the Count de Beaumont to bear the body of the helpless Josephine unassisted, he gave the light to an attendant, and, supporting her limbs himself, they reached the door of her bedroom. Napoleon then, dismissing his male attendants, and laying Josephine upon her bed, rung for her waiting-women. He hung over her with an expression of the most intense affection and anxiety till she began to revive. But the moment consciousness seemed returning, he left the room. Napoleon did not even throw himself upon his bed that night. He paced the floor till the dawn of the morning. The royal surgeon, Corvisart, passed the night at the bedside of the Empress. Every hour the restless yet unrelenting Emperor called at her door to inquire concerning her situation. "On recovering from my swoon," says Josephine, "I perceived that Corvisart was in attendance, and my poor daughter Hortense weeping over me. No! no! I can not describe the horror of my situation during that night! Even the interest he affected to take in my sufferings seemed to me additional cruelty. O! how much reason had I to dread becoming an Empress!"

More heart-rending and dreadful was the scene which occurred on the day for the consummation of the divorce. That day was the fifteenth of December, 1809. Napoleon had assembled all the kings, princes, and princesses who were members of the imperial family, and also the most illustrious officers of the empire, in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. Every individual present was oppressed with the melancholy grandeur of the occasion. Napoleon thus addressed them:

"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of marriage between Josephine and myself. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraved on my heart. She was crowned by my hand; she shall retain always the rank and title of Empress. Above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine, her eyes filled with tears, with a faltering voice replied: "I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage

which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, and the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commended by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart, but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country. I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments which were expressed in public; but in private Josephine surrendered herself to the unrestrained dominion of her anguish. No language can depict the intensity of her woe. For six months she wept so incessantly that her eyes were nearly blinded with grief. Upon the ensuing day the council were again assembled in the grand saloon, to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. The Emperor entered the room dressed in the imposing robes of state, but pallid, care-worn, and wretched. Low tones of voice, harmonizing with the mournful scene, filled the room. Napoleon, apart by himself, leaned against a pillar, folded his arms upon his breast, and in perfect silence, apparently lost in gloomy thought, remained motionless as a statue. A circular table was placed in the center of the apartment, and upon this there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm-chair stood before the table. Never did a multitude gaze upon the scaffold, the block, or the guillotine with more awe than the assembled lords and ladies in this gorgeous saloon contemplated these instruments of a more dreadful execution.

At length the mournful silence was interrupted by the opening of a side door, and the entrance of Josephine. The pallor of death was upon her brow, and the submission of despair nerved her into a temporary calmness. She was leaning upon the arm of Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was entirely unable to control her feelings. The sympathetic daughter, immediately upon entering into the room, burst into tears, and continued sobbing most convulsively during the whole remaining scene. The assembly respectfully arose upon the entrance of Josephine, and all were moved to tears. With that grace which ever distinguished her movements, she advanced silently to the seat provided for her. Sitting down, and leaning her forehead upon her hand, she listened to the reading of the act of separation. Nothing disturbed the sepulchral silence of the scene but the convulsive sobbings of Hortense, blended with the mournful tones of the reader's voice. Eugene, in the mean time, pale and trembling as an aspen leaf, had taken a position by the side of his mother. Silent tears were trickling down the cheeks of the Empress.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes, and then rising, in clear and musical, but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Poor Eugene could endure this anguish no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of

this mournful but sublime tragedy. But the anguish of the day was not yet closed. Josephine, half delirious with grief, had another scene still more painful to pass through in taking a final adieu of him who had been her husband. She remained in her chamber, in heart-rending, speechless grief, till the hour arrived in which Napoleon usually retired for the night. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his most faithful and devoted wife, and the attendant was on the point of leaving the room, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with grief, her hair disheveled, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. She tottered to the middle of the room, and approached the bed; then, irresolutely stopping, she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that she had now no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon; but in another moment all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting every thing in the fullness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was for the moment entirely vanquished, and he also wept almost convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and comfort her, and for some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The attendant was dismissed, and for an hour they continued together in this last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish which few hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband whom she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved.

After the Empress had retired, with a desolate heart, to her chamber of unnatural widowhood, the attendant entered the apartment of Napoleon to remove the lights. He found the Emperor so buried beneath the bed-clothes as to be invisible. Not a word was uttered. The lights were removed, and the unhappy monarch was left in darkness and silence to the dreadful companionship of his own thoughts. The next morning the death-like pallor of his cheek, his sunken eye, and the haggard expression of his countenance, attested that the Emperor had passed the night in sleeplessness and suffering.

Great as was the wrong which Napoleon thus inflicted upon the noble Josephine, every one must be sensible of a certain kind of grandeur which pervades the tragedy. When we contemplate the brutal butcheries of Henry VIII, as wife after wife was compelled to place her head upon the block, merely to afford room for the indulgence of his vagrant passions; when we contemplate George IV, by neglect and inhumanity driving Caroline to desperation and to crime, and polluting the ear of the world with the revolting story of sin and shame; when we contemplate the Bourbons, generation after generation, rioting in voluptuousness, in utter disregard of all the laws of God and man, while we can not abate one tittle of our condemnation of the great wrong which Napoleon perpetrated, we feel that it becomes the monarchs of Europe to be sparing in their condemnation. Their crimes, far more numerous than those committed by Napoleon, were aggravating almost beyond the power of language to describe and destitute of the least shade of palliation or of true and honorable excuse.

WHEN I AM OLD.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

WHEN I am old—and O, how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light
Be shrouded in the solemn night;
Till like a story well-nigh told,
Will seem my life—when I am old.

When I am old—this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth:
The streams will have an under-tone
Of sadness, not by right their own:
And spring's sweet power in vain unfold
In rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old—I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded hair;
'Twill be no vain desire of mine,
In rich and costly dress to shine:
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me naught—when I am old.

When I am old—my friends will be
Old, and infirm, and bowed—like me.
Or else—their bodies 'neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God—
The old church bell will long have tolled
Above their rest—when I am old.

When I am old—Pd rather bend
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend,
Than see them lose the earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our youth:
'Twill be so sad to have them cold
Or strange to me—when I am old.

When I am old—O, how it seems
Like the wild lunacy of dreams,
To picture in prophetic rhyme,
That dim, far distant, shadowy time;
So distant that it seems o'er bold
Even to say—"When I am old!"

When I am old?—perhaps ere then
I shall be missed from haunts of men;
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet mound;
My name by stranger hands enrolled
Among the dead—ere I am old.

Ere I am old?—that time is now,
For youth sits lightly on my brow;
My limbs are firm, and strong, and free,
Life has a thousand charms for me;
Charms that will long their influence hold
Within my heart—ere I am old.

Ere I am old—O, let me give
My life to learning *how to live!*
Then shall I meet, with willing heart,
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace—when I am old.

A SHORT SERMON FOR HUSBANDS.

BY A MAN OF EXPERIENCE.

I INTEND dispatching my present discourse in a few words; not because I deem the subject an unimportant one, but because I know that long, hum-drum pieces of four and eight pages are tiresome things.

Love your wife. A very unnecessary caution, you may exclaim; for does not every husband love his wife? What saith that great master, Experience, on the point? Does it not frequently happen that a man most devotedly loves his wife before marriage, and afterward, when she is irrevocably his, treats her with distance and coldness? Hard was his struggle to woo and win her, but after his winning, like the hunter's catching a rare bird, he thinks

he has nothing more to do, except to sit down and tell his wife that she is his prize, and must now submit to his wishes. I hope to be understood. Do not let your wife, who has left her home and her parents, and all she loved, to gratify you, ever surmise by any coldness or distance of feeling, on your part, that there is any thing in this world to which you are more attached than to herself.

Help nurse the children. You are ready to laugh. Why? Have you any right to make your wife care for and always manage the children, while you catch up a newspaper or book and pass your time in this sort of amusement? You are ready sometimes, may be, to accuse your wife of ignorance of passing events, and yet you gave her no chance on earth to find out what is passing, except it be by some casual remarks of yours at table or elsewhere.

Study economy. You have five or ten cents change in your pocket, and are passing a fruit or confectionary store. Cigars, apples, raisins, ay, even candies some grown men love, and away goes the money, and selfishly you eat your purchase. It is not the man who takes his three-cent dram every day that ultimately turns out penniless. Candy-buyers and fruit-eaters have, instances without number, kept themselves poor by their puerile purchases. I have my eye on just such a man now. Forgive me. He eats pea-nuts, and almonds—hard and soft-shelled—lemon drops, and molasses candy with perfect avidity. He is never, when away from home, without these precious commodities. At home no one dreams that he ever thought of the vile trifles.

Avoid jealousy. A curious admonition, some one may again think. Be patient. What is a jealous man? Is it not he who is everlastingly troubling his head about a mere nothing? Something, a downright reality does not stir him at all; but because his wife is civil to her cousin, or to her brother, or to some other young man—an acquaintance or relative—the husband's wrath is kindled, and he is grum, and cold, and reserved, or else violent and boiling in indignation toward his wife. Civility and impropriety are two things. The former can be exhibited to any body without any leaning to the latter quality, and without a compromise of character. Would you treat a young lady with disrespect or contempt, simply because you do not wish your wife to become jealous? Never. Why, then, censure in your wife a thing, the observance of which, in a parallel case, you would consider yourself inexcusable in not performing?

Make your home happy. How? By a due attention to small wants and small comforts. As the head of your household you may have a certain degree of affection and of kindness, and yet you may alienate the hearts both of your wife and children. What avails it if you toil early and late, and all the time do nothing toward promoting the present comforts of your family? I do not mean to encourage extravagance. I am not ignorant of the fact that some women ought to be checked in their expenditures. But because some wives spend all their husband's money they can lay hands on for mere gewgaws, is that any reason you should deny your family decent comforts and conveniences?

Govern your temper. You come home sometimes and dinner is not ready, or the room is in disorder, and you get mad instantly and complain. Is this manly? Is it just? Does it help to mend matters already bad enough, without any exhibition of ungoverned temper? A button is off your shirt: you lose a desk key or a little loose change out of a rent pocket, and your first word, on going

home, is full of wrath and fire. Every thing is blamed on your wife, and as a sort of spite to her, without a word of consultation, you put off to a tailor's shop to get a new vest, or a new pair of pantaloons, or else creep away into a corner of the room, or some place up stairs, and commence reproving your wife's carelessness by yourself mending your pocket holes. You feel provoked; but does this exhibition of your provoked spirit help yourself or profit any body else? Think on it, and if it does not, take some other course.

Be careful in action before your children. You say some improper word, and think yourself witty. Directly your little boy or girl of two or three years of age tries his hand. How awkward and yet how *smart* the little fellow seems! You laugh. He thinks himself encouraged. The acorn contains the germ of the mountain oak; a rivulet is the head stream of the mighty river; a wanton word or idea thrown on the mind of a child may not cease its influence till it has worked ruin and misery almost remediless. "I won't," "I will," "I'll slap you"—are these and similar expressions, from the lips of children, such rhetorically brilliant things that they must be encouraged? Time will tell *how* brilliant they are. Insubordination, hatefulness, disobedience, crime, and disgrace are too often the final results of these qualities. Some parents love to tease their children. This is worse than tyranny. It is the direct way of developing every mean and hateful passion, and heavy will be the responsibility and the afflictions that future years will heap on such misguided persons.

Make no slave of your wife. Some men of means and large families compel their wives to do all their household work, and then growl if the children and the kitchen are not kept clean. Fine consistency! Can any woman, without help, take care of half a dozen children, cook for three or four grown persons, do the washing and ironing, and keep her house in decent trim? Some try to do it, and some, too, with only a short allowance of health. It makes one's heart ache to see what a slave such a wife is. Happiness must forever flee from the family where the husband is too thoughtless or too stingy to assist his wife in doing what he himself would never dare undertake to do. More anon.

MY FIRST SIGHT OF DEATH.

Long years have flown since death took from me my brother Willie. He had been sick a long time, and, at his worst, I was away from home on a sort of holiday visit to a distant village. One evening, while enjoying myself with a group of young friends, a letter was handed me by a gentleman who was connected with the village post-office, and who knew that I was in town. I broke the seal. It was from my mother. Willie was worse. That night I began my preparation to return. Taking the cars early the next day, I reached home toward nightfall. The long shadows of sunset were playing about the house. Presently I was on the door-step. A bright fire was within, for the frosty days of autumn had come. My sister Carrie was at my side clapping her hands for welcome. But when fairly entered I saw sad faces. My mother, taking me by the hand and folding me to her heart, whispered poor Willie's name. The doctor I saw slipping out of the bed-room door with glasses in his hand, and—I hardly knew how—my spirits grew sad, and my heart gravitated to the heavy air all around me.

"You can not see Willie now," said Carrie, nor could I

in the quiet parlor tell her one of the many pleasant things I had seen in my visit.

"Willie has grown so thin and pale since you have been gone you would not know him," continued my sister.

I listened to her but could not talk myself. She asked me what I had seen and what I had enjoyed, and for a moment I began to talk joyously; but then the door of my sick brother's room opened, and hearing a faint sigh I could not go on. I sat with my hand in Carrie's, looking patiently and thoughtfully all the while in the blaze.

I could not talk. No words would come. Early I went to my chamber, with singular and perplexed fancies haunting me. Toward the middle of the night, with a shudder running through my whole frame, I woke up. Once more I fell into a doze, but I was soon dreaming that I saw Willie all pale and thin, and that he was quite still in his cold, starched grave-clothes. I tossed over in the bed and grew hot and feverish; I could not sleep. Getting up stealthily and creeping down stairs, I saw a dim light burning in the hall. Willie's bed-room door was ajar, and, listening, I fancied I heard a whisper. I stole through the hall and edged around to the door, pushing it gently open. A small lamp was burning on the hearth, and the gaunt shadow of the bedstead lay dark on the ceiling. It was long after midnight. My mother was in her chair, with her head upon her hand. The doctor was standing with his back to me, and with Willie's little wrist in his fingers. I heard hard breathing, and now and then a low sigh escaped from my mother's chair.

An occasional gleam of fire-light made the gaunt shadows on the wall stagger like something spectral. I looked wildly at them, and then at the bed where my own brother lay. I longed to see him, and creeping a step or two forward my mother's ear caught my foot-fall, and, beckoning to me, she again pressed me to her bosom. My heart throbbed as I whispered to her what I wished, and taking me by the hand she led me to the bedside. The doctor looked very solemn as we approached. He took out his watch, but he did not count Willie's pulse, for Willie had dropped his hand, and it lay carelessly, but O how thin, over the edge of the bed.

The doctor shook his head mournfully at my mother, and she, springing forward, dropped my hand and placed her fingers upon the forehead of my brother, and passed her hand over her mouth.

"Is he asleep, doctor?" said she in a tone which only a mother could understand.

"Be calm, madam." The doctor himself was very calm.

"I am calm," said my mother, though I did not think it, as I saw her trembling.

"Dear madam, he will never awaken in this world!" There was no cry—only a bowing down of my mother's head upon the body of poor, dead Willie; and only when I saw her form shake and quiver with the deep, smothered sobs, did my weeping burst forth loud and strong.

The doctor, leading me close up to the bedside, showed me the pale head, the eyes of blue all sunken, the flaxen hair gone, and the white lips all pinched and hard! Never, never will I forget that first terrible sight of Death!

I went again to my silent chamber. Thoughts, I never can tell you, reader, what thoughts passed through my wild brain. Willie, once my brother, was gone, forever gone!

I tossed in my bed, thinking of that strange thing—

Death—and how soon, perhaps, his ice-cold hand would stop the current of my heart. Life's early hours, too, came hurrying by in memory's glass. I thought of the time when Willie and myself first took our stroll to the woods and fields. I thought of the hour when, hand in hand, we trudged to school. I thought of the hour when, stung by passion, I struck the little fellow in the face, and how the big round tears and the quivering lips made my wicked heart ache. His sobs, then, too, I never can forget! Would that he were alive and could say, "My poor brother, I forgive you all!"

Yes, long years have flown since Willie and I were boys together. Still a wanderer in this world, beset with temptation and trial, I travel on; but he

"Is fled,

An angel, to the azure overhead."

Content to bear what of vicissitude my Father above sees fit for my good, shall I spend the days of my sojourning on earth. Willie is gone. "He can not come again to me, but I shall go to him."

THE INDOMITABLE SOUL

"IMPOSSIBLE," said Napoleon, "is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools." It is not intellect that makes a man great, so much as earnest purpose. The men in all times who have deeply impressed their character upon their age, have not been so much men of high intellectual powers, as men of indomitable will and of unceasing industry.

Look at Napoleon, just mentioned—how he pressed all men—soldiers and philosophers alike—into his service. His will was almost omnipotent. He bore down before him the armies of all Europe. The world lay at his feet. Once it was said to him that the Alps stood in the way of his troops. "There shall be no Alps," said he; and forthwith the grand military road was made, and the access to Italy was rendered easy in all time coming.

It is told of Warren Hastings, that when a boy, he once sat ruminating on the fields of Draylesford, and vowed in his young heart that those lost parental acres should yet be his. His strong will helped him to realize his early vow; all through his career in India it accompanied him, and was never forgotten; and after long years had passed away, the gray-haired statesman forgot not the determination of his youth, and he *did* see the lands of Draylesford become his own.

The lives of artists and literary men are replete with instructive instances of the victorious power of purpose and earnest endeavor. That of John Martin is full of interest. Martin, in original and self-dependent conception, stands almost alone among living artists. Once, when very poor and in great straits, he began to work upon one of his magnificent pictures—we think the "Fall of Nineveh." One by one his few shillings disappeared; and at length he came to his *last* shilling. This shilling he had reserved, because it was a bright one; and with it he one day went to a baker's to buy a loaf. The bread was in his hands; but the baker snatched it back—the bright shilling was a counterfeit! The artist returned to his lodging, ransacked the corners of his trunk for any remaining crust that might still be there, and went back to his easel with undiminished energy and determination. He finished his picture, exhibited it, and in a week was famous.

Courage, activity, and earnest perseverance, are indeed the secret of all success. No good endeavor, strenuously persisted in, will fail: it *must* succeed at last. Powers of

even the most mediocre kind, if energetically employed, will effect much. "The weakest living creature," says Carlyle, "by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his on many, may fail to accomplish any thing." Nor does effort, well directed, tend in any way to exhaust a man; it rather gives him increased strength in all directions. Burke said, "The more one has to do, the more one is capable of doing, even beyond our proper path." The diligent man cuts out time and opportunity for whatever work he sets his mind on doing: it is the idle man who "can't find time." "The day," says Goethe, "is immeasurably long to him who knows how to value and use it."

One often meets with persons going up and down the world whining their pitiful story of want of success. Southey had once to deal with such a temper in a young friend, to whom he thus wrote: "I would give you advice if it could be of use; but there is no curing those who choose to be diseased. A good man and a wise man may, at times, be angry with the world, at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it. If a man of education, who has health, eyes, hands, and leisure, wants an object, it is only because God Almighty has bestowed all those blessings upon a man who does not deserve them."

That blind and suffering historian, Augustin Thierry, rebukes the same puling sentimentalism in a kindred spirit, and urges that, inspired by high purpose, each man can make his own destiny, every man employ his life nobly. It is the noble purpose that is wanting and must be formed. We must cultivate the disposition and resolution to do the right thing, and when the determination is formed, set vigorously about doing it. "The good purpose once formed," says Buxton, "and then death or victory!"

ANGELS FROM THE CITY OF SILENCE.

SOLEMN city of Silence, holy city of the Dead! we will receive and not dismiss thy people who are dear to us. Yes. We can look upon these children angels that alight, so solemnly, so beautifully, among the living children by the fire, and can bear to think how they departed from us. Entertaining angels unawares, as the patriarchs did, the playful children are unconscious of their guests; but we can see them—can see a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away.

Among the celestial figures there is one, a poor, misshapen boy on earth, of a glorious beauty now, of whom his dying mother said it grieved her much to leave him here, alone, for so many years as it was likely would elapse before he came to her—being such a little child. But he went quickly, and was laid upon her breast, and in her hand she leads him.

There was a gallant boy, who fell, far away, upon a burning sand beneath a burning sun, and said, "Tell them at home, with my last love, how much I could have wished to kiss them once, but that I died contented and had done my duty!" Or there was another, over whom they read the words, "Therefore, we commit this body to the dark!" and so consigned him to the lonely ocean and sailed on. Or there was another who lay down to his rest in the dark shadow of great forests, and, on earth, awoke no more. O shall they not, from sand, and sea, and forest, be brought home at such a time!

There was a dear girl—almost a woman—never to be

one—who made a mourning Christmas in a house of joy, and went her trackless way to the silent city. Do we recollect her, worn out, faintly whispering what could not be heard, and falling into that last sleep for weariness? O look upon her now! O look upon her beauty, her serenity, her changeless youth, her happiness! The daughter of Jairus was recalled to life, to die; but she, more blest, has heard the same voice, saying unto her, "Arise forever!"

We had a friend who was our friend from early days, with whom we often pictured the changes that were to come upon our lives, and merrily imagined how we would speak, and walk, and think, and talk, when we came to be old. His destined habitation in the City of the Dead received him in his prime. Shall he be shut out from our Christian remembrance? Would his love have so excluded us? Lost friend, lost child, lost parent, sister, brother, husband, wife, we will not so discard you! You shall hold your cherished places in our hearts, and by our fires; and in the season of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy, we will shut out nothing!

The winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a rosy path, as if the sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hill-side beyond the shapelessly diffused town, and in the quiet keeping of the trees that gird the village-steeple, remembrances are out in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles around many a mound of earth.

May you, reader, and may I, long after these remembrances have decayed, and long after graveyard flowers have ceased to bloom, dwell in the land whose existence is blissful and immortal!

MIDNIGHT IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

BY PARKER SNOW.

MIDNIGHT in the Arctic seas! The stillness in these regions at this hour is remarkable and almost overwhelming. I can not attempt to describe the mingled sensations I experienced, of constant surprise and amazement at the extraordinary occurrence then taking place in the waters I was gazing upon, and of renewed hope, mellowed into a quiet, holy, and reverential feeling of gratitude toward that mighty Being who, in this solemn silence, reigned alike supreme as in the busy hour of noon when man is eager at his toil, or the custom of the civilized world gives to business active life and vigor.

Still, O how still! No hum of insect, no song of bird, no shout of human voice, far or near! In vain might the ear wait to catch some familiar sound; in vain might the heart wish to hear some familiar tone. I thought that strange thought, which never before had intruded on my mind, when the thousands of millions of beings on this earth would be alumbering the dreamless sleep of the grave. I thought of myself as being permitted to view the mighty funeral of all things. My heart quaked, my nerves thrilled, my soul startled. I felt sensations indescribable, unutterable. I stood on the deck of the vessel alone. The dim shadows fell from mast and shroud far out upon the cold waters. The sun was shining, with mellowed light, through the polar sky at the back of Melville's Cape, already on his way to begin the journey of another day. Silent, where all was solitude, and with a heart full of adoration, I praised Him who with his hand had stretched forth the heavens, and had hung the world in empty space.

New Books.

MISCELLANY: Consisting of Essays, Biographical Sketches, and Notes of Travel. By Rev. T. A. Morris, D. D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power. 1852.—The author of this volume, as we are informed in the preface, for many years past has occasionally employed fragments of time in writing for our Church papers. What is here presented the public embraces only a small portion of what Bishop Morris has written and published. The work is divided into three parts, for the convenience of readers. The first part consists of short essays on various literary, moral, and religious topics of a practical bearing. The second part is principally biographical; while the third consists of notes of travel. The reader is too well acquainted with the style of Bishop Morris to render commendation, on our part, necessary. It is simply enough for us to announce that his "Miscellany" is now out, and that it embraces the choicest articles, of a miscellaneous character, that the Bishop has ever given the public.

THE ITINERANT'S WIFE: Her qualifications, duties, trials, and rewards. By Rev. H. M. Eaton. New York: Lums & Scott. 1852.—This little work, divided into four chapters, supplies a desideratum. Written in a style of great fervor and simplicity, it can not fail to do good wherever it finds its way.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY BOOK. Edited by D. P. Kilder. New York: Lums & Scott. 1851.—Properly conducted Sunday school celebrations have frequently been of great service to the interests of the Church. They encourage the children, interest the parents, and awaken generally new and more active zeal in the cause of religious instruction. The volume before us is filled with almost every variety of pieces in prose, verse, and dialogue, suitable to be spoken on occasion of any Sunday school celebration.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN. By John A. Gere, of the Baltimore Annual Conference. New York: Lums & Scott. 1851.—There is no danger, just now, of parents being over-careful in the training of their children. A large number get no training at all, except it be that which they obtain on the street and away from the fireside. This work has five chapters, and whoever can read them candidly without any profit must already have so large an amount of practical wisdom as to be able to set up for a second Solomon.

SALANDER AND THE DRAGON: A Romance of the Hartz Prison. By Frederic W. Shelton. New York: John S. Taylor. 1852.—We alluded in our table of last month to this work. Youth as well as adult persons will be enraptured with it. It is certainly a novel, but a most masterly exhibition of the meanness of that too current vice in society, *slander*. Ordered from Cincinnati, the work can be had at fifty cents per copy, or by inclosing a dollar to the publisher at New York it will be sent, postage free, to any part of the United States.

THE TEMPERANCE TALES. By L. M. Sargent. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland: Jewett, Proctor & Worthington.—This volume, felicitously illustrated, embraces all of Mr. Sargent's temperance tales. Those who have read them once will be delighted with the present elegant edition, and those who have not yet read them could not do better with a dollar and a half than to buy this book and read it. On sale by Truman & Spofford of this city.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Rev. J. T. Barr. New York: Lums & Scott. 1852.—This is a neat and very attractive duodecimo volume. Its author writes with a really graphic pen. No one, on perusal, will say that the volume is otherwise than interesting and instructive.

REVIVAL MISCELLANIES. By Rev. James Caughey.—We have barely room to announce this volume now. It is edited by Messrs. Allen & Wise, familiarly known to the Methodist community of New England, and contains, beside eleven of Mr. Caughey's Revival Sermons, a great number of short dissertations on entire sanctification, revival preaching, methods to promote revivals, difficulties of converts, and kindred religious topics.

Periodicals.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for January, is an able and interesting number. Several articles are of a cast such as will interest the common reader. We subjoin the contents:

Faith and Science—Comte's Positive Philosophy—first paper, and anonymous. M. Comte is a French writer who, some ten or twelve years since, gave the world his views on what he was pleased to call *positive philosophy*—a rather vicious and unprofitable sort of philosophy, as the reviewer shows.

Latin Lexicography, by Professor Lindsey, of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., will prove specially interesting to scholars and students.

Dante—an interesting review of a work which has been immensely popular in its native tongue. Rev. A. B. Hyde, Cazenovia, N. Y., is the reviewer.

Methodist Preaching—practical, interesting, and highly instructive. It is by the editor, Dr. McClintock.

Tendency of Current Events in the Moral and Material World—a brief but felicitously written paper, from the pen of James Nicolls, Hillsboro, Maryland.

Recent Editions of the Antigone of Sophocles, first paper, is another article designed chiefly for the literary reader—J. B. M. Gray, writer.

William Penn, by Rev. T. V. Moore—a well-written sketch. It is designed principally as a refutation of Macanlay's charges against Penn.

Positive Science is a brief but scorching review of a recent infidel work entitled "Vestiges of Creation," an offshoot of a disciple of M. Comte, a survey of whose philosophy is given in article first.

The remainder of the number is occupied with its usual amount of literary and religious intelligence. The Quarterly is deserving of a circulation throughout every section of the Union.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for January, has, as its first article, Latham's English Language, an ably written review of an able and most elaborate work. The other articles are on Pius the Ninth and the Revolutionists at Rome, Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices, Kent's Commentaries on the American Law, Modern French Painters, J. F. Cooper, Eaton's Annals of Warren, Commercial Intercourse with British America, English Travelers of Rank in America, and Newman's Political Economy. We do not deem the number possessed of the usual general interest attaching to this Review.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, our favorite foreign quarterly, has, in its number for November, quite an excess of strictly literary papers. The last article of the number, on the Resawakening of Christian Life in Germany, speaks most hopefully of the future religious prospect in the land where Rationalism has long had sway.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE, published by R. Van Dien, New York, at two dollars per year, has obtained for itself, in the six months of its existence, a circulation of over five thousand subscribers. Its contents are uniformly interesting and instructive. Portraits of John B. Gough and Thomas M. Gally, well known in our country as able temperance lecturers, are given in the number for December.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, OR NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for January, has among its contributions a very interesting sketch, from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, of Ann Eliot, wife of that first and great apostle to the American Indians, John Eliot.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE, now in its twenty-sixth volume, maintains its former reputation undiminished. The amount of commercial matter furnished in its columns is very large. Price, five dollars per year. Address Freeman Hunt, Fulton-street, New York.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS, conducted by the Messrs. Silliman, J. H. Dana, and Dr. W. Gibbs, is altogether the best scientific journal published in the United States. It is issued monthly by the editors at New Haven, Conn. It is, however, such a periodical as would better suit the strictly scientific scholar rather than the general reader. Price, five dollars per annum.

ANECDOTES.

WHEN a man by the name of Thomas was preparing one of his first almanacs, a hand who was engaged upon the work with him, asked what he should say about the weather opposite a certain week in July. Thomas humorously or peevishly replied, "Thunder, hail, and snow." It was so put down and printed; and it so happened that it did thunder, hail, and snow at the very time. This fortunate prediction raised the almanac-maker in the estimation of many, and made his almanac the most popular in America.

Herodes, to overcome the extraordinary dullness of his son Atticus, educated, along with him, twenty-four little slaves of the Indian kings, who must have died in the time of the Incas. These stupendous mounds of earth are just upon the outside of the city, and are built of sun-dried brick, and are of gigantic dimensions. Some of them are over three thousand feet in circumference, and over one hundred and fifty in height, and have required much time and labor in their erection. One of them was opened in Truxillo, and silver and gold taken from it amounting to over two million dollars.

The events of a man's life have frequently taken their first tinge from accident. Sir Wm. Jones, on sitting one day near a pear-tree in the vicinity of Harrow, where he was at school, some of the fruit fell off, and there was a general scramble of the boys that were near the tree for it. Poor young Jones had his thigh broke in the press, and was directly conveyed to bed, where he lay for a long time, and contracted a love of reading from the books that were brought to amuse him.

It was a matter of astonishment to Europe that Luther, amid all his travels and active labors, could present so very perfect a translation of the whole Bible. But a single word explains it all. He had a rigid system of doing something every day. "Nulla dies sine versu," says he, in answer to the question how he did it—"nulla dies sine versu"—not a day without a verse. And this soon brought him to the close of his Bible.

The course of engagements adopted by Milton, after he was blind, is thus described by Dr. Johnson: "When he first rose— which was at four in summer and five in winter—he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then studied till twelve; then took some exercise for an hour; then dined; then played on the organ and sung, or heard another sing; then studied to six; then entertained his visitors till eight; then supped, and, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, went to bed."

"I know not," said Mrs. H. More, "whether my writings have promoted the spiritual welfare of my readers, but they have enabled me to do good by private charity and public beneficence. I am almost ashamed to say that they have brought me thirty thousand pounds."

Noah Webster probably got more for his Spelling-Book than was ever paid for any other book in the United States. We are unable to state the entire sum that was paid him for the copyright of that little book, but think it must have been more than fifty thousand dollars. His large Dictionary, a work on which he spent the greatest part of his life, never yielded him a tenth part of the profits of his Spelling-Book.

The Rev. Sidney Smith was notoriously one of the greatest wits in England. A friend once sent him a note, requesting him to sit for his portrait to Landseer, the great animal painter. Sidney wrote back, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

William Mason, Esq., author of the *Spiritual Treasury*, while engaged in that work, was called upon by a gentleman on business. Instead of taking his name and address, as desired, and as he thought he had done, he wrote the chapter and verse on which he had been meditating; and when he came afterward to look at the paper, in order to wait upon the gentleman, he found nothing upon it but "Acts the second, verse the eighth," so much was his mind absorbed in divine things.

It is said that a lady once asked Lord Brougham, the great

English orator and author, who was the *best* debater in the house of lords. His lordship modestly replied, "Lord Stanley is the *second*, madam." The modesty of his lordship is equal to that of a distinguished lecturer on phrenology. He told his audience there were three remarkable heads in the United States: one was that of Daniel Webster, another John C. Calhoun: "the *third*, ladies and gentlemen," said the lecturer, "modesty forbids me to mention."

Melancthon is reported to have frequently studied the gravest points of theology with his book in one hand, and in the other the edge of a cradle which he incessantly rocked; and M. Esprit, a celebrated author and scholar, "has been caught by me," says M. Marville, "reading Plato with great attention, considering the interruptions which he met with from the necessity of sounding his little child's whistle."

Observe the errors and infirmities of the greatest men of genius in their matrimonial connections. Milton carried nothing of the greatness of his mind in the choice of his wives; his first wife was the object of sudden fancy. He left the metropolis, and unexpectedly returned a married man; united to a woman of such un congenial dispositions, that the romp was frightened at the literary habits of the great poet, found his house solitary, beat his nephews, and ran away after a single month's residence. To this circumstance, we owe his famous treatise on divorce, and a party, by no means extinct, who, having made as ill choices in their wives, were for divorcing as fast as they had been for marrying, calling themselves *Miltonists*.

Literary men, according to Celsus, have universally weak stomachs. An ancient philosopher had this organ so feeble that he was obliged to strengthen it by the application of an aromatic oil to the region of the stomach, which never failed to impart its cordial effect. A respectable physician asserted that he could estimate the capacity of mind by the delicacy of the stomach; for, in fact, you scarce ever find a man of genius who does not labor under complaints of the stomach.

The authors of the time of Elizabeth and James I often put quaint and ridiculous titles to their books. Among others we may mention Joshua Sylvester, a puritanical poet, who wrote a poem against tobacco, which bears this title: Tobacco battered, and the Pipes shattered about their Ears that idly idolize so loathsome a Vanity, by a Volley of holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon.

"The title of my poem, *Night Thoughts*," says Dr. Young, "is not affected, for I never compose but at night, except sometimes when I am on horseback."

Bores—immeasurable bores—are literary men when they insist on reading their manuscripts to their friends. On these occasions their pertinacity—their awful determination to bring about a first reading—perhaps the first and the last ever to be obtained by the work—is almost incredible. Johnson must have suffered deeply from this species of bore, when, on observing what a showman would call "a literary man of the period" slowly and insidiously producing a manuscript, the lexicographer jumped up, and with a shout which sent Boswell quaking into a corner, roared, "At your peril, sir, at your peril!"

Among many other important literary services rendered by the excellent John Eliot to the Church, not the least was his translation of the entire Bible into the Indian language, the whole of which, it is said, was *written out with one pen!*

Dr. Gillies, the historian of Greece, and Mr. Porson, used now and then to meet. The consequence was certain to be a literary contest. Porson was much the deeper scholar of the two. Dr. Gillies was one day speaking to him of the Greek tragedies, and of Pindar's odes. "We know nothing," said Dr. Gillies, emphatically, "of the Greek meters." Porson answered, "If, Doctor, you will put your observation in the *ringular* number, I believe it will be very accurate."

It has been aptly said of Johnson's style, that it "rolls round, like the sails of a mill, ponderously, and sonorously, and monotonously, yet seldom grinding any corn." Yet, in conversation, his words were close and sinewy enough. It was rarely then that his pistol missed fire; and, if it did, "he knocked you down with the butt-end of it," according to Goldsmith.

Be not niggardly of what costs thee nothing, as courtesy and politeness.

Editor's Cable.

CAN an editor please every body? Leather once said that whoever tried to do this would likely please nobody. A gentleman sends us a long article on a strictly local topic, and says that if we will insert it in our columns he will subscribe for our periodical one year and pay the money to the preacher in the place where he lives. We are sorry, for any consideration, or under any circumstance, to lose either the patronage or good-will of the public. Our correspondent's wishes can not be met. Six months or a year hence, were he to see his article in type, he would scarcely forgive himself for writing it, or us for allowing it to be printed. Sober second thought is an extremely valuable thing; and we feel sure that when any of our contributors have forgotten to use it, they will not feel grieved because we ventured to remind them of its necessity. We have it in our heart to accommodate as far as we possibly can; yet we feel it our duty, irrespective of censure or praise, to consult the interest of our readers as a mass. Were we to gratify individual instead of general feelings, we should have a sad time with our work, and not many months would elapse before the existence of the periodical itself would be closed.

To have a bit of pleasant yet innocent chat, reader, did you ever see a newly married man? Of all persons was not he, in his own eyes, the most important? We have just finished an hour's talk with a friend of ours, who, "for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse," has taken as a lifelong companion one of the fair daughters of Eve. Never was a man's tongue more active—never a man's temper more smooth or amiable. He seemed earnest in search of friends, for every body that dropped into the office must needs shake hands with him. "My jewel, my sweet jewel of a wife," was the constant burden, expressed in action or in words, of his heart, as if there was no other woman in this world worth half as much in intellectual grace or personal attractions, as she whom he had won. We let him talk on, and when he had fairly talked himself down and was gone, we fell into a sort of reverie, and began to think whether in sooth a bachelor's life was happy, as some writers have tried to make the world believe. Half inclined to sit down and write an epistle to unmarried men in general, and bachelors of a mature age in particular, on the necessity of an immediate rush to the altar, our eye caught, among some loose papers on our desk, the following confession: "I do not know you personally, sir, nor do I hope for commiseration, but rather expect to be called a simpleton, when I tell you that I have had a pretty serious warfare since the beginning of my married life. My wife—and let me speak as respectfully as possible of her—has so much of her time to spend in seeing her friends and in shopping, that my heart is heavy and my pocket very light. When, after a day's toil, I come home and find the house looked up and my wife gone, it is not pleasant to creep down cellar and then up that way to the kitchen, and, having kindled a fire, cook my own supper, and solitarily wait for her return." Well, thought we, this is enough, and, without reading further, we put the document out of sight. Life is made up of contrasts, said we musingly; and while some have a goodly amount of sunshine, others walk among shadows and darkness. Instead of making out a letter for our unmarried friends, our pen fell down and we concluded that in all conditions there might be happiness or sorrow, according as men or women would have the matter. We could not console the heart of our correspondent, nor yet censure his wife. Having heard but one side of the story, we concluded that perhaps he was as much at fault as she. Husbands are not faultless always. They have their crooked ways almost without number, and need much of counsel and correction. Hence, having some time ago given our married sisters a discourse on their duties, we imagined that we could not do better than present our fellow-voyagers in matrimony with a brief sermon relative to some of their duties. They are hereby respectfully requested, in the present number, to look up and give the article in question an honest perusal.

A committee of ladies, in one of our eastern cities, recently waited on Madame Koluth for an expression of opinion relative to the enlargement of woman's rights, and the crushing of the tyrannical spirit and habits of husbands. The distinguished

lady, it seems, gave little or no heed to the members of the committee, but frankly declared that she knew nothing practically of a husband's tyranny, and she also more than hinted that wives as well as husbands could, and did, sometimes, evince a considerable amount of the temper alluded to. The reply, though unexpected, was justly severe and timely.

This topic of female rights is a curious one. "Agitate, agitate, agitate," says a London editor of great repute. "This is all some people care for. A sheriff's post, or some other public office, is what those agitators think a woman should fill." Not to become excited, nor to weary any of our lady readers with a discussion of this old theme, we must be permitted to ask one little question that has occurred to us a great many times. It is this: Does Christianity really make a slave of woman, or do the laws of any really Christian country, in any sense, abridge her rights? A very simple question this; who will answer it? We admit, with sorrow, that in heathen countries, and countries not heathen, where the Bible is excluded, woman leads a life of humiliation and misery. We have a sad picture presented us, near home, in the case of the city of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Were we to publish any of the authentic documents given, by travelers or missionaries, of the state of morals in this city, our readers would be perfectly shocked. The women there are not a whit more respected or elevated than the horses and the mules that walk the streets. A gentleman writing to a committee in Boston, says, that having been plundered, by some women, of a variety of small articles while on a temporary visit at Santa Fe, he thought to reform their thievish propensities by presenting them with a New Testament each. The gifts were accepted. Next day, as he was walking out, he saw at the street corners numbers of women raffling and gambling with these same New Testaments as a stake!

Gold watches, it would occur to a stranger passing along some of the streets of our city, are not such very scarce articles. Specially, would it appear, are they abundant in auction shops. Every week, and almost every day, some person from the country finds himself wonderfully sold in purchasing an old galvanized or pinback time-piece, worth scarcely its weight in so much pewter or cast-iron; but represented, of course, by the impudent and inflated seller, as pure gold. How long will it be before people learn to keep away from auction shops, when they want a watch? These mock auctioneers are always very glib of the tongue, and generally are more willing to tell falsehoods than the truth. Whoever buys of them buys to his sorrow. We would not have written this paragraph, only a gentleman living out of town told us, a short time since, of a lady acquaintance who, having ten dollars in her pocket, gave nine dollars and a half of it for a "lady's gold watch, the owner of which," as the auctioneer ranted it, "was sick and away from her friends, and was in need of money with which to get home." The piece of yellow metal was bought and paid for, but would not go after it was bought. Two dollars was paid for fixing it; after which it ran a few days, and then on occasion of its fair owner making an afternoon call, the "gold" piece fell and was totally ruined. *Sic transit!* and who asks for punishment let him have it.

We state, not so much as a matter of news as for the convenience of future reference, that the Ohio river, at Cincinnati, was frozen over, the second time for the season, on the twentieth day of January.

Our correspondent, Philemon, wishes us to correct his statement, made in our last number, relative to the death of James Montgomery. The article in question does not lose any of its intrinsic merit because the bard of Sheffield still lives.

Our plates, we think, must give satisfaction. The first is a view on the Wabash, engraved by Messrs. Jewett & Co., of this city, from an original drawing by George Winter, of Logansport, Indiana. The second will explain itself.

Perhaps we ought to say nothing respecting the literary matter of the present number. Apart from our own article, we think the reader will profit by a careful perusal.

Logic, in its Relations to Medical Science, is the title of a capital address delivered by Dr. Edward Thomson, before the Starling Medical College, Columbus, Ohio. We marked, on reading, two or three paragraphs, one of which may be found in the present number, under the head of "Tendencas of the Age."





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The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. This includes both primary and secondary data collection techniques. The primary data was gathered through direct observation and interviews with key personnel. Secondary data was obtained from existing reports and databases.

The third section details the statistical analysis performed on the collected data. Various statistical tests were used to determine the significance of the findings. The results indicate a strong correlation between the variables being studied, suggesting that the observed trends are not merely coincidental.

Finally, the document concludes with a series of recommendations based on the findings. These recommendations are aimed at improving the efficiency of the current processes and preventing future issues. It is suggested that regular audits be conducted to ensure ongoing compliance with the established protocols.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

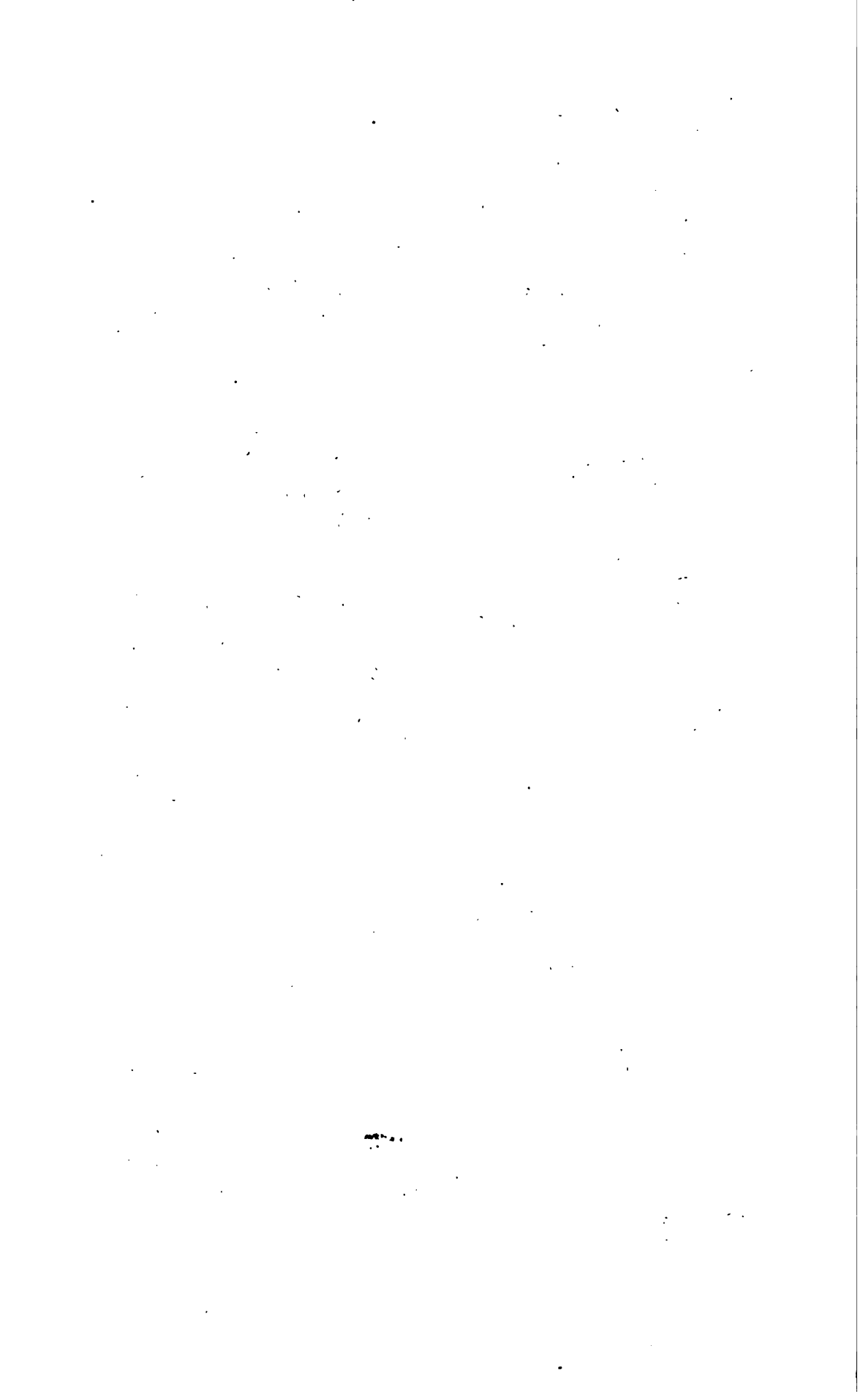


1910

J. J. JOFFE

THE ASCENSION OF JESUS CHRIST

THE ASCENSION OF JESUS CHRIST



Sabbath Evening.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Music by Fr. WENZEL, Steinbrecher.

Andante.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a whole note chord of B-flat, D, and F. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a whole rest in the first two measures, then begins with the lyrics: "'Tis ho-ly time. The evening shade Steals". The piano accompaniment continues with its established rhythmic pattern.

The third system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics: "with a soft con-trol O'er nature, As a thought of heaven Steals o'er the human". The piano accompaniment continues with its established rhythmic pattern.

The fourth system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics: "soul; And every ray from yonder blue, And every drop of falling dew, Seem". The piano accompaniment continues with its established rhythmic pattern.

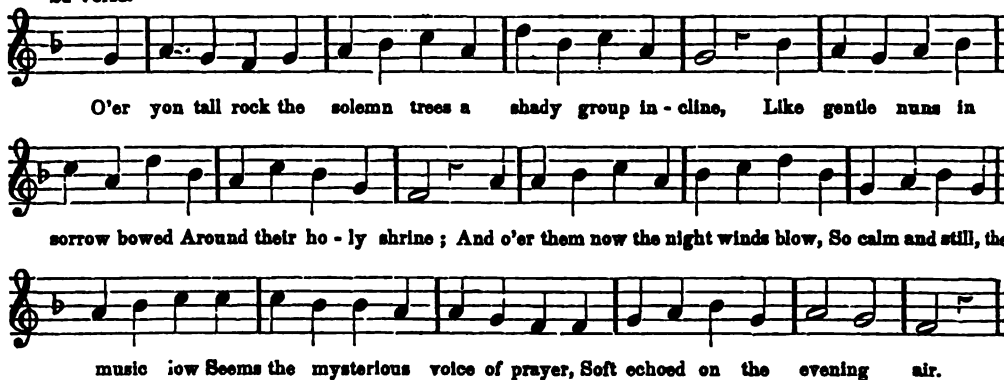
SABBATH EVENING. — *Continued.*



to bring down to human woes From heaven a message of re- pose.



2d Verse.



O'er yon tall rock the solemn trees a shady group in- cline, Like gentle nuns in
sorrow bowed Around their ho- ly shrine ; And o'er them now the night winds blow, So calm and still, the
music low Seems the mysterious voice of prayer, Soft echoed on the evening air.

3rd Verse.



The mists, like incense from the earth, Rise to a God beloved, And o'er the waters
move as erst The ho- ly Spirit moved ; The torrent's voice, the wave's low hymn Seem the fair notes of
ser- aphim, And all earth's thousand voices raise Their song of worship, love, and praise.

SABBATH EVENING.— *Continued.*

4th verse.



The gentle sisterhood of flowers Bend low their lovely eyes, Or gaze through trembling



tears of dew Up to the holy skies; And the pure stars come out above, Like sweet and blessed



thing of love, Bright signals in the ethereal dome, To guide the parted spirits home.

5th verse.



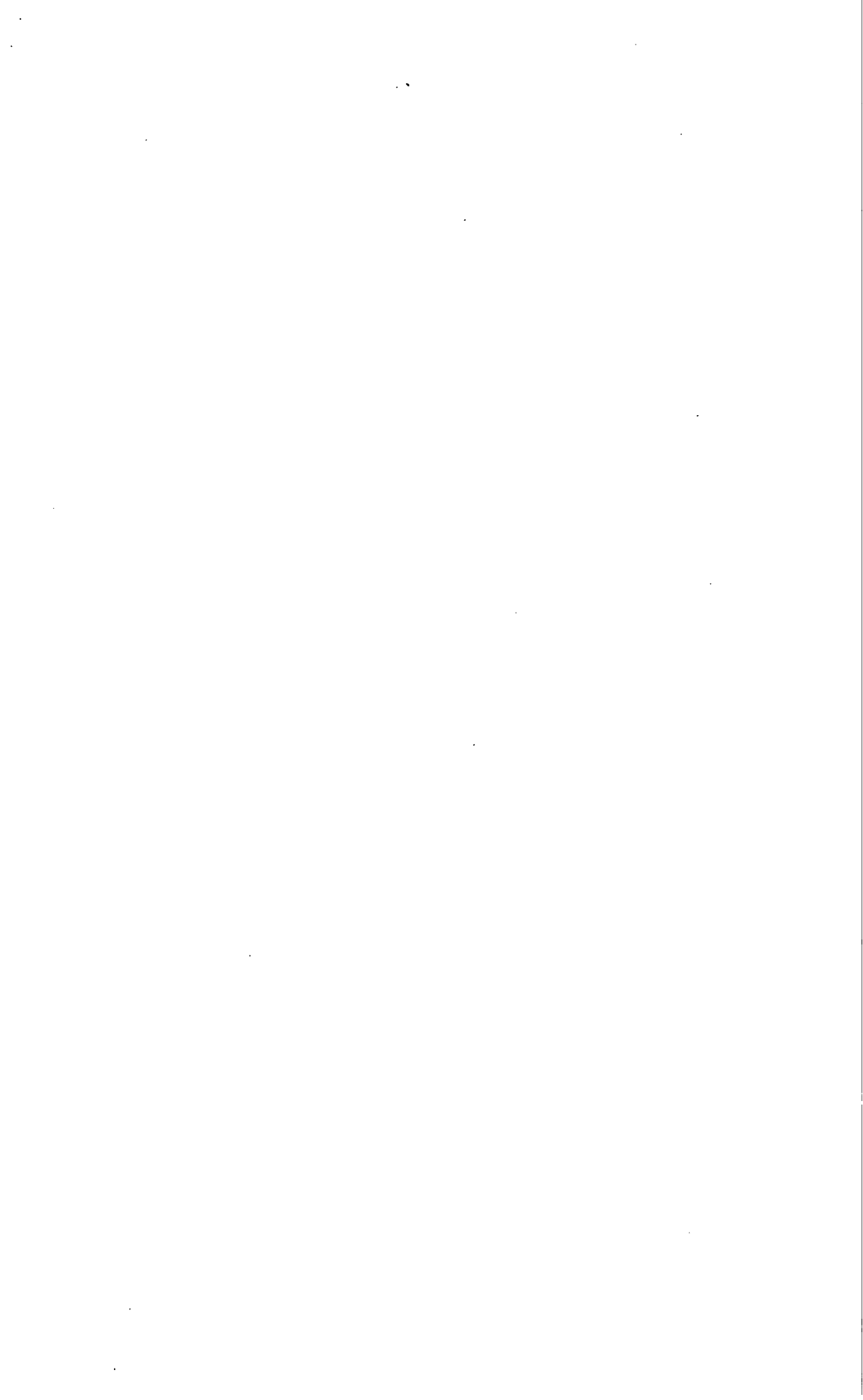
There is a spirit of blessedness In air, and earth, and heaven, And nature wears the



blessed look Of a young saint forgiven; Oh, who, at such an hour of love, Can gaze on all a-



round, above, And not kneel down upon the sod, With Nature's self to worship God.



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1852.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY.

BY THE EDITOR.

HAVING, in a previous article, in as few and fit words as I could, laid open the inner workings of nature, while in the process of forming the great world we live in, and having arrived, as I thought, to the undeniable and unanswerable conclusion, that the general scheme of society must ever remain what it is, because it grows directly and necessarily out of our own mental and physical constitution, I pass on, in the second place, to inquire into the evils connected with it.

But it may be said, and probably will be said, that a system coming so immediately from nature, so directly from the hand of God, can have no evils. "Look," says the objector—"look through the wide universe. Where is there an object, made by the Creator, which is not every thing it should be? Behold the spire of grass, the flower blooming in the field, the gem fastened to an ocean rock—yea, the hidden things of creation, which the light of day is never to illumine, which the eye of man is never to admire—the coral reef, the wild violet of the wood, the unfound pearl buried in the unsearchable depths of ocean sands—how perfect, how peerless are they all!" Indeed, this is very true; and if man were a mere physical being, a tuft of moss, or a pebble by the sea, or a stream winding down a vale, or a meteor flashing through the air, his life, his action, his destiny, would be as fixed, as finished, as complete as that of any object existing in the world. But man, reader, is not a mere physical existence. He is neither a meteor, nor a comet, nor a star. He is not a vegetable of any kind, from the tulip to the tree. Nor is he a serpent, nor a fish, nor a bird, nor a mere animal of any race. Man is an order of being by himself. Between two worlds he stands, touching both, but the property of neither. Nay, he is not property at all, except as all things are the handiwork of God. He is man, and man is free. He is as free to abuse, as to obey, his own instincts, his reason, and his moral powers. His power over himself, however, is not in every sense complete; for, though

he can pervert, he can by no means preclude, the laws of his being. Like a drunken man forced homeward by his friend, he may stagger along the path of his existence, though he can not cease to go.

From every relation between man and man, there grows up a duty, and, considering the mind's freedom, the possibility of a sin. From every passion of our nature, as it is governed by reason and conscience, or left without control, there may come a virtue, or a vice. That these vices, however, are not the natural fruit of society, or of the social passions, it is essential to my argument to show.

There, for example, is self-love, given us for the purposes of self-protection, without which no man would take the pains necessary to preserve his being, or to promote his welfare, or to improve his character and condition in any way. Can we find any fault with it? Can we arraign it for impelling us to seek the company of our fellow-beings, in order to the greater security of our persons, the fuller employment of our faculties, and the attainment of a higher good? Yet, when carried to excess, beyond the designs of nature, beyond reason, beyond the sanction of conscience, it becomes selfishness, a fountain deep and full of evil, whose black streams imbitter all the joys of life.

What purer passion, also, than that which draws two loving, trusting, buoyant hearts together? What other hearts have found a joy more innocent, or a more radiant bliss? With what new verdure is the round world clothed! How softly glide along the days! The nights, how beautiful—how calm the moonlit scene—how pure the sky freckled with transparent clouds—how serene, and still, and sacred to them the unfrequented shade! Nay, the rougher shapes of nature are smoothed and leveled down! To them a frowning precipice, or a shaggy wood, or a desert heath, is a grassy hillock, a Hesperian grove, or a Tempean vale. Poverty itself gives only the greater romance to their visions; sickness but opens the deeper well-springs of their unfathomed love; difficulties arm their affection with a more resistless energy; and all pain is pleasure, while innocence maintains its sway. But, now, let reason give up her reign—let conscience

forsake its hold—let one impure desire get echo—let one false step be taken—and all is lost! The vision passes, the pageant fades; and there is nothing left but anguish of spirit and a wide waste of blighted and untasted joys!

Look you in, also, upon the family circle, which centers at that quiet hearth. The fire—how cheerfully does it blaze; the swept stone—what token of universal cleanliness and comfort; the clean-clad table, with its furniture so tastefully laid out—how emblematic of a happy life; and then, those half-furtive but all-lawful glances, between the youthful master and mistress of this house, and the sweet smiles continually caught at each other's eyes and forever playing from each other's lips—O, what flashes of that inward feeling, of that unsullied love, which spreads for them over the earth and heavens an unmeasured bliss! The younger faces, too, which Heaven has kindly given to receive and reflect the rays of parental happiness, are radiant with it as their days glide on. Bend down, ye angels, and view this living rapture, welling up like overflowing springs, whose waters mingle as they flow! Guard, ye ministering spirits—guard those fountains well! Keep, O keep, the hearts of that happy pair, and of those dear ones trusted to their love! One straying look—one truant purpose—one overt act—and the charm is forever gone! Jealousy, anger, hatred, revenge lead on to poverty, misery, ruin, death; and, when the last family tie is broken, when parental, filial, and fraternal love is gone, when the season of domestic suffering is full, that miserable pair lie down in a grave of tears, either carrying their children with them, or leaving them to struggle for existence in a cold world newly cursed for a father's or a mother's sin. Yes, from that sorrowing grave we have this testimony, that it was the transgression, and not the observance, of the great family law, of the domestic loves, which blasted the buds and flowers of this blooming scene.

There, also, is the quiet, social, happy neighborhood. Each individual family not only lives in perfect harmony within itself, but is bound to every other family by long acquaintance, familiar intercourse, and unfeigned friendship, all of which bonds are made doubly strong by numerous interconnections of blood and marriage. Their houses are no longer castles, as the English Constitution makes the residence of a subject, shutting in their inmates from any outward liberty, and cutting off their neighbors from the most easy and confidential intercourse. They are the homes of loving hearts, where friends in fellowship often meet, and chase the flying hours with quaint stories, or quick jokes, or the music of a song, or recollections of by-gone years. There is not a field, lying between two cottages, where the winding paths, well-beaten, do not tell tales on the frequency of social visitings; not a tree, be it ever so lonely on the adjacent landscape, where the circles round it, on which no grass grows, hint not of midday converse or moonlight cheerful-

ness; not a bubbling spring, or a gray old well, whose hanging cup, or moss-covered bucket, could not become historical of socialities as pure and refreshing as their own transparent waters. There, too, is the village school-house, with its ample green, on whose verdant sward, as on a mother's lap, the ungrawn inhabitants daily gambol, when their tasks are done. And there, not far away, nor quite concealed by the bloom and beauty round it, stands the village church, within whose sacred walls the voice of pure religion speaks approvingly to consciences so free from guile and evil. Behind that house of prayer, beneath the boughs of the weeping willows, the loved and the lost are lying, on whose cherished graves the tears of memory are often falling. Over all the scene, from morn till eve, a common sun pours a mellow radiance; and, at night, clad in her fleecy robes, and crowned with a wreath of light,

"The moon takes up the woodruss tale,"

and gossips of a heaven below to her attendant stars; and the stars themselves, from the south to the poles, shed their selectest influences on a group of families, so united, so trusting, so radiant with every earthly joy. Ay, ye heavenly watchers, be vigilant of your charge; for the hour is coming, and now is, when the beasts of prey shall break in upon this peaceful fold—when avarice, with her open throat and iron hand—when lust, with her wicked heart and watery eye—when revenge, with clinched fist and scowling brows—when jealousy, green-eyed, with suspicious step and peering look—when envy, that sinks as others soar, with a wan visage and a wasting cheek—when all this haggard band, with discord and ruin in their train, shall burst in and rend and ravage all around. But who will not say, when their foul work is done, that it was the lawful exercise of the passions, acting in obedience to reason and conscience, which wrought out this social happiness, and that it was the transgression of the dictates of the rational and moral principles, by those same passions left without restraint, which effected the fearful change? Within their just limits, they were pure, and reasonable, and right; and, like every other good, they became sinful and ruinous, only when carried to excess.

Nor is there any thing, it seems to me, constitutionally and essentially sinful in the organization of a state. It grows up from necessity, in obedience to our social passions, which, as in every other case, are to be governed by reason and conscience. The different parts of it are connected by contiguity of position, by a unity of interests, by great natural boundaries and landmarks, by a common language, by marriage ties between many of its families, by a national blood, and by the imperious necessity of having a general code of laws, under whose sway the complex affairs of the people may move on in harmony. For such a people, the combined reason of all is the legislator, and the general conscience is the judge; while the

aggregate will of the nation, guided and guarded by its intellect and moral sense, is the enlightened and virtuous executive of the laws. In a nation thus constituted, where the social feelings have full scope, so far as they can exert themselves rationally and right, without the slightest modifications of their tendencies or results, men will live as they were made to live, in the satisfaction of all their natural powers, in peace and prosperity, and in the full enjoyment of social life. But now, let one, great, national sin take possession of that people. Let self-love, in that nation, become selfishness; or sexual love pass over into lust; or paternal love, with the other domestic affections, be changed to family pride and bigotry; or friendship go on to provincialism and aristocracy; or patriotism reach the madness of feeling and acting unjustly and oppressively toward other countries; or humanity itself, that sublimest of all the affections, so set its heart on man, as to aggrandize him beyond his real character, elevating his pride to a contradiction of God's claims upon him; let reason and right; in a word, be renounced, as the conservative principles of society, and the state tends rapidly and fearfully to ruin. Unmanned and unnerved by luxury, it may be swept as bare as the rocks of Tyre, or the sand-heaps of Sidon. Sprung by a vaulting ambition, that

"O'leaps itself"

like Athens, it may rise and dazzle for a moment, to be obscured forever. Goaded by the love of conquest to injustice, and war, and cruelty, like Rome it may govern the world for a season, then lie down itself beneath the most severe, and dreadful, and ignominious oppression.

I write not, indeed, to palliate the evils of society. With Plato, I am ready to look upon man, even in his best estate, as the inhabitant of a vast cave, with his back to the mouth of it, groping his way along in pursuit of the shadows, projected from without, that flit on the rocky wall before him. With the material philosophers, I am willing to confess, that we are all of us living contrary to nature, out of harmony with the universe; having waged a war against the laws of our being, thus turning continually the tide of battle on ourselves. With the modern Socialists, St. Simon, Fourier, and Owen, together with Oabet, Considerant, and Infantin, I am prepared to charge powerfully against many of the artificial arrangements of society, against war, against slavery, against domestic selfishness and general oppression. The boldest and blackest pictures of social misery and crime, drawn by Louis Blanc himself, shall receive my hearty commendation. Society is, beyond all contradiction, in a most terrible condition. The great majority of men are seeking their own ends irrespective of all other men. Heads of families are striving to amass wealth, by the most dishonest means, to spend in luxury, or to hoard in idle heaps. Husbands and wives, to an alarming extent, either go willingly to sin, or have fixed prices on them-

selves. Young men, and the other sex too, in our great cities especially, are standing on the brink of virtue, from which thousands are nightly tumbling down. Neighborhoods are rent by discord; towns are overwhelmed with drunkenness and riots; the whole country is filled with the rumor of thefts, and robberies, and murders. Such is the general corruption, no one knows how far he may trust his neighbors, or his kin. Our houses are unsafe at night; and our purses are picked in the light of day. If you buy, you expect to be deceived; if you sell, you are afraid to give credit even to a friend. Trade, in fact, to an alarming extent, has become a science of low fraud; and our youth, of both sexes, are educated in it, to turn their backs on the moral law. The watchmen, who are set to keep our cities, take advantage of our confidence, breaking into our premises, and spoiling us of our goods. Magistrates and judges, pushed by the general impulse, in haste to get rich too, are blind indeed to every object but their gain. Ministers, the representatives of virtue and religion, are often the most licentious and irreligious men we have. The rich, with more money than they know how to spend; bestow grudgingly and meanly upon public and useful enterprises, which are supported, in a great measure, by the poor. The poor, witnessing this contemptible parsimony, conceive an antipathy toward the rich, which unsettles the harmony and peace of political and social life. The employers, combining together, crowd down the price of labor to the lowest point at which a man can live; the laborers, though justly indignant at such a course, run a fierce and destructive competition with each other, which sends thousands of them to starvation and the grave. The unemployed, wandering over the land in search of business, spend the last of their earnings, and then beg. But begging, in many countries, is a crime, punishable by the state; and the offender, in default of a fine, is thrown into prison for asking at the door of luxury for a piece of bread. When he gets out of prison, he joins a band of burglars, or robbers, or banditti, leaving, it may be, a helpless family behind. His sons, if they are old enough, follow his course, and meet with a similar fate; and his wife and daughters, punished for idleness when they can obtain no work, taken up as vagrants if they go to seek it, to save themselves from imminent starvation, offer their virtue to the highest bidder, and thus sink into eternal ruin. And, reader, what is worse than all the rest, those very men elected to high and holy trusts, as the law-makers of their respective countries, who are expected to do every thing in their power to remedy these frightful evils, are frequently, nay too characteristically, the most lawless, and corrupt, and dangerous members of society. Living on the public money, they will even add to our distresses, by stirring up any senseless popular broils that may bring themselves into notice; and they will wage wars, and plunge their countries into debt, and

thus doubly oppress the laboring and the starving poor, for party or personal success. God of our fathers! happy for all nations that thy bow of promise still spans the clouds! Thrice happy, if the earth quake not, nor send us, as thy next and concluding judgment, a flood of devouring fire!

FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH AN INVALID.

BY MRS. SUSAN W. JEWETT.

"How welcome is the friend who brings to us great thoughts! I have been quite happy to-day, for no other reason than that my mind has been lifted up, and out of my own sufferings, by the help of one stronger than I, who did for me what I was unable to do for myself."

"That is right," replied Lucille. "It is well that there are some strong-minded people who, guided by kind and sympathizing hearts, become helpers of suffering humanity. But would it not have as good an effect upon you, if, instead of waiting to be ministered to, you were to try and minister to others? Suppose you make the effort now, as you seem a little desponding, and try to elevate me."

"All can not be teachers and apostles," replied Grace. "Some of us must be contented to serve as beacons. And yet—"

"And yet what?" asked Lucille.

"How difficult, how impossible it is," replied Grace, sadly, "'to keep those heights which the soul is competent to gain.'" So Wordsworth said, and so many a poor mortal must have felt, whose spirit was borne down to earth by these chains of mortality. But once to gain a vantage-ground, to catch a glimpse of the promised land, to bask in a clearer light, to drink inspiration from the fountain of all wisdom, only makes our fall to earth more dreadful."

"What a pity it is, then, that these soul-inspiring, life-invigorating friends can not be forever near us!" said Lucille.

"It is not so designed," replied Grace; "because, in that case, we should never learn to stand alone. Our strength should come from *within*, not without; and even sympathy, sweet as it is, we are not capable of appreciating, till we have learned to do without it."

"I suppose you are right," said Lucille; "because you are older, and ought to be wiser than I. But upon what height of contemplation did your friend leave you? It is not fair that you alone should be the gainer by these angel visits. Although I confess the common earth is a very comfortable as well as safe place for me, I have no objection to try a short aerial voyage with you. I wonder how this busy, work-day world would appear seen from such an elevation."

"You recollect," said Grace, smiling, "what P.

once said to me, when I asked him what good imagination could do me. I remember his reply, word for word. 'It may answer the same purpose,' said he, 'as the wings of the schemer in Rascelas. He attempted to fly, and they let him down into the water. When there he found that his feathers, though they would not bear him up in the air, kept him from sinking, and were not useless, although they did not answer the purpose he desired.' Alas for me! my wings, heavy with the earth-damps that cling to them, can not even keep me from sinking deep down into the sea of despondency. The examples of the great and good alone keep me from drowning. Dwelling on these 'I take heart again.'"

"Long live those who can bring great and high thoughts to such weak mortals as heed them!" exclaimed Lucille. "Perhaps I am too satisfied with life as I find it, and with my poor, humble self as I am. It is my temperament. We can not help our temperament. We are not to blame for being too happy. I am not obliged to soar so high to feel the love of my Father in heaven. I see it all around me—in this beautiful earth, these kind friends, these simple pleasures. There must be just such commonplace sort of people—contented people like me are, after all, rather commonplace—to fill up some gaps, and preserve the equilibrium of the universe."

"Dear Lucille, such happiness and contentment as yours are my admiration," replied Grace. "I do not envy you, but you do me good constantly, because in your healthy and happy soul I see a constant manifestation of God's love. It is true, we are unlike. We have each our mission. Happiness must come to us in different ways; but, if we are faithful to our own natures, we shall attain it. Happiness brings us near to God. It elevates us to the sphere of the angels. Sorrow is the exception, not the rule of our being; and this we shall see more clearly when we shake off these chains, and look at life in its vastness, from the shore of eternity, instead of this narrow belt of time. Even in looking back upon griefs that are past, how alight they seem, compared with their overpowering weight when present! And even then, if we had known ourselves, we should have known it was not the sorrow, or the disappointment, or the anxiety alone that weighed us down; but the sudden eclipse of light, which is as needful to the growth of the soul as the sunshine is to the growth of the flowers. One being we love is taken from us. Is the earth then for us desolate? One cherished hope has come to naught. Is there, then, nothing left to hope for? No, it is not this, that we have lost *all*, and that life is hopeless; but we are conscious of a great capacity within us, which is chained down and useless. The capacity for happiness in our nature is undeveloped. We must throw off the weight, and rise to the sphere for which we were born."

"How we wrong ourselves by sorrow and sighing!" replied Lucille. "I have not much to answer

for on that score as yet, no thanks to my virtue, which has never yet been put to the test. But there is such an indomitable will within me to enjoy what comes along, that even grim Disappointment, frown he ever so desperately, would find it hard to vanquish it."

"You speak," replied Grace, sadly, "like one who has had no bitter experience of life, no conflict with his own nature. Long may you be spared the test of your faith and your virtue! No praise is due to you for being happy; you could not be otherwise. We do not say of that merry brook yonder, which I can see dancing in the sunshine, and which I know danced as blithely as now before the eyes of our great grandmother, how strange that it should so exult in its eternal youth and gladness! But let that huge, unsightly rock be thrown so as to obstruct its current, and see what a change would ensue; or let a mountain intercept its progress, and what then?"

"Why, one of two things would happen," said Lucille. "Either it would turn pleasantly and cheerfully to find a passage round it, through green and pleasant valleys; or else furiously beat against its prison wall, and struggle to force a passage through, and thereby fret and foam, and, if not aided by some convulsive effort of nature, be forced back after all. Now, I am not made for conflict, and should probably yield more readily than you to a law I could not resist; but acquiescence is, after all, what we must come to before we have learned by heart the secret of happiness. If God thwart us in our preconceived plans of enjoyment, it is for some wise purpose, and we only make the matter worse by resistance. Better yield at once; and the more cheerfully we yield the better for us in the end."

"It is easy for you to say this, because, as you confess, you have never been tried. I do not say put yourself in my place, because I consider mine the most unfortunate of conditions, but because we can all speak more conclusively from our own experience; and it is very hard, amidst the depressing influences of long-continued ill-health, to nourish the mind on cheerful thoughts and high aspirations. I can see, as well as you, how many are worse off than myself, who have yet attained to the sublimest resignation, and whose inward faith seemed to increase in proportion as their outward blessings were withdrawn. But I take my own example, because I conceive it to be the severest feature in my present discipline, that the nature of my physical complaint has so strong an effect upon my mental constitution, that though I long for life, and strive for it, and pray for it, the very effort to attain it only serves to make the darkness more visible. O, this mystery of life!"

"Yes, it is a mystery; therefore, why puzzle your poor brain about it, as if it were necessary that you should solve it all at once? It reminds me of that tangled skein we attempted to wind yesterday. You, with the earnestness which is

characteristic of your nature, tried to find a clue to unravel it instantly, but in vain; while I, with my practical and matter-of-fact coolness, followed the single thread in and out, wherever it led me, and thus succeeded at last in finding my way through. Now, in fact, this is the only way to do, after all, with the tangled thread of human life. You must follow in and out, through the intricate windings, till you come to the end. There is no use in jerking and twitching—it only makes the snarl worse; neither is it worth while to try and look through it, for that is discouraging; or to break off and try another thread, as one is tempted to do who is overhasty. By and by, if we are patient, it will run smooth. There are very few skeins which can not be disentangled with patience. And now let us go back to the ground from which we first started: 'A blessing on those who give us great thoughts,' and rouse us above our trials! What great thought did your friend leave with you to call forth so fervent a blessing? Let me come in for a share; I may need it by and by, for, if they tell us truly who are wise by experience, the dark days must come to each one of us, and I would be prepared for them."

"I doubt if that can be," replied Grace. "We must feel our weakness before we can realize our need of help. Let me read you these few lines; they were translated from the German by my friend: 'Hast thou overlived it—the heavy hand of that gigantic misery laid stunningly, stroke after stroke, upon thine head, till thou hast shuddered at the desolation of thine own bosom, empty of joy, of consolation, of hope; thy loved ones all in the grave; thy grief longing in vain for tears; and in the whole wide world remaining to thee *nothing*—*nothing*; and yet in this nothing lies already slumbering thine all? From nothing did God create the world. So must the spirit create, calling its worlds from nothing. Ere the diamond of the depth can show forth its radiant beauty, thy heart the rock must crash to its very center.' This is not all, but is it not enough? Carry out this thought—what a volume of wisdom it comprehends within it! What hope! what encouragement to those who have lived to see in the whole wide world remaining to them *nothing*! Then again the earth becomes chaos. Darkness is upon the deep; but through this darkness breaks a ray, feeble and faint at first, but toward it the sinking soul turns as to the dawn of a new hope. The Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters; the mist arises, and is quenched by the steady light of eternal truth. Then, for the first time, in our *Creator* we recognize our *Redeemer*, our *Savior*."

"One could almost wish to suffer to feel the power of such truth," added Lucille, thoughtfully. "But how then can I understand your first assertion—We are born for happiness? Do you not contradict yourself, and make the heaviest discipline prove the greatest happiness?"

"No, I did not contradict myself. Only when we have been taught by suffering do we know what true happiness is. Then only do we find it is not in our own pleasure, or in the qualification we owe our selfish will, that we find our highest joy; but in making our own will in harmony with God's will, we become partakers of his joy."

THE SEASONS.

—
BY FLORIAN.
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How full of variety, full of instruction is the changing year! Each season has its own distinctive characteristics, and furnishes us its peculiar moral. Spring has its beauties, summer its glories; but autumn, with its fruits, and winter, with its reign of snows and storms, suggest to the thoughtful moral reflections of grave import. Interesting as appears Nature in her delicate robe of spring, or in her brilliant and flowery costume of summer, yet to most observers she seems still more beautiful in her autumnal shroud. Tinged with colors foreign to their healthy and primeval nature, the leaves, though beautiful still, all betoken decay. Indeed, to the elements of decay they seem to owe the extraordinary beauty of their colors. And it would seem a general rule in nature, that the process of dissolution should develop beauties unseen and loveliness unappreciated during the period of vigor and of growth. Who has not been deeply impressed with the surprising exhibition of strange beauty in the face of the dying and the dead? While looking on the features of the departed, often far more lovely than in life, we can not believe that death has really done its work; we suspect there must be some deception in appearances; we fancy the living spirit must yet animate the beautiful form; we look with anxious expectation for the eyes again to open, for the lips to move, and for the sleeper to arise; we listen for the sweet sound of the voice to fall again, with its familiar tones, on our ear, and for the light footstep to echo again along the hall; but these appearances are only the natural and legitimate results of death. They are only indications of the first stages of decay. The golden-tinted leaf of autumn, though wondrously beautiful, can never again resume the freshness and life of spring, nor may the unearthly loveliness of the youthful dead ever again give place to the bright and rosy hue of health.

Winter is the season of rest. Winter, as well as night, is essential to the development of living forms. Nor man, nor animals, nor vegetables could well attain physical perfection were there no night, no interception of sunlight, no diurnal season of rest. Winter seems less essential than night, yet its influence for good in the economy of nature is marked and efficient. Though in a tropical zone

vegetation may luxuriantly thrive, yet the demand for periods of rest, so conveniently furnished in temperate zones by winter, is clearly observed in the habits of every species of plant. The evergreen of the north and of the south equally sheds once a year its old leaves. The principal difference between an evergreen and a deciduous tree is found in the fact, that the evergreen, whether northern or tropical, retains its old clothing of foliage till it has manufactured and put on its new dress, while the deciduous lays aside its garments, and retires for its winter rest, and in spring arises and dresses itself in new robes.

During the resting period of winter the vegetable creation is accumulating resources, and acquiring energy for its summer progress; the buds and sap are maturing. When the allotted period of rest shall have past, and the returning influences of spring shall have penetrated the abode of vegetable life, and awakened the spirit from its sleep, and broken the spell which winter's magic wand had thrown over it, then shall we see the whole vegetable world rushing forward with renewed speed on its career of progressive development. There is a winter in the affairs of men. Periods of doubt, of darkness, of discouragement, of disappointment, and of ill success are often only the natural recurrence of the wintery season, which may prove essential to our success. There often occurs a winter season in the history of reform and benevolence. During this season of wintery weather, amidst the blasts and storms, ephemeral enterprises die. But those enterprises founded on the principles of true charity, of pure benevolence, of Christian duty, and demanded by the nature of man, though they may suffer a temporary cessation of visible progress, or even an apparent reverse, will most surely elaborate and mature during the wintery season the elements of success and triumph. The seed of reform, of virtue, of Christian enterprise is endued with immortal life. Long may it be buried in the ground, or covered with rubbish, yet it never loses its vitality. In the revolutions of time it will yet come to the air and the light, when it will thrust deep in the ground its roots, and protrude through the rubbish its stock. You may trample down the plant, but it,

"Crushed to earth, will rise again."

On it may beat the pelting storm, but its power of endurance will prove exhaustless. It may be swayed to and fro by the rude blast of the furious winds, but it will again recover itself, and even acquire firmness in the struggle. The heaving frost may penetrate about its foundations, and attempt to throw it out of its place of lodgment, but its roots strike too deep to be reached during the temperate winter of indifference or the Arctic winter of persecution.

There are periods of winter in human history—periods during which, to superficial observers, the progress of humanity seems retrograde. Such a period was what is usually called the dark age.

Dark those ages may seem to us, but only because we usually look on the wrong side of them. Dark seems sometimes the moon to us; but while to us, who look on one side, she appears dark, to other beings, who look on the other side, she seems bright and fair. Dark seems the cloud to us, when we look only on its earthward side; but to those on the mountain summit it may appear lighted up in gorgeous reflections.

The dark ages were to human progress what winter is to vegetable development. It was the period of rest, of accumulation of resources, of elaboration of instrumentalities. It was the season of preparation of mightier, of better directed, and of more successful effort than humanity had ever made. To that winter there succeeded a glorious spring, followed by a gorgeous summer, in whose light we of the present age, with appliances and privileges peculiar only to ourselves, are most luxuriously basking.

THE PROPHECY.

—
BY FRANK SARRY.

No great sea lifts its angry waves
Between me and the friend most dear,
And over all our household graves
The grass has grown for many a year.

With all that makes the heart rejoice,
The days of summer go and come;
No feeble step, no failing voice,
Saddens the chambers of our home.

Yet, though I know, and feel, and see,
God's blessings all about my way,
The burden of sad prophecy
Lies heavy on my soul to-day.

These awful words of destiny
Are sounding in my heart and brain:
"Not an unbroken family
Shall summer find us here again!"

O God! if this indeed be so,
Whose pillow then shall be unprest?
Whose heart, that feels life's pleasant glow,
Shall faint, and beat itself to rest?

Eternal silence makes reply,
We may not, can not know our doom;
No voice comes downward from the sky—
No voice comes upward from the tomb.

Yet this I would not ask in vain:
Hide from my wretched eyes the day,
When by our household graves again
The turf is lightly put away!

First from our home, though all descend
At last to that one place of rest,
O, solemn Earth! O, mighty Friend,
Take me and hide me in thy breast!

A FATHER IN ISRAEL.

—
BY MRS. E. G. GARDNER.

BESIDE the altar rail there sits,
Each pleasant Sabbath day,
An aged man, with wrinkled brow,
With scattered locks of gray.

His form is bent with many years,
His eye is blurred and dim;
Yet precious is the Gospel word,
The prayer, and sacred hymn.

Manhood is there, and woman fair,
And youth's sweet joyous smile;
Yet glad we hear his tottering step
Along the echoing aisle.

We watch him slow, uncertain course,
And half unconscious say,
"A blessing on the hoary head!
God speed the pilgrim's way!"

A few more faltering steps, and then
To his freed soul will come
The bright reality of life;
Of life beyond the tomb.

How soon among the angel band,
Free from this cumbrous clay,
His ransomed spirit will exult
Through the eternal day!

Another voice will swell the song
That myriad voices sing,
The tribute of adoring love
To God the heavenly King.

The rich and honored ones of earth
May pass him in their pride,
Nor heed that death's dark shadow falls
Already by his side;

But, while he feebly lingers here,
Be ours the earnest care,
To listen to his counsel pure,
To prize his fervent prayer.

ALONE.

—
BY MISS E. A. BROOKS.

O, is there not, in this strange world
Of shadow and sunshine,
'Mid all its fond and trusting ones,
A heart attuned to mine?

A heart that beats in sympathy
With feelings of my own?
Nay, 'mid the world's vast multitude,
I'm all alone—*alone!*

But faint thou not, my wearied soul;
Though dark thy pathway lies,
A kindred spirit waits for thee
Beyond the soft blue skies.

BERLIN AND THE BERLINERS.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

SECOND PAPER.

THE capital of Prussia is not only the grand focus of German science and German thought, but Berlin is also decidedly the city of intelligence. It may be boldly asserted, that no city on the continent presents so brilliant a galaxy of cultivated intellect in the fashionable and gay circles as does Berlin. Here it is not enough in the gay world to be merely "*au fait*" at gossip, scandal, the opera, or doings at court; here a mere automaton, decked and drilled according to Chesterfield, can not, in society, ride rough-shod over his superiors in intellect and cultivation; on the contrary, mental worth and real men and women rise to the elevated position that they are qualified to assume, while mere foppery and wealth sink to their natural level.

One of the most agreeable resorts, in private circles, for the stranger in Berlin, is the hospitable mansion of Baron von Raumer, the publicist and historian, who made so favorable an impression in this country some years ago, while on a tour through the United States. On his return he published the result of his observations and reflections, in a sterling work of two volumes, which showed a keen perception of the practical workings and practical results of our institutions very unusual in a German professor. He remembers with pleasure his visit to our shores, and repays all the kindness received among us by welcoming to his saloons every American that is introduced to his notice. An evening with Von Raumer is an enjoyment not to be forgotten. The company assemble at an early hour, and, without the assistance of either music or dancing, groups of familiar and kindred spirits enter into a delightful *conversazione*, which passes with perfect ease and freedom from one subject to another, as chance may direct, till nearly every question of importance would seem to have had its share in the grand review. The University is always represented by a goodly number of the professors, who openly discuss the merits of every new event in the scientific or literary world. The fine arts are nobly represented by Rauch, the greatest living sculptor in Germany, and Wagner, the director of the National Museum of paintings of the old masters. To these may be added a goodly number of officers of the government, who discuss political matters; and officers of the army, who pass in review the merits of military leaders, or treat of the probability of the continent being overrun by the Russians and Cossacks. Etiquette requires all these gentlemen to appear in grand gala, decorated with orders and ribbons from all the sovereigns in Europe, and, indeed, from some out of it, and military men in uniform—all of which enlivens the scene for a stranger, who may read their several histories from the decorations which they bear.

It would seem that these gentlemen cultivate the conversational powers as an art, and many of them do certainly excel in it; these are celebrated for their happy style of expression, and always draw an admiring group around them. But by far the most interesting feature in these *conversations* are the ladies that grace the circle. Their accomplishments—solid intellectual accomplishments—are really remarkable. It is enough to say, that they shine in the company of such men, and take an active interest, and not unfrequently a part, in their discussions, without for a moment throwing off the feminine grace of their sex. All of these ladies speak two languages, many of them three, and some even four. French is a matter of course, and English is fast becoming a matter of taste and fashion. About ten o'clock the guests are all invited to be seated at small tables, accommodating about four or five persons each; and the lady-hostess is especially careful to bring together kindred spirits, by placing the name of each visitor at the place selected for him. In this way another delightful hour is spent in adding viands to the subjects already under discussion; and the company separate, after having passed an agreeable and profitable evening.

So much is the English language studied in Berlin, that we found no difficulty in forming among the circle of our personal acquaintance an "English Club," composed of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen, who met in turn, one evening a week, at each other's houses, for social intercourse and amusement. The rules of the club permitted no other language than the English to be spoken; and this, instead of proving a damper on conversation, rendered it the more amusing on account of the many strange speeches, and, at-times, ludicrous expressions, that would escape in the vivacity of conversation. But the object—improvement and practice in the language—was attained, and in the most agreeable and effectual way. One cogent reason why foreigners are more successful in the acquisition of our language than we of theirs, is the fact that they never hesitate to use all the words they know, hoping that they may be right, and expecting to be set right if they are not so. In this way they must necessarily make progress. We have known persons to begin an English conversation on what appeared to be a stock of twenty words, and, meager as was their capital, they were sure to lose nothing by it. Americans, on the contrary, too frequently hesitate, and put off the trial till they have learned more, and thus the Rubicon is never crossed. Several of the ladies of this English Club were actually readers of Shakspeare, who is, by no means, always intelligible to the English scholar. In their zeal to understand difficult passages they would frequently rack their brains for hours, and then, in despair, tease their humble servant, till he became a fit emblem of "Patience on a monument smiling at Grief."

It is seldom, indeed, that good things are not

abused, and it would be strange if this extraordinary activity of mind among the fair sex did not sometimes degenerate into abuse. In another circle in Berlin the question of emancipation of women is assuming an importance that has become alarming to the sterner sex, who seem fearful of being robbed of their prerogatives. The celebrated Bettina von Arnim, a lady well known throughout Germany for her intellectual vigor and eccentricity of mind, has made herself very obnoxious to the Court, by addressing to the King open letters, as they are called; that is, letters through the columns of a journal. His Majesty, not admiring a correspondence of this kind, even with the famous Bettina, forbid their publication. She then honored her unwilling correspondent still more by writing a whole book for his edification, and addressing it to him. Many of the hints contained therein were of such a nature that the King ordered all the books to be seized by the police and confiscated; and even went so far as to tell Bettina that if she made any more suggestions to him he would send her away from Berlin to repine in solitude. The lady then began to address the working classes on the means of bettering their condition; and actually assisted them in erecting model lodging-houses, which now bear her name. She then turned her efforts toward her own sex, exhorting them to throw off the chains of thralldom, and declare themselves free; and the result was the formation of associations for the emancipation of women. These were, so far as we know, the only associations of this kind in Germany, and perhaps on the continent, showing how very far Berlin is in advance of all other cities of Germany in intellectual activity.

During the revolutionary excitement of 1848 a number of these societies formed themselves into a "Female Revolutionary Club," held meetings, in which they wore red scarfs as a symbol of their political opinions, and made violent speeches, calculated, in the opinion of his Majesty, to stir up to sedition and rebellion. With returning power the King dissolved them, with the injunction not to organize again at their peril, and ordered the wife of Herwegh, the poet, to leave the capital, on account of the active part which she had taken in these female clubs.

But the oppressed fair sex were determined not to give up the contest after the first defeat. The servant-girls had long considered themselves an ill-treated, downtrodden class, and, in the general fermentation of the revolution, determined to hold a grand indignation meeting, and demand a redress of their grievances. The meeting was large, and men were not admitted, as it was considered they had no business there and no sympathy with the poor girls. Rare speeches were made, and it was finally, Resolved 1st, That they should have coffee in the morning for breakfast—a luxury not hitherto enjoyed by them. Resolved 2d, That they should have soup at dinner, as well as their mistresses. Resolved 3d, That they should be allowed to go to

bed at ten o'clock in the evening, and not be forced to remain up to wait on company. Resolved 4th, That they should have two free evenings in the week and Sunday afternoon. This unique meeting was the subject of much conversation, but of no very important results.

In short, Berlin is the grand city of reform in Germany, and is always trying at least to strike out into a new path. Even Cobden was a lion in Berlin, and, as such, was invited to a soiree given by the American ambassador. The Turkish ambassador was also among the invited guests, and inquired of the lady of our representative who Cobden was. "The great reformer," was the reply. His Turkahip's ideas not being very extended on this point, he naively inquired whether he wanted to reform the Catholic or the Protestant religion.

A very remarkable feature in the polished circles in Berlin is the position and influence of the wealthy Jews. In no country has this eventful and unfortunate nation been more persecuted than in Germany, and in no country, perhaps, with the exception of Poland, are they proportionally more numerous. The low and trading Jews in many parts of Germany bear the appearance of being perfect outcasts from humanity, and, indeed, are thus treated. In many of the towns they are not allowed to reside, and in others they are excluded after a certain hour of the day. Thus, in Nuremberg, one of the oldest and formerly most influential towns of Germany, they are not allowed to remain after six o'clock in the afternoon. They come into the city in the morning, transact their business—and they have a great deal of business in their hands—and leave at the prescribed hour in the evening. A few miles from Nuremberg, and connected with it by a railroad, is the town of Fürth; here they all reside, apart from their neighbors; and the railroad that conveys them to and fro is the most profitable one in all Germany, so extensive is the travel. In the town of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the home of the Rothschilds and the stronghold of the children of Israel, they were till lately sorely persecuted. They were forced to reside in a certain part of the city known as the Jews' Quarter, and at eight o'clock in the evening the gates that guarded its entrance were closed, and then woe betide the poor Jew who was not within the walls. It was even, till very lately, the case that but a certain number of marriages were permitted to be solemnized among them yearly. This number was restricted to thirteen, and that among a population of about ten thousand Jews. The privilege was, of course, rare, and generally at the disposal of those who had *golden* reasons to urge why it should be granted to them. The result of this unjust oppression is degradation—to express their condition in a word. It is the history of the world that a subordinate caste loses self-respect, and falls in the scale of worth. It is our own history in this country.

But the power of wealth has raised many of the

Jews of Germany to a most influential position; and the latter, in its turn, has acted on its possessors, and qualified them to take a prominent and enviable stand among their competitors in the social arena. This is the case with the wealthier Jews of Berlin. The first impetus given to this desirable state of things was the powerful mind of the celebrated Jewish philosopher Mendelssohn, who gathered around him a brilliant circle of intelligence, and made his house the rendezvous of the first intellects of his day. His family, all of whom are highly gifted, still continue their literary reunions, and diffuse a love of letters and the arts among those around them. The most powerful scion of the stock—Mendelssohn, the great composer—died but three years ago, and his remains were brought from Leipzig to Berlin, where all classes united to do honor to his memory. During our stay in Berlin, we found no where more notabilities in literature, science, and the arts than in the hospitable mansion of a wealthy Jewish lady.

This taste for literature among all classes seems to have taken its rise with the real founder of the Prussian monarchy and "father of his country," Frederick the Great, who was a man whose leisure hours were all employed in literary labors—poetry and philosophy. His well-known love of the muses drew to his court many who supposed themselves by birth and destiny to be great poets, with no other failing than the very usual one of that class of mankind; namely, empty pockets. One of these, a celebrated female improvisatore, known in the early annals of Prussia as the *Karochin*, whose passion was, Homer-like, to sing to the people, though in doggerel verse, of the deeds of the nation, teased the old King a long while for a little assistance in the way of money. Frederick at last gave her a scolding and two dollars; whereupon she immediately exclaimed,

"Two dollars! what a petty thing!
Two dollars! O, how great a king!"

Frederick the Great was a very remarkable man in many respects, and so unwilling to submit to restraint that his courtiers found it a difficult matter to induce him to behave as a king; that is, according to their idea of royal dignity. His intercourse with his subjects was so free that he was even on good terms with the school-children in the street, who would often follow and talk to him, as he was riding into the city from his country palace. In Germany Wednesday afternoon is given to the children for recreation—a custom which is very old. One of the said afternoons it happened, that quite a crowd of children met the old King on horseback, and gathered around him, so that he could scarcely proceed. Being in a hurry, he said, rather impatiently, "Go along, boys, to school." "Ha! ha!" exclaimed the children, "a King, and don't know that there's no school on Wednesday afternoon!" Frederick was eccentric in the extreme, and lavished his affections on his hounds and his flute. The beautiful Palace of "*Sans Souci*," built by

him in the royal residence of Potsdam, is still kept up in beautiful style, being the favorite place of resort of the present King. But the apartments in which Frederick mostly passed his time are preserved, with great reverence, as they were when he died. In his library is a large sofa, covered with orange-colored satin, which is torn and covered with the spots from the greasy paws of his hounds, as he fed them. These dogs were so dear to him, that he left orders, in his will, as to the place and manner of their burial; and in the old arbor to which he frequently resorted in the summer season, may now be seen the graves and monuments of his faithful dogs. Frederick the Great was a great admirer of Franklin, and even invited him to his court, intimating that if it were not for his fear of England, and the influence of the latter power in Germany, he would be glad to assist the American provinces in their struggle. The greatest error in the old King's life, and one which he most regretted finally, was the invitation to Voltaire to become an inmate of "*Sans Souci*." The King was an ardent admirer of French literature, and even wrote poetry in that language. He thought it a capital idea to have so powerful a master to criticise his efforts; but in the sarcastic and bitter Voltaire he found a master in the truest sense of the term. The man whose audacity feared neither God, his fellow-man, nor Satan, ridiculed the old King to his very face, and called it an act of friendship, performed with a view to improve him. Frederick's manuscripts were shown to us, with the criticisms of Voltaire written by himself on the margin; and their caustic satire did improve the King effectually; for they soon fell out, and quarreled with each other like cat and dog, till, at last, Voltaire received orders to leave. The French philosopher then resided a while in Holland, and, after quarreling with and abusing every literary celebrity there, left the country with the bitter farewell, "Adieu, ye ducks, canals, and rabble!"

Another distinctive feature of Berlin is the perfect mania for newspaper reading. The "*cafés*," that in other cities of the continent are filled with an ever-moving, chattering crowd, are here so silent that one on entering fairly walks with a light step, in order not to break the general stillness, nor interrupt the group of readers gathered around the tables, and sipping coffee, tea, or chocolate, while devouring the news of the day. A very important item of expense in keeping a Berlin café is the provision of journals from all quarters of the world; and the principal reading-room and café of the capital contains journals in more than a dozen languages, even to the modern Greek.

No mania rages more violently in Berlin than that of titles. It is the rarest occurrence to hear a man called by his simple patronymic. Among these no titles are more numerous than that of "Privy-Counselor." The slightest act of fidelity to the government, or the most trifling public service or individual merit, is sure to raise a public

man to this dignity. A capital caricature, that appeared during our sojourn there, represented a man knocking violently, in the dead of the night, at the door of a private hotel containing furnished lodgings; the moment a window in the second story is raised, the man inquires in an elevated tone, "Is the Privy-Counselor at home?" In an instant twenty windows fly open, twenty heads appear, and twenty "Ye's" respond to the inquiry. This amusing custom is carried so far that the wives of said gentlemen, when addressed, always receive the same title, with a feminine termination; and it is nothing unusual to hear a lady spoken to as "Mrs. Privy-Counselor!" And thus with every title that a man may claim; he can not even receive a simple "good-by" without having his official dignity attached to it. "Good morning, Mr. Supreme-Consistorial-Counselor!" "Good evening, Mrs. Supreme-Consistorial-Counselress!" "How do you do to-day, Mr. Chief-Director-of-the-King's-Forest?" "How do you find yourself, Mrs. Chief-Directress?" etc. Even the military titles of the gentlemen are applied to their wives. "Mrs. Generalness," "Mrs. Captainess," is a very common form of address to mild and delicate beings, who bear no external traits of paying any other homage to the god of war than that of loving and serving his disciples. And thus this title epidemic runs on through the whole range of the arts and sciences—"Mrs. Doctress," "Mrs. Professress," and so forth, till it is exhausted.

Then the same malady reappears, in a modified form, in the many unique family names handed down from father to son, and most probably taking their origin in the personal peculiarity of the family patriarch of his profession. We have first Mr. God-Love and Mr. Trust-in-God, reminding one strongly of the old Puritans in English history. Then come Mr. Devil-Hater and Mr. Man-Devil—the latter gentleman is at this moment prime minister of the Prussian cabinet, and his political enemies, the republicans and liberalists, do not hesitate to declare that his name is most appropriate. After these we find Mr. Woolen-Weaver, Mr. Silk-Embroiderer, Mr. Big-Head, Mr. Little-Chicken, etc., till one pauses in astonishment at this exuberance of fancy in the selection of cognomens.

There is in Berlin a certain activity and bustle that gives it more the appearance of an American city than any other in Germany, and the people themselves do business with more dispatch than is usually employed by their neighbors. The fact that five important railroads branch out in all directions from the city, shows an appreciation of the value of trade and intercourse with neighboring powers. By means of one of these roads the market of Berlin is always supplied with live fish from the Baltic Sea, swimming about in the reservoirs on the market-place. This is a specimen of enterprise peculiarly un-German-like, and especially American. We saw nothing like it in any other German cities.

Another enterprising feature to be met with here seems rather to surpass even brother Jonathan: it is that of canine industry. Indeed, we confess that the dogs seemed, in many instances, more industrious than the men. Nearly every thing is dragged to market by dog-power. Early in the morning the whole city is furrowed by little milk-wagons drawn by dogs, and followed by women, who distribute the milk and collect the money. About nine o'clock the milk is all served, and at nearly every corner may be seen the little milk-wagon, with Tray partly unharnessed, and enjoying a frugal breakfast provided by his mistress, while the latter has stepped into a neighboring house for a cup of coffee and a roll. These and the gossip of the morning being duly discussed, dog, cart, and mistress again start on their rounds, to collect swill at the houses of the customers, with which to regale old Brindle on their return; and thus these dog-carts are traversing the city till noon, when they leave for their rural domiciles, and do not reappear till the following sunrise. A matter which caused some reflection to ourselves was the propriety of conveying milk-cans and swill-barrels in the same vehicle; but we are in duty bound to suppose that errors never occur, although the proximity between vice and virtue seemed to us too close for the general welfare.

In this way nearly all the dogs in the humbler walks of life are rendered materially useful. They draw wood and all kinds of fuel; the baker seldom has a cart or barrow without his dog; and even the butcher will have his dog harnessed in front of his wagon: these vehicles are generally constructed like wheel-barrow, so that the owner can steer by the shafts while the dog pulls. Thus dogs of every shade, race, and size enter into the busy scenes of life, and many of them seem to have all its sorrows woefully depicted on their careworn countenances. Then, again, there are aristocratic dogs; that, like their masters, are lazy hounds, who prey upon the body-politic, and turn up their noses at honest labor; these seldom pass their poor relations without a scowl, and the latter sometimes leads to open combat, which, being carried on with one of the parties in harness, frequently interferes with the distribution of bread and milk.

Berlin is peculiarly destitute of what the Germans call "*People's Life*;" that is, amusements and festivals in the open air. In southern Germany the outskirts of every city abound with public places of resort—large open commons, gardens, or public houses, where the national customs of the country may be seen on every holiday, and thousands collect to indulge in mirth and pleasure. But the Berliners seem to be of a more serious and reflecting turn of mind, even the lower classes; and although places of resort abound, as elsewhere, the amusement is of a quiet nature, as if under restraint, and all those places bear, therefore, more of the American character.

A striking trait in the German character is that the individual always remains in his sphere; and he is generally placed there by his fathers, and stays there during life, leaving his offspring in the same place that he vacates. Thus, some of the oldest inns in Germany have for centuries been in the hands of the same family. The house itself seems to acquire this extremely conservative disposition; and one of the hotels in Augsburg has been a public house for four hundred years. Its register is a most valuable document, containing the autographs of many of the most wonderful men of the last four centuries, among which are the names of Charles the Fifth and Napoleon. Some of the most influential and wealthy private banking-houses of Germany have retained the same firm for centuries; and it is not improbable that the house of Rothschild may perpetuate itself quite as long. The American, on the contrary, is a perfect Jack-of-all-trades, and always flying off at a tangent; dabbling, at the same time, in three or four occupations of a totally different nature—governing a state and trading in sugar or iron, teaching school and driving a stage-coach. This to a German would be as impossible as it is incomprehensible. Dining one day at the house of a banker of Berlin, the conversation naturally turned on the relative value of money in Prussia and the United States; to this was added the question of exchange between the two countries, and the operation of the tariff, so far as it effected certain articles of trade in which Germany and this country are largely interested. In rising from table our hostess inquired what house we were connected with in the United States. On disclaiming any connection with commercial affairs, the lady expressed her surprise that one not in the profession should take sufficient interest in it to discuss its laws.

Shortly afterward, at the request of a medical friend at home, we applied at one of the hospitals for some special information in relation to a certain branch of medical practice. The first interview was very courteous on the part of the resident physician, but the rules of the institution required the names of all visitors to be registered. This proceeding showed the gentleman that we laid no claims to the title of M. D., and with regret he informed us that gentlemen not of the profession were positively excluded by the board, at the same time expressing his surprise that we should take any interest in such an affair. We merely give these examples to show how much Germans are governed, and how seldom the thought occurs to them to leave a beaten track. It is an evil that at this moment is doing much to prevent the regeneration of the father-land.

NEGLECT of attention to small things has been the defeat of more than one mind in this world. Showers spring from rain-drops.

THE DEATH OF A SCHOOLMATE.

BY REV. D. ST. JAMES PAY.

There is one truth that time teaches us, slowly but surely: it is that we may not yield our affections to things of this world, however worthy they seem for our love. Not but that the love of a warm heart may meet with a like response, or that the sympathies of an affectionate nature are in vain, but because they are too frail for immortality. The grave has buried such hosts of bright hopes, and cast a shadow over so many aching hearts, bereft of sunshine and gladness, that we can scarcely mention it without calling forth a sigh from some poor broken heart.

We never learn what death means till it comes so near us that we feel his cold breath, and miss one from our side whose step has been the echo of our own, whose smile was the sunlight of the life. Then we no longer wonder at the heart-sobs and the pale cheeks, that never asked but always gained our sympathies, and sometimes our prayers.

I recollect, and with such vividness that only a few days seem to be past, when there was such a shadow thrown across my path. It was the passing away of a schoolmate from earth that gave me the sad experience; and time has repeated the lesson so often that I can never hope to see it less distinct than at present. It was not the first death within the range of my knowledge or acquaintance, but he was the first I saw die, and he was one whose life was very dear to me. Some years before I had seen a little brother wrapped up in a snowy shroud; but there was such a sweet smile upon his pale cheeks and lips, that I thought he had grown happy again after so many days and nights of pain. I recollect an old gray-headed man that died the summer before; but it was not strange he should die, for he had been old, and gray-headed, and leaning on his staff, and saying that he would die soon many years before; and I thought it strange, indeed, that he had lived as many as eighty years.

This was my schoolmate—the one, among all my schoolmates, that I loved best. We sat beside each other in the school-room, in the same seat, and held our desk in common; and, indeed, there was nothing that seemed to belong to one more than the other. Not only in the school-room, but in the play-yard we were brothers, and whatever was the game that occupied our hours of recreation we were to be found on the same side. I know that I should not have had heart to beat him in any of our childlike contests—our shout of victory always went up together. But what glorious times we had during the holidays and on each returning Saturday! In the warm season we were out among the green hills, with such merry shouts as only school-boys know how to utter. In the spring we gathered flowers; and in the autumn-time we were found busy at the roots of the hickory and walnut

trees; and when there were neither flowers nor nuts to gather, we would sit near each other on the creek-banks, and fish for minnows, till the sun streaming sidelong among the willows warned us that our parents would be looking for us anxiously. Then, hand in hand, with hearts full to the brim of happiness, we went on our way home.

Our last ramble in the woods was on one of those bright autumn days, when the hills and trees look so royal in their rich purple robes. The leaves had begun to fall, and every now and then the wind would come blustering among the topmost branches, snatching whole handfuls, and tossing them into the bright sunshine, till the ground was rich in its treasure of gold, and purple, and brown, and scarlet hues. Happiness could not have been more complete than ours. As we went home after this day of wildest joy, he looked languid; and when we sat down on a large rock by the road-side, he leaned his head—I can almost feel the pressure now—against my shoulder, and said that it ached badly. The next morning he was not at the Sabbath school, and then I knew he was sick. O how I longed to see him, and sit on his bedside, if he lay in bed, and talk to him! The next day, as I went to school, I passed by the house, but saw no one whom I might ask about his welfare. That day at school was full of anxiety, more so than ever one had been before, and it was in vain that I attempted to study; for my heart and thoughts were with him, and he had never been absent before. My lessons were but poorly recited, and when the teacher asked the cause I burst into tears, as if my heart would break; and after a little while, when I became calm and told him that Charley was sick, he put his arm around my neck, and told me to call in the morning and see how my dear schoolmate was.

I started early the next morning, but, as I came near the house, I had a strange reluctance about going in and asking for him. It was strange, for it had never been so before. As I entered the little side-gate, his mother saw me through the window, and came and opened the door, and I went tremblingly in, and stood by his little bedside. The moment he saw me his eyes brightened, and there was the old familiar smile, with a slight tinge of pain; but he was very sick, and I felt, as I saw the faces of the family, that they were all in great fear. Something of fear took possession of me, and something of pleasure also, for I was glad to see him; but I do not know that any words passed between us, except the whispering of each other's names. What happiness it was to stand beside his bed, and hold his hand in mine; to see his face again, and know that he was alive; and to think that before many days passed I would stop before the little gate in the morning, and whistle, and then he would come out, and we would go to school again together! The school-bell rang; I started, and pressed his hot hand, and said I would call again when I came from school in the evening.

The school-hours passed, but how wearily! And when the dismissal bell rang, I sprang from the seat, and almost ran till I came in sight of the house. I went in with a trembling heart, all was so quiet and still. They were all standing about the bed; and sobbing, especially the mother. The shadow of some mighty fear passed over me, and I shrank back a moment, and then drew nearer to the bed, till I could see his face. He was dying; his cheeks were pale, and his breathings were as if each one would be the last, and his blue eye had a strange glare. He seemed to look at me, but did not recognize me. The setting sun shone above the head of the bed, and as it grew dim and disappeared he breathed fainter, and at last I heard some one whisper, "*He is dead!*" There was with the words a heavy, cold pressure upon my heart—a sadness that, child as I was, for a long time clung heavily to my heart.

The next day, in the afternoon, they buried him. I had passed a sleepless night, but was at the house when the coffin was opened, that all present might again look upon the pale face. At first I shrank back, and my courage would have failed me, but some one noticed me sobbing, and knowing that we had been playmates, came and took me by the hand, and led me to the coffin. I forgot all present, and placed my hand on his cold forehead first, and then my cheek against his cold cheek; but I could not see his face distinctly, for my eyes were too full for tears. The white cloth was put over the face again, the lid of the coffin screwed down to its place, and he was seen no more. Yet not here did I realize his loss first; it was when the clouds began to fill up the grave; then all hope was gone, and I knew I should see him no more.

The place where they buried him was in the graveyard among the hills, over which we had wandered so often in the spring, and summer, and autumn times. The graveyard was a familiar one to me, but I had never loved it before as I did now. Saturdays were lonely days; but when they came, and the weather was pleasant, I went to his grave, and would sit there whole hours. The grass grows green over it, and the rose-bush at his feet has been often clothed in flowers, and the evergreen at the head-stone has grown to be quite a large tree, but he is to me the same gentle, joyous-hearted boy that sat beside me in the school-room.

THE following anecdote is told of an individual who heard Sheridan speak against Warren Hastings. At the expiration of the first hour, he said, "All this is mere declamation;" when the second was finished, "This is a wonderful oration;" at the close of the third, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably;" at the fourth, "Mr. Hastings is an atrocious criminal;" and at the last, "Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings."

THE BIBLE FRIENDLY TO REASON.

BY EDWARD THOMPSON D. D.

GENTLE reader, you, doubtless, value your mind above all other treasures; you will, therefore, put a high estimate upon any thing which tends to improve it. The Bible has a greater influence in developing and cultivating the intellect than any other book of which I have any knowledge. If you doubt this, will you not sit down by my side, and reason with me on the subject for a few minutes? I will endeavor not to weary you, and I promise you that it may be some time before I ask your attention again.

I grant that the chief object of the Bible is to show us the way of salvation; but in achieving this end it accomplishes many minor ones. Indeed, there is not a fiber of the body nor a faculty of the soul upon which it does not lay its hand of mercy—not a temporal interest or relation upon which it does not send forth a stream of blessings. Many look upon it as a book which, though suitable enough for the simple and the afflicted, has no attractions for strong and healthy minds. Now, ponder my argument against this error; and that I wander not from the point, let me state my proposition:

The Bible promotes the development and cultivation of the intellect.

It enlarges the foundations of knowledge. In things both natural and supernatural, we can not proceed a step without primary truths. That there are such truths must be apparent; for without them every process of reasoning would be interminable. A primary truth may be known by the following signs: it can neither be proved nor refuted by clearer propositions; and it forces men, whether they admit or deny it, to act as though they believe it. A philosopher, for example, may deny the existence of an external world, and may meet with no one who can refute him; nevertheless, he will be as careful to avoid fires, and rivers, and blows, as if he taught that flame will burn, and water drown, and that action and reaction are equal.

A large basis of these truths is afforded to man by intuition, and upon it he erects the structure of natural science; but it is evident that, however high he may carry up the edifice, he can not broaden it. But the Bible enlarges the foundations of knowledge; it lays a number of basis truths in the faith—such as the existence of God, the beginning of the world, the origin of evil, the future life, the resurrection from the dead, the judgment to come, and the scheme of salvation through our Lord—and on this added and supernatural foundation man can build, as on Jacob's stony pillow, successive stories, like the rounds of the mystic ladder, and side by side with the ascending angels of God, rise higher and higher, till he bathes his head in the divine glory.

It may be alleged by some, that the propositions just stated are first truths of natural knowledge,

and, therefore, need no revelation from Heaven. Try them. Are men compelled to act as though they believe them? do they not generally act as though they disbelieved them? It is alleged by many that they may be built upon other truths; the being of God, for instance, upon the axiom that every effect must have an adequate cause. Perhaps some of them are discoverable by unassisted angelic minds; but are they by unaided human ones? What ancient philosopher ever reasoned himself up to any one of them? True, here and there, a gray-haired sage, after the labor of a life, caught a glimpse of some; but it was a mere glimpse, beheld with doubt and fear, and leading to no useful result. Nor was this ignorance due to any want of interest in religious themes. What nation that ever emerged from barbarism did not speculate upon these points, and, by its absurd notions concerning them, demonstrate that the "world by wisdom knew not God?"

Let it not be said that their errors were owing to imperfect mental cultivation. Philosophers, to whom, so far as intellect and polish are concerned, the world has looked up for ages, and still looks up, sought after this knowledge as after hid treasure, yet died without the sight. Simonides, on the fortieth day of his search after God, cried, "The more I consider the subject the more obscure it becomes." Greece confessed her ignorance when she erected an altar to the unknown God; and Socrates, her noblest son, marked the end of the longest march of unaided mind toward God by a sacrifice to Esculapius. I know that reason may render the truths in question *probable* before they are revealed, and may illustrate them afterward; but she can never advance them from the probable to the certain till she hears a voice from heaven. Skeptics who, with all the light of modern science, reject the Bible are in darkness concerning even the being of God and the immortality of man.

You perceive the discouragement which every mind must feel when there is no revelation—a discouragement which must increase with every succeeding age. Who would deny himself ease, and home, and pleasure, to enter upon a voyage which has always terminated in icebergs, and clouds, and shipwreck, and confused cries dying out into eternal silence? Yet such has been the end of every voyage of human reason in search of the "golden fleece" of religious truth. No wonder; for it is an attempt to reach the infinite by the route of the finite. We see the encouragement which the Bible gives to study—it starts us on our journey far in advance of the most laborious researches of philosophy. The child, with the Bible in hand, begins his lessons far beyond where Socrates closed his.

The Bible requires the exercise of reason in examining its evidences. If I am required to receive the Bible upon the ground of authority, custom, antiquity, or law, what distinction can I perceive between the true religion and the false? Leave it to the priests of Pagan temples to challenge belief

without proof; it is the distinguishing glory of the Gospel that she brings her witnesses into reason's court, and demands the coolest, strictest scrutiny. We blame not the infidel because he *reasons*, but because he either does not reason enough, or reasons from false premises. I know that many good men receive the Bible without examination, and become established in the faith by the fruits which it brings forth; but if they had traced the analogies between natural religion and revealed, studied the dependencies and correspondencies of the old and new covenants, listened to the harmonies of both and the answering echoes of the heart and conscience, and ended their investigations by comparing prophecy with history, till they saw the proof that Jesus is the Son of God beaming round the earth upon the brows of three millions of the living children of those who led him to Calvary, and saw in the broken columns of Nineveh, and the scraped rock of Tyre, and the barren hills of Syria, and the cursed valley of the Nile, the sad and silent demonstrations of the Divine origin of holy oracles, their faith would rest on broader foundations. Hence the Bible says, *prove all things*. Prepare to satisfy your neighbor as well as yourself, by giving a reason of the hope that is in you. Study, argue, till you can give every leaf and every providence a voice for the Son of God, and make every Alpha and Omega of the New Testament speak of his divinity and his era, as the galleries of the stars mark the footsteps of the Deity, and the petrifications of the rocks chronicle the days before the flood.

The Bible demands our reason, that we may *develop its truth*. Made up as it is of various books, written by different authors, at sundry times, during the lapse of many centuries, each part bearing the stamp of its own times and the peculiar style of its own writer, it requires careful examination, and an application of those rules of exegesis which are used in the interpretation of other ancient writings, in order that it may exhibit its meaning. And the meaning which the words express is what we want: he who looks for *hidden senses* looks for his own fancies; he who allegorizes adds to the revelation.

Let reason, however, approach the Bible as the prophet did the burning bush; for it hath fallen—it stands on holy ground—it can never find out God to perfection—it seeketh things hidden from the wise and prudent to be revealed unto babes. Let it not merely approach, but tarry and *deverate*; for Christ saith, "*Search the Scriptures.*" Alas! many, like they of Thessalonica, are mental beggars, because they will not—a few only, like the Bereans, are moral noblemen, because they do so *daily*. It is easy to read; but to *understand* we must *think*. The ox sees the sun merely as a ball of fire; the philosopher sees in it the attraction that binds the planets and the spectrum that spans the heavens, the heat that warms and the light that cheers a set of worlds, and the power, and

wisdom, and goodness of Him that hath set the king of day his tabernacle, and kindled up his fires. And what makes the difference but thinking? No one can understand a book unless his mind can pass with the author up the same steps of thought which he traveled when he penned it. He, for example, who would comprehend Euclid's problems must think himself up to Euclid's elevation. And O what discipline must the mind undergo to receive truth from the pen of that philosopher! How should we close our eyes, and bend our knees, and tax our energies when we pass through the chambers of the Scriptures, beyond the ranks of cherubim and seraphim, to place our ears to the mouth of God! It is the glory of the Bible that it brings down philosophy through prophets, apostles, and the God-man, from the Almighty to the infant. It is its *higher* glory to lead up the infant by its philosophy through the armies of the blest to the bosom of the Almighty. Let us delight in the *pure* truth. I have thought that uninspired books are at once a blessing and a curse to the Church. Let us not depreciate the fathers; they are, for the most part, redolent of piety, radiant with learning, and deep with argument; they often throw light over dark places of truth, and lift dim curtains that hide unspeakable glories. But better never read human writing than trust in human authority, or share the glory of Christ with his frail servants. He who does so can not enjoy God's word. The soul that sails the ocean of truth in the pitcher of human teachings, feels not the baptism of its immortal waters.

One of the great benefits derived from the word is its soul exercise. This it was which nourished up such minds as Luther, Knox, Wesley—those colossal intellects that stand among mankind like pyramids amid Egyptian sands. Religious controversy, though, on many accounts, to be deplored, has been a blessing to the Church, by driving her to *search* the Scriptures. Alas! for want of it, in these peaceful times, Zion is in danger of getting bed-ridden.

Let reason approach the Scriptures with patient *prayer*. The prophet on Carmel's heights cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees. "And he said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." So be thy spirit on the Divine heights of the Bible—bow down; and if, as you look toward the sea, you see nothing, pray on; and though you look seven times before you see a cloud, like a man's hand, say not that the Bible is a dry book, but be thou still a kneeling, and thy soul's heaven shall be filled with fatness and her earth drenched with rain.

The Bible demands our reason, that we may *develop its science*. Tell me not that reason has done enough when she has given us the meaning of the Scriptures. Science is the final cause of reason, truth is the element of science, and nature and revelation are the reservoirs of truth. We remember, compare, classify, and judge, as the sparks fly upward; intellect leaps spontaneous; and if the Bible is not an arena for it, it is neither suitable for man nor worthy of God. One of the strongest proofs of its heavenly origin is the fact, that, although it has been the sphere of mental activity for the best minds during the last two thousand years, it is still the scene of interest and the field of discovery.

But what are objects of Bible science?

We should seek for the origin, combination, and history of the *words* in which the Scriptures are cast, that we may not repeat them parrot-like, but, as the apostle directs us to sing, "in the spirit and with the understanding also."

We must bind the facts together by their leading principles. How can they be remembered unless they be arranged? how can they be arranged unless they be classified? and how can we classify without analysis? and how can we analyze without reason? He who could remember all the facts by mere force of memory would have but *imperfect* knowledge, compared with him who has traced them through successive generalisations to the great sun truth of the cross, and who from the cross can connect and explain them all.

But it is not only the *historic* truth we want; we need also the *doctrinal* which lies beneath it. Let it not be said that practical religion is all sufficient: the practical rests upon the theoretical; the action lies behind the will, the will behind the emotions, the emotions behind the intellect. As a man's views of God, so is his feeling toward him; as his feeling toward him, so will be his volition; and as he wills, so he acts. Every sentence in the Bible bears a relation to God, or Christ, or man; and when this is perceived it awakens a feeling of obligation—the only permanent foundation for morality.

We should not only eliminate the doctrines of the Bible, but trace their connection in a system. For the Bible, though it does not teach systematically, nevertheless contains a system. In this respect there is an analogy between nature and revelation; both are regulated by connected general principles, which, while they seem to hide, they constantly illustrate, thus alluring us to scrutinize and compare. In this way we are led to connect facts and dispensations, and bring independent and apparently contradictory propositions into a coherent and harmonious whole.

It may be said that this is not essential to salvation. I know it. It is with particulars, not with generals, that we are chiefly concerned both in natural and spiritual life, and every one's capacities are adapted to his necessities; but both in nature and the word of God we are invited, as well

by duty as curiosity, to trace the particulars upward to the generals and downward to the elements, in a never-ending series of beautiful analyses. Hence the Psalmist made the law his meditation day and night. For want of this there is so much unsteadiness in the Churches. We have cast away the catechism, nor will we catechise ourselves. Be not afraid that speculation will lead to intolerance. He who reasons most is most tolerant; for he knows with what difficulty truth is discovered and error avoided. It is usually the ignorant that deems himself infallible; he who will not think for himself that persecutes him that does.

Nor think that there is no hope of further discovery in the Bible. We have dogmas and tenets enough, but there is yet a chance to bring out great thoughts from the Divine treasury of knowledge. Indeed, a new era is opening upon us. The philosophy of Bacon, which has shed such floods of light upon the physical sciences, has but just been brought to the threshold of the theological.

The Bible requires our reason, that we may *judge of the excellence of its law and the rectitude of its Divine administration*. I speak reverently but firmly, because I speak with the warrant of the inspired word. God invites us to reason; he honors his own image in man; he is pleased that his child should exercise his noblest powers upon the *words* as well as works of his Creator. How else shall man see that "the law is good" or exclaim, as he traces the Divine dispensations, "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!" or cry, as he stands before the Shekinah, like the seraphim in prophetic vision, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts!" Hence God says to the sinner, "Come, let us reason together." The obedience he demands is a rational one; no other would be consistent either with the creature's happiness or the Creator's glory. Hence he is willing to submit the matter in controversy between himself and his people to their own judgment: "Judge ye are not my ways equal: are not your ways unequal?"

But let us beware how we use our reason. To calculate without data, or to argue where the premises are imperfectly understood—this is not to use reason, but to *abuse* it. So far as duty is concerned, we may expect full knowledge; but there are things referred to in revelation the full comprehension of which "is reserved in heaven," and, for aught we know, is beyond the capacity of the human mind. To attempt to speculate on these were madness. Do not wonder that there are such points in the Bible, for there are similar ones in philosophy. Between cause and effect, impulse and motion, organization and life, there lies a region as mysterious as that which lies between the holiness of God and the origin of evil, or between the freedom of man and the sovereignty of God. Mysteries peculiarly beset revelation. When Jehovah from his mountain home sends down a messenger, what wonder that there should be some spots upon his face too bright for mortal eye, and whose

brightness must, therefore, be shaded. Happy are we that there are. They speak of the King eternal, immortal, inviolable, and of his inaccessible dwelling of light; they speak of the immortality, and progress, and coming illumination of the soul; they keep the mind forever on the knee and forever on the wing. More especially should we anticipate mystery when God reveals himself; we may expect to see the glory of the Almighty through a cleft in the rock. What would you think of a philosophy that should profess to bring the science of the sun within the little doors of an insect's soul? What, then, of a revelation that should profess to bring the full glory of the eternal God within the narrow opening of a human intellect, or that should leave nothing unexplained between the surface and the depths of its discoveries? What a death to all thought! what a stop to all progress! Where sternity is concerned we may look for mystery. What wonder if the distant hill-tops are covered with shadows that we can not pierce! But shall we, therefore, complain? Who blames the earth because it hides more than it reveals? Who blames the telescope because in bringing one star near it shows others afar off? Who blames the philosopher because in leading his pupil up the hill of knowledge he widens, at every step, the visible horizon of his ignorance? Sufficient for us that we can follow a pillar of cloud as well as of fire, and that all over those distant hills of darkness there shall ere long break the beams of an eternal morning. Let it not be said that the mysteries of Scripture paralyze the mind; they stir it from its foundations. It is when the curtains are drawn around the sky that the contemplative mind is filled with the utmost awe and reverence; and as the stars peer out one after another, and the heavens are crowded with shining worlds, imagination kindles and burns till the soul is all on fire. And why? Because there is mystery in every star, and mystery in every space; and the mystery deepens as you go from sun to sun, and system to system, till the soul is overwhelmed in the unfathomed depths.

It is worthy of remark that the line which separates the mysterious from the comprehensible in the Scriptures is not a fixed one, but is continually receding before the advances of the pious mind; and this brings me to remark that the Bible entices us to the use of our reason by the *promise of supernatural aid*. The Spirit of God reveals to us no new truth. We are assured that the Gospel is not only the latest, but the last will and testament of our Father, and that a curse will alight upon him who adds a codicil to it. The overlooking of this fact has been the cause of Millerism, Mormonism, and the delusions of such visionaries as Jemima Wilkinson, Joanna Southcote, Behemin, Vane, and Venner. They all adopted the false principle, that the Spirit gives a new law, instead of writing the old one in the believer's mind. But I must defer till another paper any farther remarks.

Vol. XII.—11

THE CHRIST.

—
BY MRS. M. A. SIGLOW.

Thou art the One the prophets have foretold,
The Savior of thy people! thou art he
To whom the radiant gates of heaven unfold,
And spirit voices join in harmony
To exalt thy praises round the glorious throne—
Thou art the image of the Eternal One!

We know Thee well—thou art the Son of God!
We've seen thy wonders on the stormy deep,
When winds were heavy on the angry flood,
And we in fright awoke thee from thy sleep—
The calmness settling round us in that hour
Told us thine arm had more than mortal power.

We've seen the dead awaken into life,
And at Thy voice come back to friends and home;
We've seen thee quell the mad demoniac's strife,
And heal the sick who trembled o'er the tomb;
Yea, miracles, where'er thy feet have trod,
Proclaim to us thou art the Son of God!

And that sweet calm which o'er the spirit steals,
Amid the roughness of our thorny way,
When to the heart Thy love the truth reveals,
And sheds around us a meridian day—
The peace thou givest through thy cleansing blood,
Attests to us thou art the Christ of God.

LOST.

—
BY ALICE CARRY.

WHAT eyes will weep when cease to flow
My mingled tears and song?
Roughly the storms about me blow—
I can not brave them long.

And yet my worn and bleeding feet
Shrink from the sheltering mold;
The dream of human love is sweet—
The grave is dark and cold.

Spirit of comfort, ere the day
Closes in helpless ill,
Break from my poor weak hands away
The reed I lean on still!

For passion and pale pain must stir
In triumph's joyous swell,
Since starry-falling Lucifer
Brought echoes out of hell.

And for the spirit crushed and crossed,
The heart untimely sear,
Love dying, faith and hope long lost,
What is there left to fear?

God, struck aside from all thy grace,
In sin's black meshes dumb,
Pining for mercy's sweet embrace,
Ruined and lost, I come!

WHAT IS ELOQUENCE?

BY ERWIN MOORE.

"My dear poor children, I am too weak to plead your cause!" was the language of a great modern orator, now dead, as he once rose to plead the cause of charity before an audience of several thousand children. He sat down without uttering another sentence. Tears, like rain-drops, fell from the eyes of almost every one in the vast assembly. Plates were passed round, and the sum of twelve hundred pounds, or about six thousand dollars, was immediately raised. How will the reader account for the success of this simple effort? Was it the occasion merely, or the words, or the thought, or the voice of the dying speaker that caused such a flood of benevolence and of feeling?

"The grace of God is free as air!" exclaimed Bascom, years ago, before an audience in New York city, and every heart seemed melted, every eye became a fountain of tears. The speaker's voice at the time was one of the sweetest melody. His manner was the manner of struggling earnestness; his thoughts were thoughts of fire. We do not say that it was his thought only, nor his voice, nor his manner, that swept the multitude, as the tempest sweeps and bows the heads of the thousands of trees in the forest. The speaker's heart reached the hearts of his audience—they felt what he felt; and was not this eloquence?

"Did you hear our preacher to-day?"

"Yes."

"Eloquent, is he not?"

"Very; but he tells nothing but stories."

"And yet, if he had used no stories, half the people would have gone to sleep."

This conversation, in substance, the reader may have overheard himself. Some people affect to complain of a speaker because he uses incident—a profusion, perhaps, of incident. "He can keep the attention of people very well, but he can prove nothing," said a friend once in our hearing, after listening to the effort of a young preacher. "I like sense as well as sound, and do not think people should be imposed on when they go to church." Exactly such is the sentiment, concealed or expressed, of thousands. They will call a man dull, stupid, heavy, any thing, if he attempts to reason, or in any wise to be logical; but they are just as ready to censure the opposite course in another. Beautiful consistency! But these same persons are influenced by incident. Their hearts are touched, their feelings stirred, their minds enlightened, tears are brought forth—and shall we deny the eloquence of a man who does these things? Is not the politician or the statesman eloquent, when, by his voice, he sways the minds of listening thousands—when he breaks down prejudices and habits, and presents himself, for the time at least, if for no other period, sovereign of their wills and hearts?

On invitation, something over a year since, the writer went to hear a temperance lecture in Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, from a young man named John B. Gough. Wesley Chapel will comfortably seat over a thousand persons. Though very early in reaching the church, we found vacant seats very scarce. Men, women, and children had come in troops. We at last got a place commanding a good view of the pulpit. The speaker had not yet arrived. Soon, however, the house became filled. Numbers took stands around the door. Just at the hour appointed a rustle was heard. "That is Gough," said a friend at my elbow. I looked. A small man, with long dark hair, thin and somewhat melancholy features, was going up the aisle. Reaching the pulpit, he cast his full fine eyes over the large assembly, and then bent them timidly toward the floor. Prayer being offered by a minister present, the speaker began. His voice was not loud, nor yet low nor indistinct. Musical and sweet, you could hear every word, and almost every syllable, as they fell from his lips.

Musical, did I say? Yes, sweet and musical. Did the reader ever think of that curious fact in the history of sound, that the loudest noises always perish on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical notes are heard to a great distance? Stand on the top of a high hill, a mile or two from some village or town, where men are shouting, and where a band of musical instruments is in performance. Listen! Did you hear that loud halloo? No. Listen again! Now do you hear some sound? Yes; but not the sound of any human voice. It is a musical instrument, a violin, whose sounds, low yet distinct, you hear. An English author of some repute, in a recent treatise, or, rather, discourse on the capacity of the human voice, says, that at Gibraltar the voice of a man can be heard further than that of any other being. Thus, when the cottager-wife there wishes to call her husband to his dinner, she does not strain her voice to its highest note, but pitches it to a musical key, well aware that she can make him hear better in this than in any other way. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not be heard so far. Loud speakers not only make themselves unpleasant to their hearers frequently, but are seldom heard to advantage. Allow me, reader, a single quotation from the writer above alluded to—Dr. Young—in illustration of the point under discussion:

"Burke's voice is said to have had a sort of lofty cry, which tended, as much as the formality of his discourse in the house of commons, to send the members to their dinner. Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard. His middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied. When he raised his voice to the highest pitch the house was completely filled with the volume of sound, and the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate, and then he had spirit-stirring notes which were perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the

house sank before him; still he was dignified, and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed every one with a conviction that there was something in him finer than his words—that the man was greater, infinitely greater, than the orator."

So much for the digression. Let us resume.

Mr. Gough's manner, however, at first, was rather indifferent, and seemed to indicate that its possessor was a well-meaning young man, who "*would like to say a few things for our profit if he could.*" Presently looking around, and elevating his tone of voice, every eye in the vast assembly was riveted on the speaker. I sat inclining forward, half forgetting myself and the place where I was, till, on a sudden, I heard the exclamation: "Look! look! yonder! see that man chasing a bubble through the air! Now he runs, now leaps over an obstacle, now grasps at the gossamer! 'Ha! ha! I have it now!' No, sir! not now. Again he springs; now runs through forest and field; and striking his hands suddenly together in the air, exclaims once more, 'Ha! ha! now I have it!' Nor even yet. He flags in his pursuit, but still goes on his wearied body. See him, as he sinks in the filth there! watch how he strains every nerve, and taxes every energy in climbing the mountain-side yonder! Deep sink his feet in the ashes and the dust about him. Madly springs he on; big have grown the veins of his face; wild and bloodshot is his eye. Once more he grasps at the bubble, and shouts, 'Ha! ha! ha! I have it now!' He has it; but his feet are in the crater of a volcano, and he sinks to rise no more."

Thus excited, I remained so till the close of the lecture, which was of about two hours' duration. I looked around to see if any but myself was interested. Every body was alive with excitement. Nearly twenty times since that night have I heard Mr. Gough. His audiences, whether learned or not, were always roused and excited by him. Where the explanation? His language, though good, was not the finest, his thoughts every one was familiar with, his manner—was not here his secret?—was inimitable, and his earnestness in his cause undoubted. This incident is not given because it will make the same impression in reading as it would on the mind in hearing it as given by Mr. Gough. No living man could relate it as it was related on that evening. How, then, can any pen describe it? The speaker's words, falling in showers, or, rather, chasing each other like electric sparks, put at defiance almost any attempt to keep up with him. His voice, now sunk to a thrilling whisper, now sounding like a trumpet, or pealing like thunder, startled every heart in the vast assembly.

In telling a thing over for the *fortieth* time, it is reported of Whitefield that he told it better than at any one of the previous thirty-nine times. Mr. Gough will call forth an audience in any place, on the subject of temperance, if the inhabitants of

that place have heard him two or three hundred times before. The city of Boston is proof of the remark. Editors there say that at any time, with almost any notice, he can draw a crowded house. Not even Clay or Webster in politics, Agassiz in science, nor any man in literature, nor minister in the pulpit, can fill a house as readily or as densely as John B. Gough. Eloquence is the power of persuasion, say our lexicographers. Mr. Gough persuades people. He has enlisted in the temperance cause more than half a million of the citizens of the United States. He does with an audience as he pleases—lulls, excites, calms, irritates, enrages—does any thing that man can do. Mr. Gough is an eloquent man. "What is eloquence?" recurs the question. Will the reader answer, or shall the writer close by penning the seven words, "*Eloquence is the power of persuading men.*"

A WORD ON LETTERS.

Many people, and well-informed people, too, sit down to write a letter as if they were about to construct a legal document or government dispatch. Precision, formality, and carefully worded and rounded periods are considered all essential, even though the epistle be intended for a familiar friend. Others appear to be writing for publication or for posterity, instead of making epistolary communication a simple converse between friends. Away with such labored productions. A letter on business should be brief; to a friend, familiar and easy. We like Hannah More's ideas upon the subject. She used to say, "If I want wisdom, sentiment, or information, I can find them better in books. What I want in a letter is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing; I want him to turn out the inside of his heart to me, without disguise, without appearing better than he is, without writing for a character. I have the same feeling in writing to him." My letter is, therefore, worth nothing to an indifferent person, but it is of value to the friend who cares for me." She added, that "letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence, and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays."

"I take up my pen to let you know that we are all well, and hope these few lines may find you the same." This is the old stereotype beginning of about one half of all the millions of letters written between friends annually; and to save time and ink, booksellers might do well to have a certain amount of their stock of letter paper with these words printed as the first lines. Originality, not monotony of expression, should be as much studied by letter-writers as by news-writers. It would prove profitable both to the writer and to the one written to. When shall we hear of some "progress" in this matter?

VACATION RAMBLES.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

THE CITY OF PEACE-MAKERS.

THAT was a strange whim in the commodore who called a newly-invented instrument of war and of death a *peace-maker*. But if instruments for burning powder and firing balls be peace-makers, then Springfield should by pre-eminence be called the city, or, rather, the village of *Peace-Makers*.

We arrived at Springfield late in the evening. Early in the morning we arose, and started for a ramble. The place had so materially changed in twenty years as to defy my recollection of its localities. But change is not always improvement. The place is very much larger than it was before the day of railroads. But to me it appeared less neat and beautiful. The fences are decaying, the garden gates unhinged, and the yards and gardens neglected. It might be made one of the most delightful spots on earth. Its situation, on the immediate banks of the Connecticut, is one of great beauty. But the people surely exhibit indications of singular deficiency in the taste for the beautiful, which usually distinguishes New England.

Having walked over the lower village, we ascended the hill, for a ramble over the grounds, and among the workshops and storehouses of that notable personage, *U. S.* The old gentleman was not up thus early in the morning, and most of his servants were yet too sleepy to pay much attention to two ramblers like us. So we roamed at will over the grounds, looking through the windows into the vast storehouses of musketry, and entering occasionally through the open doors into the shops, and observing the tools and the materials of the workmen, who had not yet arrived. Having seen all that was visible on the plain, we entered through a small gate partly open, a path that led to the brow of the hill, from which we might have a fine view of the village, the valley of the Connecticut, and the long and magnificent ranges of hills in the north and the west. We had completed our observations, and were quietly returning, when we were rudely met and superciliously insulted by an ill-looking foreigner, who could scarcely speak passable English, and ordered off the lot. There was nothing on the whole lot to be injured, except grass, and not enough of that to furnish breakfast for a good-sized grasshopper. We told the chap we were the sovereign people of the United States, and owners of that whole establishment, and he had better be careful how he attempted to exercise authority over us. Finding us hard, and somewhat queer customers, he wisely made off, and left us quietly to pursue our ramble.

This, by the way, was the only occasion on which, during a ramble of four thousand miles, we met with rudeness. We met all kinds of people, in all kinds of places, and under all kinds of

circumstances; we rambled over a part of ten states, besides the Canadas; and in Springfield only, on the grounds of the United States Army, did we detect the slightest appearance of rudeness. It may be questionable how far the United States should employ low, ill-bred foreigners, to domineer in a small and annoying way over its own sovereign citizens.

THE MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.

Though I had made, many years ago, an excursion to the White Mountains, yet a new mode of reaching their base and a new route of ascent having been opened, I projected, with my traveling companion, another excursion to them, and a ramble over them. Formerly the White Mountains were several days' journey from any place. Now they are only a few hours' travel from almost any point in New England. Railroads in their progress defy mountains and valleys alike. The Atlantic and St. Lawrence road runs within twelve miles of the summit of Mount Washington, the highest of the range. Taking the cars at Portland, we were borne rapidly along the sea-shore to Yarmouth, up the valley of the Royal's river to Danville, over the plains of Poland to Paris, through the rocky defiles to Bethel, and up the fair, the beautiful Androscoggin to the Gorham Station-House. Gorham is nearly one hundred miles from Portland, but the distance is passed so rapidly and so quietly that it seems but a morning walk. The Station-House is a large and convenient hotel, in a beautiful and romantic position. The Androscoggin winds along a lovely valley, amid rough and rocky hills. On the west appear in full view the lofty peaks of the mountain-range, toward which the traveler, if he be a man of taste and of energy, will lose no time in making his way.

From the Station-House to the base of Mount Washington, a distance of seven miles, there is opened a passable road, running along the valley of Peabody river. Tourists usually ride in carriages to the base, and then ascend the mountain either on foot or on horseback; but we felt singularly ambitious to walk from the Androscoggin to the base of the mountain, up to the summit, over the entire range, and down the western slope to the Saco. The feat seemed Herculean, but we had acquired, by our summer rambles, so much vigor and elastic energy that we felt equal to a walk to the north pole. So on we started, in cheerful spirits and with unfaltering step, for the wild and romantic region.

Having most of the long summer afternoon before us, we had no occasion to hurry our walk up the valley of Peabody river. We leisurely rambled along, stopping to pick berries by the wayside, and often descending to the pebbly bed of the shoal and rapid river to pick up a geological specimen. Sometimes we were delighted with the music of a waterfall, as the river, in some shady glen, made its way over the rocks. Then would we chamber down the banks, and, seated on the smooth,

water-worn rock, watch the rushing waters and the iris-colored spray. At sunset we reached the house, where tourists are entertained, at the base of the mountain. From this point the sunset view is glorious. All around you rise the mountains, their peaks brilliantly lighted up by the sunset rays, while on their sides are gathering the shades, and in their gloomy ravines the blackness of night.

We arose in the morning early for our day's exploit of ascending, crossing, and descending the mountain-range. It was a beautiful, clear summer morning. Not a cloud was seen in all the sky. The mountain-tops appeared remarkably distinct and bold in the clear sunlight of morning. We plunged into the woods along a new-made path, and immediately began our toilsome ascent. For some three miles our way was up, up, up, through a dense forest of firs. As we ascended, the trees grew smaller, till they were reduced to mere dwarfs. At last they disappeared altogether, and nothing remained but the bleak and bare rock. Still for some two miles more our way led up, up, up, over the rocks, and along the craggy precipices. As we ascended, our position and our horizon constantly changing, the view presented to us every possible phase. All around arose mountains of every shape and size. A few rods of ascent would bring within our visual horizon a new series of hills, with new features. Before us, however, still towered, in solitary grandeur, the lofty peak of Washington, to which we were upward tending.

About ten o'clock we succeeded in reaching the topmost peak, and in planting our foot firmly on the solid foundation of granite, which forms the summit, as well as the sides and the base of these magnificent hills. We were the earliest comers for that day, and for an hour or more we had the pleasure of appropriating the whole landscape to ourselves. And what a landscape! For miles and miles around us rose innumerable mountains, huddled together, with deep and narrow valleys between them. Their tops, looking to heaven's azure, were naked, and bleached by the storms of sixty centuries. Their sides were clothed with dark and somber evergreens. Along their sides appeared in many places deep and broad furrows, running from near the summit to the base, and often extending far into the plain or valley at the base. These were the paths of the avalanche. Down these places there rushed at some time, no one knows when, it may be many hundred years ago, a mingled mass of earth and stones, sweeping before it every living thing. Naked, drear, treeless, and herbless appear these places where Ruin has driven her plowshare.

From the lofty peak of Washington you look down on numberless valleys and ravines, that separate different ranges or individual hills of the same range. Dark, gloomy, and grim they appear. In those dreary ravines no sound of human footstep was ever heard. No adventurous huntsman would dare so far rely on human strength as to attempt an

expedition over the precipitous mountain-sides to the depths of solitude at the base. To look down among those dark woods and into those gloomy glens makes the hair stand erect on the coolest head.

Though the sky was perfectly clear when we left the valley of Peabody river in the morning, yet before we reached the summit, light, misty clouds were floating in the air. As we were standing on the peak, the cloud would sweep along the sky, and envelop us in darkness. Soon it would pass over, and we would stand watching it as it receded, and threw its shadow on the mountain-side, or dashed against the top of a neighboring hill and concealed it utterly from view. Sometimes an immense cloud, heavy with mist, would settle over a great extent of the neighboring mountain landscape, concealing it entirely from our view. Presently, through some atmospheric change, the cloud would gradually rise, and disclose to our view first the valleys, then the sides, and lastly the summits of the mountains. The landscape thus seen under the cloud exhibited a singular appearance. The contrast between the brilliant sunlight of the peak on which we stood, and the dense shade thrown from the cloud on the neighboring region, was peculiarly striking.

As the clouds cleared away, the distant view from the mountain became glorious. I looked toward the south, and there meandered the Saco, through smiling valleys and evergreen plains, toward the ocean, whose mirrory surface could be just descried in the shadowy distance. I looked toward the east, and there, along a green valley, between rugged hills, gleamed the Androscoggin, along whose banks might be seen rushing the rapid steam-car. I looked toward the north, and there appeared hill, valley, and plain, till the view was lost on the misty shores of the St. Lawrence. I looked toward the west, and there appeared the Connecticut, with its Green Mountain banks; and far beyond I caught, through the mountain passes, glimpses of a fairy landscape basking in the summer sunlight. Long and intently gazed I on that western prospect; for I knew in that direction lay the fair land of my home. I was thinking of my home, of my cottage in the orchard, and of my summer bower amidst the evergreens, where my children might then be whiling away the pleasant hour, when my reverie was disturbed by the arrival of other visitors.

Though we were the first to reach the summit on that day, yet we were not allowed long to monopolize the whole mountain with its boundless prospect. There came up parties of gentlemen and of ladies from the eastern, the western, and the northern slope of the mountain. They came mostly on horseback, straggling along and clamoring up the devious and steep bridle-path, which had been, at immense expense, prepared from each of the hotels in the neighborhood to the mountain. When all had arrived, the number was nearly one hundred. Among them was the French minister,

bringing a letter of introduction to all persons who might be assembled that day on Mount Washington from Daniel Webster. Lots of the gentlemen and ladies hastened up to the august presence of the distinguished Frenchman to receive a personal introduction. Being very diffident, and not liking the unshaved face of the plenipotentiary, I kept at a respectful distance. My awe, however, was greatly lessened, and my self-possession quite restored, when I saw the ministerial dignitary standing upon a rock, opening wide his mouth, and thrusting into it a big slice of bread and butter, as would any plebeian boy. I perceived that he was after all only a man, differing from other men chiefly in being unshaved.

Some hours were spent on the mountain, the company dispersing into parties, or rambling about singly in search of curiosities and views. Before leaving the summit on our descent, the whole multitude assembled, and united in singing, to the tune of Old Hundred, the beautiful hymn:

"From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.
Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing,
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.
In every land begin the song,
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise."

There was in the scene much of gublimity—a hundred voices singing, on the summit of the White Mountains, an anthem of praise to the Creator. The old rocks seemed started at so unusual sounds. The roar of the tempest, the crash of the thunder, and perhaps the scream of the eagle, had often been heard echoing along those rocky heights, but never before had so sweet sounds, sounds of music and of praise, risen from that bleak and barren peak. Having remained till near two o'clock on the mountain, we began the descent. For about a mile from the summit the descent on the western side is steep and difficult. The path then runs along on the ridge of the mountain-range for some four or five miles. Along this ridge we have a fine prospect in every direction, the view constantly changing as we proceed. Indeed, from many points along the route the view is more pleasant than from the summit of Washington. Reaching the western extremity of the ridge, we plunge into the woods, and descend rapidly along a good bridle-path for some two or three miles, to the sources of the Saco.

The descent proved to us more fatiguing than the ascent. The distance from the summit to the western base is nearly twice as far as to the eastern. The latter part of the descent became, to us, who had walked up the whole length of the Peabody valley, climbed to the summit of Washington, rambled for hours around the peak, and then tramped along the whole range, exceedingly difficult. The

knees grew faint, and we had often to stop for rest. The way was growing discouraging. It was down, down, down, through thick woods. We began to think the base of the mountain had fallen out, when suddenly we emerged from the dense and somber forest into a most delightful valley. It was a delicate and perfect gem in a magnificent setting. To the weary and thirsty traveler no oasis in the midst of the Syrian desert ever appeared more opportune than did to us that cosy little paradise. Our task was ended, our feat was accomplished. Before us lay, sleeping in the quiet sunlight of summer evening, the little lake forming the source of the Saco. And within a few rods of the spot where first we emerged from the woods stood a neat, large, and commodious dwelling, where we might find refreshment and rest. Well, I am quite satisfied with that day's exploit. A walk from the eastern base to the summit of the White Mountains, along the ridge of the whole range, and down to the western base, on an August day, will do for one of my ambition.

On the following morning we started on our return to the world. We might get back by retracing our steps over the mountain. But we had enough of that exercise for one season. So we took passage by stage over a new route around the mountains on the north side. Arriving at a changing place on the route, I and my companion, who had rambled with me thus far, separated; he returning to the west by Quebec, Montreal, and Niagara, and I by Portland, Boston, and the New York and Erie railroad. The place of separation was a very dull and uninteresting hamlet among the mountains. The morning was rainy. As the stage in which I returned drove away from the little tavern, my friend stood on the door-step in the rain, looking sadly at me. I must confess the scene was too much for the buoyant fortitude of which I had just been boasting. We had traveled together over the plains of Indiana and of Ohio, over the Lake, and along the enchanting scenery of the Erie railroad; we had together rambled over Greenwood, New York, New Haven, Middletown, Boston, Portland, and along the sea-shore; we had made many excursions along the Kennebec and the Androscoggin, and had met with some amusing adventures; and we had climbed in company over the White Mountains. He was a gentleman of accomplished education, of fine taste, of delicate sensibility, and of most estimable spirit. He had never before been beyond the boundaries of the valley of the Ohio. Every thing on the way, the mountains, the ocean, and particularly every thing of *New England*, was new to him. I became much interested in observing how New England scenery would strike a man of taste and education, but who had never seen any other scenery than that of the Ohio. His presence had, indeed, become necessary to me; and I saw not how I could without him enjoy any more rambles. I must confess, therefore, that for that day, the next day, and for several

successive days, the landscape wore a shade of sadness, a tinge of melancholy. I began to conclude that, fond as I had been of solitude, yet, after all, "two are better than one." "Single blessedness" is no great blessing. The heart must have something to love, something on which to rely. Sad and lonely is the eternal echo of its own tones in its vacant chambers, while the note which should find its answer in the heart of another is untouched.

THE MANIAC.

BY REV. S. F. CHART, A. M.

My heart yet shudders as I think of her—once loved, and beautiful, and pious, now blighted, withered, frenzied, lost. Once a gay and bright maiden; then a subdued and devoted Christian, a wife, a mother; and then a sufferer, a criminal, a maniac. She passed through all these phases so suddenly, and hastened so quickly from the brightest joys to the deepest gloom of despair, that I wondered at the rapid transition; and often have I involuntarily prayed for the poor unfortunate Louisa H., as my mind recurred to her sad history.

Though now an inmate of our state asylum for the insane, I will not intrude upon the sanctity of the family circle if I detail some of the fearful steps of her brief career. Poor Louisa! she has had but little peace or rest since her entrance in this world of sin and sorrow, and probably enjoys as much now in the hallucinations of delirium as she did when her too sensitive soul dwelt upon the unmitigated horrors of real life. Such it was to her. No flowers for years grew in her path, no joy thrilled her soul, no friendship relieved her wants. The public eye knew not, pitied not her condition, till a tragedy—a fearful tragedy—roused the people, and then Louisa was a *maniac*. True, she once gathered flowers in the wild woods; she once gambled on the lawn, and sang responses merrily to the birds she loved. But when she entered life as an individual, she found her path a thorny one. O, could we get the true history of that wandering spirit pent up in its prison-house of clay, and madly looking out on a hated world, we would hear a story that fiction never surpassed—a tale of wrong and blood, of crushed hopes and reckless brutality, of unmitigated wretchedness and wild blasphemy, of savage rage and proud defiance, of exquisite revenge and terrible retribution, such as earth only can produce and hell only excite! Through trackless realms of despair poor Louisa walks; but we hope, we pray, that God would pity, and pardon, and save, and that the wanderer may return to rest when life gives place to immortality.

I may here give the key that unlocks the mystery hanging around the haggard form of the wretched subject of this sketch—*her father was a*

common drunkard. He was an important character in the village near which he lived, and was the most noted fighter of the county of R. in his day. Half drunk, he was a host in his way, and would quarrel, and swear, and raise fights, and, being a most expert pugilist, would engage in them with evident gusto, and hence was universally respected (?) and dreaded. He was the hero of every patriotic row, and the soul of every training-day's entertainment. Politicians were ready to court his favor, and his notorious powers made him the object of village gossip for days after elections. The common rendezvous of bacchanals—the village dram-shop—was never fairly graced, and never attractive to the patriotic posterity of revolutionary sires, till the fiery H. had arrived.

While, however, the rumrunner, and the groveling office-seeker, and the town loafer, and the county bully, all rejoiced in the friendship of this profane and drunken blackguard, they forgot the place where his meek wife and lovely daughter lived and suffered. When sober he was kind, industrious, and frugal, and made a good living, as it was said. But when drunk he was a demon-incarnate; and going home in a fury, he would beat his wife, abuse his children, and perform all other acts and deeds which common drunkards do in such cases.

A change took place, which for a while turned the current of affairs, and altered somewhat the hitherto unvarying misery of H.'s family. The Methodists had a small society at R., and at a quarterly meeting some years ago a great revival took place. Scores of sinners of all classes were brought into the Church, and converted to God. It was one of those revivals which make a marked impression on society. The very foundations of the wicked were torn from under them, and for many days there was weeping, praying, shouting in the now changed and happy R. The adjacent country partook of the heavenly blessing, and flocked to the mercy-seat, and many, very many, were made happy in a Savior's love. Among the converts were H. and his family. He professed to experience the pardoning favor of God; his wife, too, bowed to Jesus with her loved husband; and in humble contrition they forgot all their troubles, and sought only to glorify God. Louisa was converted. Now she was happy. She seemed to be in a new world. Old things had passed away—all things had become new—a new father, a new mother, a new home, and a new heart. No wonder she shouted, as she often did, when she told in class or in love-feast the simple story of her salvation. She was a beautiful girl. Her temper subdued by grace, her soul kindled into raptures, her voice raised in song, she presented a fair picture. He who was her pastor then told the writer, that a more lovely and interesting girl did not belong to the Church at that time than this rejoicing young convert. Her sweet voice was frequently heard in prayer in the public congregation; and many predicted a happy future for the unfortunate girl.

The family altar was erected in the reformed drunkard's house; a family Bible was purchased; and a few halycon days passed over the cottage dwellers. The itinerant minister visited and prayed with the happy circle, and every thing seemed to indicate a thorough reformation of the courageous and passionate H.

Half a year had gone since this great change was wrought, and still the skies over Louisa were bright; but clouds were gathering, and soon the green, beautiful world in which she dwelt was to be blackened, scorched, blighted, and she a wandering, lost one, to be raving amid its curses.

I would be glad to stop here, and leave that family in the enjoyment of hope, and peace, and pardon; but I feel that the truth ought to be told in this case, and sorrowfully I proceed to my task.

H. had long shunned the dram-shop. No inducement had been sufficient to lead to the fatal stall where cruel men murder souls as well as bodies. He became strong in his self-confidence, after months of trial; and at last yielded so far the rigid determination of his mind as to go for some trifling article to the deathful den of Beelzebub's hated minion. He went too far. He went to the charmed circle; he went from the guardian angel which kept him; he dragged himself from under the shadow of the Almighty's wings, and fell within the black, baleful shade of Erebus; he went to the gates of perdition; he went to the mouth of the pit; he climbed to the burning crater's edge; he made a truce with his arch-enemy, and forgot that he was a Christian; he took one dram—only one—one cup from the demon's hands—one cup of burning poison—one lethan draught—one long draught of liquid woe and death; he was ruined, murdered, damned.

I need say no more about his downward course. He went from home in the morning a kind, Christian father; he came to that home at night a fool, a brute, a fiend. The change in Eden was scarcely greater. The transition was so violent that poor Louisa lost her self-possession in the bitter grief of that frightful night, when she felt herself to be again a *drunkard's daughter*. She finally sought relief from the blasphemous carousals of her father's house in matrimony.

She had loved a gay young man; she now married him. A few months revealed to her shattered mind the fact that her husband was a drunkard—not an every-day drunkard, but a tippler. She knew too well the course of such a man, and day and night sought to turn from the path of ruin her husband. But, alas! he was too far gone; and all her pleadings only alienated his now blunted affections; and at last, poverty-stricken, brutalized, and vicious, he fled from his wretched home, and left his helpless wife with an infant to stem the raging storm now bursting around her. What could she do now? What refuge could she find? She must either work for a subsistence for herself and child, with feeble health and a broken heart, or she must

return to be the companion of her abused mother, and share that abuse for the sake of bread. Necessity forced her to the latter alternative, and she was once more at home. O, what a home! No altar there to God; no prayer, except when she stealthily sought God in secret; no peace, except when the raging madman and infuriate beast, her father, was from home or asleep.

In the yawning abyss of intemperance had sunk all of her hopes and happiness, and the hell-invented beverage had destroyed all she prized on earth. Again and again had she heard her father's curses pour on her pious mother's head. Time after time had she seen his brawny fist strike her mother's loved face. More than once had she beheld that mother's bleeding form, and heard that mother's wail. Murder, lust, blasphemy, rage, horrible brutality—these were her daily companions. If she sought relief in prayer, her mother sobbing in another room would arouse her nature and tear her heart.

Grossly deceived, villainously abandoned, cruelly abused, and dwelling in such a place, she at last sunk under her accumulated sufferings, and every smile was gone; and now moody silence marked her demeanor. She spoke but little; seemed in deep thought, as if pondering some mighty enigma, or planning some supernatural deed which would deliver her from the fires burning around her.

Each recurring day made her prospects more gloomy; and now she thought of defending her mother from the attacks of her brutal father, and of doing something which would relieve her, at least for a time, from the mighty burden weighing on her heart. One day in a drunken fit her father had, as usual, bruised and beaten her mother in a most shocking manner. The poor girl, delirious now with one-consuming desire of revenge and deliverance, gazed fixedly on the loved being who had always been her friend—her only earthly friend—and, while her clinched hands, her gnashing teeth, her wild look, made her words ominous, said, in a subdued yet resolute tone, "I will kill him if he beats mother again!"

The opportunity does not long delay. A yell from her inebriated father rouses the family circle near the close of day, and cursing and furious from the village human slaughter-pen he comes to rage, and beat, and break hearts again in his own desolate home. Soon he begins his usual work, and, maddened to the last degree, rushed upon his feeble and retreating wife. Louisa saw the fell monster again with his bloody hand beating and mangling her mother's features; and now, snatching an ax from its place, she hastened to avenge and defend her mother. She struck one blow; she laughed; she looked. Her father was insensible. Again she laughed one loud, wild, vengeful laugh, and, with the eager violence of the tiger, completed the work of death. She looked and laughed again. Her father was dead!

Poor Louisa! she was mad. She lived to be

tried for her life, to sit and hear the story told before a jury, and hear the pleadings of eloquent counsel. She was cleared, of course; and now, in one of the wards of our insane asylum, she lives still—a maniac.

Kind reader, have you a heart to pity or pray? Then now, while you finish this article in your loved Repository, ask God to bless the poor inebriate's wife and daughters. I do not write fiction. My heart now swells, and the tears now flow from my eyes, while I ask you to pray for poor Louisa. I had once a charge in which her mother was a member, and I have been frequently in the ward where she is confined. But I tell the tale of the million; and if by writing this I could get ten thousand pious females to pray, while they read these closing lines, for the drunkards' families of this land, I shall do some good; and while you pray, do not forget Louisa H., the maniac.

LETTER FROM THE EAST.

BY JONATHAN.

Woman's Rights Convention—Proceedings—Aims—Sufferings of women in large cities—Moral results—Reformatory measures—Conventions—Multiplication of employments for women—Miss Blackwell—Medical School in Boston—Legislative Report on Female Medical Education—Philadelphia School—Ladies Medical Missionary Society—School of Design.

Mr. Brown,—My occasional communications, though in the style of letters, have pretended somewhat to the character of essays, and have, at times, attempted quite soberly to dissertate on grave subjects. They have, in fact, assumed the familiarity of the epistolary form chiefly as a relief to their topics. Most of these topics have been such as I have deemed interesting to the class of readers for whom your magazine is especially designed—the ladies. I propose in the present article to notice a subject of this character, which I hope will not fail to secure their attention; namely, the agitation and schemes rife in this part of the country for the amelioration of the condition of woman.

One of these measures—that which has excited most public remark, if it has not been most productive of good results—is the annual "Woman's Rights Convention." Two of these conventions have been held at Worcester, in Massachusetts, within the last two years. The proceedings of the last have not yet been published; but those of the preceding session have appeared in a substantial pamphlet of nearly a hundred pages, and have not failed of an impression on a portion of the public mind.

These conventions call together many eccentric and *extré* characters, who have introduced into them no small amount of extravagance, and afforded the wags of the press a vast deal of "fun;" but it can not be denied that they also enlist much talent and energy, and patrons who represent the

"wealth and standing" of our people. The proceedings of very few of our public bodies can compare with the last published report of the Worcester Woman's Rights Convention. It is not only well written, but eloquently, classically, and powerfully written. I have been surprised at the talented and really sensible character of the speeches delivered on the occasion, both those of female and male speakers. It can not be doubted that the women engaged in this movement comprise some of the most energetic and polished of their sex in New England.

What are these reformers aiming at? Their discussions range over a large field. They are not content with the historical and only sure process of reform—the abatement of evils by a gradual treatment, and one by one—but propose a comprehensive and decisive revolution of the relative position of woman. According to the programme of their deliberations, the general question of woman's rights and relations comprehends these: Her *EDUCATION, literary, scientific, and artistic*; her *AVOCATIONS, industrial, commercial, and professional*; her *INTERESTS, pecuniary, civil, and political*: in a word, her rights as an *individual*, and her *FUNCTIONS* as a *citizen*.

Paulina Davis, who presided—said to be an "elegant lady," and one evidently of extraordinary ability—declared, in her really eloquent opening address:

"The reformation which we purpose, in its utmost scope, is radical and universal. It is not the mere perfecting of a progress already in motion, a detail of some established plan, but it is an epochal movement—the emancipation of a class, the redemption of half the world, and a conforming reorganisation of all social, political, and industrial interests and institutions. Moreover, it is a movement without example among the enterprises of associated reformations, for it has no purpose of arming the oppressed against the oppressor, or of separating the parties, or of setting up independence, or of severing the relations of either. Its intended changes are to be wrought in the intimate texture of all societary organisations, without violence, or any form of antagonism. It seeks to replace the worn-out with the living and beautiful, so as to reconstruct without overturning, and to regenerate without destroying; and nothing of the spirit, tone, temper, or method of insurrection is proper or allowable to us and our work."

The political scope of their designs may be more fully estimated by the following resolutions, introduced by Wendell Phillips, Esq., who is esteemed the most eloquent man of New England:

"Resolved, That every human being of full age, and resident for a proper length of time on the soil of the nation, who is required to obey law, is entitled to a voice in its enactments; that every such person, whose property or labor is taxed for the support of government, is entitled to a direct share in such government; therefore,

"Resolved, That women are clearly entitled to the right of suffrage, and to be considered eligible to office; the omission to demand which, on her part, is a palpable recreancy to duty; and the denial of which is a gross usurpation, on the part of man, no longer to be endured; and that every party which claims to represent the humanity, civilization, and progress of the age, is bound to inscribe on its banners, Equality before the law, without distinction of sex or color.

"Resolved, That political rights acknowledge no sex, and, therefore, the word 'male' should be stricken from every state constitution.

"Resolved, That the laws of property, as affecting married parties, demand a thorough revial, so that all rights may be equal between them; that the wife may have, during life, an equal control over the property gained by their mutual toil and sacrifices, be heir to her husband precisely to the extent that he is heir to her, and entitled, at her death, to dispose by will of the same share of the joint property as he is."

While these schemes will be pronounced chimerical by most of your readers, they are hardly aware, perhaps, especially those who reside in the west, where the means of subsistence abound, how many and painful provocatives for reformatory measures, in respect to the condition of the sex, exist in our denser communities and throughout Europe. Unquestionably the most deplorable sufferings in the civilized world at present are connected with the position of woman. In the new world she enjoys many reliefs not known in the old; but even here, and even in New England, her sufferings are often intolerable, exemplifying the heart-rending picture of Hood's "Song of the Shirt." Thousands, in our large cities, are crowded into upper chambers and garrets, are poorly clad, poorly attended in sickness, are unable to procure work much of the time, and, when they obtain it, are paid for it at rates which hardly afford them the fare of our states prisons. Alas! how few of your readers, in their beautiful western homes, know how to sympathize with these numerous and wretched sufferers!

Such physical privation and miseries lead to vast moral evils; and this is the most deplorable, the most pitiable feature in the dark picture of woman's condition in our larger communities. Some of the ladies who addressed the Worcester Convention spoke out emphatically on this subject, and adduced authentic facts sufficient to appal a Christian audience. Writers of England and France give demonstrative proof that female vice in those countries is chiefly attributable to *want*. Mayhew, of London, in his work on "London Labor and London Poor," furnishes overwhelming proofs of the fact. The Edinburgh Review says, "We believe, on our honor, that nine out of ten originally modest women who fall from virtue, fall from motives or feelings in which sensuality and self have no share. Ay, we believe that hard necessity, that grinding poverty, that actual want, induced by

their scanty resources, drive them to vice." A French writer on the subject—Duchatelet—makes, in an elaborate treatise, a similar affirmation respecting the women of Paris.

I will not enlarge on this painful topic. The urgent question is, What are the right remedial measures? Let me attempt a partial answer at least.

And, first, I am not prepared to say that these female conventions, with all their absurdities, may not be useful. They tend, at least, to arrest the public attention, and direct it to the condition of the sex. I have hitherto joined in the common ridicule of such assemblies; but I confess that, on reading their proceedings, I am compelled to respect their motives and their ability. They may continue to be the occasion of much newspaper sarcasm; but be assured there is an energy in this movement which can not fail of practical result; and it is to be hoped that public opinion will check its extravagances and direct its unquestionable power. The intermingling of a few more judicious and guiding minds in these annual assemblies might turn them to most valuable account.

But a more important relief would be the appropriation to the sex of more varied and more remunerative employments. Duchatelet says:

"Of all causes of female vice in Paris, and probably in all large towns, there are none more influential than the want of work and indigence resulting from insufficient earnings. What are the earnings of our laundresses, our seamstresses, our milliners? Compare the wages of the most skillful with the more ordinary and moderately able, and we shall see if it be possible for these latter to provide even the strict necessities of life. And if we further compare the prices of their labor with that of others less skillful, we shall cease to wonder that so large a number fall into irregularities, thus made inevitable! This state of things has a natural tendency to increase in the actual state of our affairs, in consequence of the usurpation by men of a large class of occupations, which it would be more honorable in our sex to resign to the other. Is it not shameful, for example, to see in Paris thousands of men in the prime of their age in shops and warehouses, leading a sedentary and effeminate life, which is only suitable for women?"

Yes, Monsieur Duchatelet, it is "shameful" to see in France "thousands of men" thus effeminating mind and body in such indoor employments; but how much more "shameful" is it to find this unmanly conduct here in America—here where no excess of population can be pleaded as an apology for it, and where the more masculine spheres of industry, especially the noblest of them all—agriculture—present almost illimitable opportunities! It is a double misfortune—a misfortune to the actual *employees*, and a misfortune to the rightful but excluded ones—that our young men, even to the number of hundreds of thousands, should be occupied as salesmen, book-keepers,

compositors, tailors, copyists, engravers, subordinate teachers, etc. In this country, at least, the philanthropic reformers, and public opinion itself, should go to work in good earnest to revolutionize this state of things. Nothing can be clearer than the fact, that domestic life, in our civic condition, does not furnish sufficient occupation for the comfortable subsistence of the large female proportion of the population—a proportion which in western Europe and this country amounts to nearly a moiety, but the industrial employments of which are limited almost to household duties or the needle. The greatest vices of our civilization can be traced to this fact. It is not only morally disastrous, in many respects, but a really barbarous disgrace to enlightened states. To any one who knows the rates of wages and the intolerable sufferings of the masses of poor women in our large cities, it must be a matter of profound amazement and bitter indignation, that the loud-mouthed philanthropy of the day has so little to say in behalf of these most pitiable but most neglected sufferers. The investigations occasionally made in our large communities are, however, beginning to have effect. Duchatelet in Paris, Mayhew in London, and frequent disclosures in this country, have startled the Christian sense of the times, and it will not be surprising if, before many years, a general *revolutionary* reform in the respect I have indicated—a vacation of a large class of feminine occupations by the male sex for the rightful *employés*—should be not only proposed, but successfully prosecuted.

Such a reform would have one advantage in which most others fail, and which has the most potent influence on public opinion: It could not only appeal to the public mind with the most affecting considerations of pathos, which are associated with woman's feebleness, her virtues, and her sufferings, but it could rout from their feminine spheres the present male *employés* with the scourge of a resistless satire. An English writer declares that religion and the English power have failed to break up the Hindoo caste; but he does not despair; the most effectual means, he says, yet remains to be tried—some form of satire which shall stamp the custom with ridicule. Bring the same means to bear in the present case, and you can not fail of success. Let the young men of our land be shamed from these occupations; let them be pointed to the boundless agricultural resources of the country, and the innumerable and constantly increasing manly enterprises of the day; and, at the same time, let them be pointed to the dependence, the sufferings of woman, and then let them retain their feminine employments if they dare.

Duchatelet's scornful complaint is more applicable to this country than even to France. In the latter it is not at all uncommon for females to act as book-keepers and sales-women. France, with her peculiar politeness, if not sympathy for the sex, has excelled all other lands in providing varied occupations for it. There has lately appeared in

our own country a disposition to imitate her in one most important respect. I refer to the medical education of woman. Miss Blackwell, who, I believe, has been a contributor to your columns, has, by her own personal energy, prosecuted a thorough course of medical studies in this country and in Europe, and, by her successful example, has excited no little emulation among her country-women. She has opened an office in New York city, and will, I doubt not, win her way to distinction in the profession. Her example I consider of more than even national importance. If she proceeds as she has begun, it will have effect on her sex generally.

Already two female medical colleges have been organized in this country—one in Philadelphia, the other in Boston. The latter owes its origin chiefly to the exertions of Samuel Gregory, Esq., a gentleman who has lectured on the practicability and advantages of female medical education through a large portion of New England, and always with success. In 1850 our Legislature incorporated the institution; and last year the Legislative Committee on Education presented an able and elaborate report in favor of the objects of the society, and of a grant of five thousand dollars in aid of its funds. The testimony of this Legislative Committee will be more influential than any thing I can say in favor of the measure. I give you a few passages from their report, which now lies before me. Of its designs and character they say:

"The objects of the society are, to provide for and promote the education of females as professional attendants upon their own sex, in the duties of midwifery, and in the treatment of the diseases of women and children; also, to educate nurses of the sick, and, incidentally, to diffuse physiological, sanitary, and curative knowledge among the female portion of the community generally. As a means of accomplishing these objects, a Female Medical School has been in operation in this city for the past two and a half years—the sixth semi-annual term being about to commence [now closed.] The pupils of the School have numbered above fifty, [now above sixty,] and have come from all the New England states, New York, and Ohio.

"To place the institution in a condition to afford a more thorough education of the kind than is now attainable, by either sex, at any medical college in this country, the society propose, as soon as funds permit, to establish, in connection with the school, a hospital, which shall possess the economical advantage of accommodating large numbers of charity and other patients, and at the same time affording the pupils ample opportunities for *practice*, in nursing the sick, and in the treatment of the diseases peculiar to females. Two years ago, a lady, having been graduated at one of the medical schools of our country, deemed it necessary to go to Europe to *complete* her education. The Directors of this society, we are assured, have

in view no other than the highest standard of qualification for these departments of practice—attainments, in some respects, much superior to those of the young men who graduate at our medical schools.

"It is obvious that females possess a great advantage in obtaining this kind of education, especially the practical part of it; for, in addition to their intuitive perceptions, they can readily accumulate knowledge by mingling freely with patients of their own sex, and enjoying an unreserved frankness of communication, which would be impossible in the case of male students."

Having presented historical facts, medical authorities, and arguments at length in favor of each of the objects of the society, the committee proceed as follows:

"If it has been shown that the *objects* contemplated are good, it may be asked, Is the association named, a safe and suitable medium or instrumentality by which to accomplish these objects? In the opinion of the committee, it is. It already numbers over sixteen hundred members, [now above two thousand,] among whom are many prominent individuals, resident in the various cities and towns of the state. Two hundred of these members have contributed one thousand dollars, in sums of five dollars each, [over three hundred have now given five dollars each;] and about thirty have constituted themselves life members, by paying the fee of twenty dollars each. The present officers of the society are gentlemen of intelligence, judgment, and well-known responsibility. The fact that, in this early period of its existence, the society has raised near five thousand dollars, mostly in small sums, to carry forward its operations, and that so many hundreds of intelligent and judicious persons, of both sexes, have given it their aid and influence, indicates a general and cordial interest in the success of the enterprise. Indeed, there seems to be, about the whole movement, a degree of vitality, energy, and disinterested earnestness that at once commands confidence, and gives assurance of complete, ultimate success."

I have been the more particular in my remarks and quotations respecting this measure, because I deem it of inexpressible importance—the leading idea, in fine, among the late schemes for the amelioration of the condition and employments of women among us. I wish to make it fully known to western women; they will all lift up their hands for it as an inestimable blessing in more than one respect. This project, having now fairly got under way, can not fail of success—it will be reproduced in all the principal cities of the country; and, in less than a quarter of a century, will not only revolutionize, in a most desirable respect, the treatment of female patients, but give professional and highly honorable employment to thousands of women. The Philadelphia school, like that of Boston, meets with decided success. A late number of the Ladies' Book says: "'The Female Medical College of

Pennsylvania' was incorporated in 1849, and opened at Philadelphia in 1850. During these two years it has numbered about sixty students in all, though a number were only attendants on particular branches. Its plan of studies and lectures corresponds with those of the male medical colleges in this city; its students are very assiduous, and give promise of much usefulness; and several are expected to graduate at the close of the present session."

A new measure, somewhat auxiliary to this medical project, has recently been commenced by influential ladies in Philadelphia, chiefly under the auspices of Mrs. Hale, the authoress. It is called the "Ladies' Medical Missionary Society." An impressive appeal has been issued by it, explaining its designs, arguing most decisively in favor of female medical education, and discussing especially the advantages of such an education to *female missionaries*. I hope your lady readers are too deeply impressed with the importance of my subject to tire of the minute information which I am endeavoring to lay before them. It is desirable that it should not be reviewed with a vague glance, but detailed in such a manner that when they conclude this article they shall know somewhat precisely the character and measure of the topics discussed. I must take the liberty, then, of referring with some particularity to this new scheme. In connection with the others mentioned, it may furnish an example for imitation in other parts of the country. The wide circulation of your magazine, and the Christian character of most of your readers, inspire me, as I proceed, with the hope that I am not doing a useless work, in my attempt to spread out before some fifty thousand American women these practicable and really noble schemes. The circular of this new society says:

"This appeal, which 'The Ladies' Medical Missionary Society' now makes to the Christian public, is mainly in aid of preparing the wives of missionaries to act as physicians for the women and children among whom their station, either domestic or foreign, may be found. And, more important still, we wish to aid in educating pious unmarried ladies who may be willing to go out as medical missionaries. What a blessing to a mission family to be accompanied by a competent female physician, who would be an adviser as well as comforter in the hour of sickness! She might act as teacher till called to her profession; and, though she would practice gratuitously among the poor in heathen lands, yet, when an entrance was gained to the more wealthy, she would doubtless receive rich presents, and be able to assist, materially, the cause of missions. All heathen people have a high reverence for medical knowledge. Should they find Christian ladies accomplished in this science, would it not greatly raise the sex in the estimation of these nations, where one of the most serious impediments to moral improvement is the degradation and ignorance to which their females have been for

centuries consigned? Vaccination is difficult of introduction among the people of the east, though suffering dreadfully from the ravages of the small-pox. The American missionary at Siam writes that thousands of children were, last year, swept away by this disease in the country around him. Female physicians could win their way among these poor children much easier than doctors of the other sex. Surely the ability of American women to learn and practice vaccination will not be questioned, when the more difficult art of inoculation was discovered by the women of Turkey, and introduced into Europe by an English woman! Inoculation is one of the greatest triumphs of remedial skill over a sure, loathsome, and deadly disease which the annals of medical art record. Its discovery belongs to women. I name it here to show that they are gifted with genius for the profession, and only need to be educated to excel in the preventive department. Let pious, intelligent women be fitly prepared, and what a mission-field for doing good would be opened! In India, China, Turkey, and all over the heathen world, they would, in their character of physicians, find access to the homes and the harems where women dwell, and where the good seed sown would bear a hundred-fold, because it would take root in the bosom of the sufferer, and in the heart of childhood."

The leading clergy of Philadelphia have sanctioned this organization by express notes of approval. Rev. Dr. Malcolm, who has been in the east, gives it "his warmest approbation." Dr. Durbin writes, "If I were stationed in this city, I would give the effort my personal aid; now I send my own name and that of Mrs. Durbin as members of your Society." Bishop Potter thus speaks of it: "The importance of securing for women a larger sphere of usefulness, and the special propriety and desirableness of qualifying them to practice the healing art among children and those of their own sex, will be admitted, I should hope, by all persons. If there are those, however, who think otherwise, I certainly am not of the number; and I shall rejoice heartily in the success of every effort which is calculated to promote such an object." Drs. Horn, Stevens, Gillette, Brainerd, Ladd, etc., give similar sanction to it.

This Society has thus far been successful. It was organized on the 19th of last November, and in about a month it numbered more than fifty members and donors, and had secured the approval of the Philadelphia public. It announces that it will be prepared to pay the tuition fees of few pupils—"one from each denomination, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist"—in the Philadelphia or Boston medical institutions. The pupils must be recommended by the missionary boards of the respective sects mentioned.

Success to these designs, says your humble scribbler; and he doubts not that you, Mr. Editor, and your better half, and your fifty thousand female readers, respond a hearty amen to the prayer.

Ladies of the west, not only should your philanthropy, but selfishness prompt you to co-operate in such improvements. What mother in this Christian land has not felt the painful urgency of some such measure for the education of female physicians? If the usages of heathen women render them necessary abroad, much more should the refined sentiments of Christian women demand them at home.

Some accounts of the World's Exhibition referred to the superior attention given by English manufacturers to the arts of design, as shown in their exhibited fabrics. On the continent, as well as in England, these arts are thoroughly studied. Schools of "arts and manufactures" are maintained in France and Germany, for instruction in drawing and other branches auxiliary to manufactures; and hence the higher elegance of their workmanship. The hints of the letter-writers have been heeded by our eastern manufacturers, and, as many of them are genuine philanthropists, the project of a school of design for the same practical results, but affording also a refined means of support to females, has been projected. From its prospectus I learn that the objects of this school are: 1. To educate a body of professed designers, capable of furnishing original designs for manufactures and other purposes, where ornamental designs are required. 2. To teach the various processes of engraving, lithography, and other methods of transferring and multiplying designs. 3. To educate a class of teachers in drawing and design. The course of instruction comprises an *Elementary Drawing School*, in which it will be required of all pupils to go through a thorough course of elementary drawing and coloring, with lectures and instruction in geometry, and other studies, so far as may be necessary for a general familiarity with forms and colors. When sufficiently advanced, the pupils will elect as to the particular department in which each may wish to become proficient, and then follow a special course for the attainment of the object. *Industrial classes* will be formed in the special departments as soon as pupils are found to be prepared to enter them. It is the intention of the School to furnish the best instruction that can be procured to pupils who have the desire and can command the time for a thorough and systematic course of drawing and design, and thus to be a standard or Normal school, the graduates from which may be prepared to earn a living by the practice of some of the branches taught, or to teach in other schools of design or in public schools. This school of design for women is another example worthy of the imitation of other cities.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, how vastly may these and similar schemes ameliorate the condition of women in our large cities! How infinitely better are they than "mere charitable institutions!" Are they not examples of the very remedies needed? I have already extended this article too far for the patience of your readers, though certainly not for

the importance of the subject; yet I can not forbear adding, that all that is necessary to multiply these measures through the land is for a few *enterprising women*, in each of our large communities, to *start them*. Let it be remembered, that, unlike all other eleemosynary schemes, these in due time, and often in a short time, become *self-supporting*. May I not exhort your readers to give some practical attention to the suggestions of this humble letter? There are those now reading these lines who could put in train measures like the above, which would not only be of great local relief to their suffering sisters, but add resistless impulse to the revolution of the industrial position of woman, which, it is hoped, is now fairly begun, though it has yet failed of our recognition.

THE FOREST FUNERAL.

—
BY PROFESSOR LIPPITT.
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THE last rays of the setting sun were throwing far athwart the lengthening shadows of the old forest-trees; indeed, the tops of the trees alone now caught the light, as the sun went down behind the boundless western forest, whose gloom was deepening with the approaching twilight. All was hushed. Not a sound was heard, but the far-off voice of the whippowil, or the hoarse note of the night-hawk in his low swoop toward the earth. Even the leaves, that rustled a little before in the dying waves of the evening breeze, and danced in the ruddy light upon the topmost bough, were still. Nature was hushed as if offering incense of silent adoration to her God. It was a mild, calm evening in early September, at the commencement of the present century. A little aside from the rude, rough pathway through the forest were two emigrant wagons, with their long curved bodies, and arched cloth coverings stained with the dust and dews of a long journey. Near by were the horses, tethered for the night. A spaniel, too, was running hither and thither between the wagons, and anon into the woods, scaring up the quails by his sharp bark, and then returning as if guilty of some misdemeanor, and, standing near the smoking brands of the fire, looks wistfully in the faces of the group gathered there.

Draw nearer and gaze. There sits a man of middle age, with bowed head, and hands clasped between his knees—sad, silent, and with eyes intently fixed upon the fire. Suddenly the fire gleams up in his face, and you start at its stern, rigid features and the wild, set eye which it reveals. Opposite to him sits his wife, pressing close to her side a little daughter, stooping oft to kiss away the fast-flowing tears that gush from the fountain of her sorrow, and then pressing her more fondly to her heart; anon brushing away the blinding, scalding tears that gather in her own eyes, turning oft her head

toward an object at a little distance, covered with a white cloth. There is also a son, now ripening into manhood, who sits abstracted, thoughtfully musing, but often bringing his arm to his face, and wiping away the tears with his coat-sleeve. Leaning against the tree by his father, stands a younger brother, gazing sadly and yet half wonderingly at the group, and gently patting his leg to attract the notice of his playfellow the dog.

This is an emigrant family. But what means this scene? Led by the hope of bettering his fortune, the father had sold his little farm in central Pennsylvania, had left the associations of his own youth, that he might, in the wilds of Ohio, secure a better patrimony for his children. The children, ever carried away with any novelty, were delighted at the change; but the mother was sad, and oft wept at the thought of the sacrifice to be made. But the hour came; the farm had been sold; their goods had been packed; the last farewell had been given; the last hill-top gained from which could be seen the little valley farm. Ah, the sun never bathed it in such a golden flood of light as then! It seemed like turning their back upon Eden's gate. Since then long weary days of travel had passed. Over mountains their route had led them, whose steep gray summits frowned darkly upon their endeavor. Frightful precipices skirted their path at times, far reaching down to the chasm beneath, or rising to the overhanging rocks far above. No foliage there shut out the rays of the sun, except occasionally a stunted fir clinging to the rock. Toilsomely, wearily, yet hopefully, the days had passed, and now they were in Ohio, and a few more days would bring them to their destined home, on the Ohio, where the Scioto, flowing through the wide alluvial meadows, enters it. Their route now lay through one unbroken forest, reaching from river to river, and from river to lake. No habitation met the gaze of the emigrant, as he struggled on through this unbroken solitude. The deer and red man were sole, joint occupants of the country.

Attracted by the open space and the noble shelter of two majestic beeches, the father had stopped this night a little earlier than usual. The whole family had gone to the spot of their proposed encampment, a little way from the wagons, except a little boy, who had been left in the wagon. The horses bent their heads to nip the tufts of grass growing at their feet, and at last started along. There was a sudden cry that caught the mother's quick ear, and turned her quicker glance toward the wagon. But, alas! it was only to see the heavy wheel pass over the body of her little son, crushing out forever his God-given life. The sudden motion had thrown him out directly beneath the wheel. The shrieks of the mother soon brought all to the spot; but no effort could restore the vital spark. The mangled body could never more thrill with the pulsations of the heart or the joyous impulses of life. Long his mother frantically rubbed his little limbs; anon calling him by name, and

kissing his white hand, as if her fond call could rouse him from the sleep of death as easily as from his cradle sleep. And then despair gathered around, and hope fled, and the heart grew still. But the deepening shades made them be mindful of their teams. A fire, too, had been built, but no supper had been thought of, none had been prepared. The deep grief had absorbed all other feelings. The little body had been laid out, and covered with a white cloth, and the family had gathered about the fire as first described.

Thus long they sat in sorrow too deep for utterance. Ah, who can fathom all their grief! who knows all the soul-absorbing ties that bind a mother to her child! who can tell the agony that wrenches a strong man's heart, when the tears course each other down his weather-beaten face! Twilight deepened into night unperceived. The girl had sobbed herself to sleep in her mother's lap; the boy had found rest at her feet; the eldest was busy in keeping up the fire; but the father moved not. At length he roused himself, saying, "It must be." He then sought a box amid his goods, and made from it a rude coffin for his son. Between the two beeches next, with labor mixed with grief, he dug his little grave. The night wore on, and, streaking all the east with golden light, the dawn appeared. The father then roused his family; and just as the sun was tinging the tree-tops with his morning beams, he committed the body to the earth, reading himself the Episcopal service.

What a scene for a painter was that! The gathered group, the open grave, the wide, dark forest just lit by the sun's first rays, the wagons near with horses tied, and the dog standing on the heaped earth, looking wistfully now in the faces of the group and then into the open grave, while the father reads, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

And now the earth is heaped upon the grave, a few fresh flowers are strewn upon the heaped mold, the last sobbing, heart-broken farewell is taken, the teams are harnessed, and the emigrants are again on their sad way through the somber forest to their home in the west.

POOR PENMANSHIP.

A LITERARY gentleman once addressed a letter to a friend. The following was the reply: "I have received a piece of paper, apparently from you, though I am inclined to think that, by way of saving trouble, you had employed a spider as your amanuensis—dipped his legs into an ink-bottle, and then suffered him to crawl over the sheet. You never were a very good writer; but now you seem to have one hand which you can not read yourself, and another which no other person can decipher."

AFFECTION'S LONGINGS.

BY EMMA.

COULD I roam over earth, and choose me a spot,
Where to settle my fortune and build me a cot,
Where my best loved of earth could dwell peaceful
and free,
And drink cheerful life's cup, though mingled it be,
My footsteps I'd bend not, where every green heath
Is blighted and withered by Boreas' fierce breath;
Nor yet to the land of the orange and vine,
Where spring-time unending would greet me and
mine;
But I'd seek for a home in my own father-land,
Where Summer and Winter walk hand clasped in
hand—
Where I worship not kings, nor nobles, nor fame—
Where wealth's but a *toy*, and honor a *name*.
Far, far from the city's allurements and mirth,
In a bright sunny dell, on a green spot of earth,
There I'll rear me my cottage, and make me my
home—
The true and the trustful, the loving may come.
I'll plant there, to shade it, the trees that I love—
The maple, the hemlock, and pine from the grove;
And hardier trees, used to the tempest's fierce
stroke—
The cedar, ash, beech, and my *own mountain oak*.
An orchard, a garden, and smooth-sloping lawn,
And mirroring streamlet, my ground shall adorn;
A yard filled with flowers, the blue-bell and rose,
To cheer in sweet spring-time and autumn's dim
close.
Within my home, too, love and beauty shall dwell;
The guests God has given shall be cherished right
well;
Contentment, and peace, and religion beside;
Myself, always cheerful, o'er all will preside.
That blest place to me then will ever be dear,
With my children to love, and my husband to cheer;
Not Italia's beauties, nor India's gold,
Shall e'er tempt me to leave them—my *flock* and
my *fold*.

LITTLE CARRIE.

DRAW down the thin and azure lid;
No look of mute-appealing pain,
No piercing, anguished gaze on heaven,
Will strike through those blue depths again.
Press one soft kiss on those soft lips,
They thrill not now like flickering flame;
They'll ne'er unclose, in troubled dreams,
To breathe again that cherished name.
Wrap the white shroud about her breast;
No trembling throb shall stir its fold,
No wild emotions wake to life,
Within that bosom snowy cold.

"MEEK AND LOWLY IN HEART."

BY HYPERION.

In the human character of the divine Redeemer appear traits of surpassing loveliness. Antiquity, in its most copious and refined languages, has no name for the class of virtues which in his character received their full development. Nor have we in any modern language any term to designate those virtues, except the epithet derived from His own name—*Christian* virtues.

Lowliness, meekness, forbearance, forgiveness of injury, gentleness, and the most tender sensibility were the ruling traits and most conspicuous virtues of his character in his whole career, from the scenes of Bethlehem to those of Calvary. And even the very circumstances of the age in which he made his advent to earth seem in harmony with his own spirit. It was not the age of war, of bloodshed, and of revolution; no clarion was resounding to call the nations to arms; no hero was marshaling his forces for a murderous campaign, or returning in triumph, with captives bound and bleeding at his chariot-wheels. The storm of revolution had passed. The flash of the lightnings had ceased, and the echo of the thunders had died away. The commotion of the waves had subsided, nor broke there longer on the shore even a ripple. Peace, universal, profound peace, reigned over all the hills and the valleys of earth.

No shrill-voiced and trumpet-tongued herald preceded him, to raise in the mind of the noble and the great high-wrought expectations of his approach. Only an unknown and mysterious youth appeared—not in the city, but in the wilderness, clothed not in soft raiment, but with camel's hair, bidding those who pleased to hear him "prepare the way of the Lord."

At his coming, the sun stood not still in the heavens, nor wandered in unfrequented orbit. The moon shone with no unusual brightness, nor deviated from her usual path. The constellations of the heavens—Arcturius, Orion, and the Pleiades—maintained unchanged their places. Only

"A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding unchecked and calm along the sky."

And that star seems seen alone by the eastern sages, who were watching the heavens, as was their custom, to detect any new and strange meteoric phenomena.

Not in the glare of day, when all the world was astir, did the Savior come to earth. The sun had set behind the mountains that are "round about Jerusalem." The twilight of evening had faded away. The starlight alone, streaming down through the pure and still air of a Syrian autumn night, dispelled the darkness, which else had been intense in nature, at the very moment when the moral Light of the universe was arising unperceived by the dim and heavy eyes of men.

From its deep sleep the world was not aroused to hear the advent song. The shepherds alone, who were awake, watching their flocks, and listening for coming footsteps, or for the midnight cry of beasts of prey, heard the mellifluous melody, that enchanting harmony of the angel minstrel band, singing an anthem of praise and of peace.

Not in the city, the city of the great King, the chosen site of the Holy Temple, the far-famed Jerusalem, amidst gorgeous palaces and costly furnishing, did He, the King of nations, appear; but in an obscure and fameless village. No voice was heard, bidding,

"Fold silken robes round the little one carefully,
Lay him to rest on his pillow of down;"

but his mother, alone and unattended, with her own hands "wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger."

When the wicked King, who, with a cruel hand and a tyrant's heart, ruled over Palestine, would have barbarously slain him, there was wrought for his protection no open and startling miracle. Quietly, and in the silence of midnight was given in a dream warning of danger. Quietly and silently arose the devout and favored ones from their dreamy bed, and, with the mysterious child, departed to a foreign country, where they might find protection, till the wrath of wicked man should be past. Returning, after the danger was past, the child of promise, the child to the day of whose mysterious birth the world for four thousand years had looked forward, the child whose mysterious mission on earth not even the angels round about the throne had understood, remained in a small and poor village of Galilee, subject, like human children, to human authority, claiming no immunities, nor privileges, nor exemptions.

When he had passed the period assigned by the laws as the age of maturity, and entered on the work of his mission, he still retained the meek, lowly, and gentle spirit which had so distinguished his advent and his early career. The bearer of a message of the highest import to the human race, the teacher of doctrines more sublime and more holy than were ever dreamed of by Socrates or taught by Plato, he chose for his disciples, not the great, the noble, the learned in worldly wisdom, but the humble, the poor, the unlettered. Diligently he instructed them, and patiently he bore their infirmities, their dullness of apprehension, and their perversity of unbelief. Mild was his reproof of their faults, delicate his manner of correcting their errors, and gentle his chidings of their ambitions and intolerant spirit.

In his intercourse with strangers and casual acquaintances he was ever gentle and charitable. In relieving the suffering, in attending to the neglected, in remembering the forgotten, in raising the fallen, in bringing back the straying, in receiving the outcasts, in encouraging the penitent, and in pitying the unfortunate, he often reproved the hypocrisy and defied the conventional prejudices

of Pharisaism. He hesitated not to hold a long and free conversation with the woman of Samaria, whom he casually met at the well; nor did he feel disgraced when the disciples came and found him in her company, though they did *marvel*; nor when the whole city came out to see the man who had disregarded long-established national usage. He repelled not the woman, though she was a "sinner," who came into the house of the Pharisee, where he, by invitation, was dining, and "stood at his feet behind him, weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with ointment." No, he repelled her not, though the Pharisee reproached him for allowing her, "sinner" as she was, to touch him. He repelled her not, but spoke unto her gracious words: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Nor did he "condemn" that other poor, frail, and fallen creature, who was brought before him accused of a crime whose penalty by law was death. No words of vengeance, no sentence of death fell from his lips. "Whoever," said he to her accusers, "is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." And when the prosecutors had all, smitten in their consciences by his words, left the room, and the poor woman stood alone before him, how gentle was his reproof of her fault: "Go, and sin no more!" O ye censorious and severe-judging mortals, who cast without the pale of human sympathy the frail and the erring, ye who visit with severe judgment on their defenseless heads the faults or the follies of your fellow-beings, ye who clamor for blood at the hangman's hand, would ye but go and learn of him whom ye call *Master* the spirit of Christianity, ye would be mere lenient, charitable, and forgiving; ye would say to the wayward, the erring, and the sinful, "Go, and sin no more. Go not to the dungeon nor the gallows; but go into the broad and beautiful world of God, and sin no more. Go not with the curse and the blight of society's ban upon you; but go repentant and forgiven, and sin no more."

In the last agonies of dissolution, the spirit of pity and of forgiveness departed not from Jesus. The poor, condemned, and dying culprit, who turned imploring his eyes toward him, and said, "Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom," received, in reply, the thrilling words, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." O, it seems to me I would willingly die like the thief, stretched and writhing with pain on the cross, the jeer and the reproach of men, and the spectacle of all the world, if I could but hear, in my last agonies, from such lips such words: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Yes, blessed Jesus, with these would I suffer, with these would I die, with thee would I fearless venture to hell itself; for where dwells such a spirit as thine there must be paradise.

On occasions of sorrow and bereavement Jesus exhibited the most tender sensibility. He pitied

the father who bewailed the death of his child, and, in his mercy and his power, he restored the fair girl to life. He had compassion on the widow of Nain, whose only son was borne on his bier out of the gate. And he wept with Mary and Martha over the grave of Lazarus. Very dissimilar was his spirit to that of men of the world, who will *talk* to you, while your heart is breaking under bereavement, of philosophy, and of fortitude; and of composure, and of resignation, darkening counsel by using words without knowledge or feeling. Jesus did not thus. He *wept*, thereby showing that he had human feeling, and understood human feeling.

The last acts in the eventful human career of Jesus were not inconsistent with the unity of character developed in previous scenes. Unconscious of fault and innocent of purpose, he was arrested at midnight by a cowardly crowd, bearing torches and clubs, and abusing him with curses and blows. Without resisting, he yielded himself a prisoner in their hand. Silently he bore their taunts and reproaches. Without retaliating, he suffered their abuse and their blows. He was brought to the judgment-seat for trial. His accusers were there, the false witnesses were there, and there was he, but defenseless and alone. Before that outrageous and maddened mob none dare plead his cause. His disciples, appalled with fear, had forsaken him and fled. One of them, the most impetuous, the most generous, and, perhaps, the most brave among them, had, through fear, absolutely denied, with oaths and bitter curses, that he ever knew him.

He was condemned. The sentence of death—"Let him be crucified"—was pronounced. No time was allowed for preparation. The executioners were thirsting for blood. On his shoulders was lashed the very cross on which he was to die, and he was compelled to bear it up the hill of Calvary, till fainting he fell down under the load. Compelling a stranger to take up and bear after him the instrument of torture and of death, they urged him along up the hill to the place of execution. Riveting with iron spikes his hands and feet to the cross, they suspended him, where he hung in excruciating torture, till the powers of life were exhausted, and of very agony he expired.

And who was he thus led like a "lamb to the slaughter?" Was he the defenseless being he appeared? It was he, who, in the morning of creation, "stretched the north over the empty space, and hung the earth upon nothing." It was he who said to the roaring ocean, when it broke forth, "Hitherto mayest thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." It was he who "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." He, at that very time, when arrested, tried, condemned, and crucified, had all power in heaven and in earth. At his call the thunder's voice would have been heard, and at his

beck the lightnings would have flashed, and said, "Here are we." At one stamp of his foot the earth would have opened wide its fathomless abyss, and the guilty city, with its murderous crew, would have sunk deeper than seaman's plummet might ever sound. At his word hosts of angels, more numerous than

"Autumnal leaves, that strew the vales
In Vallobrossa,"

and each more powerful than the gigantic Typhon of classic mythology, would have suddenly appeared, and the clamorous murderers would have fallen, as did the army of Assyria, when the destroyer breathed on them. But he, the suffering, the gentle one, spoke not a word of imprecation, not a word of wrath. His words were only words of grace and of prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

And when at last the final hour of triumph came, the hour of his resurrection, he used not even this hour for vengeance or for public manifestation. He arose not in the full light of day, when the streets were thronged with people; but he chose the early morning hour, while it "was yet dark," and while all the city was quiet in deep slumber. He appeared at first, not to the whole company of disciples, but only to Mary. And when he did appear to the disciples, he chose not the glare of daylight, nor a public place, but the quiet evening, and a sequestered room, in which the eleven were assembled for communion and for worship. When also the time of his ascending up on high arrived, he appointed the place for this sublime consummation of his earthly career on the top of a mountain, apart from the city, where were assembled only the faithful to receive his last words. Having commissioned them to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, he stretched out his hands to bless them; and, as he was pronouncing over them the words of benediction, he was parted from them:

"And calmly did he rise
Into his native skies,
His human form dissolved on high
In its own radiance."

THE ENTHUSIASM OF GENIUS.

"*Ἰννεκτιον*," says D'Israeli, "depends on patience. Contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the luxuries of genius! the true hour for production and composition; hours so delightful that I have spent twelve and fourteen hours successively at my writing-desk, and still been in a state of pleasure." It is probable that the anecdote related of Marini, the Italian poet, is true: that he was once so absorbed in revising his *Adonia*, that his leg was severely burned without his knowing it.

EXCURSION TO MONTMORENCI.

BY S. A. LATTIMORE.

On a bright sunny morning we left the city of Quebec by Palace Gate, for a drive of nine miles down the St. Lawrence, to the celebrated cascade of Montmorenci. Although it was an August day, the keen, penetrating air of that northern clime reminded us of our own October, when the leaves, loosened by the autumnal frost, fall fast around us in our morning walk. But as the sun rose above the mountains of many-colored mist, exhaled from the river during the night, pouring down upon us a flood of golden light, the dewy chillness was succeeded by a glow of genial warmth. My companions were a lady and gentleman of New York city and a young Charlestonian—the former genuine Gothamites, full of life and vivacity; the latter a fine specimen of southern chivalry, frank, urbane, intelligent, and impulsive. Meeting, as we did, by accident, in a strange city, where, at first sight, we were called *Americans*, with a peculiar emphasis that we would not expect to hear even in Europe. We felt ourselves, at once, acquaintances and firm friends. A singular coincidence of name, occurring even in the maiden name of the lady, promoted the fraternal feeling in no small degree, and we soon forgot the many hundreds of miles that separate New York, South Carolina, and Indiana. We congratulated ourselves on our lucky number, in a land where the traveler is constantly in a dilemma between the high caleche for a single pair and the low cab for four. Of course, we chose the latter as the most social. With a more pleasant company it has never been my fortune to meet than was formed by my companions of that day's excursion. Though never again our pathways may meet, by none of us will that happy day ever be forgotten.

We were whirled down the precipitous street with perilous velocity, and soon passed the narrow environs of the city. Crossing the river St. Charles by the long Dorchester bridge, we rolled merrily onward over a magnificent road, as smoothly as ever Roman chariot wheeled along the broad pavement of the renowned Appian Way. For miles we could trace our meandering course along the river bank. Countless vehicles, from the flying caleche to the slow, trundling dog-cart, incessantly passing and repassing, equaled the activity and confusion of a street in the crowded metropolis. Our way was over a plain of table-land, at an elevation of three hundred feet above the level of the river, of great fertility, and exhibiting the agricultural art in its highest state of perfection. The long but extremely narrow fields, whose shape indicates the repeated hereditary divisions they have suffered, were yielding their fleeces of russet and gold to the sickle of the husbandman. The peasantry, of both sexes, were busily gathering in the abundant harvest—the men turning the rolling

swaths before their sweeping scythes; the women, fearless of the sun-burn, tying the fragrant hay into bundles for the market, or binding the yellow wheat into sheaves for the barn. Cottages of un-hewn stone, with steep roofs of thatch, clustered here and there along the road in friendly groups, seemed peculiarly appropriate as the homes of these rustic peasants. The picturesque costume of the good dames and bonnie lasses, dressed in skirt and boddies of strongly contrasted colors, and broad-rimmed hats of straw, with faces, fresh and rosy as that of Hygeia, smiling out from under them, gave the whole scene a delightful air of quiet, contented domestic happiness.

At occasional intervals between these plebeian hamlets, we passed stately old mansions, standing at aristocratic distances from the dusty thoroughfare, surrounded by extensive grounds, where the lords of the primitive forest cast their deep shadows, making twilight at noonday. A short distance beyond the little village of Beauport, which we recognised as a village only by its church steeple, we were shown an old French chateau, of which a long traditional legend is told. Many, many years have the dilapidated, ivy-grown walls, which we saw still looming up among the tall trees, been desolate and silent. No mortal ever approaches the mouldering threshold, for within, say the *habitans* of the neighborhood, dwells the frantic ghost of the high-born but unhappy lady of the romantic story. No one ventures nearer than the porter's lodge at the great iron gateway.

Canada is truly a land of superstitions. By the wayside were many rude crucifixes and wooden saints, to each of which our Phaeton scrupulously paid his obeisance as we rolled past, either by a motion of the hand meant for a cross, or by a sullen nod of the head.

Hundreds of little boys, playing about the cottage doors, stood up to salute us as we passed, doffing their little hats, if they had them; if not, waving their tiny hands in the air with inimitable grace. Troops of little girls, too, dressed in the quaint fashion of the country, with their long-braided tresses streaming out from under their broad hats, ran along beside the window of our cab, offering us bouquets of the most rare and beautiful flowers, with many sweet smiles which we could easily understand, and many pretty words which we could not. Had Lord Elgin or Queen Victoria herself been passing, more flattering attention could scarcely have been manifested by these youthful subjects than was shown to us; and not to us alone, but, indeed, to every passing company. Why were we humble republicans thus lionized and made the recipients of this juvenile ovation? The explanation destroys all its romance and poetry—it was all for a penny! If the expected coin was not bestowed, the young rogues would feign to weep bitterly, till we were hopelessly beyond them; then make grimaces at us, or trip along as smilingly and winningly as ever after

the next carriage. Our small change was soon exhausted in tossing them a piece or two at a time to see a score of them scramble for the prize. Our cruel cabman persisted in considering it a part of the service he owed us to keep these troops of young *azaroni* out of reach of his merciless lash, which they dexterously avoided, much to our comfort and amusement. Thus in early life are these innocent children initiated into the medicant art, which they practice with a skill and insinuating grace that render their appeals irresistible.

At the end of our pleasant drive we were set down at a high arched gate, opening into an extensive park. Here were a dozen vehicles, and as many Canadian drivers—some basking sleepily in the warm morning sunshine, others chattering to each other in their unintelligible provincialisms. A score of merry children, engaged in play, were there ready to accompany any party that might desire a guide to the cascade. Hitherto we had shunned the execrable herd that usually infests all our popular resorts, as an abomination to be heartily deprecated by every traveler who claims a spark of the adventurous spirit, or loves to think his own thoughts, or to see with his own eyes. But about these children there was an air of winning simplicity and innocence that quite captivated us, and we at once resolved to have a guide. We accordingly selected, as the most interesting one of the group, a blooming little lass of some twelve summers, who was attired in a gay dress and tidy hat of straw. We had chosen her not so much to have her open the gates and show us the pathway, as to see her trip daintily along beside us, to listen to her artless stories, and to hear her snatches of song awaken the echoes of the wood, or her clear silvery laugh ring joyously through the darkling glens of that grand old forest. Passing through the gate, we traversed, for some distance, a noble avenue, densely overshadowed by the tapering linden and the wide-branching elm of centuries—that veteran Briareus of the forest. Leaving the cool avenue, we crossed an old moss-grown stile, and followed a path leading through a field of luxuriant clover. Our cunning little guide, contriving meanwhile to keep our attention attracted to herself, turned aside from the path, and conducted us a few steps through a dense thicket of alders, where we were startled with surprise to find ourselves standing on the very brink of a fearful abyss, wide and deep. And there stood our roguish little *Naiad* beside us, looking up inquisitively into our faces to mark the effect of the wonder upon us, in the expression of our countenances. Looking in the direction she pointed, through the meshes of the green foliage, which screened a recess of that vast excavation, we caught a glimpse of a gleaming, snow-white sheet of foam. The little fairy then led us a little farther along the brink, where our position revealed to us, at one grand view, the entire Cascade of Montmorenci.

Before us was a beautiful river, clear as crystal, calmly rolling over an Alpine precipice, and plunging

down a gulf deeper than the mighty Niagara by a hundred feet. The mind was bewildered and overpowered by the vastness of the descent. There, on a measureless expanse of dark and rugged wall, was hung a veil of woven silver, starred with clusters of pearls and diamonds, and flowing, in luxurious, airy folds, down, down through golden sunlight into the somber shade of the tall cliff, and still down, down into that dim abyss of shadows. The mind recoiled from the attempt to form a conception of the vast reality. The first impression was almost painfully vivid, but evanescent as the electric flash. It passed, and we gazed upon the scene before us as upon a vision seen through the hazy, uncertain atmosphere of dream. A few awakening efforts at relative comparison—measuring, by the eye, the known with the unknown—dispelled this usual twilight, and gradually relieved us from the mental paralysis that had seized us. Clearer and clearer grew the medium through which we looked, the different parts of the scene fell into harmonious proportions, the whole took form and symmetry, and, at last, stood before us in all its matchless grandeur. We felt as if we had seen it created. Virtually we had. We had seen it change, by imperceptible degrees, from chaotic confusion to the perfection of beauty—the change had been in us, not in it.

The water as it rolls over the edge of the rock is at once dissolved into a sheet of sparkling foam. Its descent is interrupted only by a few projections of the rock, which our fancy molded into the gloomy features of a sphinx-like monster concealing itself behind that translucent, fluid drapery, whose stainless white contrasted finely with the hue of the hideous face peering through it. The dash of the torrent had seemingly subsided into a soft, rushing sound, that came up through the quivering leaves, not wild or harsh, as at first, but gentle and lute-like, lulling the soul into a feeling of the most delicious repose.

As soon as our little guide discovered that she could divert our attention, she tripped nimbly away, beckoning us to follow. Our path led us by a circuitous way through the highly ornamented grounds of a princely mansion of the olden time, once owned and occupied by the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. It seems that this romantic spot was a favorite resort of that great pioneer, Champlain, who named the neighboring cascade after the Duke de Montmorenci, prime minister of France. After a long ramble we reached the bank of the river just above the fall. We had already taken a view of the scene as a whole, and were now prepared to investigate its parts in detail. Scrambling down the rocky bank a few yards, we reached a foot-bridge formed of a single plank, leading to the verge of the Cascade. A few feet farther, a shelving rock, of a foot square, jutted out from the bank, and, overhanging the gulf, promised a view such as we could in no wise forego. One standing there seemed literally suspended in the air. Had the

branch of pine to which we clung with our hands or the bit of rock that supported our feet given way, we should have eclipsed, however involuntarily, the leap of the redoubtable hero of Genesee Falls. The view from that point was worth the risk. In our cooler moments of reflection, we were astonished at the reckless and adventurous temerity with which the scene inspired us. As we hovered over that abyss, our impressions were overpowering. Suddenly the mind seemed to acquire vigor and ability to grasp the idea of altitude, at whose vastness it previously had quailed. Gazing upon that down-rushing flood, till, in fancy, we were borne down with its arrowy speed, listening to the deep music of that anthem of the many waters, as it ascended up to heaven, the soul was filled with thoughts and feelings which no language can convey to the mind of another. They were thoughts and feelings such as each must think and feel for himself, or never know. From that lofty point of view, we saw the river winding through that wild gorge furrowed deep in the everlasting adamant, then mingling with the waters of the St. Lawrence, and flowing serenely onward to the ocean.

Retracing our steps, and stopping a few moments to take another view from our former position, we passed on down the brink some distance, and descended by a steep, mountainous footway to the bottom of the chasm below the fall. Slowly we made our way over heaps of loose, angular fragments of rock fallen from the overhanging cliff. It was a gloomy valley, where there was but one sound—the deep monotone of rushing waters. Forcefully did its dusky light recall to mind that picture of the inspired page so vividly portrayed in the rich colorings of the oriental imagination—"the valley of the shadow of death," which we all must walk ere long. There, too, before was a being of radiant beauty, descending from the upper world of light to cheer us in the solemn gloom.

Finally, walking along the narrow ledge of the water-worn rock, far out into the deep basin, we stood at the very foot of the cascade. Unconsciously had we removed our hats, and stood reverentially in that enchanting presence, yielding ourselves up involuntarily to the pure and holy thoughts it inspired. Down from above was breathed upon us an air cool and rejuvenescent, as if wafted fresh from the ambrosial bowers of Paradise. The perpetual spray, descending like a baptism poured from the great hand of nature upon us, bathed our heaved brows, as we stood silently and devoutly before her beautiful abriana. Looking far upward, we saw that torrent of fleecy foam, stainless as the dissolving clouds of a summer noon, poured from the zenith of the azure heaven, and sinking calmly in the limpid pool at our feet. Now and then detached masses of iridescent spray came slowly drifting down toward us, looking like wreaths of flowers, which the angels, in their happiness and joy, had flung down upon that favored spot.

Long did we linger, passive recipients of the magic influences that stole over the spirit like a fascination, feeling that we were standing not impiously in that inner chamber of Nature's great temple. There was a charmed circle where unholy thoughts might not enter. The dark years of toil, and care, and sin were all forgotten, and the heart was susceptible and impressible as in the happy days of innocence and childhood. From such a place we always go away better, purer, holier than we came. Few, indeed, are the hearts so insensible and obdurate as to be unmoved by the softening influences of a scene which so manifestly glorifies its infinite Architect.

As souvenirs of that place and that hour, memorable and hallowed to us, we gathered a few of the bright flowers that seem to catch the rainbow tints of the ever-falling dews that descend so softly in that sheltered cove. Climbing the laborious cliff, we sought once more our old position, that we might combine all the three views into one deep and lasting impression. A glance completed the picture. We felt that the glorious scene before us was all our own—our own forever—a cherished memory imperishable as the mind itself.

Hours had flown away unmarked, and we could linger no longer. Slipping a few shillings into the hand of our fair little guide, who had contributed so much to our happiness, and receiving a sweet smile, such as could spring only from a pure and innocent heart, reluctantly, regretfully, we bade farewell to her and the beautiful Cascade of Montmorenci.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

A STRANGER, who was an admirer of Mrs. Hemaus, one day called at her house, and begged earnestly to see her. She was then just recovering from one of her frequent illnesses, and was obliged to decline the visits of all but her immediate friends. The applicant was, therefore, told that she was unable to receive him; but he persisted in entreating for a few minutes' audience with such urgent importunity, that at last the point was conceded. The moment he was admitted, the gentleman—for such his manner and appearance declared him to be—explained, in words and tones of the deepest feeling, that the object of his visit was to acknowledge a debt of obligation which he could not rest satisfied without avowing—that to her he owed, in the first instance, that faith and those hopes which were now more precious to him than life itself; for that it was by reading her poem of the Skeptic he had been first awakened from the miserable delusions of infidelity, and induced to "search the Scriptures." Having poured forth his thanks and benedictions in an uncontrollable gush of emotion, this strange but interesting visitant took his departure, leaving her overwhelmed with a mingled sense of joyful gratitude and wondering humility.

ODE TO THE BELOVED SPRING.

—
BY JAMES FURMILL.

SING all the bardies write of thee, O Spring,

Why may not I, a humble soul,
Snatch a stray feather from Apollo's wing,
And of thy radiant glories sing?

Why may not I seize Fancy's bowl,
Dip it in Hippocrene, and drink to thee,
Maid of the dewy lip and tearful e'e?

On the red hill I see thy form,
Half draped, yet all loveliness, reclining;
And thy dear voice doth chide the sad and pining
Winter away, with all his sullen storm.

I feel thy breath, gracious, and sweet, and warm,
Creeping among my locks, and thy soft arm,
Covered with rosy bands, is drawn around me,
Till I do feel as if Elysium bound me!

I love thee, my sweet Spring. I love thy eyes,
All lit with gladness, and thy blushing cheek;
And I am sad when thou art sad with sighs;
Or if a cloud is on thy brow so meek,
Or thine eye dim with looking on the skies,
I watch thy sad dejection till the tears
Come dripping o'er thy face; then, then my fears
Sudden vanish; for I see thee smile,
And the tear glistening in thine eye the while!

I am a simple bardie, true—
A silent wanderer in the vale of song;
But then, dear Spring, I love to sit with you
In the green wood where, trembling, crawls along
The snaky rivulet, and where the blue
Sky peers the leaves among,
And laughs at me—to sit me there and woo
Thy glories and thy joys—to feel them cling
In hallowed beauty round my spirit, Spring!

O, when thou'rt gone away—
Faded from nature like some sunny dream—
And summer's burning ray
Doth glance upon the meadow and the stream,
Say, bright one, say,
How shall I spin me out the weary day?
By gazing from my window at the trees,
As they stand fainting in the idle breeze;
By listening for the birds that will not sing;
And longing for thee, soft and dew-eyed Spring!

MEMORY.

Sorr as rays of sunlight stealing
On the dying day;
Sweet as chimes of low bells pealing,
When eve fades away;
Sad as winds at night that moan,
Through the heath o'er mountains lone,
Come the thoughts of days now gone
On manhood's memory.

New Books.

THE NEW TESTAMENT EXPOUNDED AND ILLUSTRATED, according to the usual Marginal References, in the very words of Holy Scripture, together with the Notes and Translations, and a Complete Marginal Harmony of the Gospels. By Clement Moody, A. M. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—This is a royal octavo of six hundred and fifty-five pages. The characteristic of the work is the juxtaposition of parallel passages, or the comparison of Scripture with Scripture—a plan which, as many readers may know, is in itself the very best of commentaries on the word of God. The theologian, the Sabbath school superintendent and teacher, the ordinary reader, all classes, will find Mr. Moody's work one which, better than any other commentary, will meet their peculiar wants and difficulties.

WESLEY AND METHODISM. By Isaac Taylor. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.—Mr. Taylor's name is familiar both in England and America. Upon whatever he ventures to dissertate he exhibits a strong mind. With parts of the present work we are well pleased; with other parts we are not. We do not say this because we are a Methodist, as some people would think, but we say it because we know that for many declarations and statements made by Mr. Taylor there can be no just apology offered. Our columns do not admit of a discussion, else we would point out in many of the specifications and generalities of the work errors of a magnitude which, if presented by the author in any other treatise, would condemn him at once in the estimation of all sensible readers.

MY YOUTHFUL DAYS: an Authentic Narrative. By Rev. George Coles. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—Mr. Coles, who is a native of England, will be remembered by a large number of our readers as a former assistant editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. The present little volume is written in the pleasant vein of narrative style, and will do good wherever it goes. The young, specially, will be pleased in its perusal.

THE JESUITS: a Historical Sketch. Revised by D. P. Kidder. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—This, though professedly a Sunday school book, will do no dishonor to the best selected library. It presents, from original and authentic sources, the most striking delineation of this celebrated and world-wide order connected with the Roman Catholic Church. As the Jesuits are still actively engaged in disseminating the poison of Papal error throughout both Great Britain and America, we can not be too earnest in commending the circulation of this volume.

THE PIANO-FORTE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland, O.: Jewett, Proctor & Worthington. 1851.—This work, by M. Fenollosa, professes to be a complete and thorough instruction book for the piano-forte, selected and arranged principally from the works of Hunte, Burgmuller, Bertini, and others; and, so far as we can judge, the book meets all that it professes. Ladies who desire to make a successful progress in piano-forte music, would do well to give this work a careful attention.

ARVINE'S CYCLOPEDIA OF ANECDOTES OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS, publishing in numbers by Gould & Lincoln, is one of the best collections that has met our eye for a long time. Thus far we have seen seven numbers; and we can but express our admiration at the success which has attended the labors of Mr. Arvine. His work, handsomely printed and illustrated, meets with great favor from the public.

THE CORNER-STONE. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work, intended as a familiar illustration of truth, is here presented the public in the neatest possible form of press-work, binding, and typography.

FUNERAL DISCOURSE, delivered in the University Chapel, Bloomington, Ia., on the occasion of the death of the Rev. Andrew Wylie, D. D., by Rev. Dr. W. M. Daily, is a beautiful and touching discourse from the words, "The righteous perisheth," etc. We have glanced over the pages with melancholy profit and pleasure. We see from the earth as a shadow, and our place becomes soon forgotten and unknown.

LECTURES ON SCHOOL KEEPING, by S. R. Hall, from the press of Jewett, Proctor & Worthington, Cleveland, is a most capital book for teachers.

Periodicals.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE embraces the most solid and interesting papers of the foreign publications. Each number is embellished with a magnificent mezzotint engraving by Sartain. Tales very seldom occur in its pages; and in this respect it differs from all other American reprints of transatlantic literature. Each number contains one hundred and forty-four octavo pages. W. H. Bidwell, Editor and Proprietor, New York. Five dollars per annum.

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, published by John Mason, City Road, London, maintains its old and well-tryed reputation. It was started by John Wesley, in the year 1778, and is now in its seventy-fifth year of publication. Without qualification, we consider it one of the best of all the English religious and literary monthlies. Each number is embellished with a steel portrait.

THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CHRISTIAN UNION, temporarily suspended a few months since, reaches our desk monthly. It is the organ of the American and Foreign Christian Union association, and is published monthly, at New York, at one dollar per annum. The religious intelligence furnished in its columns is very extensive.

THE CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE, published by George Pratt, Nassau-street, is a well-edited and embellished monthly, furnished to subscribers at the rate of two dollars per year. The reading matter is of a solid rather than of a sentimental character, and will tend to the edification of the soul, as well as to the interest of the mind.

THE PLOW, THE LOOM, AND THE ANVIL is not simply a good periodical for the farmer and the mechanic, but can be read with interest and profit by the family. It is published by Myron Finch, Nassau-street, New York, at three dollars per annum.

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS, in its neat new dress and carefully written original papers, is more than ever welcomed by the religious public. Some features, introduced by the new editor—Rev. Mr. Degen—will add, we think, even to the already large subscription list of the Guide. Boston: H. V. Degen, Cornhill. One dollar per year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for February, is a very superior number. It is reprinted by Leonard Scott & Co., Fulton-street, New York, at three dollars per year. Notwithstanding its political papers, the high character of Blackwood, as a literary periodical, secures for it, in Europe and America, a very large circulation among all classes of persons fond of literary reading.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER, published by D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, New York, at three dollars per annum, is one of the best agricultural and general newspapers in the United States. Its several departments—literary, religious, scientific, and moral—are marked with most excellent taste.

LADIES' KEEPSAKE AND HOME LIBRARY, published by John S. Taylor, New York, at one dollar per year, is a monthly periodical well adapted to family and fireside reading. Each number is embellished with a steel engraving.

THE OHIO JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, edited by Messrs. A. D. Lord, H. H. Barney, J. C. Zachos, M. F. Cowdery, J. W. Andrews, and Andrew Freese, is a new monthly journal, just established in Columbus, for the benefit of teachers throughout Ohio. Its prospect, as a permanent periodical, is very fair.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE continues to maintain its high position. The January number has a fine portrait and a long sketch of the celebrated temperance reformer, Neal Dow, Mayor of Portland, Maine.

THE HORTICULTURIST, edited by A. J. Downing, and published by Luther Tucker, Albany, N. Y., at three dollars per year, is the best journal of rural art and rural taste published in this country.

THE STUDENT, edited by N. A. Calkins, New York, and furnished to subscribers at the rate of one dollar per year, is a monthly miscellany and school reader, devoted to the physical, moral, and intellectual improvement of youth.

Историческая.

A WRITER in the New England Chronicle, in 1793, thus observes: "Truly I have a great jealousy that if we once begin to sing by rule, the next thing will be to pray by rule, and preach by rule; and then comes Popery."

The first newspaper published in Virginia was established in 1780. The subscription was fifty dollars a year. Price for advertising, ten dollars the first week, and seven dollars for each subsequent insertion. The paper was issued weekly.

Want of perspicuity in writing may lead to serious evils, of which a curious example is given by Quintilian. "A curious man ordered in his will that his hair should erect for him a statue holding a spear made of gold." A question of great consequence to the heir arose from the ambiguity of the expression; as it admitted of doubt whether the words "made of gold" were to be applied to the statue or to the spear.

Curran, the Irish advocate, possessed talents of the highest order. His wit, his drollery, his eloquence, and his pathos were irresistible, and the splendid daring style of his oratory imitable; and yet, strange contrast! his personal appearance, like Paul's, was mean and diminutive.

A dog, having one day got into the house of commons, by his barking interrupted Lord North, who happened to be opening one of his budgets. His lordship pleasantly inquired by what new oppositionist he was attacked. A wag replied, "It was a member from *Berk-shire*."

Tooke was the son of a posturer, which he alluded to when called upon by the proud striplings of Eton to describe himself. "I am," said young Horne, "the son of an eminent Turkey merchant."

The first profile taken, as recorded, was that of Antigonus, who, having but one eye, had his likeness so taken, 330 B. C.

One of Stuart's first portraits, after his return in the "*Collier*," was of his mother, who had died some ten years before, when he was in his eleventh year. It was painted from recollection, and yet so striking was the likeness, his uncle from Philadelphia recognised it the moment he entered the room.

A very indifferent poet, having read to a friend what he deemed the choice part of a pretty long poem, inquired which were the passages he most approved of. "Those which you have not yet read," replied the other.

"Washington Allston was gifted with a poetical and artistic genius." Coleridge once remarked to Campbell, "unsurpassed by any man of his age."

The longest beard recorded in history was that of John Mayo, painter to the Emperor Charles V. Though he was a tall man, it is said that his beard was of such a length that he could tread upon it. He was very vain of his beard, and usually fastened it with a ribbon to his button-hole; and sometimes he would untie it by the command of the Emperor, who took great delight in seeing the wind blow it in the face of his courtiers.

Regnier, King of Naples, was painting a partridge, when he was told that his kingdom was lost. He heard the fatal intelligence in silence, and finished his work before he permitted himself to lament his calamity.

"I do not approve of shades in painting," said Queen Elizabeth to Daniel Myers, "you must strike off my likeness without shadows." Her Majesty, when she spoke thus, was near sixty, and the "shadows," as she humanely called them, were wrinkles big enough to have laid a straw in them.

The son of Buffon one day surprised his father by the sight of a column, which he had raised to the memory of his father's eloquent genius. "It will do you honor," observed the Gallie sage. And when that son, in the revolution, was led to the guillotine, he ascended in silence, so impressed with his father's fame, that he only told the people, "I am the son of Buffon."

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's Fairy Queen; and by a continual study of poetry, he became so enchanted of the muse that he grew irrevocably a poet.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on

the gentleman to retract what he said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong; for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."

It is curious to observe that the manuscripts of Tasso, which are still preserved, are illegible from the vast number of their corrections. The pages of Pope's manuscript Homer are a specimen of his continual corrections and critical razures.

The celebrated Madame Dacler never could fully satisfy herself in translating Homer; continually retouching the version, even in its happiest passages. There were several parts which she translated in six or seven ways; and she frequently noted in the margin—"I have not yet done it."

Pope published nothing till it had been a year or two before him, and even then the printer's proofs were very full of alterations; and, on one occasion, Dodsley, his publisher, thought it better to have the whole recomposed than make the necessary corrections.

Goldsmith considered four lines a day good work, and was seven years in heating out the pure gold of the Deserted Village.

A lady, whose portrait Opie was painting, was mustering all her smiles to look charming, till at length the irritated artist could endure the constrained and affected features no longer. Starting up, and throwing down his brush, he exclaimed, in his broad style, "I tell ye what it is, ma'am, if ye grin so, I canna draw ye at all."

Blackwood's Magazine says that West painted more than three thousand pictures; and Dunlap says it was ascertained that to contain all West's pictures, a gallery would be necessary four hundred feet long, fifty broad, and forty high; or a wall ten feet high and three-quarters of a mile long.

Goldsmith was astonished when the bookseller gave him five shillings a couplet for his delightful poem of the Deserted Village, when each line was fairly worth as many pounds; but an instance of liberality has occurred in Russia, which really deserves recording. Alexander Passelikin, a young poet, has recently produced a work, which does not contain above six hundred lines, and for which he has received three thousand roubles, nearly one pound sterling per line.

It is said that Butler, the celebrated author of Hudibras, was equally remarkable for poverty and pride. A friend of his one evening invited him to supper, and contrived to place in his pocket a purse containing one hundred guineas. This was found by the poet the following morning, and, feeling uneasy, he ascertained by whom it was given, and then returned it, expressing his warm displeasure at the insult which had been thus offered him.

When the young gentleman who styles himself the American Goethe was asked why he did not write something equal to Goethe's, he testily answered, "Because I haven't a *mind* to."

A solemn funeral honored the remains of Klopstock, led by the senate of Hamburg, with fifty thousand votaries, so penetrated by one universal sentiment, that this multitude preserved a mournful silence, and the interference of the police ceased to be necessary through the city at the solemn burial of the man of genius.

Dr. Watts, whose passion for the justly celebrated Mrs. Rowe, then Miss Singer, is well known, having called one winter morning upon that lady, and perceiving that the fire and the conversation were getting dull, took up the poker, and putting it in the fire, said, "Allow me, madam, to raise a flame."

A poet asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, An Ode to Sleep. The latter replied, "You have done so much justice to the subject that it is impossible to repeat it without feeling its whole weight."

Wordsworth had no sense of smell. Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power awakened. It was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire, and he said it was like a vision of paradise to him; but it lasted only a few moments, and the faculty continued torpid from that time.

The celebrated Habelais is said to have made the following will: "I owe much. I possess nothing. I give the rest to the poor."

Editor's Cable.

OUR present number, as the reader will observe, is made up entirely of original articles. We were compelled to this course in consequence of the large amount of communications on hand; and even yet we fear that there will be those who will feel disappointed in not having seen their articles in type before this. We can not, however, publish more than forty pages monthly. Gladly would we yield every inch of space appreciatively our own, were we able thus to accommodate our correspondents.

The writer of the "Letter from the East" discusses, with spirit, the subject of female rights, and some of the beneficial results of women's conventions. We do not deem any particular expression of opinion on our part necessary just here, though we have often thought, with the writer, that a variety of positions now occupied by young men, as clerks, book-keepers, and salesmen, could be just as well, if not better, filled by ladies. Outdoor employment would add greatly to the comfort and health of many who are now broken in body and in spirit by the simple habit of sitting or standing behind a counter, measuring tape or selling calico. Ladies would have better health as storekeepers than as needlewomen, and men would not suffer by holding on to the plow-handle rather than holding on to the scissars and the yard-stick. Jonathan, we fear your "Letter" will make some excitement among the brethren; and we warn you that if a tumult comes, you must fight your way through alone.

Our friend signing himself "A Traveling Preacher," has our sympathies. "Dull sermons I preach sometimes, perhaps frequently; and the people know it, and complain of it; but how am I to help the matter? I get scarcely enough to keep myself and family in health, and to dress decently—no, not quite that much: my coat is patched at both elbows, and my vest is thread-bare. Dull? yes, I am dull; but my dullness comes somewhat, I fear, because I have not a cent to buy a new book with, nor enough to keep my mind free from anxiety relative to the comfort of my family." Rather a hard case, brother; but trust in the Lord when you can not trust in man. You are laboring for one who dwells higher than the earth. If you find you can have nothing in your library but your Hymn-Book and your Bible, make the best of your lot. The apostles had not quite this much even. Their singing was without hymn-books, and their preaching was not from texts in the Bible. Should somebody of another Church, who believes in better salaries, begin to persecute you, and to talk about good preaching, and kindred topics, let not your wrath arise to accuse your membership of tight purses and close hearts; but rather say in a spirit of becoming humility, that God, even through the foolishness of preaching, converts men and forwards his work. Take courage. Hope helps us when every thing else fails. Get hold of a little of the precious article, and try if you can not see in the clouds of the future before you, one at least that has a lining of silver to it. We all have our vicissitudes, our "ups and downs" in this world, our forebodings, and our fears, and of all men most miserable would preachers be without the comforts that flow from heaven. Money-making is not their calling; and sometimes sadly do they learn the lesson that money for absolute necessities is hard getting, though thrice earned. An itinerant sometimes falls suddenly in health, or goes at a moment's warning to his long home in the grave. He leaves a timid, shrieking wife, two, three, or more helpless children, and the world—who is the world?—cares nothing for the one or the other. Pushed aside because they are helpless or destitute, they soon learn the bitter lessons of want. The husband and the father is not; yes, he lives with God; and if spirits could weep, many would be the tear-drops in heaven for suffering widows or orphans in this cold, cold world.

While on this theme, we can not refrain giving an extract from a letter from our esteemed friend E. H., describing the desolation of his heart after the loss of a dear and only daughter, two years and a half old. We have no apology to make for the space occupied with our friend's remarks relative to his little child, nor have we a particle of sympathy for the individual who can look upon a bereavement such as this with an indifferent spirit. As was once said before by us, so we say again, that we have seen the hour when we walked the damp fields at midnight, confessing to God that we were willing to be an outcast, a wanderer, a

beggar, any thing, would he but save the life of our dying child. Yes, we know the anguish of losing a child, and memory makes our heart bleed as it brings up the past. But the extract:

"'Little Carrie is dead!' The words fell on my ear and sunk in my heart like lead. I could not weep. My being seemed changed: life had changed; and though the sun shone from a cloudless sky, there was darkness all around and within me. I passed the threshold, and walked forward to see my own dear child, over whose head the third spring was beginning to dawn, and who had been the sole charm of our household. My poor, dear wife, Carrie's loved mother, how utterly had sorrow possessed her soul! She had wept till tears had ceased to flow. As I sat me down, taking the tiny, cold, white hand of Carrie in my own, memory began to start in review all the scenes of my gone life. What a review! I thought of the day when her little feet first began to walk; I thought of her first 'papa'; I thought of the bright blue eye, that peering up into my own spoke of a heart of love and tenderness to me. Then rising from my seat, I saw hanging near by her little white dress and her small red gloves, which she had never worn but once. I looked again: there was her little doll, newly dressed, and whose face I had a few days before touched over with my pencil. Tears fell, first one, two, three, then a flood; then throbbled my heart, and my voice was a voice of uncontrollable sobs. Once more I sat me down, and my heart was still, and I looked far away to the land where Carrie's happy spirit had fled. 'Dear,' said my wife, picking up the little plate and the little cup which Carrie had so often held out for me to fill, 'dear, put those away with the little chair and the little shoes; I can not bear them now.' 'Papa, papa come,' were words once more recalled by associations; and I cried in agony as the conviction fell heavy on my soul, that never again in this world would the same small lips articulate these words. My Father in heaven, why bleeds even yet my heart? Why starting here and there upon me do sorrows seem to overwhelm my soul? Help me to look to thee. Help me to lift my wounded, bleeding heart to thee, who, when thou wast a suffering son of man, didst call to little children, saying, 'Suffer them to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Kingdom of heaven! yes, there, as I weep, my loved, once living Carrie dwells.

'Her heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It has ceased to flutter and beat,
It never will flutter again.'

No, 'never will flutter again!' Never again in this suffering world will thy dear little form know agony or pain; but in a better clime thy angel wings and spirit form will forever dwell. Be still, then, O my soul, and take to thyself those words of the infinite and all-merciful Father: 'What I do now thee knowest not, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

The reader may recollect an incident told by his biographer of Baron Ouvier, the great French naturalist. His wife died before she had reached middle life, leaving to his care an only daughter. The blow fell heavily on his heart. He seemed, for a long time, to have lost all interest in earthly matters around him. Gradually, however, his sorrow subsided. His daughter, Charlotte, grew to womanhood. At the age of eighteen disease attacked her, and death came once more to the family of Ouvier. His heart, almost bursting with grief, bowed again to the stroke of bereavement. Oftentimes, in the midst of his peers, he would suddenly yield to his feelings, and weep floods of bitter tears. Then, wiping his eyes and obtaining composure, he would exclaim, "I was a father once, but have lost all." Reader, have you lost a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, or a friend? Your heart may have bled then and may bleed even now; but till you lose a wife, a husband, an only child, you know not the depth of real grief.

Our engravings must speak for themselves. One of them is characteristic of spring, and the other is illustrative of a scene familiar to every New Testament reader.

Our thanks are due the superintendents of the Little Miami, Columbus and Cleveland railroads, for special favor conferred. Ministers are carried on these roads at half fare; those at least who live on the line, or at the terminations of the roads.



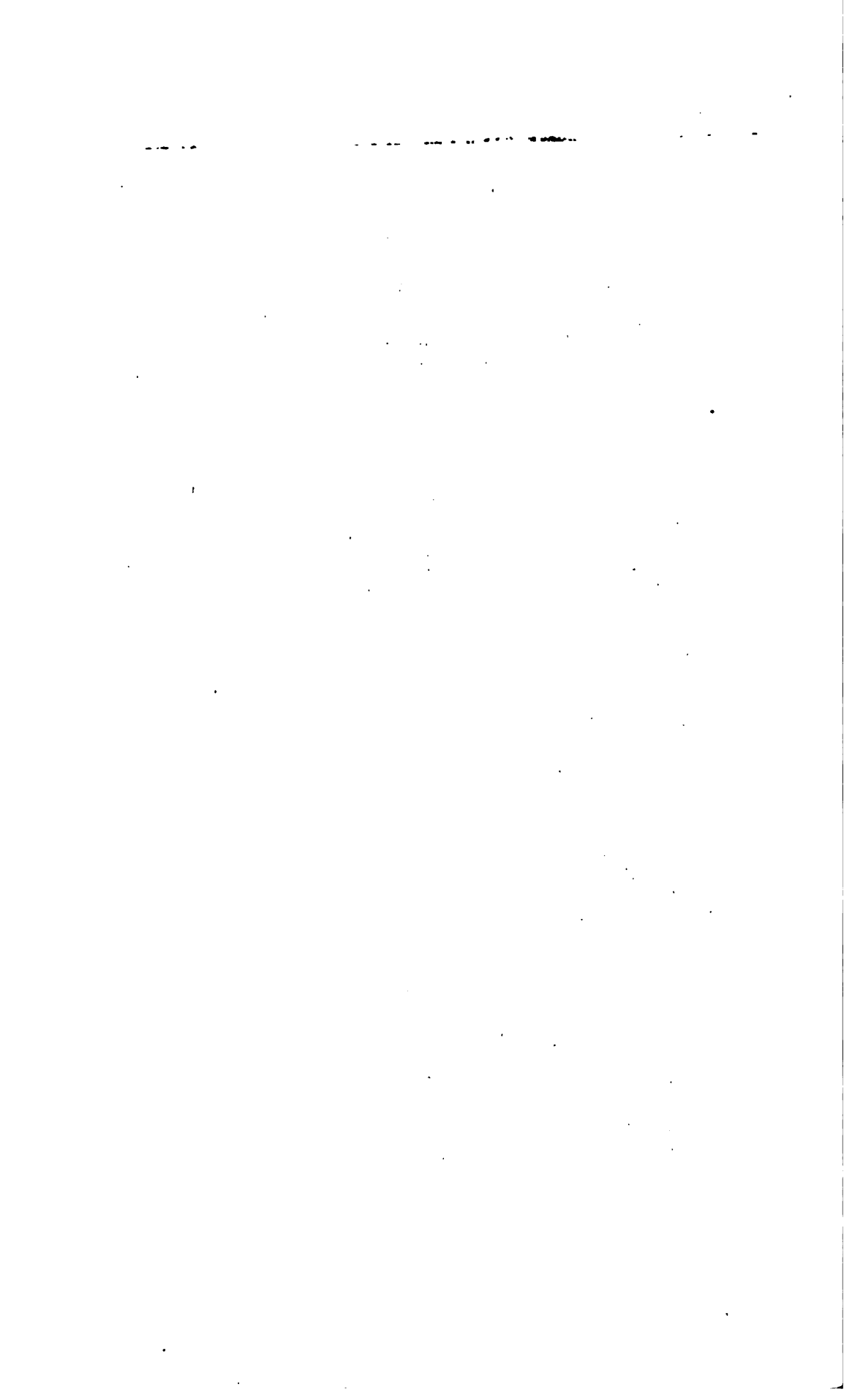


THE VALLEY OF THE RIVER

PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER

1840

Miss [unclear]





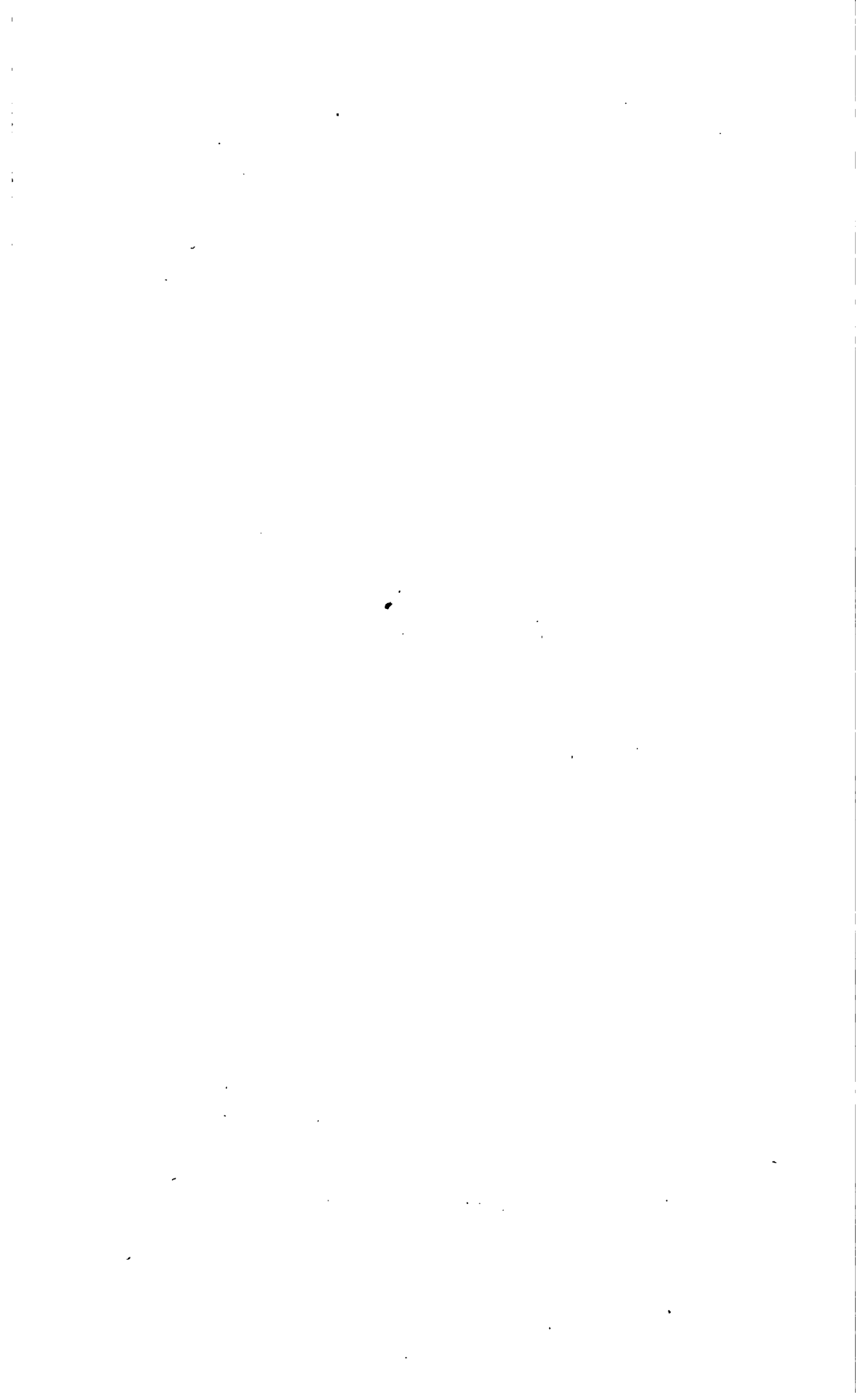
AN ALLEGORY BY P. P. BONI

THE ORIGINAL BY MICHAEL ANGELO

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

Washington, D.C.

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1963



Little Ella.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

Music by FR. WENZEL, Stetabrocher.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef line with a whole note chord (F major) and a whole rest. The middle and bottom staves are grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs) with a whole note chord (F major) and a whole rest. The second measure contains a melodic line in the treble clef starting on G4, moving stepwise up to C5, and a bass line in the bass clef starting on F3, moving stepwise up to B3. The third measure continues the melodic line in the treble clef up to E5 and the bass line up to D4.

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef line with a whole note chord (F major) and a whole rest. The middle and bottom staves are grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs) with a whole note chord (F major) and a whole rest. The second measure contains a melodic line in the treble clef starting on G4, moving stepwise up to C5, and a bass line in the bass clef starting on F3, moving stepwise up to B3. The third measure continues the melodic line in the treble clef up to E5 and the bass line up to D4.

It was evening, and the sunlight
Streaming

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef line with a whole note chord (F major) and a whole rest. The middle and bottom staves are grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs) with a whole note chord (F major) and a whole rest. The second measure contains a melodic line in the treble clef starting on G4, moving stepwise up to C5, and a bass line in the bass clef starting on F3, moving stepwise up to B3. The third measure continues the melodic line in the treble clef up to E5 and the bass line up to D4.

soft, and red, and fair, Fell up- on the waving ringlets Of sweet Ella's golden hair.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef line with a whole note chord (F major) and a whole rest. The middle and bottom staves are grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs) with a whole note chord (F major) and a whole rest. The second measure contains a melodic line in the treble clef starting on G4, moving stepwise up to C5, and a bass line in the bass clef starting on F3, moving stepwise up to B3. The third measure continues the melodic line in the treble clef up to E5 and the bass line up to D4.

LITTLE ELLA. — *Continued.*

Ne'er shall I forget how lovely Seemed that face upturned to me, Beaming

The first system of the musical score for 'Little Ella'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'Ne'er shall I forget how lovely Seemed that face upturned to me, Beaming'.

with the fullest impress Of a heav'nly purity.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'with the fullest impress Of a heav'nly purity.' The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure.

Those bright

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: 'Those bright'. The piano accompaniment continues.

ringlets, full of beauty, Here on earth no more shall wave; sunbeams now are resting
For the Where we

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: 'ringlets, full of beauty, Here on earth no more shall wave; sunbeams now are resting For the Where we'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

LITTLE ELLA. — *Concluded.*

made her quiet grave.

The first system of musical notation for 'Little Ella'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'made her quiet grave.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

But I think of Ella roaming through those

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'But I think of Ella roaming through those'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The key signature remains one flat.

gardens ever fair, Where the unfading light of heaven Gleams up on her wavy hair.

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'gardens ever fair, Where the unfading light of heaven Gleams up on her wavy hair.' The piano accompaniment continues. The key signature remains one flat.

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the final system of the piece. It consists of piano accompaniment for the right and left hands, concluding with a double bar line. The key signature remains one flat.

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1852.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY.

BY THE EDITOR.

It, therefore, the evils of social life come not legitimately from our passions, but from them only when carried to excess, nor from society itself, as built up on human nature, but only as it is artificially constructed, or badly administered, as I have endeavored heretofore to show, what would a wise man say, under this third and last division of our topic, respecting the removal of these evils from the world?

If they are only accidental, not organic, they are, of course, entirely unnecessary even on the present plan, and must be capable of being removed, without touching the structure of society as now in force. Were it not so, all attempts to reconstruct it would be fruitless, because the instincts producing and preserving this organism have ever been, and will always be, more powerful than any assumed or voluntary effort of the mind. Nature is decidedly too omnipotent for art. Instinct is not to be annihilated by mere will. Moreover, it is impossible to create the will, in a sufficient number of mankind, to effect a radical change in the social world. Society, as it now is, is the work of the human heart. Our relations are the relations of our loves. Such as they are, these loves will certainly remain, till some one can show us how, and then give us the desire, to reorganize our bodies and our minds.

Why, for example, does man seek society at all? Because he loves it. Why does he join himself in marriage? Because he loves the fair object chosen. Why do the father and the mother sacrifice themselves for their children? Because they love them. Why do children submit so long to form a part of the family circle? Both from necessity and love. Why do brothers and sisters interlock, for life, their interests and their destinies together? They do it for their love. Why are great families built up at a vast expenditure of toil? From the love that pervades them. Why do adjacent families form groups, or neighborhoods, as perpetual as the places where they live? Because of their friendliness, or

love. Why, in a word, are nations organized, with their governments and laws? Because we love our country, and know that nothing can maintain its existence, its peace, its prosperity, but the order, and quiet, and virtue of those, who make it their tarrying-place, or their home. Thus, in all its component elements, society is the natural product of our love.

Can that love, in these its varied forms, be eradicated from the human heart? Nay, they are the heart itself; and their eradication involves the annihilation of the soul. They must forever exist and act, as they now do, or not exist at all. They must eternally bear the same fruit they have borne, produce the same results they have produced, create the same institutions they have created, or not be. Nothing is more wild, therefore, than the perpetual cry of our modern reformers, about the re-formation, the re-organization, the re-construction of society, as if nature were not more powerful, and God more wise, than man.

Nor are such vain attempts demanded by the nature of the evils we endure. All we want is some powerful principle, which shall so quicken our conscience, that the reason shall be stirred up to do its whole duty, in guarding these instincts from excess. Our self-love must be held back from selfishness. That must be implanted into the bosoms of the lover and his beloved, which, whatever be the intensity of their passions, shall maintain their innocence. That is to be infused into the hearts of the husband and the wife, of the parent and the child, of the brother and the sister, which shall preserve the purity of the household, and exclude all domestic jars. That must be given to neighborhoods, which, as the years roll round, shall bind all its families together in harmony and joy. The state, too, including the governors and the governed, must be baptized with an influence, that shall resuscitate its integrity and honor, and wash off all its stains. The world, in a word, must receive a new element, capable of restoring individual men to their true positions, that they may follow their nature without abusing it, constituting themselves a universal brotherhood of immortal souls.

And what principle, reader, is this, that can so regenerate mankind? I fear, in announcing it, I shall greatly disappoint many, who call themselves philosophers, and who are exerting their talents, in their own way, for the restoration of the social state. This principle, let me plainly say, I have not borrowed from the Republic of Plato, nor from the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, nor from the Pandects of Justinian, nor from the pages of the Schoolmen, nor from the dreams of the Pantheists, nor from the figments of any Utopia, nor from the madness of French skeptics, nor from the schemes of modern Socialism. None of these has been my instructor. I have bowed only before that glorious fountain, whence all reform must flow. It is the religion revealed from heaven, established on earth by the Son of God, and perpetuated through all ages for the final recovery of a fallen world. Having studied all philosophies, and beheld their efforts, I have proved them vain. If the religion of the Bible, pure and undefiled, can not remove these social evils, we must suffer them, as best we can, till the light of eternity shall dawn.

But what man can stand in doubt? Look at its origin, its instrumentalities, its designs, and its practical results. Listen to that language that breaks upon you from the heavens above: "*God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life.*" Those heavens are now departed. You behold a glorious form descending, while words of illustrious promise are issuing from his lips: "*Lo, I come to do thy will, O God, to seek and to save that which is lost, and to take away the sin of the world!*" As you see him stand there on the earth, unsupported, rejected, and alone, do you distrust his power to accomplish so grand a work? Hear him, in godlike simplicity, boast of his commission and his might: "*All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth: I and my Father are one: God manifest in the flesh; and the word that I have uttered shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish the thing whereunto I have sent it. Lo, I create new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.*" But do you wish to see this claim maintained? Follow him in his work of mercy: "*The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the dead are raised, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them;*" the humble are elevated and the proud are brought down; physical and moral ills are cured; even raving maniacs are restored to mental quietness; and the very devils, the powers and principalities of the air, tremble at his word!

But has not this once powerful agency spent its force? Hark! "*Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you, even unto the end of the world.*" How faithfully has that promise been fulfilled! The great Reformer is still here. His temple, his dwell-

ing-place, is his Church. There is the hiding of his power. Every man, who, with a broken and contrite heart, eschewing the vain philosophy of the world, comes to him for help, is received, acknowledged, blest. And when the once ruined mortal goes out from him, with his spirit healed and harmonized by his benignant touch, he is all that philosophy itself could demand, a pure, upright, honest, loving and earnest man. Let him have been what you please, a blasphemer, a thief, an adulterer, a murderer, a pirate, any one or all of these, he is now perfectly reformed. Put him where you will, call him your friend, start him in business, give him a family, make him a citizen, let him be a legislator, a magistrate, a judge, and he will discharge every duty of life faithfully, for he is now governed by the law of universal love. Were all mankind like him, all kings, all governors, all heads of families, all the members of families, in a word, all men, where would be our social evils, over which we have mourned so long? Gone, forever gone! Let the conscience be fully quickened; let the reason, enlightened by study, be always on the wing for duty; let the passions, under the joint administration of these higher faculties, be subdued and harmonized; let the whole soul be baptized, both the inner and the outer man, in the spirit of that religion, whose every breath is love, and the work of reform is done. The same trump, that heralds the millennium dawn, shall proclaim, also, the burial of the last social evil, that ever afflicted the sad lot of man. "*The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.*"

Thus, my reader, in a very imperfect manner, I am sure, but with all sincerity, I have laid before you my views of the organization of human society, of the evils connected with it, and of the manner of their removal. Society, I regard, in all its aspects, as the natural product of our social nature, neither of which can be radically changed, or even essentially modified, by any possible effort. Nor does the extirpation of social evils require any fundamental alteration in the structure of society, as they are all merely accidental, not necessary, to the present system of human intercourse. All we want is, that every man should be so reformed, in heart and life, as to render him an honest, faithful, enlightened member of society, in all the relations he sustains, or may sustain, to his fellow-beings; and this reformation, so greatly needed by us all, I assert can come only from that glorious Gospel, which Jesus established in the world. This, reader, is the object, the doctrine, and the conclusion of my attempt.

If my argument is sound—and I have taken some pains to make it so—it brings us, where, it seems to me, all arguments ought to bring us, to place all reliance, for the reformation and progress of society, on that mysterious book given us from

above. I know not what you may think of it; but, for myself, I am prepared to speak of it, and that from some study and experience, in exalted terms. In fact, I have but little or no faith in any thing, as an agent of reform, but the Bible. I believe it contains the principle, which, if properly applied, would banish every ill, and raise the world to more than its primeval state. It is the principle of universal love. If any one doubts the power of this doctrine, to accomplish the great end proposed, I beg him to consider it again. See what it has done, and what it is doing, every day. Love is the principle of union, of stability, of concord, throughout the universe. In heaven, it binds all hearts together; and it is the instrument of God's sovereign rule. On earth, it creates and maintains all the peace and harmony we have. In the family, between man and man, and within nations, it is the sole law of connection, which we have seen to be absolutely resistless, an actual creator, an unconquerable and unchangeable supporter and preserver, which no power can master, which no skill can mend. When man was separated by sin from his Maker, love moved like an almighty instinct in that Maker's bosom, and yearned with a quenchless ardor to bring again the two worlds together. Down from the throne of Omnipotence came the heaven-born Redeemer, whose heart was glowing with compassion, to execute this work of love. Love, in the heart, and thence flowing out into society at large, has effected every moral reform, whether of individuals or of communities, since the world began. Love always touches the soul, and melts the obduracy of man, and molds him to what it will. The worst of criminals, reckless against mere power, soften in an instant at the warm look of love. The maddened inebriate, trembling with rage, stands abashed in its presence, piteously condemns his own life, and freely throws up his ruinous career. The raving maniac, chained to his pillar, rending his garments and eating his flesh, is gradually subdued, healed, harmonized, by the gentleness of love. The very beasts of prey are subject to its authority. With a face of love, a man may go, as men do go, into the presence of these monsters, ride on the proboscis of the elephant, put stirrups to the sides of the unicorn, thrust his head into the mouths of lions, frolic with the catamount and tiger, sport with the spots of the treacherous leopard, wind the most venomous serpents around his body, or make his pillow on a coil of dragons. There is, in truth, no limit to its influence. It reigns over earth, and air, and sea. It is the principle, in a physical point of view, which draws each material atom to its fellow, and thus gives substance and form to all bodies. It moves the very planets in their airy circles; binds them to the sun their center; turns this and all other suns, progressively, about centers more, and more, and still more central; till, at last, at the center of all centers, there dwells God, and God is Love!

Give me, then, the Bible, that reveals this God, who declares and imparts this love, and thou, O objector, mayest have all other agencies, with which to reform and bless the world. Multiply your societies, build up your associations, erect your communities, but give me the Bible. Let me stand forth and declare its grand principle to the people. Let me implant that principle in the minds and hearts of the youthful generation. Let me commit it to the winds and waves to be wafted to the shores of other nations. Let me bind the hearts of all kings, of all rulers, of all legislators, of all magistrates, of all fathers and mothers, of all brothers and sisters, of all citizens and subjects, with the spell of its mighty principle, and I ask no more. O that I had once more a voice! But I will whisper to the elements my desires. Lend, lend your wings, ye angels, that I may fly through the circuit of these heavens, with my arms filled with Bibles, to drop them upon the nations, as fell the manna upon the famished hosts of Israel. Catch them; ye mortals, as they are falling, bear them about with you as your richest blessing, govern your life's conduct by their ruling principle, and the dawn of God's reign on earth will preclude the necessity of any farther reformation to the end of time!

A TRAVELER'S SIGHT OF DEATH.

As I was one day walking through the streets of Havana, I saw, in a sitting-room on the ground-floor of a handsome house, what appeared to be a beautiful wax-work figure, of which the face only was exposed to view. I asked in French a gentleman at the door of the house what it was. He answered, "*Une dame qui est morte.*" The figure was stretched on what seemed a table, and was covered by a large case made of panes of glass, and having a pine-apple-shaped top. At the foot of the figure were some immense candlesticks, with lighted candles in them, throwing a melancholy glimmer around the room.

The face beneath that framework was the fairest face that I had seen in Cuba. In its calm sweetness it realized the description of that corse, to which Byron compares Greece, whose soul had passed away, while its beauty remained:

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers—
And mark'd the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek;
And—but for that sad, shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And, but for that chill, changeless brow,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd
The first, last lock by death reveal'd!"

TRANSFIGURATION.

BY HARMONT.

HARRY LINDSEY possessed many valuable and interesting traits of character, but he was an unbeliever. His face always reminded me of one without hope, and without God in the world. It had an undefinable look of abstraction, a dreamy, speculative look, which always made my heart sad. And when I used to meet him, I would fain have grasped his hand, and pleaded of him not to be so unhappy, not to wear that dark look. Says some one, "Spirit molds matter, even as the artist molds the clay. As the outward can not transcend the inward—so as the prevailing mood of the soul is, so shall the expression of the face be." Is it not a very true remark? is not the expression of the face generally a true index to the heart?

"What a singular person Lindsey is!" was the usual remark. "I believe he has a great many good qualities; his conversation is interesting—one can not go to sleep over it; but I can not say that I like him. I should not like him for a friend, at least." And yet he had all the qualities which could make a man popular—person, manners, conversational powers, both grave and humorous, high spirits, and love of adventure. But the source and spring of all happiness in himself was embittered by the delusive error—unbelief. His heart was a cold, desolate void, which the sun of hope neither warmed nor illuminated. He gazed upon the beauties of nature, which were spread out before him in all their loveliness, with a despairing look. He walked forth in the "mellow twilight of evening," under the bright canopy of heaven, with feelings of admiration, but not of joy. He looked upon the king of day as he rose, dispelling with his cheering rays the gloom of night; but, alas for him! no beam of light penetrated the darkness which brooded over his heart—anxiety and doubt preyed there like a corroding canker.

A series of evening meetings was held in the village where he lived, which resulted in much good. Many were brought into the fold of Christ. The high praises of God thrilled the hearts of many, who now, for the first time in their life, lifted up their spirits in communion with the Most High. Harry Lindsey, by the earnest request of his parents, attended the meetings several evenings. But he sat unmoved, save as his lip curled in scorn at the blind superstition, as he called it, of those around him.

One evening the minister fixed his eyes on Lindsey, as he uttered the sweet invitation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye, and partake of the waters of life freely; yea, come, and partake without money, and without price. Ye that are weary and heavy laden, come, and find rest to your souls. And you, unrighteous man, forsake your evil ways, and your evil thoughts, and return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon you; and to our God,

for he will abundantly pardon." Then pausing a moment, as if to collect his scattered thoughts, he entered upon a thorough exhibition of divine truth, in a light more vivid and in a style more pungent and convincing than I had ever heard him before. He held up the majesty and purity of the law of God with a grandeur that startled the hearer, as if the distant thunder of Sinai were breaking on his trembling ear. He then pressed on them its claims, its high requisitions, set forth the utter helplessness of man without the interposition of divine recovering grace, and exhibited lucidly the duty of the sinner to repent and turn to God, and the rich provision of salvation in the full and glorious atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. He presented these truths before the mind with such transparent clearness, that his hearers could not shut their eyes against the convictions thus brought home to their hearts. Many sobbed aloud in the grief of their souls, as they obeyed the invitation, and kneeled at the altar, and with tears and deep sighs besought the Lord to have mercy on them, and save them by his grace. Young and old bowed together at the throne of grace. Long and earnestly did they wrestle in prayer, and many a one, Jacob-like, was ready to exclaim, "I can not let thee go, except thou bless me!" The efficacy of prayer was felt there in its consolations, its blessedness, its transforming power. It was truly a heavenly place in Christ Jesus. A new song was put into the mouth, even praise to God—a new spirit into the heart, even his spirit of love, which made them not ashamed to speak of his goodness.

The fervent amen found a heart-felt response on many a lip, as, with an earnestness that would take no denial, the minister remembered Harry Lindsey, whom his now aged parents had offered in faith at the baptismal font in infancy, and yet he came not near to fulfill the claims they had assumed. His mother wept in the very excess of agony. His father bowed his head, to hide the grief he could not control. But did the cause of so much sorrow remain unmoved? Ah, no! the truth touched his heart, and, in spite of his unbelief, tears stole from his eyes, which he could not conceal, and he left the house, thoughtful and melancholy.

Truly God was dealing with him. And who shall tell what passed within his breast during that night of bitter communings with his own spirit?—the tumult, the wild thoughts, struggling with hurried prayers—and then the attempt to drive them out of his heart; the despair and unbelief—now in God's mercy, now in the reality of his convictions; the demon-whispers that seemed prompting him to utter derisive words, which it would have been madness to speak, or even to harbor in thought. And sadder than all, wringing, as it were, tears of blood from his heart, came self-reproach—the one agony that knows no consolation—the counsels neglected, prayers unheeded, motives unfairly attributed, injustices done in the heedlessness of irritation or wantonness of unbelief,

the many souls misled by his scoffs at piety and his arguments in favor of his infidel sentiments—all started to life, and proclaimed that he must atone for them. The faint light which had begun to dawn rather served to make the darkness only the more visible. It showed him more and more of himself; and the contemplation was not cheering. He turned in contempt and disgust from his former life, scorning its aimlessness, hating its self-worship. The false supports on which he had hitherto leaned were gliding from beneath him; past unbelief was crumbling away; he felt its falsity with a strength of conviction which argument never could have imparted. And with the strong reaction of a naturally noble heart, awakened to a consciousness of error, he felt completely desolate; and with humble, self-condemning words he poured forth his confession and his penitence at the footstool of Sovereign Mercy.

The next evening he went to meeting again; and, as they gathered around the altar, Lindsey arose, and walking slowly forward, said, "Here, before you all, I confess, with grief, in a review of my past life, that I feel myself a guilty sinner. I have had religious instruction, and have been brought up under circumstances favorable to my best interest; but I have abused my nature and my talents, I have broken the law of God, turned from duty, spoken lightly of the Gospel of Christ, and laughed at the cross. Yonder old man, my father, whose heart I have well-nigh broken, early consecrated me, as ye are living witnesses, at the sacred altar. The idea that I was not my own but the Lord's has been constantly impressed upon me from my earliest youth, and against this my proud heart has rebelled. I could not bear to think that a human ordinance should bind me, only so far as my own will was consulted. Hence my refusal to fulfill my baptismal obligations. I have not only neglected and resisted religion myself, but I have opposed it in others. All my actions have been continually under the influence of an evil heart and corrupt principles. And I can only come a helpless, destitute beggar at the footstool of Sovereign Mercy, crying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" He then bowed in agony at the altar, calling upon Christians to pray that he might find grace in the sight of the Most High.

The effect of his remarks were visible through the audience, and great numbers crowded at the altar. A spirit of prayer pervaded the hearts of the children of God; the Holy Spirit was there; the tokens of divine influence could not be mistaken or evaded—all felt its convicting power.

Deep was the remorse of Lindsey for the past—deeper his contrition for sin. "Is there hope for such as I am?" said he. "'Tis a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," whispered the minister, and these words of comfort fell not unheeded upon his ear; and, in the humility of repentance, he cried, "Pardon my

iniquity, O God, for it is great." He was enabled to yield his proud spirit to the gentle reign of Jesus, and to embrace the Savior in all his rich and free grace to sinners. The dark waters of the past vanished away, and a fountain loomed up within him, and from its pure depths a voice spoke, bidding him go in peace, and sin no more. "He was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," and the "transfiguration" came. He arose from his knees, and stood before us in heavenly beauty. As he stood there, with the high praises of God on his lips, "he wist not that his face shone." The hope of glory shone upon his heart—and springing from the fountain within, the human face radiated the divine—showing his spiritual relationship to a higher nature, and enabling him most fervently and undoubtingly to cry, Abba, Father. Lindsey had found strength and beauty in the sanctuary. The triumphant hymns of higher intelligences had been given him; he felt his immortality and the riches contained in that belief. That troubled, unhappy look was gone—his face was lit up with holy love. He was "transfigured" through the influences of redeeming love, which is ever active with its transforming agency, changing the spirit into the likeness of the divine Redeemer. His face shone with a heavenly beauty; and O how lovely the Savior appeared to him! and how his soul was wrapped up in visions of glory, while he sung these words, which were to him a heart-felt fact,

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss!"

For a few moments his voice was solitary; but presently other sounds, sweet and tremulous, stole from the worshipers, and grew stronger and clearer, till it seemed the very minstrelsy of angels. Every soul was exhilarated with the fervor of its hope and the intensity of its devotion—all their hopes and their affections were mingled together in the triumph of that song. It seemed to me that the veil was already rent, and that the glory of the New Jerusalem was shining round them.

What a scene for the infidel to look upon! Let him who scoffs at piety and heaven, who ridicules the holy name of Jesus, and bows to the dark idol that his own imagination has created—let such a one enter the sanctuary of the Almighty, when his worship is set up in the heart, and kindled by the rays of his everlasting love, and if he does not feel a chord in his own soul thrilled by the magic touch—a chord that may have lain senseless, but is not dead—surely he must be inhuman. There is a magic in true piety that opens the sealed fountains of the heart, that wakens scintillations in every ray of its holy light, and calls forth life, and beauty, and harmony, even from the marble heart in the infidel's breast. It kindled a flame in Lindsey's heart that rose to heaven, and lit up his face with the luster of holy love.

"God be praised, my son," said his aged father, "that you have been won to the faith of God's people." "Said I not so," exclaimed his mother, her eyes filled with tears—tears of love and joy—"said I not that he would be won, that he would prove a blessing to her who bore him?—to her who, in his very babyhood, carried him in these arms to the sacred font, and whose constant prayer has been that he might be shielded from temptation and won to God? The prayer of faith has eventually triumphed, though the gates of darkness did for awhile array themselves against it." Truly this is a comforting hope to the hearts of believers.

VISIT TO THE KUSHAN MONASTERY.

BY REV. R. S. MACLAY.

This Monastery has been frequently referred to in the letters and journals sent home by the missionaries laboring in Fuh-Chau. It is situated on a mountain of the same name—Kushan—which rises from the bank of the Min, six miles below Fuh-Chau. The Monastery is located at the head of a wooded ravine, on the side of the mountain, at a distance, by the road, of two miles from the base. The position is very fine, the water cool and wholesome, and the air pure and invigorating. The priests—Buddhist—are very respectful to us during our stay with them. There are apartments fitted up in Chinese style, which we rent during our visit. These rooms, it is true, do not furnish us the most desirable accommodations; but with such pretty scenery and quiet walks we find it easy to put up with trifling annoyances. In the hot summer months this place affords us a most delightful retreat. And now, fair reader, with your permission, I will transcribe for you the notes of a visit to this interesting spot, made, not long since, by the writer and two or three friends.

At daylight of August 4, 1847, our party, consisting of Rev. Mr. W., of the "Church Mission," Mrs. Maclay, little Ellen, and myself, started for the Monastery. One small native boat, with nice white floor, and rowed by a stout Chinaman, while his wife held the rudder with one hand, and with the other wielded an oar, whose movements corresponded to the steady strokes of her husband, was sufficient to accommodate the members of the party. Another boat of the same size received our baggage. The tide is in our favor, and we glide through the span of the great stone bridge, thread our way through the junks, and soon find ourselves below the shipping, quietly passing down the river. In an hour we reach the landing-place, and are surrounded by a crowd of the villagers—some curiously gazing at our person and clothes, others particularly interested in our baggage, while some are earnestly showing us that for carrying our goods up the mountain the very lowest price

they can take is a sum which we very well know to be five or six times as much as they expect to receive. My trusty boy will attend to these matters; so we go on. Leaving the boat, we cross some paddy-fields, and soon come to an old temple which stands at the foot of the mountain. It is surrounded by a high wall, and the broad boughs of the banyans almost hide it from view. Several rest-houses here span the road, and there are seats where the weary traveler may refresh himself. A stream of limpid water issues from a stone wall near your seat. Many stone tablets, with long inscriptions, are placed around; but I fear the classic style of the sentences will prevent us from extracting much information from them at present. For the ascent the ladies are indulged with chairs, but the gentlemen must trust to their own muscles and sinews. The road is, perhaps, ten feet wide, and paved with large flat stones. Where the acclivity is not too abrupt, the road is plain; but there are steep places where steps are necessary. Rising into the clear air, our elevated position affords a fine view of the plain below. It is pleasant to halt at the shaded spots and enjoy the scene. There winds the broad river on whose placid bosom our boat was moving only a few minutes since. The banks are very low, and the peasant guides his plow close to the water's edge. Branching off from the main channel are small streams, which, after mapping out various low islands, return their waters into it at irregular intervals. Canals, too, innumerable, fed by the river, creep through the plain, thus enabling the husbandman to irrigate his fields. Villages, almost hidden by the overhanging foliage of the banyan, are seen in all directions. There are many fruit orchards scattered along the canals and on the slopes of the hills. Farther west we see the hill where some of the missionaries live. On the right of it, and across the river, lies the great city. Farther still to the west the eye looks on successive ranges of dark mountains, whose rugged peaks shoot up far toward the sky. Northward there is the same mountainous prospect; while to the south rise the "Five Tiger Hills," with circling ranges of wild hills beyond, which, as they approach the sea, seem to divide into ten thousand tapering peaks. But we may not now linger—an August sun is sending its first beams athwart our path, and we may not lightly meet its scorching heat.

Three rest-houses, placed at irregular distances along the road, proffer their refreshing shade and seats as we ascend. The trees, mostly pine, throw a pleasant shade over us as we pass on. At the last rest-house an obsequious priest presses upon you most perseveringly a cup of tea and some dried fruits, in return for which he expects an extravagant remuneration. Merchants, officers, etc., from foreign countries, pay a pretty round sum, but from missionaries mine host must content himself with a few tens of cash. Plodding upward on the zigzag road, your high position renders still more

distinct the features of the vast plain at your feet. The sun now pours a flood of light on the distant mountains, the broad river, and the city. Boats of various shapes and dimensions are moving on the water. Troops of young villagers are threading the narrow, winding paths of the rice-fields, going to their morning labors. Women, with basket, wood-knife, and rake, are starting for the mountains in search of fuel. The rustic, carrying his plow, and holding in his hand the tether of his faithful buffalo, slowly moves on to his toil. And if my vision is true, I see many a group of merry boys and girls sporting in the shade of the over-arching trees that embower the villages.

But the quick pace of the coolies bids us hasten forward. Sure enough, they have reached the summit of the spur behind which the Monastery is situated. The road now slightly descends, and sweeps round the southern base of the peak, whose top seems lost in the clouds. After a few minutes of quick walking, we enter a wooded ravine, and are greeted with the sound of falling water. It is a stream which, issuing from the rocks far up the mountain, is conveyed by an artificial channel to the Monastery, and then, having supplied the wants of the priests, goes dashing downward to the plains, and discharges its waters into the Min. A little farther, and the deep tones of the great bell come floating down the ravine. A low wall, old and covered with vines and bushes, runs along each side of the road. We pass through several gateways, whose columns and architraves present bold inscriptions, full of deep meaning, doubtless; but, as the coolies move rapidly, and we pedestrians are pretty thoroughly tired, we will not stop to read them. As we near the Monastery the scenery becomes more beautiful and impressive. The road follows the meanderings of the stream to which we referred awhile ago. Huge camphor-trees, with gnarled trunks and immense boughs, throw a deep shadow over us; the stalwart pines send up their palm-like forms, waving their high tops like the banners of a host; the graceful bamboo, in silvery lines, skirts the course of the mountain stream, or, in thick clumps, cluster and glisten on the slopes of the ravine. Beneath this leafy canopy a luxuriant undergrowth finds a fertile soil and safe protection; while flowers, sweet "wild-wood flowers," hang in rich festoons from decaying walls and sheltering boughs, or bud and bloom on the delicate stem that grows at your feet. The high peak towers up just before us, and from the appearance of immense tile roofs, darkened with age and exposure, we infer the immediate proximity of the Monastery. A few more steps, and the vast pile of buildings is in full view; the bell sends forth with increased volume its solemn tones, and quickly passing an open space, where the sun pours down in its strength, we enter the first suite of buildings.

The history of this, as of all other places of note in China, is obscured by absurd legends and pompous traditions. According to some accounts, this

situation, in the time of the "Three States"—A. D. 190-317—was chosen for the summer palace of the king. The religion of Boodh was then highly esteemed, and one of the kings gave this palace to the priests for a monastery. Another statement is, that during the "Sung dynasty"—950-1280—a literary chancellor erected some buildings on the spot for the use of the Boodhists. Still another account refers its origin to the time of the "Three States." On the occasion of his father's death, an officer, of high rank, selected this situation for the grave, constructed the tomb with his own hands, built for himself a cottage near by, and, giving up his titles and honors, spent his life in watching and weeping over the dust of his beloved parent. The king, hearing of this instance of filial affection, was filled with admiration, and caused large and costly buildings to be erected, the care of which he committed to the Boodhists. Others, discarding these accounts, tell of certain miraculous events which drew to this place the attention of the first preachers of Boodhism, and entertain themselves with various marvelous incidents which, it is said, have transpired during the history of the institution.

We will now, if you please, look at the temple buildings. And the first thought suggested is, that, however great may be the antiquity claimed for this institution, the present buildings are certainly of quite recent date. In fact, the temple records show that at two distinct times the buildings, in whole or in part, have been destroyed by fire. And though we may discredit these statements, still the building materials used by the Chinese being of so perishable a nature, we are compelled to attribute to the present compact, sound structures a recent origin.

An area of perhaps an acre is covered by buildings. In the center, and extending from the front to the rear, are three large temples, with open courts, paved with stones, between them. On each side of these principal edifices are the rooms for the priests, apartments for strangers and visitors, smaller temples, the libraries, and other appurtenances. The buildings, we notice, are only one story high; they are in the main well built and of substantial materials. There is, too, a cleanliness about the courts and rooms which reflects favorably on the priests.

A more particular notice of the prominent parts of this collection of buildings will enable us to think of them with greater satisfaction. The main front looks toward the south; and, as we enter the Monastery at this point, we may now glance at the first of the three temples already referred to. This structure is about thirty feet deep and one hundred and twenty feet wide. A space in the middle, thirty feet deep by fifty feet wide, is occupied by idols, the rest of the building being otherwise appropriated. There are here six statues, of great dimensions. Facing you, on entering, is a figure of Boodh in a sitting posture. The pedestal on which it is placed is elevated about five feet from

the floor. The statue is made of bricks and cement, with a bronze gilding. On each side of the entrance are placed two images, each being, perhaps, ten feet in height. They stand facing each other, the space between them being the entrance to the temple. These four images represent the ministers of Boodh, and are called "Fung," or messenger; "Tieu," or harmony; "Ju," or rain; and "Song," or "propriety" or "fitness." The first grasps a sword in his right hand, the other is raised as in warning, while his black, glaring eyes and fierce countenance seem to say, "New or never!" He stands upright, and crushes under his feet a black, dwarfish figure, with features horribly distorted, representing an evil spirit. The second, "Tieu," looks down on you with a jocular face, as he twitches the strings of his "guitar" to some fairy strain, which mortals may not hear. Beneath his feet, too, as also of the others, there writhes a black, dwarfish figure. "Ju," the third, stands there with an umbrella half raised, in expectation of a shower. "Song," the last figure, holds in his left hand a struggling serpent, while in his right he holds up a ball, the precious jewel taken from the bowels of the enraged serpent. This figure is to my mind deeply interesting. The Bible tells us of a serpent, of souls lost by the fall, and of one who "bruised the serpent's head." In the figure before me I saw some points of close, striking resemblance to these truths. It is difficult to get the precise idea of this figure, as the priests themselves seem to have confused notions on the subject. They say, however, that this serpent, after living thousands of years, secreted this precious jewel, that man was unable to obtain it, and that this god accomplished the work. Many interesting thoughts are suggested by the analogy between this tradition and the work of Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world. Whence came the idea embodied in the figure before me? Is it a fragment of those rays which, broken off from the great sun of truth, are ever and anon discovered among the old nations of the east? Boodhism being of Indian origin, it is evident that we may trace this tradition to the same country. But whence did India obtain it? The mind of the Christian at once reverts to the "oracles of God." And there is abundant evidence to believe that India owes to the ancient records of the Bible whatever of truth is found in her mythology. "Harcourt," in his "Doctrine of the Deluge," maintains that the "patriarchs were deified in India, beginning with Noah and his sons;" also, that "Noah's grandson, Phut, was Boodha, whose name was changed into Fo and Po; hence the river Padus and his Footstep the Sreepad." (Vide "Doctrine of the Deluge," vol. i, Table of Contents.) The Memoirs of Sir Stamford Raffles throw light on this interesting subject; also, Sir William Jones in "The Institutes of Menu."

To return to our story. Immediately in the rear of the image of Boodh, and separated from it by a thin partition, is placed another idol, its back

being against this partition, and its face looking toward the temples within. This figure holds in its hands a short stick of wood, with which to beat the evil spirits.

Passing through this building, you enter a broad, stone-paved, open court. As the original site was uneven, the ground has been leveled by forming terraces. In the center is an artificial reservoir for water, spanned by a stone bridge. Along the two sides of the court are covered passages, by which, ascending three short flights of broad stone steps, you go up to the second temple.

This building is about sixty feet deep by one hundred feet wide. It is devoted to the worship of the "Three Precious Boodha." Here the priests assemble, morning and evening, for worship. Against a high gilded screen, placed near the rear of the building, are placed the three idols. They are seated on gilded pedestals, five feet in height. Their size corresponds to those we have already described. Their countenance, however, is very mild; and a kind of diadem is placed on the head of each one. These figures represent the past, present, and future incarnations of Boodh. The one in the middle is the present incarnation; on its right is the past; and on its left is the coming or future incarnation. In front of the idols is a large altar, with beautiful vases filled with flowers, and censers with incense ever burning. Low stools, with mats, are ranged over the tile floor for the kneeling worshippers. Tassels and long bands of silk are suspended from the roof. On each side are placed nine images, representing the original disciples of Boodh. The front of the temple is occupied with large doors, the upper half of which is composed of a kind of tortoise-shell, through which a dull light is admitted.

The third temple is situated on another terrace, about sixty feet behind the second. You ascend to it by two flights of stone steps. The space between the buildings is paved with stone, and there are two artificial ground plats in the center, where flowers are cultivated. In this third temple are several images of the "Goddess of Mercy." One, a rather large figure, is placed in the center of the group. On each side is one of smaller size, in a wooden case. The one on the left, made of porcelain, is thought to be very precious, and receives special attention. In times of drought or famine prayers are addressed to it. During times of long drought this image is carried along the public streets of Fuh-Chau, and worship is paid to it by all, with the expectation of procuring rain. The size of this building corresponds to that of the last one described. Large cases of books stand along the sides. It is only at certain times the priests worship here; as when any one wishes to prefer a petition, or some public emergency arises.

The regular worship is held in the second temple. They meet twice a day for this purpose, at about 4 o'clock, A. M., and 4 o'clock, P. M. They repeat prayers, of whose meaning not one in ten of the

priests themselves have the slightest conception; sometimes standing, then kneeling, and finally marching, single file, around every row of stools in the temple. Their chanting is accompanied by the jingling of a small bell, and the dull sound produced by striking with a mallet a queer-looking piece of wood, which has been made hollow by abstracting the inside material in a very skillful manner. When worshipping, the abbot stands directly in front of the idols, and the priests are ranged in rows on each side.

We have now noticed at considerable length the principal buildings. On each side of these are other edifices. Some are small temples, where a private enterprise seems to be carried on by priests, in the way of sight-seeing and fortune-telling. In one we were shown one of *Boodh's teeth*. There, sure enough, it is, confined in a strong box, with iron bars in front, through which the faithful and the heretic alike view the sacred relic. I was amused with this sight. The Chinese are a matter-of-fact people, and always like to receive full value for their money. The priests have fully met their wishes in this respect; for while for the sight they abstract a few cash from the Chinaman's pocket, they compensate him by showing an *enormous tooth*. I should think this molar might better have suited the jaw of a mastodon than of Boodh. It is about eight inches long, with proportionate size.

There is also a library, containing a large collection of Boodhistic books. I had made arrangements for examining it, but the sudden illness of one of our party hastened our return, and thus defeated my plans in this respect.

There are other points of interest connected with this institution, but for the present they must remain unnoticed. Next month, however, I hope to exhaust my notes of this "Visit to the Kushan Monastery."

The illness of one of our party referred to above was only temporary. The invalid, our dear little Ellen, soon recovered. As I pen these lines, the sound of her voice comes to my ear from the next room. A cordial greeting to you, kind reader, from us all.

THINGS LOST FOREVER.

THE following words, from the pen of Lydia H. Sigourney, are full of instructive meaning: "Lost wealth may be restored by industry; the wreck of health regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge restored by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness; even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked upon his vanished honors, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time!" The footprint on the sand is washed out by the ocean wave; and easier might we, when years are fled, find that footprint as recall lost hours.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

—
BY MRS. M. A. SIBBLOW.

O THESE apple blossoms!
They are pure and sweet;
See them shower their petals
At my feet.

Bright may be the lilac
In its purple sheen;
Or the sweet carnation,
Robed in green;

Or the broad-leaved lilies,
In their golden light;
Or the cups of tulips,
Still more bright;

But the apple blossoms,
Delicately fair,
Breathe a sweeter odor
On the air.

How I love at even,
When the sky is red,
To sit me where they tremble
O'er my head!

When their leaves around me
Of pale pink are strown,
I love at such a season
To muse alone.

O these apple blossoms!
They are purely sweet;
See them shower their petals
At my feet.

MY DREAMS.

—
BY MISS E. A. BROOKS.

I HAVE had dreams of fame
Within my youthful heart;
Kindled ambition's flame,
With all its burning smart.

Yes, I have longed to tread
Thy pinnacle, O fame!
And, like the gifted dead,
Leave on thy scroll a name.

But faded are those dreams;
That flame hath ceased to glow;
A purer life there gleams,
To guide me through life's woe.

I've dreams of heaven now!
O, how I long to stand,
With crown upon my brow,
In that celestial land!

I ask no more for fame,
I'm weary of the strife;
But O, I'd find my name
In the Lamb's book of life.

THE BIBLE FRIENDLY TO REASON.

BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

(SECOND PAPER.)

The Spirit, in leading us into all truth, does not alter the human faculties. We need not, therefore, expect dreams, and visions, and phantasies, and impressions, of which we can give no rational account, or to be deprived of strength, reason, and will, and cast motionless upon the ground, as the ancient sibyl in her silent prophetic illapses. The Spirit is not to make us prophets, but to acquaint us with the prophets. How the Spirit aids the mind in its researches, we can only say suggestively.

It may prepare the heart to receive truth. It is something, when we would solve a difficult problem, to have the slate wiped clean. Socrates said, he who would receive the pure must not himself be impure. It may dispose us to the proper and strenuous use of our natural faculties in searching for the riches of the full assurance of understanding. It may remove the hinderances to faith. The heart influences the intellect; hence, it is difficult to feel "an argument against an interest," or to see an evil in the thing we love.

The Spirit of God allays passion, removes prejudice, and breathes into the soul the disposition to obey. There is no argument to remove skepticism like the bending of the knees. How did Solomon obtain wisdom? Now, "if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." Would we receive truth, we must invite it, as Abraham did the angels. Would we have the Scriptures opened to us, we must walk with God, as the disciples did with Christ on the way to Emmaus.

May not the Spirit aid the mind in apprehending truth by leading it up from the region of mere understanding, which is discursive, which judges by sense, to the region of reason, where all is fixed, reposing on the constitution of the human mind—that region whence we obtain the axioms of the exact sciences, and such ideas as eternity, infinity, and power? Let the soul shake off the defiled garments of sense, bury its idols, and go up to the Bethel of pure reason, where the truths rise unbidden like stars in the sky, and doctrines before unseen may shine like the belt of Orion at midnight.

May not the Spirit more directly influence the soul, as is implied in such a promise as this: "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth?" Without the communication of any new truth the Bible may be made a new book to us. It would require but a little change in the eyeball of a man to enable him to see the sun an orb of fire, filling the horizon, or the moon full of flowery mountains and goodly forms, or the stars floating and filled worlds of light—no change need be wrought on the universe, no change in the humors and lenses of the eye, only a little alteration of its form. Now, who shall say that the

Holy Spirit can not so influence the soul as, without changing its faculties or altering the truth, it shall cause that soul to see its revelations magnified. Let the mind, then, touched by the divine Spirit, approach the borders of religious mystery, and wrestle with the angel that guards them, and wrestle on, even though it should seem that the thigh of the reason must be dislocated in the struggle; and wrestle on, as if it had power with God, and it shall see day break; it may stand at Penuel; it may see God; and as the sun rises, it may halt upon the very limb that seemed to be disjoined in the struggle.

Now, in order that I appear not obscure or enthusiastic, let me further explain. Long, and painful, and prayerful contemplation, though it may discover no new truth, may embody and illuminate old and project long beams of light over what was before dark.

The Bible gives ample scope to the ablest minds. It compels us to examine ourselves—a duty which few discharge. Where is the man who considers what he is? To almost every one his own soul is a foreign country. The world on which we look is the terrestrial, not the celestial sphere—earth that is finite, not soul which is infinite. And wherefore? Not because men do not know better; for Reason, unguided by revelation, wrote "know thyself" upon Apollo's Delphic temple, and ever since she hath boasted in the precept. Why, then, this neglect of it? Because its observance is difficult; and herein I find the proof that it develops and strengthens the mind. Indeed, every thing does which *tasks* its powers. All plans of education may be judged by this principle. Now, let a man begin and end his education in the school of his own soul; he will have a vigorous intellect and a deep knowledge; he will become a philosopher in spite of himself; he knows his powers—he learns how to apply them; he observes his relations—he feels the obligations which spring out of them; he traces his habits—he knows how to correct them; he gets thoughts, and must clothe them.

But if this is all that is necessary to make strong intellect, may we not find it among the illiterate? Yes, verily, you may often find amazing mental power and profound philosophy sheltered by the cabin roof. Many a pious Christian has a philosopher's head without a philosopher's library; many a poor widow, who has no books but the Bible and Baxter, is a metaphysician and a logician without knowing it, and will, so soon as she is released from the body, find herself a fit companion for such souls as Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley.

Diogenes lighted his lamp at noon, and went out into the market-places in search of a man. Do not imitate the Cynic, or, like him, you might search in vain; but take the lamp of God's word, and go into your own heart, and look through and through it, and you shall ere long find a man.

The Bible introduces us into a spiritual world. Ever since the days of the inspired Hebrew, and

the ancient Greek, men seem to have been turning their backs upon things unseen. Now and then a Milton has reversed his face till it has shone like that of Moses descending from Mt. Sinai. A small company still strive to look behind; but they can not long resist the general current of earthward thought, which has swept from creation all imaginary spiritual existences. Would you see above the stars, you must come to the Bible; there is left for you no other stream to convey you from material worlds, no other ferryman than faith. What though we out-fly the eagle, out-push the whirlwind, out-dig the earthquake, out-smite the lightning! we do but move mere matter. What is the spirit of the age but an imprisoned Samson, working with terrific power, but eyeless sockets, in the mills? Blessed be God, the Bible is still, to some extent, felt, and here and there is a soul with eyes, looking into the tents of angels.

The Bible introduces us to God; not the Pagan's polluted fancy, nor the philosopher's *anima mundi*, but the one eternal, supreme, infinite Intelligence, who burns with consuming fire for the evil, and glows with eternal joys for the just; whose hand guides every star and opens every bud; whose breath is alike in the roar of the mountain storm and the sigh of the quiet sea; who follows the wandering prodigal and watches the infant's pillow, while he marshals the ranks of angels and orders the worlds on high; who hath revealed himself in Jesus and made an atonement for sin, thus bridging the gulf between himself and man. Here is the most glorious of all truths, the comprehension of all; a truth in which the mind may range forever, and still see before it fields of undiscovered glory; a truth sufficient to engage and energize a universe of minds forever. The truth is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; but every revolving moment, every new object presents it in some new aspect, and unfolds its burning glory. Every new struggle of a redeemed militant soul, and every flutter of the pinions of a saved, triumphant, and ascending spirit in heaven's eternal sunlight, makes this great truth a more deep, more glorious, and more interesting mystery. Is there not power in it to raise the mind to the loftiest regions of thought, and hold it spell-bound there; to swell the heart into grand proportions, move it with supernatural might, and fit it either for the intensest sufferings or highest achievements of humanity? Answer, ye Luthers in bondage! ye martyrs in fire!

This great thought not only girds up the soul, but suggests the true path to science; indeed, it gives to science a center, and binds all its departments together by indissoluble bonds.

Men knew but little of natural science where the Bible was not known, though they had the same faculties and scenes as we. No wonder. They had gods many and lords many. Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto divided the realms of nature among themselves: in the supernal courts there were plots and politicians; and who could say what a day would

bring forth in heaven, earth, or hell? Moreover, each realm had its subdivision; and each subdivision its local deity. The operations of nature were mysterious; none would venture to investigate them with daring and hope; for he might be intruding into the chambers of a jealous goddess; or if he found her secrets, he might derive no further advantage from them after he had crossed a stream or ascended a mountain. How different the feelings of the Christian philosopher who looks through nature to the one living and true God! Nature, he cries, is one, for her God is one; there must be harmony and simplicity in her laws. There sits Newton in his garden; the apple falls before him, and his mind is led to think of the power which brought it down: he thinks not of some wood-nymph, which came into existence with its opening blossoms, to take charge of its leaves and fruit, but of some law which the Maker of all things has ordained: he observes that gravity does not sensibly diminish at the tops of the highest trees, nor the roofs of the loftiest buildings, nor the summits of the highest mountains: why not, then, extend to the moon? if so, does it not hold her in her orbit? May it not hold other planets in their spheres; may it not be the solution of the great problem of the universe? What gave Newton the boldness to bound upward from the tree to the mountain-top, from the mountain-top to the moon, from the moon to the farthest planet in space?—what but the *faith* that he was traveling through the dominions of one Monarch over which one law was outstretched?

Again: the Christian says, "God is wise;" hence, even where all appears to be confusion, he can study for *order*, as the young statuary hovers over the Apollo for beauty—sure it is there.

The Pagan had no assurance of the stability of science; for his gods were fickle and subject to chance. The Christian, amid all changes, sees the same Intelligence presiding and carrying forward his purposes by invariable laws. Whether the earth stand in the water or out of the water, whether the heavens shine tranquilly or pass away with a great noise, the Christian expects his possessions of truth, moral or natural, to be like God—eternal.

The Bible, by the reflected light of the eternal world, gives sublimity to the most unimportant events of this.

If the soul of man were to be blown out as a candle, or pass into other bodies like a viewless gas, why should we kindle the midnight taper, or point a tube to the heavens? Plato, after speaking of Acheron and the islands of the blessed, says, "For the sake of these things we should make every endeavor to acquire virtue and wisdom in this life." What, then, is the influence of that Gospel which brings life and immortality to light? The Christian says, "I shall, like Jesus, rise from the grave; I shall walk the heavenly plains. All these trials are working out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I shall reap

the advantage of this mental discipline and this moral cultivation, when I see light in God's light; when I take in knowledge with my understanding as I do now with my eye; when I move as swiftly as I think." How little encouragement would the youth have to study, if he were sure that he would be laid in the grave before he graduated, and had no hope beyond it? It is the expectation of honors and usefulness in another and higher sphere in life that spurs him onward. So with the Christian; he looks into the heavenly city; he sees that one star differeth from another star in glory; he hears the harps of angels; his heart leaps responsive to their call.

The Scripture, too, explicitly teaches the doctrine of human responsibility. Scripture assures us that each man shall in the last day give account of himself to God. All actions shall be brought to light; all words, even the idle, shall be charged, and every thing that has been done or uttered shall be traced to its proper motive. This great doctrine can not fail to be strengthening to the soul. Suppose we were placed in some mysterious spot, where every thought should be telegraphed upon a column in the court-house—how careful should we be to think true, and strong, and pure! Suppose we stood before a mirror which reflected all our actions to the eyes of the community—how careful should we be to do that which is "holy, just, and good!" Suppose we spoke in some whispering gallery, which repeated our words in every ear in the nation—how careful should we be to utter the words of truth and soberness only! Under such a process, if the mind could bear it, would it not be girded up to its highest energies! Now, there is such a telegraph, docketing our words on the columns of the court of the universe; there is such a mirror, reflecting our acts to the eye of God; there is a gallery, which repeats our words in his ear; and every time the Christian meditates upon it his mind is nerved and impelled heavenward.

This doctrine gives interest and dignity to the most uninteresting scenes and unimportant actions of life; it invests every word with majesty, because it invests it with immortality. Suppose that, by putting forth your hand, you could start into existence a steam-engine, whose marchings should be outward to the farthest verge of created things, and then round the zodiac of the universe, and after having performed one circuit it should commence another, and so on forever—how would your mind think and think to take the bearings of those eternal wheels, before you put forth the magic touch that should begin their endless and restless revolutions! Would you dare move a finger without the command of Him who sees all things from everlasting to everlasting? Well, man's acts have this power and circuit, not in space, but in duration; not in consequence of the properties of his hand, but on account of the properties of the human souls on which he operates. If you cut a gash in a

man's head you may heal it; but you can never rub out, nor wash out, nor cut out the scar. It may be a witness against you in his corpse; still it may be covered by the coffin, or hidden in the grave; but then it is not till decomposition shall have taken place, that it shall entirely disappear. But if you smite a soul; the scar remains; no coffin or grave shall hide it; no revolution, not even the upturning of the physical universe, shall obliterate it; no fire, not even the eternal furnaces of hell, shall burn it out. This thought, while it awakens fear, arouses hope. Go learn astronomy; point your tube toward unknown depths of space; discover far off in ether a glorious planet; describe its orbit; take its weight, and write your name upon its bosom. O what an achievement! But I tell you what is worthier: "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." Go rescue that wanderer from the verge of perdition, and, under God, you may plant a soul in the far-off ether of glory, that shall sphere itself around the throne, and bear upon its breast, as it wheels its eternal courses, your name, to be read by the angels of light.

Hence, it is no wonder that the Bible has intensely interested minds of the greatest compass and power—minds which mark the steps of moral progress from Moses downward. Men that have studied it night and day with head uncovered and on bended knees, till they could recite any passage, together with its context, and the criticisms of the best commentators, have felt increasing interest and made new discoveries in its pages every day.

Locke found the profoundest depths and Newton the sublimest heights in the book of God. Napoleon cried out, "The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force." Luther exclaimed, "I am an old Doctor of Divinity, yet to this day I am not come out of the child's learning—the creed, the commandments, and the Lord's prayer." No wonder the greatest of modern philosophers—Lord Verulam—said, "Theology is the complement of the sciences, the Sabbath of the human intelligence, the divine day of repose and illumination."

We have argued from the tendencies of the Bible. We might reverse the line of argument with equal facility, and show from the effects of the word of God its power to enlighten and enlarge the mind. Trace it either round the earth or over the pages of history, and you describe a line of light. Indeed, scarce a ray of knowledge can be found that did not issue, directly or indirectly, from the altars which the law or the Gospel has enkindled? Why then, you ask, has it not, by this time, filled the earth with rays? Because the earth would not receive it. The dark ages were brought on by neglecting it. Even through that night the embers of the Bible glowed beneath the ashes of the altar; and ever since the days of the Reformation it has been illuminating the nation. Who pours light over the fields of philosophy? Who harnesses the lightning and yokes

the steam? Who pants for universal conquest? Who stands like the apocalyptic angel, in the sun? The Christian. And why, but because of his everlasting Gospel, which he holds for every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people? And now bear in mind that we have presented only one out of many of the blessings of the Gospel, and that but a comparatively inconsiderable one. The great secret of the Creator is simplicity of causes reconciled with multiplicity of effects. That sun which enlightens the planets preserves them from chaos, marshals them into order, and wheels them in harmony. The same Bible that illuminates the world is its fountain of order, of peace, and of salvation. It is not only a sun that illuminates the earth, it is a ladder that reaches into heaven, and a choir of angels singing, "On earth peace, good will to men," and, "Glory to God in the highest!"

THE MIDNIGHT CALL.

BY REV. D. P. CHASE.

My own heart has been frequently moved with deep and overwhelming sensation in some of the common incidents of a pastor's life. You would not suppose for a moment that the modern circuit or stationed preacher would not meet with vicissitudes, and alarms, and trials, and stirring incidents sufficient to make his pathway interesting. Is there no romance in such scenes as the one I now wish to bring before the readers of the Repository?

A few evenings since I came from church, wearied down with the toils, anxieties, and joys of a meeting protracted nearly a month. I had fallen into a deep sleep, and thus, dreamless and senseless, had forgotten for once the Church, the altar, the weeping penitent, and the shouting new-born soul. Prayer had ceased to tremble in my heart or songs to rouse my soul. Hushed was all around me and deathlike, till knock, knock, knock at my door suddenly brought back mind to her seat, and sent the swift messengers to all parts of my dormant frame with the alarm, Was it the "spirit rappings?" They had been in town, it was said; and this hour came to my mind at first on waking. If this was spirit, thought I, they are right lusty ones; and then another loud rapping, and I was fully awake.

It was midnight—solemn hour—awful stillness—twinkling starlight—stranger knocking—sudden waking—all made me feel fearful, shudder slightly, as several appalling thoughts ran through my mind. My inquiry of the stranger brought the answer, "Widow H.'s child is dying, and she wants to see you." Wearied as I was, I hastened to obey this summons; and a few minutes more brought me to the widow's humble residence. The suffering little one was in its mother's arms. Its eyes wore the glassy hue of death. Its breath was short and distressing; and, with its face turned

imploringly toward its mother, it was dying. I spoke of Jesus' tender invitation: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Yes," said the widow, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." We sung a song—a sweet, consoling midnight anthem—and bowed humbly before the throne. O it was sweet to pray then! O how I loved my religion then—the religion of Jesus—the widow's solace! The widow found in the Savior peace, and let her babe go freely to her partner in the skies.

After all, I could do nothing to comfort, except to point to the Lamb. My work done, I retired; and soon after the plumed spirit of the little sufferer flew away to Jesus, and left the clay casket in the mother's loving arms. It is gone to nestle in the bosom of Jesus, and expand its powers amid the healthful scenes of paradise. The mother is kissing the clay, and Jesus is holding the enraptured spirit in his arms. The next day we took what was left to its little bed in the dust, and the widowed mother may fondly hope to see it rise; for the Savior will come again.

Dear friend, perhaps you are a widow—perhaps you have kissed the last tear from your dying infant's face, and seen it tremble and fade at the touch of death; if so, remember one thing—Jesus lives enthroned, and

"God will gather them again;
In his garden they will grow,
On that green and lovely plain,
Where the crystal waters flow—
Never more to lay their head
Faintly on the cold earth bed."

A WORD ON CONTENTMENT.

THAT quaint old writer, Isaac Walton, thus discourses on the pleasures of contentment. It will be seen that he could talk with some sense on moral topics, as well as discourse with vivacity on the most expeditious and elegant way of catching fish:

"I have a rich neighbor who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich.' And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, 'That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.' We see but the outside of a rich man's happiness; a few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience."

GLEANINGS FROM THE GIANT MOUNTAINS.

A REMINISCENCE OF BOHEMIA.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

THE *Riesengebirge*, or Giant Mountains, separate Bohemia from Silesia, and are among the most romantic of Central Europe.

They are not so gigantic as the Alps; but their highest peak—the Snow-Cap—almost revels in the regions of eternal snow; for late in the summer months its white hood still covers its hoary head, and here and there, in some wild chasm, may be found, during the whole summer, masses of the purest snow.

On many of the summits are the summer cabins of the shepherds of the mountains, who here superintend their little flocks during the warm season, and lead a happy though abstemious life, apparently cut off from all the pleasures of the world, and still creating a little world within themselves, as they sing their mountain melodies and guard their herds. The highest peaks of the Giant Mountains resound with peculiar songs, intermingled with the tinkling bells, that tell the shepherds where to find their modest wealth—all that most of them possess on earth.

Looking from those ideal and truly poetic homes down into the valley below, the cabins, that here and there form a resting-place for the eye, seem like a necklace on the bosom of the mountain; and when the wandering glance reaches the valley, it meets with a scene of activity that strangely contrasts with the stillness above. At intervals, where the deep forest has yielded its dominion of the land, may be seen the high chimneys and still higher columns of deep black smoke, towering over the blast-furnaces, as they melt down the ore taken from the bowels of the mountains. If the view is extended farther, smiling valleys peep over their neighboring summits, village follows after village, and the scanty harvest of the hill-side is seen rewarding the toiling husbandman.

A peculiar beauty of these valleys are the thousand little rivulets that every-where adorn their surface. Nearly every cottage has its brook; and even on the unfriendly heights, although almost inaccessible, the shepherd has built his cabin, if a rumbling water-course has promised a fresh and plentiful supply for his flocks.

The principal occupations of the inhabitants of the Giant Mountains is, naturally, the raising of domestic animals; and they live in the simplest style, their main articles of nourishment being bread, butter, cheese, milk, and the trout of their streams; for, though they spend their lives in raising live stock, they seldom enjoy the luxury of meat—it is too precious on the market-place to permit the poor owners to indulge in it themselves. Few of the peasants of the Giant Mountains touch meat more than once a week, and many not that

often. We once sojourned for several weeks in one of the villages of this romantic region, and had ample opportunity to observe with how very little man can live and be happy. The back window of our apartment looked out into a neighboring yard, which belonged to the cottage of a poor weaver, whose loom scarcely ceased to rattle from sunrise till long-after dark. The yard was filled with trees that afforded an inviting shade, and under one of these the poor peasant and his wife and children used to take their meals. They sat down on the grass at the foot of the tree, and the wife brought out a board, and laid it on the ground, and on this board was a loaf of rye-bread and a bowl of cheese, called *smear-case*, or cottage cheese. This they spread on the bread and ate morning, noon, and night, and seemed perfectly satisfied. The husband would often sing a village song when they were done, or play awhile with the children, and then retire to his loom. His only extra enjoyment was a mug of weak beer in the evening, out of which his wife would take a few swallows. In the yard they kept a few geese, which they carefully fattened, and on some great occasion or grand holiday one of these geese was killed and eaten; but this was an occurrence of such importance that the children were in high glee for a week before the goose was killed, and were frequently admonished to be good, or they would get none of the goose. And these people seemed truly contented with their lot, and complained far less than city denizens rolling in luxury.

The inhabitants of the Giant Mountains are a mixture of German and Slavonian. The German idiom is naturally much corrupted, but it is soft and agreeable in sound, and impresses one with the true-heartedness of those who speak it. The language of the Slavonians in Bohemia is a perfect dialect, so that other tribes of the same origin find no little difficulty in conversing with them. They are all passionately fond of music. Be where it may—in the cottage, the cabin, or the hut, by the waterfalls or on the mountains—the traveler hears the tones of the voice mingled with those of the rude harp, with the strains of the violin, or the music of clarionet. In the villages, the peasants, the mechanics, and the laborers have their singing circles, and even form the Church choirs for sacred music. On the mountain summits the shepherd plays on his Alpine horn, and *godets* to his flock; he spends many of his solitary hours in playing with the echo of his own instrument.

In religion the mountaineers of this region are partly Protestant and partly Catholic; and they, as all dwellers among the mountains, seem deeply impressed with religious convictions; they frequently walk for miles to their churches. In some of the villages, where the religious confession is about equally divided between Protestant and Catholic, they all live together in such harmony as to use the same place of public worship, at different hours, the village being too small to erect

two buildings. And this uncommon spectacle produces no clashing and no contention; they live peaceably and amicably together.

Their indomitable industry is really remarkable. They frequently take a dreary waste of rocks, and, by unceasing labor, turn them into a dwelling-place, and adorn them with a cabin. All they demand is a stream of water; they then carry earth in large baskets on their backs, men, women, and children, and with it cover these rocks with soil, and adorn it with vegetation. We have seen the peasant-women laboring for weeks, in thus carrying earth up the mountains, to make for themselves a home, where before all was barren.

Most of the inhabitants of the Giant Mountains, who do not gain their livelihood by their flocks or from the soil, are linen weavers; for very large quantities of flax are annually raised in these regions. These poor weavers truly earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; for since the introduction of machinery in other countries in the manufacture of linen, their business has been so depressed by the competition that they can scarcely live from their earnings. They are too poor to introduce this expensive machinery among themselves, and are thus left to struggle with their hands against a killing superiority. In the village where we struck our tent for a few weeks, we made it our business to investigate their condition. The most skillful of the hand weavers can, by diligence, earn *one dollar* a week, and this by laboring for about twelve or fifteen hours per day! The average wages of the men is, perhaps, not more than seventy-five cents per week; the women earn from thirty to fifty cents weekly; and the children fifteen to twenty. And yet with this scanty supply these men support their families; but, as already mentioned, their table knows no other luxury than bread, cheese, milk, and butter. Their domestic arrangements must, of course, be of the simplest kind—a couch, a table, and a few stools; and this simplicity gives all an opportunity to labor, as they are obliged to do, mothers as well as children; and when the latter are too young to take care of themselves, they are frequently placed in a sort of hood on the mother's back, while she follows her daily occupation.

One would suppose that such hardships would lead to misery and degradation; but they do not here, as a rule: and it appeared to us that two powerful influences accounted for this; namely, religion and temperance—the former gives them consolation and contentment, and the latter health. They are thoroughly imbued with a religious feeling, and believe that they have no reason to complain of their lot as long as they can perform their religious duties unmolested.

There is, however, a very dark side to this picture at times: this poverty is so excessive as to admit of no provision for sickness, or short supply of food. When, therefore, either of these misfortunes comes upon the peaceable inhabitants of the Giant

Mountains, their sufferings are indescribable, and, in the desperation of misery, they at times commit excesses against the government or heavy landed estates, both of which they, to some extent, justly look upon as their oppressors. The cholera made the most awful ravages over this country, and swept away thousands. Large numbers of physicians left Berlin on the intelligence of the severity of the epidemic, and their reports were really heart-rending. In some instances they found cabins closed up tightly, and, on forcing them open, there lay the whole family in the embrace of death. Again, entire villages would leave their habitations and take refuge in the mountains, under the opinion that the disease is contagious. Many of these died from exposure and want; and many more from the very epidemic they fled from.

Some years ago, during the scarcity of bread-stuffs, hundreds died from starvation; and collections were taken up in all the large cities of Germany for the assistance of those who were actually without food enough to keep them alive. During this period some neighborhoods were merely kept alive by making a kind of soup from the nutritious barks of some of the trees that grow on their mountains. At this time the price of labor was reduced to a few cents per day, and many of the peasants left their homes and fled to the cities to escape almost certain death.

At this very period we happened to be in Berlin, and the same papers that would teem with these tales of woe would fill other columns with brilliant accounts of balls and receptions at court, where thousands were lavished in shameless folly, while the subjects of a distant province were endeavoring to support life by trying to draw sustenance from the bark of trees. This crying inconsistency and heartlessness occasionally calls down the wrath of the people on the heads of their rulers in the form of a revolution; the oppressors tremble, grant concessions, become wonderfully interested in the public welfare for awhile, and as soon as the danger is past, and they are once more firmly established, they are very sure to forget the claims and necessities of the dear people. And the latter are quite as ready to forget, when their material welfare again returns to the very low standard at which they are pleased to be contented.

Such are the inhabitants of these mountainous regions—laborious, patient, and meek. Many of them employ the long winter evenings in making toys or little boxes in wood; even the young children have an astonishing facility in cutting all kinds of animals in wood, and their skill is made the source of a very meager income; for a toy that it takes them all day to cut is sold for two or three cents. Others make musical instruments, such as guitars and violins. But the peasants and the shepherds appear the happiest portion of the population, although their occupations are no where more laborious than here. If the rye does not grow, they plant oats, and frequently at such a

light that the snow comes upon it before it ripens. Every blade of grass is used by the shepherds; for if they find a spot that their animals can not approach, they climb to it with ladders, and sickle and bring down their booty to feed their beasts. And notwithstanding all these privations and endless toils, they cling with a childish and unchangeable love to their mountains and their rivulets, and exchange them seldom for a more convenient or luxurious home. They are overjoyed when the stranger comes from a distance to admire their mountains and waterfalls, and think it must be a home worth having that thus attracts their visitors. They are proud that the fame of the Giant Mountains has gone abroad into other lands, and rejoice that the natural beauties of their region cause others to part with a little of their superfluity, and help them to obtain an honest subsistence.

But those who visit them must be prepared to enjoy the rough side of the world, for they will meet with little that can be called comfort; nothing is found here but nature, simplicity, and the mere necessities to civilized life. Comfort is a word not yet introduced into their vocabulary, and they care as little about pleasing the eye as about pampering the body. To relish a meal and a bed among the Giant Mountains one must be hungry and tired. Now, by a wise provision of nature, this is just the place where one becomes hungry and tired without the least difficulty; for the beauties of nature force the traveler to walk or climb all day, and the pure, invigorating atmosphere gives him the appetite of an ostrich. But rough and uncouth as it is, few leave the country without a regret, or fail to sigh after its mountains on the return of spring.

Like all other mountaineers, the people of this region are imbued with a spirit of wild and romantic poetry, and no circumstance has made this country more widely known, in Germany than the fame of

RÜBEZAHN.

THE MOUNTAIN SPECTER OF THE RIESENBERG.

The tricks and capers of Rubezahl—at times droll, at others vexing, and again tinged with a warm sympathy for the good and a hatred for the wicked—are the theme of every story and the burden of every song. Every play of nature, in forest, in rock, or in waterfall, is attributed to the spectral influence of this spirit of the mountains; and even the days of childhood, beginning with the happy hours of the nursery, are enlivened by the stories about Rubezahl, related with such incomparable beauty and touching simplicity in the fables of Musaus.

As the story goes, Rubezahl, the mountain king, dwells in the deepest and most sepulchral abysses of these mountains, but ranges, at his pleasure, over the whole of his wide and wild domain, from the mountain-top to the chasm's bosom. He appears in every imaginable shape, according to the object which he has in view—sometimes he is a

dragon, a wolf, a bear, a snake, or a goat; then, again, he is a simple hunter, or an herb-gatherer, who meets the solitary wanderer, and leads him astray by false information, or conjures up a terrific storm for his destruction. In this disguise he often follows those who have slandered him, and thus punishes their temerity; and, on the contrary, he visits the needy and oppressed under the same cloak, and comforts and aids them; he becomes a warm-hearted friend of the pious peasant, and an avowed enemy of covetousness and injustice.

Numerous fables of his exploits still live in the mouths of the people; and in earlier times they all possessed an unshaken belief in his existence, and, of course, cherished no small amount of respect and fear for his person. During the last century the religious and moral culture of these mountaineers has been so much augmented, that Rubezahl has lost much of his importance, especially since little shrines or chapels have been erected on the principal summits, as these are believed to drive away at least all the evil influence. But among the older people the belief in the specter is still rife, and they retain a blind confidence in his power, whatever may be said against him. Even the younger generations, although they may laugh at the stories, can not divest themselves of the superstition, when chance throws them into very suspicious company or circumstances, while roaming over the mountains. Many a wonderful occurrence still takes place in these solitudes, that can be solved in no other way than by attributing them to the influence of Rubezahl.

When the mists of the morning girdle the summits of the Riesengebirge, all sorts of giant and fantastic forms seem to play on their crests; now they approach the shepherd as if about to swallow him up, and again they fly before him, as if anxious to escape from his sight; not unfrequently he sees himself magnified into a great giant, striding along in the distance. All these are nothing more than optical illusions, easily explained by natural laws, and peculiar to the Riesengebirge, and the Harz Mountains of Hannover, where the "*Specter of the Brocken*" has long held his orgies, to the terror of the peasants. But who can convince the poor, uneducated mountaineer of this simple fact? and how can he comprehend these laws of light? What is more natural than the creation of fanciful spirits to fill the void which ignorance has created? and what more praiseworthy than to acknowledge in these spirits the power to reward good and punish evil? Such is the origin of Rubezahl and the cognomen of the *Giant Mountains*.

Before finishing our story, we propose roaming over them, and gleaning a few of the many curious spots with which they abound. And first, let us stop a few moments, and glance at the

BONE CHAPEL OF TSCHEBBENAL.

It is situated in a little village, half German and half Bohemian, which is the usual limits to the

promenade of the guests of the neighboring springs of Nachod. The Bone Chapel is the grand object of interest in the village, and has drawn many a stranger to its walls, many a guest to its inns, and dollars to its pockets. The somber fancy of a village pastor of years gone by caused three altars to be erected in the chapel, each of which is ornamented and supported with human skulls, while four and twenty thousand skulls of human beings form the pavement of the floor! On the grand altar stands a complete skeleton, and the side altars are supported by pictures of the angels of death and judgment. The ceiling and the walls are likewise formed of skulls, interspersed with cross-bones. The present pastor points to many of these relics, and says this is the skull of such and such a one, and calls particular attention to one formerly belonging to the mayor of the village, who was shot in the Seven Years' War. And strange as this taste may seem, the Bone Chapel is not without its fellows in other parts of Europe. We once spent several hours in a chapel on the Lake of Como, which was constructed in the interior entirely of human bones. The skulls were so arranged in the walls that the hollow eye-sockets gave us such a ghastly stare on entering, that we almost felt re-proved for thus gazing at this violation of the sanctity of the dry bones of the departed.

Even in Rome there is a subterranean Bone Chapel, which is mostly visited in Passion-Week. It is then trimmed with black, and dimly lit with a few tapers. On the walls are groups of bones arranged according to architectural rules; and in the center rises an altar, supporting the picture of the death, and shaded with cypresses; while the whole is inclosed with arabesks made out of bones, in the shape of hearts, stars, and triangles. Even the vessel of holy water is a human skull. To increase the terrors of death, a corpse is sometimes placed near the altar, and at its feet is placed a skull as a box in which to throw alms for the poor. To strengthen the effect by contrast, flowers and fresh leaves are strown around. This festival of death, as it is termed, lasts for a week, during which time, day and night, the monks chant their vigils for the souls of the deceased. This much for the Bone Chapel of Tschernbenai.

Near one of the summits of the Reisingebirge is

THE MEADOW CABIN.

a mountain inn for the accommodation of those who ascend to the Snow Peak, as the summit is called for its partiality to a mantle of snow. The Meadow Cabin is more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the highest human habitation of the Giant Mountains. It is firmly built, to withstand the storms of winter; and at its side flows the rivulet that is soon to dash over precipice after precipice under the name of the Elbe, one of the most picturesquely beautiful rivers of Germany. By the time the traveler reaches the Meadow Cabin he is cold and weary, and the immense stove made of stone, that fills up half

the available space of the interior, is a welcome that is appreciated by frosty limbs. The company gathered round this cherished article of comfort is a motley group of Bohemians, Gipsy girls with tambourines, travelers from all quarters, and the usual complement of guides and servants. All sorts of things intended to be garments are hanging round the stove in the act of drying, and pipes of every shape are pouring forth huge volumes of smoke of every flavor. In a few minutes a table is placed near the stove, and the travelers last arrived are invited to a meal of bread, butter, cheese, omelet, and wine, the Gipsy girls strike up a tune, and the fatigue of the ascent is soon forgotten in the contrast between the good cheer and hearty welcome in the inside of the Meadow Cabin, and the cold and dreary wind that whistles around the peaks that gaze down on it. But the pleasures of the Meadow Cabin can not be long enjoyed; for it is only a station in

THE ASCENT TO THE SNOW PEAK.

The traveler is hurried on by the guides, who, in their eagerness to reach the summit, refuse to turn aside to visit "Rübezahl's Garden" or the "Devil's Meadow," notwithstanding the strange legends told about these wonderful spots. The rain beats down, and the wind drives about the loose snow, but it may be all right on the peak, and the next morning may afford a perfect sunrise, and, therefore, there is no turning back. The path leads over marshy turf, barren, loose stones, or the sides of cliffs; again it ascends, step by step, over rocks of gray granite. The storm still blows, and the mist gathers dense as clouds; now and then a glance may be had of the chapel on the summit, which is a safe place of retreat; and at last it is reached, amidst wailings at the hardships and rejoicings at the victory gained of standing on the top of the Snow Peak.

The chapel is a stone cabin, made strong enough to resist all the attacks of the elements, and large enough to accommodate all those who generally desire to pass the night on the summit for the chance, often doubtful, of witnessing the sun rise on the following morning. The host is generally provided with warm broth or soup, sausage, ham, etc., for the natural man; and thick mantles and heavy blankets help to make the long tables and benches pretty comfortable sleeping-places after so toilsome an ascent. Religious worship is on certain festival days performed at the chapel, whence its name and architectural form; and many of the peasants believe that since the priests have taken possession of the Snow Peak, that Rübezahl has left, in disgust at this invasion of his dominions.

Half an hour before sunrise all is noise and bustle in the chapel, during the preparations to catch the first rays of the sun that may chance to shoot over these elevated regions, and lose themselves in a sea of mist. A cry is suddenly raised, "The sun! the sun!" But it is a false alarm; Phœbus is merely playing pranks, and threw a stray ray into the mist far above even the Snow

Peak. For a few minutes all is uncertainty; for the denseness of the mist is so deceptive that even the guides can not tell whether the sun will pierce or not, till time has shown good or bad fortune. In a moment a yellow, fiery band appears in the east, and in an instant it shoots over the ocean of mist and plays on its surface, affording a spectacle peculiarly grand, and only to be viewed from great elevations at the moment of sunrise. But in another moment it is gone, and all is dreary and threatening again. Even this is a sight well worth seeing; but the matchless spectacle is presented only on a perfectly clear morning, when the immense and imposing panorama of nature, for forty or fifty miles around, is in one instant bathed with a sea of fire. It is not often, however, that these great elevations are sufficiently free of mist to afford this spectacle, and hundreds ascend and descend disappointed. The celebrated Righi of Switzerland is ascended for this purpose, and we have seen several hundred on its summit doomed to look and hope in vain.

Another spot among the Reisingebirge well worthy of a visit from the stranger is

THE CASTLE OF FISCHBACH.

This is a castle of the olden times, renovated for a modern prince, who is not insensible to the beauties of nature and the charms of a retired and reflecting life. It is situated in one of the most romantic regions of the Giant Mountains, and speaks well for the taste of the Knights Templar, who founded it in the twelfth century as a safe and agreeable retreat. Its style is antiquated in the extreme, being fairly covered with turrets; and even its garden shows the taste of the middle ages. Prince William, of Prussia, a patron of the arts and lover of the beautiful, has beautified it at no inconsiderable expense. What gives an air of greater romance to the castle, and brings it many more visitors, is the remarkable legend of the Golden Ass, which is said, and by many still believed, to roam in the forests of the neighboring mountains. The village of Fischbach, lying at the base of elevated rock which bears the castle, now numbers about fourteen hundred inhabitants and two churches. The villagers believe that when the Golden Ass is found Fischbach will become a large city, and the lucky finder will be made the mayor of said city. It is scarcely credible, but parties are still said to start out on expeditions after the Golden Ass, though no doubt more for the sake of keeping up an old custom of the village than in the hopes of success.

We will take leave of the romantic region of the Reisingebirge with

THE WATERFALL OF ADERSBACH.

The rocks of Adersbach present a labyrinth of the most remarkably grotesque masses of sandstone. The sugar loaf is a column of stone about fifty feet in height, very narrow and thin, with the small end downward; that is, an inverted sugar loaf in form, which seems prepared to fall over at the

slightest concussion. Passing this, which stands as a guard at the entrance, there suddenly appears a mass of rocky formations which look like a deserted village. Here are the roofs of houses fallen in, there the holes that seem as if they had once contained windows, and on either side extend small streets or alleys. The traveler is struck with a feeling of desolation and barrenness; and a little stretch of the fancy transports him into a newly discovered Pompeii, but above the ground. The guide opens a door which leads into another group, so fantastically shaped by the long action of currents of water, that it seems as if dame Nature, in a comical mood, had been trying her hand at an unknown architecture. A small path leads through a cold, damp chasm, in whose depths murmurs a small water-course. On both sides of this passage are indescribably various formations, which have put the imaginations of the mountaineers to a task for names; but they have surmounted the difficulty, as we will demonstrate.

On one side the guide shows the echo-stone, a Capuchin monk, a glove for the left hand, the counselor in a wig, an urn, and a nun. A motley group, it is true, but not yet exhausted. We have still a galloway, a hollow tooth, a lion's head, a pulpit, a whale, a mushroom, and—etc.; for this is certainly enough. Having left this passage, a dark grotto is entered, where the splashing of the water can be heard. The explorer enters, and takes his seat as directed by the guide. Suddenly a gate that dammed up the water above is opened, and a mass of water descends like a white foam, separating into millions of pearls and diamonds in the basin below. Again the floodgate is raised, and a still greater quantity falls with a rushing and roaring among the grottoes. Crystals form and dissolve, stars and flowers appear and disappear, twinkling and sparkling like precious stones, till the whole seems like one great kaleidoscope. The water ceases to fall, the surface of the pool is covered with a light foam, and the traveler leaves the grotto and waterfall of Adersbach.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

BURNS was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation. The Greenock merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and generously presented the sailor with a shilling! The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor; "for," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY FLENNER.

CHAPTER VIII.

Early settlers on the Kanawha—Interrogation of travelers—"Old Billy Morris"—His character, mien, dress—Elected to the Virginia Legislature—Two anecdotes of him—Anecdotes of Volney—Want of persons authorized to solemnize marriage—Two magistrates appointed by court for that purpose—Squire W. of Charleston, one of them—A wedding by morning twilight—Squire W.'s form of marrying—Abbreviates it—Amusing scenes at a wedding—Account of a singular wedding—The finale of it.

As proposed in our last chapter, we shall give, in this, some anecdotes of life on the Kanawha, in the olden time.

Up to near the close of the last century, there had been but little emigration to that region, and the sparse settlements which had been formed were "few and far between." The lands along that river and its larger tributaries had already been mostly entered, in large tracts, under military land-warrants, issued to Revolutionary officers of the Virginia line. But few of the large proprietors resided on these lands; and having no agencies for the sale of them, the early settlers were mostly "squatters." These were then frontier settlements; and the country lying west of them was yet owned and occupied by the red men of the forest. But few travelers, therefore, visited or passed through these settlements, in reaching which the Alleghany range of mountains had to be passed, and an unbroken wilderness traversed. The weary traveler was sure to be hailed at almost every cabin which he passed with sundry interrogatories, as to where he was from, his destination, business, etc. And if, by his garb or appearance, he seemed to be a man of wealth, he was usually taken to be a landholder or speculator, and underwent such additional catechising as seemed most likely to elicit from him the secret, apprehending that the stranger might be the owner or purchaser of the lands on which they had "squatted."

Among the earliest and most substantial settlers on the Kanawha, were several families of the name of Morris. The most prominent of these was "old Billy Morris"—as he was familiarly called—who resided on the river, about twenty miles above Charleston, where he owned a large and valuable plantation. Reared from his boyhood on the frontier, he had no opportunity of acquiring any education, which he much deplored. He was, however, a clear-headed and strong-minded man, and possessed great influence in the settlement, and was much esteemed. His manners and habits were those of a hardy, independent backwoodsman, unacquainted with, and untrammelled by, the artificial varnish or usages of polished life. His dress was in keeping with his mode of life, the hunting-shirt and moccasins being always a part of his costume. On the organization of Kanawha county, Mr. Morris was chosen, by his fellow-citizens, one of their

first representatives in the Virginia Legislature. On reaching Richmond, the seat of government, he laid aside his hunting-shirt and moccasins for a fashionable suit of broadcloth and fair-top boots—the first time he had ever been thus arrayed. It is said, that in the evening, when a servant laid down before him a boot-jack and pair of slippers, Mr. Morris not comprehending at once the design of such movement, a parley something like the following took place:

"What do you want, boy?"

"Your boots, massa, to black 'em."

"But what is that *thare* thing for?" pointing to the boot-jack.

"To draw your boots wid, massa."

Taking the jack in his hands, Mr. Morris placed the fork on the heel of one of his boots, and vainly essayed to push it off his foot; while Pompey, looking on a few moments, enjoying the perplexity of the backwoods legislator, and grinning a smile that showed his double row of ivory, stepped forward to his relief.

"Dis way, massa," said he, gently taking the jack out of Mr. Morris's hands and placing it on the floor before him—"stand on it wid one foot, massa, and put t'oder heel in here, while I hold on by de toe, and den pull your foot out."

One day, while the house was in session, Mr. Morris received, at his seat, a note containing a polite invitation from the Governor, to dine with him. He opened the note, and looked over it as if reading its contents, although he could neither read nor write; then dashing it down on the floor, and stamping on it, exclaimed in a tone somewhat excited, and loud enough to be heard by the members in the quarter of the house where he sat, "I'll support no such law!" A member who sat near him picked up the note and read it; and surprised at the reception it had received from the gentleman from Kanawha, said to him, "Why, Mr. Morris, you are mistaken! This is an invitation from the Governor to dine with him to-morrow." "Is it!" exclaimed Mr. Morris, feeling in his pockets as if searching for his spectacles—"is it, indeed! I thought it was a note from Mr. — to get me to vote for his bill, now before the house, which he knew very well I wouldn't do; and as I had left my spectacles at my room, I could not read it."

Mr. Morris took good care that his sons should never labor under the embarrassments he had for want of learning; for he gave them the best classical education, and furnished them with ample means of storing their minds with all useful knowledge. One of them we well knew—a man of fine personal figure, a ripe scholar, and of high intellectual endowments. But, alas! his brilliant sun was early obscured by the intoxicating draught.

In the summer of 1796 C. F. Volney, the celebrated French infidel philosopher and traveler, was on his tour of the American continent, collecting materials for *Theory of the Winds*, in his "View of the United States." In his journey westward, he took

the unfrequented route down the Kanawha Valley, riding one horse and leading another, carrying his baggage, philosophical instruments, and camp equipage. It was told of him, that when in Greenbrier county—adjoining Kanawha—on starting one morning, his pack-horse refused to go. After several vain efforts to get the horse to obey the halter, Mr. Volney dismounted, and took from his provision-wallet a half of a corn "pone"—or loaf of corn bread—and tied it to the crupper of the saddle on which he rode. Then leading the pack-horse up to it, till he got the smell and taste of the pone, he moved off very willingly after the horse which carried it.

On passing the door of a cabin, three miles above Charleston, the proprietor came out and hailed him:

"Halloo, stranger!"

"Halloo!" responded Mr. Volney, as he reined up.

"Where are you from?"

"From France."

"France?—some little town, I suppose, in Old Fegenny?"

"No; it is a country in Europe."

"Well, well, no matter. What might your name be, stranger?"

"Volney."

"Where are you bound for, Mister?"

"Away down here, to the west."

"What business might you be after, stranger?"

"Well, I am on an exploring tour."

"O yes! I understand you now; you're going to buy lands, eh?"

"No, my friend," said Mr. Volney, pursuing his journey, "I am going down toward the sunsetting, just to find out *where the winds come from.*"

Mr. Volney pursued his journey leisurely down the Kanawha, and across the then North-Western territory, visiting various points, making astronomical and meteorological observations, and examining the geological structure of the country over which he passed, with observations upon its climate, inhabitants, etc. The result of his travels may be seen in his "View of the Climate and Soil of the United States," etc.

Much difficulty was experienced in procuring the services of persons authorized to solemnize matrimony. By the laws of Virginia no justice of the peace, unless specially appointed by the County Court for that purpose, had that authority, nor had any minister of the Gospel, although regularly ordained, unless he was a settled resident of the county, and appointed for that purpose by the Court. All itinerant ministers were, therefore, of course, excluded. In 1804 there was not, we think, one person in Kanawha county who had authority to solemnize matrimony. The Court, therefore, in that year, appointed for this purpose two magistrates of the county—one in the lower part thereof, and the other in Charleston. The latter—who was the father of young W.—being centrally located, had many more calls for the exercise of his office than his colleague; but being unable, from lameness,

to ride much without great suffering, he required all candidates for the connubial state to come to his dwelling. This they did, sometimes from a distance of twenty, or even thirty miles, either on horseback or in canoes on the river.

We well remember our surprise, on opening the front door of the 'Squire's house, at early dawn, one beautiful summer morning, to find, quietly seated on the benches in the porch, Mr. Leonard Morris, jr.—a cousin, we believe, of Bishop Morris—and his betrothed fair one, accompanied by some fifteen or twenty of their young friends, waiting till the 'Squire should be up, to tie the nuptial knot. The party had descended the river in canoes, in the night, from the residence of the young lady whom Mr. Morris was about to espouse—a distance of twelve or fifteen miles; and arriving before day, they had noiselessly and silently seated themselves in the porch, that the slumbers of the family might not be disturbed by them. The nuptial ceremony ended, the happy pair and their companions returned to their canoes, and were rapidly rowed back, ten miles, to the home of Mr. Morris, where a sumptuous breakfast had been prepared for them.

On the arrival of a wedding party at the 'Squire's, all the town usually ran together to witness the ceremony. Amusing incidents sometimes occurred on these occasions, one or two of which we will presently give, as examples. The 'Squire adopted for his form of marriage ceremony, that given in the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for some time put the young couple through the entire form prescribed in that ritual, without any abridgment, requiring them to repeat after him, clause by clause, in an audible and distinct voice, "I, ———, take thee, ———, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward," etc. This was sometimes too severe a trial of their fortitude, in the presence of a promiscuous company of unbidden spectators, some of whom were ill-mannered and cruel enough to indulge in a titter at the embarrassment and faltering enunciation of the young pair who "had the floor." The 'Squire, after a while, at the suggestion of one of the Methodist circuit preachers, who was present at one of these weddings, left out that portion of the form which the parties were required to recite, and somewhat abbreviated the remainder, not cutting it down, however, to the mere skeleton commonly used by some Methodist ministers, in this "progressive" age.

On the arrival of a wedding party at the 'Squire's, one warm summer day, the betrothed couple, with an attendant each, were shown into a private room, to adjust their costume before appearing on the floor. Meantime, as usual on these occasions, the large front room where the ceremony was always performed, was pretty well filled by a promiscuous gathering of townfolk, eager to see "the wedding." Every thing being arranged, and the 'Squire in his place, at a table near a back window, with the Rev. Abraham Amos, the preacher then on the circuit,

by his side, the young swain and his affianced emerged from their room, and, with some perturbation, presented themselves before the grave official to plight their faith to each other. The young gentleman, in a fit of abstraction, we suppose, had strangely forgotten to remove the beaver from his head, and was unconscious of his ludicrous breach of propriety; nor was it discovered by the downcast eyes of his blushing fair one. The 'Squire, who was intently peering through his large spectacles upon the book containing the ritual, saw naught else; and thus the ceremony commenced. The young lady's sister, who stood a little in the rear, blushed deeply with shame on his behalf, as well as her sister's; and glancing around among their friends, and seeing no one move to uncover the young gentleman, she plucked up courage to do it herself, and stepping up behind him, on tiptoe, with a sudden jerk—which well nigh threw him off his balance, and filled him with confusion at the discovery of his blunder—she removed the hat from his head, and ran with it into the adjoining room, slamming the door to after her. The spectators, whose risibility was hitherto with difficulty smothered down, found this too much to witness in solemn silence, and a general and audible titter burst forth. The 'Squire, who, with his eyes fixed upon the book, had seen nothing of what had occurred, raised his spectacles, and looked around to discover what could have caused such a breach of decorum. The reverend parson by his side, suppressing, with his handkerchief upon his mouth, the vocal titter in which he had himself indulged, called out "*Order! silence!*" This having been obtained, the ceremony proceeded. On reaching that part where the official was about to pronounce the parties "*man and wife,*" he directed them to join their right hands together. The young gentleman, as custom then required, had to draw the glove off that hand. This he essayed to do; but having, by the excessive heat of the day, and the embarrassing occurrence just mentioned, perspired very freely, his tight buckskin glove, now thoroughly moistened, defied all his efforts to draw it. After laboring some time at it ineffectually, he gladly held out his hand to a spectator who stood near, and had kindly offered to assist him. Placing his hat between his knees, the gentleman seized his hand, and by patient tugging finally got the glove off. This additional incident caused a renewal of the suppressed mirth, which broke out into a general and hearty laugh when the ceremony closed, and from which the newly married couple took refuge in a hasty retreat to the private room.

The 'Squire was called upon, on another occasion, to marry a young gentleman and lady, at the residence of her father, some three miles distant. The parties belonged to two of the most substantial and respectable families in the county. The young man, Mr. B., a farmer, owned a valuable plantation, was estimable in character, industrious, greatly esteemed by all who knew him, and of fine per-

sonal appearance. The young lady, Miss S., was likewise well off in the world, amiable, accomplished, and admired by all. On the day appointed the young gentleman called for the 'Squire, and took him to the residence of the young lady's father. Every arrangement was complete. The invited company were assembled and in waiting in the large parlor. The young gentleman and his fair one, with their attendants, occupied a back room adjoining and opening into the parlor. The 'Squire was seated, book in hand, at a table near a side window, flanked by the parents and family of the young lady. The hour fixed upon for the nuptials was drawing nigh, and a few minutes more would have found the parties upon the floor, arrayed in their beautiful nuptial robes:

*"Here the mild luster of the rising morn;
And his the radiance of the risen day."*

At this critical moment two gentlemen, on horseback, are seen riding rapidly up the lane. On reaching the gate in front of the mansion, they quickly alighted and hitched their horses, and, passing hastily across the green yard, they entered the hall, where depositing their hats, whips, etc., they walked unceremoniously into the parlor where the invited guests were seated. One of them was a Baptist clergyman, from a distant part of the county, who, upon entering the parlor, took his stand in front of the table at which the 'Squire was seated—no one inviting him to a seat. The gentleman who accompanied him was a Mr. W., a young man of good personal figure and cultivated manners. Without stopping, he passed directly through the parlor into the room occupied by the young gentleman and lady about to be married, and who were seated together, with their attendants, awaiting the moment when they should be called to stand before the 'Squire. Without speaking a word, or noticing any person, Mr. W. advanced directly to Miss S., and, bowing gracefully to her, offered his hand, which she took, rising from her seat at the same time; and together they at once walked out into the middle of the parlor! The Baptist clergyman, at the same moment, advanced a few steps toward them, and, in a clear voice and a tone of solemnity, said:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the presence of these witnesses, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony. . . . Therefore, if any can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else forever hereafter hold his peace."

The whole company were astounded at this proceeding. Amusement was depicted on every countenance. The parents of Miss S. were horrified, and their lips sealed in utter bewilderment. The truth at once flashed upon their minds; and they saw that a gross and well-concealed deception had been practiced upon them by their daughter, and that a well-concocted and skillfully executed scheme by her and Mr. W. had now its denouement. Mr.

B., almost stupefied with amazement at the strange enactments he was witnessing, had unconsciously followed his false fair one and her new lover into the parlor, and his ears tingled with the appalling announcement made by the clergyman. The latter made scarcely a moment's pause for objections to the nuptials, but proceeded with the ceremony. Mr. B., indeed, had, at the momentary pause, hastily pulled his marriage license out of his pocket, opened it—his hand trembling the while—glanced hastily at the minister, as if about to hand him the license and forbid the bans; thence turning his glance, somewhat imploringly, to the Squire, and to the parents of the young lady, and finally upon the fair but cold-hearted deceiver herself, and her accomplice in the cruel plot. And when the minister pronounced them "man and wife together," Mr. B. uttered a very audible and emphatic "Amen! So be it!" and ordering out his horse, he abruptly, but silently, took his departure.

We will now inform the reader—what may have been already, in part, anticipated—that a mutual attachment, resulting in an engagement to each other, had long existed between Mr. W. and Miss S. But her parents were strongly opposed to the match, and forbade Mr. W. the house and their daughter from seeing him. Subsequently she was addressed by Mr. B., who was ignorant of her preattachment and engagement, and whose suit was warmly approved and favored by her parents; and he felt encouraged by the manner in which his addresses were received by the fair one herself, who was unwilling to grieve her parents by rejecting him. Mr. B. pressed his suit, and her consent was urged by the parents, till finally she seemed, tacitly, to acquiesce; and the day was fixed for the nuptials, as before related. In the mean time she had made the arrangement privately with Mr. W., the result of which the reader is already informed of.

It only remains to add, that Mr. B. afterward married an amiable and worthy young lady, by whom he was tenderly loved, and lived happily, and prospered in the world. It was known, both to Miss S. and her parents, that Mr. W., even before his courtship, had contracted a fondness for the intoxicating draught, of which he had occasionally given unmistakable evidence. Yet she preferred a reliance upon his solemn promise of amendment rather than to follow the wise counsels and warning of her parents. Let the fair young reader ponder the sequel! Mrs. W., as we learn, lived an unhappy life, and poor W. descended to—*drunkard's grave!*

GILBERT WAKSWORTH tells us that he wrote his own Memoirs, a large octavo, in six or eight days. It cost him nothing, and, what is very natural, is worth nothing. One might yawn scores of such books into existence; but who could be the wiser or the better?

THE DEAD-SEA EXPEDITION.

BY PROFESSOR LANSBARK.

THOMAS LYNCH'S "Narrative of the United States Expedition to the Jordan and the Dead Sea" has been before the public for some two or more years, yet till lately I have not found convenient opportunity to read it. It is a large book of five hundred pages, extremely inconvenient, from its size, to read. It attempts to give, for popular use, a narrative of the Expedition, made by Lieutenant Lynch and his associates, of the United States Navy, to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. No doubt the Expedition was conducted and the observations made on principles scientifically correct, and the facts recorded in the book are unquestionably reliable. But the narrative is exceedingly dry, dull, and uninteresting. The Lieutenant, in the process of acquiring his education, seems to have inexcusably neglected composition. He seems not to know, or not to appreciate, the beauties of the English language—beauties in words, beauties in construction, and beauties in illustrative and ornamental figures of rhetoric. With, therefore, a finer chance than often falls to the lot of travelers or explorers for collecting material for a work of surpassing beauty and of absorbing interest, he has actually failed to make it readable. Should there be found any man of good literary taste who has read the book throughout, he must have done it merely as a task imposed on him by some peculiar considerations. Thus it often happens that one, with means of making a book, not only of sterling value, but of intense interest, fails for the want of tact or taste in composition. Is it, then, right for so important a part of education as skill in writing to be neglected? Yet in many of the first schools in the land no pains are taken by teachers to implant or pupils to cultivate the graces and the beauties of style. In some of the most famous colleges in America there appears of late an increasing neglect of the style of composition and the manner of delivery. In listening to the graduating addresses of the students on the Commencement days of five colleges, during the last summer, I was painfully impressed with the very general want of grace, finish, and beauty of style, and with the boisterous, harsh, and coarse manner of delivery. In the colleges east I found the style no better than in our youthful institutions of the west. I told them they needed in their institutions a Professor of *Amenities*.

The acquisition of a graceful, easy, and beautiful style of writing is not a matter of small import. Fine writing marks, in any age or country, the grade of civilization attained; and in any individual it is the exponent of the power of his cultivation of mind and of heart. If the scholar would be useful, it becomes his duty to acquire, if possible, skill, ease, and beauty in writing. The love for reading works of taste, of beauty of style, of poetic conception, and of finished execution is

nearly universal in the human race. Many an author is read wholly for his accomplished style. Nor is the world to blame for admiring fine style. Love of the beautiful is a part of our nature. We love beautiful sights and beautiful sounds. To read an author of beautiful style affects us not less pleasantly than to look on a beautiful picture or to listen to beautiful music. If, then, we would reach the heart and affect the understanding of the reader, so as to make on him an impression for good, we must not be inattentive to style.

Of all writers, those on religious subjects should be the last to neglect the graces of composition. Too long has the "gay world" monopolized not only the best poetry and the best music, but the best prose; and the literature of religion has been of a very ordinary quality. It is high time there was a revolution in this matter. We should reclaim for the service of religious literature all the aids of poetry, eloquence, and taste. Religious literature, including biography, hymnology, and even treatises on doctrinal and on practical religion, should assume a popular, tasteful, beautiful, and even elegant dress. Then, and then only, will it be read by those who have indeed the most need of reading it.

We shall never succeed in dislodging from popular affection beautiful literature by abusing its moral tendency. We may declaim long and loud against the poetry and the novels of the age. Our declamation will prove wholly unavailing, unless, while we proscribe the light literature to which we object, we furnish a substitute in the form of religious literature excelling in taste, style, and all the beauties of composition, poetry, rhetoric, and eloquence, for which God has given the human soul an appetite as ineradicable as that for food or drink.

While, therefore, you take from your child, on account of their immoral tendency, Byron and Bulwer, and Shelley and Scott, and Dumas and Dickens, be careful to furnish him a substitute of equal or superior beauty in conception and in style. And if there be no substitute, then have those to whom have been committed the destinies of religious literature proved sadly deficient in duty.

In reading Lynch's narrative of the Expedition, I have been forcibly impressed with the unsatisfactory results of all attempts to identify the places of sacred associations in Syria. Some few, and only a few places, may be identified. The Dead Sea, the Sea of Galilee, and the river Jordan of modern geography are doubtless the same as those bearing the same name in ancient times. The modern city of Jerusalem unquestionably stands on the ruins of the ancient city. The general features of the country, the mountains, the plains, the valleys, and the larger rivers are still there, as in the days of Abraham, of Solomon, and of Jesus. But the outlines only and the profile of the country retain resemblance of the ancient land of Palestine. The filling up of the landscape has wholly

changed. The lights and shades of the picture have commingled and changed places, till probably no Jew of the times of Solomon, or even of John the Baptist, should he, with the full exercise of his memory and all his intelligence, return to earth, could possibly identify any place, however familiar it might once have been to him. Nor is there any thing miraculous in the changes which have come over the physical appearance of the country. Precisely such changes do physical agencies always produce on hills and valleys subjected to the circumstances which are known to exist in Syria. The country is a region of numerous hills and narrow valleys. The hills, like all hills in countries of primitive geological formation, are mostly of rock thrown up by volcanic influence. In ancient times these rocky sides and summits were covered with soil, which supported a heavy growth of vegetation. Gradually the forests disappeared by means of the ax and of raging fires, which often sweep with terrific fury over mountain regions. Whenever the roots of the trees on the summits and the sides of mountains decay, the soil is easily washed away by the rains, till there is nothing left but solid and naked rock. You may see this tendency to denudation on the summits and sides of any mountain range in America. Thus by mere natural causes the hills of Palestine, which were once covered with groves on their summits, and with gardens and pastures on their sides, have been reduced to mere naked, barren rocks. Their appearance, therefore, has wholly changed. The landmarks which distinguished one hill from another have become wholly obliterated.

The destruction of the forests and the denudation of the mountains has, by exposing so much surface of rock to the sun, so increased the evaporation as to dry up the streams, which irrigated and rendered fertile the valleys. Sterility, therefore, in the land of Judea has taken the place of fruitfulness from causes sufficient to produce the same result in any country. Instead, therefore, of being, as once it was, a land flowing with milk and honey, it has become a land burnt, dry, and sterile, exhibiting scarcely more resemblance to its former self than does the grim and ghastly skeleton to the being of beauty and of life which was once associated with it.

And what matters it, though we may not see, in the present decayed and ruined region, even the lineaments of that fair land in which dwelt the patriarchs, and the prophets, and the Savior? What matters it that the manger, in which the Virgin mother laid the infant Jesus to rest, is no longer distinguishable among the thousand others in Bethlehem? What though no man living may designate the field in which the shepherds were watching their flocks, on that auspicious night in which the angels, with heavenly music, gave them a serenade? What though the landmarks of the garden of Gethsemane be wholly obliterated, and even the tragic hill of Calvary be

undistinguishable among the mountains that are "round about Jerusalem?" What though even the place of the holy sepulcher, for whose empty possession the powers of Europe and Asia contended so long and so bravely, can not be certainly identified?

For me it is enough to know, that the Son of God took on himself the nature of man, that he died for the world, and that, rising again in triumph from the grave, and ascending on high, he ever liveth to make intercession for sinners.

I would not much care to travel in Syria. I would not like to have tarnished by contact with the present the conceptual picture of the past, painted, on the ever-enduring tablet of my soul, by the living pencil of divine inspiration. I would not have disappear, in the blazing radiance of a Syrian sun, the shadowy twilight that floats in my eye over the mountains and the vales of Palestine. I would not have broken the spell nor dissolved the charm which youthful fancy threw around the ideal of that fair land. Let there remain, undisturbed by random touches from the coarse and common pencil of modern observation, the pristine picture, drawn by imagination, of Zion's hill, of the vale of Sharon, and of

"Silos's brook,
That flowed fast by the oracle of God."

How vain is the hope of man in attempting to restore the past! The Jew yet lingers about the land of his fathers, expecting a day of restoration will yet come. But not to him nor to it will ever return the glory of the ancient times. His race is one doomed and desperate. His father-land is irretrievably desolate and utterly hopeless. Of it nothing remains but the skeleton. All that gave it beauty and life is gone, forever gone.

In the physical and the moral economy of the universe each organization of matter and each act of mind has its part to perform, and then they each return through dissolution to their original elements. Syria was the cradle of the human race. To the civilized world that country is now of as little use as would be the infant's cradle to the full-grown man. The Jews were once the chosen people of God—chosen and set apart for a specific purpose. That purpose being answered, they are no longer needed in the economy of grace. And vain are all their hopes of future power for themselves, or renown for their primeval country.

No one can read Lynch, or, indeed, any other book of travels in the east, or even in Europe, without being painfully impressed with the degraded and wretched condition of woman in all countries beyond the influence of Anglo-Saxon civilization. In Mohammedan countries females are only valued as marketable commodities, daughters being considered by the father legitimate articles of bargain and sale for wives to any one who can pay the price for them. Daughters inherit no share of the property of their parents. The father dies, leaving property and no son; the widow and orphan daughters are despoiled, and turned homeless on

the world, while the whole estate, which they have contributed to increase, is seized and divided among the male relatives of the deceased. It is generally supposed Mohammedanism allows woman no soul, and, of course, no future life. This, however, is a mistake. She is allowed to have a soul, but little, if any thing else.

The condition of utter seclusion in which woman is kept in the east is a most singular feature in the form of human association. What sense or reason can there be in shutting woman up in a securely barricaded pen, and never allowing her, under any circumstances, to show her face? Lieutenant Lynch tells a story of a father with a second wife, and a son with his wife, living for many years in the same house, without the father's ever having seen the face of his daughter-in-law, or the son that of his step-mother.

To us such a condition of society seems absolutely absurd. Yet there are among Anglo-Saxons some notions and practices, relative to the education and the legal rights of woman, scarcely less absurd. We may on this matter adopt the language of Burns:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notions."

INTERRUPTIONS OF AUTHORS.

Those unhappy beings who wander from house to house, privileged by the charter of society to obstruct the knowledge they can not impart, to tire because they are tired, or to seek amusement at the cost of others, belong to that class of society which have affixed no other value to time than that of getting rid of it: these are judges not the best qualified to comprehend the nature and evil of their depredations in the silent apartment of the studious. "We are afraid," said some of those visitors to Baxter, "that we break in upon your time." "To be sure you do," replied the disturbed and blunt scholar.

The amiable Melancthon, incapable of a harsh expression, when he received these idle visits, only noted down the time he had expended, that he might reanimate his industry, and not lose a day. The literary character has been driven to the most inventive shifts to escape the irruption of a formidable party at a single rush, who enter without "besieging or beseeching," as Milton has it.

The late elegant, poetical Mr. Ellis, on one of these occasions, at his country-house, showed a literary friend, that, when driven to the last, he usually made his escape by a leap out of the window.

Brand Hollis endeavored to hold out the idea of singularity as a shield; and the great Robert Boyle was compelled to advertise in a newspaper that he must decline visits on certain days, that he might have leisure to finish some of his works.

THE FATAL VISIT.

BY REV. L. B. GURLEY.

"This is a fine morning, Henry; can you attend Church with me to-day? or are you engaged?" said Lucina L. to her husband, as she aided a younger sister, who resided with her, in removing the furniture and cloth from the breakfast-table.

It was a fine Sabbath morning, and at that season of the year when the bright and glowing summer is blending its radiance with the first tints of rich and golden autumn. The midnight breeze which had stirred the surface of Lake Erie had died away with the first blush of rosy morn, and a rich yellow sun threw its bright rays in a flood of glory over the tranquil waters. A quiet hush reigned throughout the village of H., and the silver tones of the Sunday school bell spoke of smiling faces and happy hearts. It was a day of promise to the Christian—a type of the "Sabbath of the soul." But it was just such a morning as might tempt an erring heart to forsake the sanctuary of God. The air was bland and soft, and the forest-trees which skirted the rising village were robed in gorgeous grandeur, and all nature seemed clothed in summer's rich and ripening beauty.

Lucina L., whom we have thus introduced, was a young and blooming wife. She had sustained this relation a few months only. Her husband was a physician, some twenty-five years of age. Lucina's love for him was unbounded; and in most respects he was well worthy of her confidence and affection.

For several weeks she had attended divine service without her husband; and on this delightful morning she was anxious to have him accompany her to the sanctuary. There may have been as much of self as of piety in this desire; but if it were even so, who could blame her? The young bride, accustomed to the most assiduous attentions from her *lover*, can not see, without deep concern, so great a change wrought in the conduct of her best beloved, that he can permit her to find her way to the sanctuary alone from Sabbath to Sabbath. He may plead study, business, or weariness, but her eagle eye will penetrate the flimsy veil. She may conceal her emotions in his presence, but burning tears will wet her cheek, and the iron will enter her soul. Lucina was proud of her husband; nor is it unlikely that this delicate sentiment was wounded. Might not observing eyes be turned upon her, and prying curiosity inquire, Why is it thus? and busy tongues whisper naughty things? When, therefore, she proposed the question to her husband it was not without some solicitude. The inquiry was made in a sweet, conciliatory tone, and she lifted her large blue eyes to the doctor's face, and paused for a reply.

"I am sorry, my dear, that I can not oblige you to-day," replied Dr. L.; "it is a charming morning, indeed, and I had thought of a little excursion in

the country. A couple of miles' sail up the river on such a fine day as this would be pleasant for us both. We will visit the old farm of Judge W., get a specimen of fruit from the first orchard planted in the country, and return in time for tea. I hope, dear, you will go with me. It is seldom, you know, that I ask you to go out on the Sabbath. But," continued he, "do as you please, Lucina; if you don't wish to go say so, and I—I—" here he paused. Lucina remained silent for a moment, with her eyes fixed on the floor. At length, without lifting them, she replied, in a calm and somewhat hesitating tone,

"Well, Henry, I would much prefer going to Church, as I have ever been accustomed to do on the Sabbath; but if you think I ought to accompany you, I will do so; but I hope we will return in time for the afternoon service."

A slight shadow, as from some disturbing thought, passed away like a cloud from the brow of the Doctor, and his face lighted up with an expression of the finest good-humor, as he exclaimed,

"Good, my love; I must attend Church half a dozen Sabbaths in succession to pay you for your kindness."

Lucina, as if encouraged, looked up with a pleasant smile. Had the last remark of her husband excited a hope the sacrifice she was making of a good conscience might result in his good? Did no voice from within whisper, "*Shall we do evil, that good may come?*"

Such, in substance, was the conversation which passed between Dr. L. and his young wife. Could his guardian angel have whispered in his ear at that moment, he might have said, "Alas, young man, how little do you dream that your footstep shall no more be heard on the threshold of God's house! The voice of your Lucina has invited you to the sanctuary for the last time."

Dr. L. was the son of respectable but not wealthy parents, who resided in one of the eastern states. His religious training had been such as to leave his mind without any definite views on theology or piety. He was no Atheist; yet the name of the Supreme Being awoke in his mind no sentiment of veneration or reverence. He never disputed the immortality of his soul; yet he seemed in no degree concerned for its future welfare. He was pleased that his wife was a Christian; for, as is usual with men, he had somehow associated a higher degree of moral purity and holy affection with the heart of a pious female, than can be found in others. In short, it may be said, that if he had no special taste for religion, he had no prejudice against it. He was just such a man as an intelligent and devoted wife might hope, by the firmness, and meekness, and ardor of true religion, to win to the cross of Christ.

He had hurried through his academic studies, and, after a short but close course of reading with an experienced physician, emigrated to Ohio, and commenced practice on the Western Reserve. The

country was still comparatively new, intelligent physicians scarce; and the close of his first year's practice found him pretty well established in business.

In the convivial circles of the winter evenings among the rural population, Dr. L. became acquainted with Lucina, to whom he was subsequently united. She was the daughter of an old pioneer of the country—a truly pious and respectable man. Lucy was a mere child when her father came to the country. I remember well how she looked in childhood—a real forest-nymph.

The literary advantages of the frontier settlements were extremely limited; but, through the praiseworthy exertions of an elder sister, Lucina, at the age of sixteen, had acquired an education fully equal to that usually obtained by young ladies of her age, at even good boarding schools.

It is a melancholy task to speak of beauty whose light is extinguished—to describe charms which, like withered roses, are blighted forever. Still, I must say, that, as Lucina rose to womanhood, she was a charming girl. Even now I seem to see her before me as in girlhood days. She was gentle in manners and faultless in person. In stature neither tall nor diminutive, she was just of that height which displays to the best advantage grace and dignity. Her long, fair hair fell in rich clusters on her shoulders, shading a neck of snowy whiteness. Her fine, large blue eyes were expressive of intelligence and purity, and were surmounted by a forehead of classic form and ivory polish. And if there was a lack of etiquette and studied politeness, such as is acquired in refined and fashionable society, its place was well supplied with a goodness of heart, and an engaging frankness of manner, which won the confidence and esteem of all who knew her. And when seventeen summers had passed over her, she stood in the midst of the circle of her fair associates, the most beautiful, the most envied, and the most admired of them all. Moreover, she was sincerely pious; and this, as a crowning accomplishment, threw a luster and finish on her charms, and an ambrosial sweetness round her person and deportment, without which even the most splendid beauty is like a rose without its fragrance.

Lucina received the attentions of Dr. L. with respect and deference; and they were married in the ensuing spring, and a few weeks after commenced housekeeping in a new but promising village on the banks of Lake Erie. New as was the place, a house of worship had already been erected, and New England enterprise and piety united sustained a Gospel ministry.

For some time Dr. L. attended divine service regularly with his wife; but as the summer advanced, he was less punctual, till at length he was seldom there. Sometimes, however, he had been called out of Church, and charity would naturally suggest, that perhaps his absence from the sanctuary was owing to professional duties; and so it sometimes

was, but not always. This fact his wife knew, and therefore felt afflicted.

Lucina was well aware that Dr. L. was not a professor of religion; but she thought him moral, and hoped to see him become religious. Her piety, though sincere, was, in one respect, defective—it lacked firmness. Ordinary temptation she resisted; but when the voice of affection called her from the path of duty, she knew not how to repel the solicitation. This weakness, it is to be feared, has proved the ruin of many a promising Christian wife. United to a worldly minded husband, in the first hours and days of her wedded love she places him above her Savior; so that when her duty to God and his Church comes in competition with the wishes of her chosen companion, she yields to the latter, grieves the Holy Spirit, and by degrees loses all communion with the Redeemer. She may still make a profession, but it will be powerless on her husband: the salt has lost its savor; and, so far as the salvation of her beloved depends on her example, he is a lost man. When Lucina was invited to leave the sanctuary for a pleasure visit on the holy Sabbath, she should have frankly answered that she could not do it with a good conscience, and begged to be excused. This would have been the path of duty. But as it was, she yielded to her husband's solicitation to sin; and fearfully awful was the result.

Just as the village bell rang for the morning service, Lucina threw a light shawl over her shoulders, and taking the arm of her husband, walked a few rods, to the bank of a river, which was the eastern boundary of the village, and which there mingled its waters with the Lake. Placing his partner in one end of a light canoe, the Doctor seated himself at the other, and pushed out into the stream. The use of the paddle was but amusement to Dr. L.; and propelled by his vigorous arm, they were soon gliding rapidly up the still waters, beneath the shadows of the tangled vines and bending trees which overhung the stream. An hour or less brought them to the place of landing. Fastening the canoe to the roots of an aged sycamore, they walked up the hill, and a few hundred yards brought them to the old mansion of Judge W.

In the afternoon they returned to the canoe; but that evening they were not at their accustomed home. The next morning a hat and shawl were seen floating slowly down the sluggish stream. They were recognized as belonging to Dr. L. and his wife. The alarm was given, and search made. A few rods below the spot where the canoe had been moored it was found upside down, and drifted against some willows which skirted the stream. Soon the unfortunate pair were found, closely locked in each other's arms. The hands of Lucy were firmly clasped round the neck of her husband, while his arms encircled her waist. It was a melancholy spectacle to behold. How the catastrophe occurred none could tell. It was supposed that, as she stepped into the canoe, she lost her

balance, overturning the frail boat. The water was deep, and the Doctor, in his efforts to rescue her, was drawn under; and so both, in an unexpected moment, perished, and their spirits passed together into "the hands of the living God."

It was a sad sight the next day, as two coffins were borne in solemn silence to the church, and placed in front of the pulpit, awaiting the service for the dead. And sad was the circle of weeping friends assembled there to commit to the tomb those whom they had so recently seen at the hymeneal altar, full of hope and promise. Could it be? Ah, yes, it was a sad reality!—their clay-cold forms were before them! Death had placed his signet on their brows; and ere the sun went down the fair, the beautiful, the pious, but erring Lucina, and her beloved husband, were placed, side by side, in one grave.

Fair reader, hast thou a husband, the object of thy trust and love, and he not a Christian? O, then, to him should you be a guardian angel! With a faith that looks trustingly to the strong arm of Omnipotence, expect his salvation. Dream not that by any sinful compliance you can advance either his interest or your own. Amid all the tenderness of unbounded affection, let Christian firmness be exhibited as a bright and glowing gem in the constellation of your graces. If that firmness should sometimes give offense, it will in the end secure respect, and aid you in winning to the Savior one dearest to your heart.

Unfortunate Lucina, had she been as true to her God as she was affectionate to her husband, had she refused to be his company in that fatal visit, the awful catastrophe might have been averted; and thus she have been his guardian angel. As it was, her weakness brought a sudden night on their earthly hopes, and their sun of life went down amid clouds and darkness.

HANDWRITING OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MARTIN LUTHER: The writing was firm and legible, though not very equal nor very straight. **Sir Thomas More:** Lines crooked, and tumbling down hill. **Rubens:** Manly, bold, with a careless ease and clearness, denoting mastery of hand. **Lord Bacon:** Very like an elegant modern shorthand. Clear, neat, and regular. **Voltaire:** Very regular, clear, steady, and straight; evidently not written rapidly, but with a continuous ease which might go on writing book after book in just the same way. **Oliver Cromwell:** Large, bold, steady, sharp, and straight. The signature made up of halberds and pointed palisades. **Danton:** Willful, daring, without method or care. **Pope:** Very bad, small, full of indecision; a very hedgerow of corrections and erasures. **Porson:** Correct and steady; the reverse of his personal appearance and habits. **Shakspeare:** A very bad hand indeed, confused, crowded, crooked in the lines, and scarcely legible. **Napoleon:** Still more illegible. No letters formed at all.

SOLEMNITY OF LIFE.

—
BY FRANK CARST.

WHETHER are cast our destinies
In peaceful ways, or ways of strife,
A solemn thing to us it is,
This mystery of human life.

Solemn, when first, unconscious, dumb,
Within an untried world we stand,
Immortal beings, that have come
Newly from God's creating hand.

And solemn, even as 'tis fleet,
The time, when, learning childish fears,
We cross, with scarcely balanced feet,
The threshold of our mortal years.

'Tis solemn, when, with parting smiles,
We leave its innocence and truth,
To learn how deeper than the child's
Are all the loves and fears of youth.

It is a solemn thing to snap
The cords of human love apart;
More solemn still to feel them wrap
Their wondrous strength about the heart.

'Tis solemn to have ever known
The pleadings of the soul unmoved—
Solemn to feel ourselves alone;
More solemn still to be beloved.

It is a solemn thing to wear
The roses of the bridal wreath—
Solemn the words we utter there,
Of faith unchanging until death.

Solemn is life, when God unlocks
The fountain in the soul most deep—
Solemn the heart-beat when it rocks
A young immortal to its sleep.

'Tis solemn, when the Power above
Darkens our being's living spark—
Solemn to see the friends we love
Going downward from us to the dark.

O, human life, when all thy woes
And all thy trials are struggled through,
What can eternity disclose
More wondrous solemn than we knew!

TO FANCY.

WANT me where the stars appear,
Where the other worlds career;
Let me scan the dazzling scroll
God's hand only can unroll!
Let me hear the saints rejoice,

Giving praise with harp and voice;
Let me tread the welkin round,
Lulled in soft Elysian sound;
Let me rove the fields of light,
Give their glories to my sight!

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY MISS ALICE GARNY.

In one or two of the late numbers of the Repository articles have appeared, relating to the interesting subject on which I now propose to write down some few observations and recollections, illustrating various phases of connubial felicity, and suggesting, perhaps, their causes. I am emboldened to do this, not that

"Long experience has made me sage,"

but that contributors are invited to make the subject their theme.

"But for one little circumstance, what honor I might come to!" said one of the "merry wives of Windsor," in view of the love-making of Sir John Falstaff. And so, but for some little circumstance, as fatally in the way, however, as was the husband of that merry dame in the way of a marriage with Sir John, what happiness thousands joined for better or for worse, might come to! But I do not propose to write an essay, or to generalize on the marital relation, which would be "a sea of glory far beyond my depth;" I do not even design to draw any comparison between the pleasure of

"Maiden meditation, fancy free,"

and the less isolate, musing,

"With one to whisper, sweet is solitude."

No, no, I will keep my conclusions on the "sage and serious doctrine" in mental reservation. In this "paper" I only propose to write "what I saw on a canal-boat." Perhaps my readers may be dissuaded by this diminutive title from any farther reading; but how should they know what might be seen there?—I didn't know till *I traveled*, as a very wise young lady once replied to one of our eminent Cincinnatians. He was speaking of the superiority of the Queen City markets; and she, being a native of New Orleans, contended for the greater excellence of the Crescent, till, losing patience, for that the Cincinnati had the better of the argument, she abruptly checked the conversation by remarking, with the most dignified emphasis, "Mr. Blank, *I have traveled!*"

But this by the way. Let me return to the scene of the particular observations I now intend to note down. In the autumn of 1850 I found myself, an invalid, bound homeward to Ohio, from a summer excursion among the wonders of nature and art east of the mountains, impatient of delay, querulous and uncomfortable as an invalid need be. I remember especially well the incidents of the journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburg; for in my unhealthful state of mind and body, they told upon me with a rasping effect. I must pass over my leave-takings in Boston and New York; they were not many nor heart-rending; for it was never my good fortune to make many friends, even with the opportunity in my favor; but at this time I had tarried at the different points briefly and in seclusion, being for the most part a wanderer in a strange

land; and after a few natural tears I left behind the old State-House, the "cradle of liberty," and the cleanly and quiet courts trodden by the shades of the Adamases, the Oatises, and the Hancocks, the Sound with its blue, ruffled waters and highly cultivated borders, and sat watching, from the deck of one of the splendid packets which ply between New York and Philadelphia, the lessening of the spire of Trinity against the sky till it quite faded out, and the separate and towering piles which decorate the metropolis of the east were lost in the black and dense mass and under the obscuring atmosphere, till finally "the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call" New York was divided from me by the green hills of New Jersey; and the ripe orchard slopes and clear, sparkling waters that lay before me like christs of healing, made me calm, and I said, in view of the farewells spoken and the kind ones left,

"Well, if we meet again, why, we shall smile."

In Philadelphia our little party halted only for a day. It was the Sabbath; and not being privileged to attend Church, and meeting the light of no friendly hearth, and having been unfortunate in the selection of a hotel, my recollections are associated with stewed frogs and rancid bacon. I know this is unjust; but, notwithstanding the many good reports of the "City of Brotherly Love," I find it hard to divest myself of prejudice. Then I have another charge against the city. It was owing to the counsel of some scape-grace we met here, that we took a *new and most eligible* route thence to Pittsburg.

Having been got over the mountains by a mysterious process of ropes and pulleys, which would baffle my poor powers of description, and in cars rendered obnoxious, I might say noxious, by the determination of the majority to keep the windows fast shut, in a short time the atmosphere became "impierceable by power of any star," for a drizzling rain was falling, and half the *gentlemen* persisted in standing on the platform till sufficiently drenched to emit a cloud of steam on their return to their seats. In our immediate vicinity we had two poor shivering wretches, blue as the rocky walls that hemmed in the rail track, and shaking worse than did Cæsar when he came from the drowning waters, "crying, like a sick girl," for help. Once, almost stifling, I did with daring hardness put down the window; for at one of the stations where whisky and gingercake are procurable, two mountain maids had come aboard, one bearing in her arms a dirty lapdog, on which she wasted a world of fondness, and the other a basket redolent of bread, butter, and onions. Under this new infiction I did put down the window, and for a moment, braving the frowns of the ladies and the popular dislike, snuffed the fresh air; but when one of these ague victims, "like a lean goose, upturned his slanting eye," my heart misgave me, and I drew it up again; and closing my eyes against the awful realities of the time and place, I folded my arms,

and thought of the torturing wheels and the martyr fires of old. I believe that it was the most heroic act I ever did.

At one of the small fish and molasses towns in eastern Pennsylvania, we left the cars, elated with the prospect of bettering our condition, and took passage on the new and fast-running packet, "Neptune," bound for Pittsburg. What a rushing and tumbling there was of the multitudinous and multifarious herd! for others were as weary of the mountain passes as we, and in as great haste to register names and secure seats at the supper-table, and berths for the night, as we; so that we were no sooner fairly aboard, than we discovered, that, though we were not precisely in the Black Hole of Calcutta, we were in most uncomfortable plight.

But there are few situations which admit of no alleviation. Through the prison-gate of the old astronomer came the loving and tender beams of the stars; the dull walls of the dengeon of Tasso were radiant with visionary smiles; and out of the ruins of a broken heart poets have built their most glorious rhymes; and, to make a terrible descent, in the crowded and ill-ventilated cabin of a Pennsylvania canal-boat, a homesick and impatient invalid once found solace for her sufferings. Night was closing in, and it may be that now and then a dimpled wave had caught a star in its embrace—I am not sure as to the precise time, only that twilight gray had in her sober livery all things clad, when the three sober and jaded horses, not exactly "like steeds that knew their riders," drew out the great coil of rope to a straight line, and our "Neptune," with all her glory on, "walked the waters like a thing of life."

We were no sooner under way than preparations began for supper; and all having had a wearisome day's journey, with no regular meal, great eagerness for the completion of arrangements was felt; and when the two head men sat down, the two great dishes at either end of the table—beefsteak and sausages—"just at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings," even common civility was quite lost sight of; and the rattling of the two-tined forks and broad-bladed knives was any thing but agreeable music to the many, who, like Macbeth at the banquet, had been pushed from their stools.

Among the most unscrupulous in securing seats at the table, and the most noisy and exacting in their demands upon the servants, was a party of six—two gentlemen and their wives, an Irish maid, and child of about two years; and I still think, as I thought then, it was the most depraved specimen of humanity it was ever my misfortune to meet. We afterward learned that they belonged to the F. F. V.'s.

The Irish maid I have mentioned as having charge of the child, which she habitually called "love" and "darling," and which belonged to the elder of the married pairs, was a garrulous sort of person, and during our tedious voyage communicated to us the interesting particulars, illustra-

tive of the little scenes I am about to relate. Our own "maid" and children—for we had children belonging to our party—afforded felicitous media for these confidences.

The parents of the "darling," whom I shall call Mr. and Mrs. Troubled, were residents of one of the old Virginia towns on the Ohio shore, and had been united in the bonds of matrimony for some three or four years—long enough for the bringing out of the sharp angles of character when the sober certainty of possession makes the effort to soften or conceal superfluous; at least such seems the unfortunate and false conclusion of too many.

Mrs. Troubled was a thin, pale, wiry woman, whose sharply cut features, closely compressed lips, and cold, decisive tone might have been sad premonitors of that perfect blending of soul with soul, which the long journey through time and eternity requires; but she was an heiress—and,

"Constancy lives in realms above,
And youth is fleckle and hope is vain;"

and the time was evidently past when each was to the other the be-all and the end-all.

They had been passing the summer at the fashionable resorts—Saratoga, Newport, and the like—and were just returning home—the lady in ill health, to which I hope may be attributed some of her shrewish tyranny. Her husband, a meek, quiet-looking, blue-eyed man, she seemed to think responsible for all her trials and sufferings, and he, poor soul, seemed to think so too. By some mishap, as she seated herself at the tea-table, her hair fell down, not in the rippled flood which poets speak of, but in a rough twist that uncoiled itself down her shoulders ungracefully, to say the least. She seemed not to heed it, however, and her husband, bending toward her, ventured what was probably a reminder, from the *daggery* look, and the reply that he had better attend to his own affairs. But though she seemed perfectly at ease, his distress visibly increased, and once more leaning toward her, he essayed to twine up himself the mysterious knot; but his unpracticed hand was baffled, and his lady continued to partake of the tea and toast without alleviating his discomposure, or noticing him in any way, till at length he gave up in despair.

I think Beatrice could have felt no worse when she exclaimed, in the close of the tragedy of the "*Cenci*,"

"Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot. How often
Have we done this for one another;
Now we shall never do it any more."

Presently "darling," in the lap of her nurse, close at hand, made some unruly demonstrations, and the father attempted to administer a little, low-voiced reproof; but this "harmless, necessary act" drew down upon him the admonition that if he would attend to the wants of his poor wife he would find enough to do—a conclusion to which almost any one would have arrived after hearing a

few of her demands. Notwithstanding her protest, the blue-eyed man seemed half determined to "rebel and throw off the yoke;" but, on a second attempt to exercise paternal authority, she peremptorily ordered the child to be brought to her, and, clasping it to her bosom as though to protect it from the meditated violence of a brutal father, she suffered it to paddle in her tea-cup as it would, to the detriment of the table-cloth and the neighboring dishes. During the remainder of the journey I saw not the slightest indication on the part of the husband to dissent from the sovereign will.

We crept along at what seemed a snail's pace, though the horses were most of the time kept on the trot; but the heat was intense, and the crowded state of the cabin rendered our situation so uncomfortable, that any *reasonable* sort of impatience or ill-humor would have been excusable. I shall never think there is any thing to redeem Pennsylvania—certainly not till I see some better portion of it; for as it is, I have only memories of miserable huts, with salt wells adjoining; hills awfully steep and stony, down which the coal is slid from the pits, about which you sometimes see the miners, looking starved and black. Then the houses of the Dutch farmers, such as I saw, are miserable tenements, through which the winds of winter might blow as they would, though the great stone barns indicated threshing-floors sufficiently ample for the procuring of better homes. Now and then we passed a village, consisting of a few blackened and dilapidated dwellings, a long, low tavern, and a doctor's office. I wonder how they lived!

On passing these villages, Mr. Troubled invariably jumped ashore to consult the doctor or buy something for his wife. Now he bought her some candy, now some lozenges, now peppermint-drops, and now something else. But all would not calm the turbulence. Constantly he hovered about her, saying, "My dear, do you feel better?" and "My dear, can I do any thing?" To all of which she made brief, cold, negative replies; but the unhappy man continued his attentions, as his judgment or instincts dictated.

The husband's efforts to please her were never rewarded with a smile—never even recognized at all; but her supercilious and exacting demeanor seemed to say, "You are my man, and wear my livery—do thus and so." For how many shekels of silver he had taken this woman to wife I did not learn; but no matter how great the amount, he had better have taken coals of fire in his bosom. These conjugal exhibitions I said amused me: so they did at first; but at length they became painful. I could not bear to see manhood so degraded, and womanhood so degraded, too.

When will men and women learn that false and forced relations are a hell! When will husbands and wives learn to exercise mutual patience and forbearance, and with the same sweet amenities that won love first strive to retain it! Home should be a little heaven, and woman its presiding angel.

There is no poet's dream that may not be realized, where heart beats back to heart, and soul responds to soul, as star shineth unto star.

GOOD HEALTH.

—
BY A MAN OF EXPERIENCE.

Lax patent medicines alone. All the sarsaparillas, cherry pectorals, and lung balsams in the world, if swallowed three times a day, will do you no more good than three teaspoonfuls of rain-water. They will beget instead of curing disease. You will not believe this perhaps. That old teacher, Experience, will have to take you in charge then.

Take exercise. Get outdoors, and try your bodily strength. By all means spend two hours each day in some active manual labor. With less than this you can not get along so as to have an elastic step, pure blood, a rosy cheek, a good appetite, and fresh, glowing spirits.

Be temperate. Not as to drink exactly, but in every thing you eat. "Live on a sixpence a day, and earn it," said Dr. Abernethy. Good advice, and it ought to be followed. If you eat a great deal and sit a great deal, you will suffer a great deal. Much food and much exercise must go together, as just hinted at above. But even with exercise, if you do not regulate the quantity you eat, you will suffer by your imprudence. The doctors say—and they ought to know—that the proper quantity of food for a person who is sedentary in his habits, or, rather, who does not labor in the open air, is from one to two pounds only; and they add, as a caution also, that this pound or two should be principally lean meat, such as beef, fowls, or mutton, with good bread, vegetables, and fruits. Never eat hot bread or biscuits. They are not much better than sawdust, so far as nutriment is concerned, whatever pleasure there may be in the act of eating them.

Expand your chest. Don't be always leaning forward over a desk or over your work. Sit up straight, and once in awhile take a pace across the room, throwing both your arms simultaneously backward, sucking in as much air as possible, and holding your breath as long as you can.

Bathe frequently. Never mind the cold in winter. It is just as important then as in summer. Unless you do bathe regularly, you will be constantly liable to colds, coughs, bronchitis, and consumption. A basin with a quart of cold water in it and a common crash towel will be all necessary appurtenances. A little fine salt, rubbed over your skin while washing, will help wonderfully in getting up a fine, healthy ruddiness.

Avoid stimulants. Give up your feather beds, and try corn husks and mattresses. Let the tea and coffee alone, and use cold water. You will be well paid by the course.

The Ladies' Repository.

MAY, 1869.

THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.
BY JAMES FUMMILL.

To me, fond as I am of wild scenery, there is something peculiarly enchanting in a ramble through a big forest. An inspiriting love springs up in the heart when I view those free creatures that abide there. When I hear the birds' sing, I am carried one step farther out of the world, and placed one step nearer that glowing land where dwell the pure in heart. Each breath of air in this silent place is laden with rosy freshness. No feverish turmoil jars the serenity of the spirit. All is holy and hallowing.

Thus did I meditate the other day, when shaking the city dust from my feet, I entered one of those noble forests which are so prevalent in the west. A red-bird, perched upon a young sapling, greeted me with a welcome-song as I entered the wood. I raised my eyes to the delighted bird, blessed him for his unselfish hospitality, and passed on, to hear other red-birds, where the roses were thicker, and the choking dust came not. As I passed along, in an open space I encountered a large building, which was in a dilapidated condition. It was surrounded by a fruitless orchard, under the trees of which rank weeds were growing. The crows, and other birds of similar character, had built their nests in the vicinity. A solitary ground-squirrel started from the doorway at my approach, and hurried out of sight. I entered the house. The rafters were rotting away rapidly, and here and there the wall had tumbled down. The industrious spider had built his gossamer prison-house in every nook and corner. The conservative bat and the owl held possession of the rickety chimney. On the hearth-stone sat a solitary house-toad, who seemed to stare at me, as I entered, with his immovable eyes, and ask, "Well, sir, your will?" like a hoet disturbed in solemn reveries. The centipede crawled over the moth-eaten floor, deeming itself now "lord of the manor house." Strange, unearthly silence dwelt throughout the place, disturbed not, save by the quiet wind, which sighed through the broken doorway and among the crannies, as if in sad memory of the happy faces that used to gladden the house in times past. I sat myself upon the window-sill, and fell into a state of reflection.

How long ago was it when this silent homestead was inhabited? Fifteen years. How long a time that seems! Fifteen years ago I sat before that very hearth-stone, one winter night, and listened to the cheering voice of little Fanny. Where is she now? Out in the woods, dark and beautiful, where the sun comes only in fleckered bars, is a little tomb, now green and fragrant. Little Fanny's body is there. Earth never took unto her bosom a lovelier sight than the clay-cold form of the gentle child.

Fifteen years ago, or more, in summer-time, before the doorway there, where you see those ugly, yellow weeds, was a little green plat, over which Henry and I used to engage in childish sports. Where is Henry now? How many graves are scattered, here and there, on the route to California! Go, search for the

desolate, tearless graves of the poor adventurers. You will find Henry's among the number. Pleasant was his eye when I shook the parting hand with him—pleasant with hopefulness. Warm was his heart, and filled with sunny thoughts of future prosperity. As he waved his hand toward me from the departing boat, a tear stood in his eye and mine. Alas! even then a gloomy prescience of his death fell like a storm-cloud upon my spirit. But it was too late to press him to yield up his schemes. The boat was on its way; and the playmate of my youth was gone forever. One month fled, and I heard of his death. The announcement came to me like a shock; for we may not bear the loss of our old associates unmoved. As I look upon the spot in front of the doorway there, I see his laughing face peeping up through the long grass, like a pleasant memory, and the tear stands on my cheek. I feel, I know that I shall see that face again, not in dreams only, but in the beautiful reality, when time and I have parted.

Fifteen years ago, or more, uncle John sat by the winter fire, in yon corner—how snug and comfortable it was then!—and croned some old air or legend in his strange way, or smoked his pipe meditatively. A curious fellow was uncle John, yet a good man withal. The lads and lasses revered his white, thin locks and bald forehead. They would not have insulted them for the world. And uncle John was full of wisdom, with all his queer ways, and used to tell us children such pleasant stories, in the long winter evenings—stories full of nice instruction, that were worth a whole housefull of fairy tales and such nonsense. Ah! a pleasant place was the hearth-stone there, on which the toad sits, when uncle John gathered the children around him, and poured his kind eloquence into their ears. And where is uncle John now? He, too, is in the silent grave. Even Death had a veneration for his white, thin locks and bald forehead; for he led uncle John into the "shadow and the gloom" so gently that I hardly think the good man knew he was going himself. He was sitting in his arm-chair in the snug corner one night, looking pleasantly into the fire, as if thinking of the holy years that had gladdened his life, when the children, as usual, gathered around him, and asked the kind man for a story.

"Do, uncle John, give us one of your nice stories."

But uncle John still looked calmly and pleasantly into the fire, without replying. We wondered what could be the matter; for uncle John never hesitated a moment in replying when spoken to. A deep grief crept over our hearts when we found out that the dear man was dead. And yet his death was so gentle that our grief was partially destroyed. Will you believe it? he had just filled his favorite pipe, and was about to light it when he was called away. So sudden was his death!

Many of those whose voices once cheered this falling building are still alive. But they have married, and gone far from here. I alone remain a witness of its wretchedness and solitude—I alone of all that once smiled beneath its hospitable roof. And, beholding its desolateness, and remembering what change hath taken place in those sad fifteen years, I can but imitate the quiet breeze that comes through its broken doorway, and sigh. But why should I

sigh! Yet a few years will pass, and my clay tenement, with all its soul and vigor gone, will decay like the building in which I sit. In a few years at most, no rafters, nor beam, nor stone will stand in this solemn place to tell the woodland wanderer that such a building ever existed, and I, with all the mortal things that surround me, will have forever passed from the thoughts of man.

THE LONDON COSTERMONGERS.

Mr. HENRY MAYHEW, in his work on "London Labor and the London Poor," has brought into prominent view the details of the daily life of the prowlers of the London streets. He has pushed his inquiry to an extreme, and given us a series of portraits, in daguerreotype, of the poorest classes of laborers in this vast city. It is written in a kindly and humane spirit, and with a benevolent purpose.

It will be confessed that the classes depicted by Mr. Mayhew are the most difficult to deal with of all. They are a kind of vagabond or nomadic class—metropolitan gipsies—London "Fingoes"—city squatters—living upon the crumbs which they can pick up from the tables of the settled population at large. They include all kinds of beggars, bone-grubbers, mud-larks, patterers, costermongers, fruit and fish-sellers, dog-sellers, hawkers of all kinds, street artists and showmen, acrobats—in short, the entire loose and wandering population of this great city. There is one class, and that a considerable one, that lives by "finding"—picking up a living in the public thoroughfares, by gathering up bits of coal, ends of half-smoked cigars, bones, rags, and such like, which they manage to dispose of for money. But the most important and respectable class of wanderers described by Mr. Mayhew is the costermonger class; these include fish-sellers, retailers of vegetables, oranges, ginger beer, fruit, and such like articles—they are the hawksters and greengrocers of the streets, supplying a large portion of the working population of London with food and little comforts, which they deal out from stands, hand-barrows, and donkey-carts. Their number is very great, being not less, according to Mr. Mayhew, than thirty thousand, men, women, and children; and a large majority of them are unable to read and write. The Irish costers form a considerable proportion of the number; this population invariably assuming a place among the very lowest strata of society in all our large towns. Add to these the patterers, or sellers of street literature, who consider themselves the "aristocracy of the street-sellers," the street musicians, the sellers of water-cresses, the keepers of coffee-stalls, the cats'-meat retailers, ballad-singers, play-bill sellers, bone-grubbers, and mud-larks; crossing-sweepers, street-performers, and showmen; tinkers, chair, umbrellas, and clock-menders; sellers of bonnet-boxes, toys, statuary, songs, last-dying-speeches, tubs, pails, mats, crockery, blacking, lucifers, corn-salves, clothes-pegs, brooms, sweetmeats, razors, dog-collars, dogs, birds, coals, and sand; scavengers, dustmen, and others; and it appears that not fewer than fifty thousand individuals, or a fortieth part of the population, find their living in such ways in the streets of London.

Costermongering is a trade which many take up with when all other trades fail. Among the pat-

terers are those who have been clergymen. And the orange and herring-sellers include many who have, at one time in their life, been mechanics or laborers. For the most part, however, they are a distinct people—almost as much so as the gipsies are. Costers' children grow up costers—they acquire the slang, the wandering habits, and the vocation of their parents; and rarely in after life settle down to any fixed vocation. Many of them make small gains. "Bless you," said one, "we don't find a living at all, it's only another way of *starving*." Some of them, however, in the higher grades of fish and vegetable selling, make fair earnings, but they seem to spend them as readily as they make them. The costers are great card-players—all-fours, cribbage, all-fives, and put, being their favorite games. The play is usually for beer, and is made exciting by bets which are freely laid. Those who can not read are yet quick at the calculations of cribbage. A large number of the costers are "sporting characters;" fond of dog-fighting, rat-killing, horse-racing, and pugilism. The children take after the parents in their love of amusement, frequenting penny gaffs, two-penny hops, and penny theaters. At the "hops," from thirty to one hundred young people of both sexes assemble, from the age of fourteen and upward, and there engage in vigorous dancing, varied with a good deal of drinking. The youths are also taught early to fight, and to "work their fists." If a quarrel takes place between two coster boys, the old ones form a ring and urge them to "fight it out." Nearly all the young costers are desperate gamblers, the attempts made to check the practice by the police giving a gloss of daring courage to the sport, which seems to make it doubly attractive. Pie-boys will toss each other for their stock; ill-luck only makes them more reckless, and they will proceed to gambling away their coat, neck-tie, and even their cord trousers, before they will give up.

The domestic *morale* of costers is low. Only one-tenth—at the outside, one-tenth—of the couples living together, and carrying on the costermongering trade, are married. Costers consider it a mere waste of time and money to go through the ceremony of wedlock, when a pair can live together, and be quite as well regarded by their fellows, without it. Among costers, no honor attaches to the married state, and no shame to concubinage. Unmarried women in this state have as good a standing in their society as married women have. Pairs live together while the liking continues, and then do not hesitate to form other similar connections. Matches are usually made up in the dancing-rooms, and are sometimes struck up on the first night of meeting: the coster boy is fourteen, and the coster girl perhaps no older. They then begin costering on their own account. Nearly all such alliances are formed under twenty. The religion of costers is no better. Not three in every hundred have ever been in the interior of a church; and a great majority of them know of sacred names only as words to swear by. They have no notion of a future state. They hate tracts. Indeed they can not read them; and even if they could, they would not, for the tract-distributors never give them any thing except tracts, and are looked upon as interlopers. The Irish costers are generally Catholics, and

are visited by their priests; but no priest of any kind looks after the costers who are not Irish. Ignorant as the costers are of religion, they are not much more so than the bulk of the poor population of all English towns, especially in the manufacturing districts. Good, religious, well-educated persons in the country have positively no idea of the practical heathenism in which the people there are allowed to grow up. Sometimes a startling fact is brought suddenly to light, such as the following: An inquiry was instituted in the Sheffield Workhouse the other day, from which it was ascertained, that out of 1,905 inmates, 1,407 were of no religious persuasion, and thirteen avowed themselves to be of none. In this country, we bestow our sympathy and Christian action mainly upon the blacks of Caffraria, and the remote olive population of the islands in the Pacific Ocean.

Very few of the costermongers' children are sent even to the Ragged Schools. The only education they receive is what the streets afford; and there they acquire a kind of precocious acuteness in all that concerns their immediate wants, business, or gratifications; a strong desire to obtain money without working for it; a craving for the excitement of gambling; an inordinate love of amusement; and an irrepressible repugnance to any settled indoor industry. Instinct with the elements of manhood and beasthood, the latter are those which are almost solely developed, while the qualities of the man rarely struggle into being. The moral atmosphere in which the coster grows is frightfully destructive of the principles of goodness, virtue, and intelligence.

And yet there is a rude honesty among the costers. They never steal from each other. Their property, such as it is, is always exposed; and they do not hesitate to leave their stall in charge of a neighbor who is a competitor in the same line of business, without the slightest fear or suspicion. Their barrows lie about exposed all night, unwatched, but safe. Even their stables, where they keep their donkeys and oysters, are usually unguarded by either lock or latch; but the coster sleeps securely and sound. He is kind to his donkey, and resents the ill treatment of an animal of this class almost as a personal affront. The coster shares his dinner with his donkey, giving it a portion of his bread. He even believes in the donkey's intelligence. "It's all nonsense to call donkeys stupid," said one, "them's stupid that calls them so: they're sensible. Not long since, I worked Guilford with my donkey-cart and a boy. Jack—the donkey—was slow and heavy in coming back, till we came in sight of the lights at Vauxhall Gate, and then he trotted on like one o'clock—he did, indeed! just as if he smelt it was London, besides seeing it, and knew he was at home."

One of the remarkable features of the costermonger's trade, is the usurious rate of interest which they are habitually in the practice of paying for the use of their carts and hand-barrows. Three-fourths of the entire number hire these articles from persons who let them out; and on every £100, or \$500, of value in hand-barrows thus advanced by the owners, they derive an annual interest of not less than twenty per cent. *per week*, or £1,040, or \$5,000, in the year! This is, perhaps, the most usurious rate of interest

known. The costers will not save money, by which they could purchase barrows of their own—though the cost of each barrow is not more than £3, or \$10, when new—but they pay to the lender from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a week for its use. These lenders, of course, make immense profits, one man deriving not less than £360, or near \$1,800, a year from the hire of one hundred and twenty barrows! Many of the men who adopt this trade on a large scale become rich in the course of a few years, and are living without labor, while the poor costers are trundling about their barrows, and paying them the frightful interest of above a thousand per cent! Costers are also most improvident in borrowing. They will not hesitate to give 5s. for the use of 2s. 6d. for a day—the day being usually Saturday, the advance being repaid at night. But losses must often be sustained by the lenders in such cases. Mr. Mayhew, however, observes, that "those who are unacquainted with the character of the people may feel inclined to doubt the trustworthiness of the class; but it is an extraordinary fact, that but few of the costermongers fail to repay the money advanced to them, even at the present ruinous rate of interest. The poor, it is my belief, have not yet been sufficiently tried in this respect; pawnbrokers, loan-offices, tally-shops, dolly-shops, are the only parties who will trust them; but as a startling proof of the good faith of the humbler classes generally, it may be stated that Mrs. Chisholm—the lady who has exerted herself so benevolently in the cause of emigration—has lent out, at different times, as much as £160,000, or \$800,000, that has been intrusted to her for the use of the 'lower orders,' and that the whole of this large amount has been returned—with the exception of £13, or about \$60!"

MISTER "I DON'T CARE."

BY S. SMILES.

DON'T CARE is a great power in the world. We do not know but what he could command a considerable majority of suffrages, were the nations at large to be polled. Your buay-bodies, who care for every thing and every body—who are constantly "tidying-up"—who would have this man's child sent to school, and that man's sent to trade—who pry into cellardwellings and foul gully-holes, and call out for laws to enforce cleanliness—who calculate wages and the prices of food, and consider how it is that poor men live—these always form the small minority in every community; it is only their persistent activity, their undeviating pertinacity, which gives them importance; and they are at last enabled to carry their measures into effect, mainly because Don't Care has grown tired of their bother, and allows them to have their own way in order to be rid of their impertunity.

Don't Care may grumble now and then, but he will not bestir himself. "Things have always been so," "What can't be cured must be endured," and "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." Such are the maxims of Don't Care. You can scarcely rouse him by the cry of "Fire!" "What's that to me?" *My house is safe!* is his answer. "The day's breaking," said Boots, rousing a sleeping merchant at an inn, betimes in the morning. "Let it break," quoth he, lurching round in his bed; "it owes me nothing!"

Don't Care is never more annoyed than by discussions got up about the poverty, or ignorance, or suffering, endured by others. "What have I to do with that?" he says. "Let them work; why should I keep them? Their children not taught? That's no business of mine! Suffering, are they? Well, what would you have? There will always be suffering in the world. Let them help themselves—that's their look-out. What is it to me?" "But you will have the heavier poor rates to pay, more crime to punish, more distress to witness." "I don't care!" It is a short answer. True, Don't Care may not always speak so plainly as this—it would look heartless, and he does not care to be obnoxious to this imputation. But this is the drift, the English, the short and the long, of his indifference.

Don't Care is indifferent alike to small things and great, from his horse's shoe-nail to a national bankruptcy—provided, that is to say, his meat and drink are not affected. He will not stir his little finger—not he—to lighten any man's load, to relieve any body's cares. They are nothing to him. Has he not his "own concerns to look after?" and are they not "enough for him?" He is very philosophic in his indifference about every body.

Don't Care is generally so much engrossed by considerations about himself, that he will give no heed to the feelings or the wants of others; sometimes even the wants of his own family, and provision for them in after life, are entirely neglected. Don't Care could scarcely be roused by a voice from the dead. The sloth is an energetic animal compared with him. "We remember," says the author of *Poor Scotch Old Maids*, "an anecdote of a clergyman who dwelt, some thirty years ago, in a quiet rural district, where laziness was then apt to grow upon a man, which exemplifies that *canna-be-fashed* spirit that intralls many, even in these stirring times. His excellent spouse remarked to him at breakfast, 'Minister, there's a bit of butter on your neckcloth.' 'Weel, weel, Janet, my dear,' slowly responded the worthy pastor, 'when I get up it'll fa' off.'"

But Don't Care is not always let off so easily as one would imagine. The man who does not care for others, who does not sympathize with and help them, is very often pursued even in this life with a just retribution. He does not care for the foul, pestilential air breathed by the inhabitants a few streets off; but the fever which has been bred there at length comes into his own household, and snatches away those whom he loves the dearest. He does not care for the criminality, ignorance, and poverty nursed there; but the burglar and the thief find him out in his seclusion. He does not care for pauperism; but the heavy poor's rates compel him to pay for it half yearly. He does not care for politics—pooh! pooh! what has he to do for them? but lo! there is an income tax, or an assessed tax, or a war tax, and then he finds Don't Care is not such a cheap policy after all.

Don't Care was the man who was to blame for the well-known catastrophe, thus popularly related: "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for a want of a horse the man was lost."

Gallio was a Don't Care, of whom the Scriptures say, "He cared for none of these things." And of Don't Cares, like Gallio, it may be added in the words of the well-known maxim, that "they come to a bad end."

FOR ANOTHER PENTECOST.

BY BENJAMIN COOPER.

"And it will come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh."—Acts ii, 17.

QUICKEN, Lord, thy Church and me;

Send the promised Spirit down;

Holy One! eternal Three!

All thy former mercies crown:

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Send another Pentecost!

Let the living fire descend,

"Gleaven tongues" on every head—

Tongues which all may comprehend;

Speak Thy life into the dead!

Suddenly the power of grace

Send from heaven, and fill the place.

Send the "rushing mighty wind,"

Give the utterance Divine;

Let us know the Spirit's mind,

Let us speak in words of thine:

Send a pure baptismal shower,

Tongues of fire, and words of power.

As of old, so be it now,

Now the glorious scene repeat;

See Thy humbled people bow,

Waiting lowly at thy feet;

Crying all with one accord,

"Send the promised Spirit, Lord!"

First on the believing few,

Then in widening power unfurl'd,

Gathering as the deluge grew,

Pour thy Spirit on the world!

Bright in panoply divine,

Bid thy Church "arise and shine."

Jesus! glorious Victor! come!

Thou "whose right it is to reign,"

Call thine ancient people home,

Paradise restore again!

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Send another Pentecost!

THE LAKE SCENERY OF IRELAND.

DESCRIBE the Lakes of Killarney! If the painter fails in conveying the highest beauties of a scene, how much less successful must the mere describer of it in words be! What can he convey of the colors of a landscape—colors, which are described by Leigh Hunt as "the smiles of Nature?" He can speak of the green grass, and the bright skies, and the deep shadows of the woods, and the foliage dipping into the crystal lake and reflected in it, and of the thousand exquisite delights which he has *felt*, but vainly attempts to find words to convey to others. So I shall not attempt to describe the scenery of Killarney. Any writer must fail in conveying an idea of its beauties, which to be felt and appreciated must be seen.

The Killarney Lake district is of no great extent. It lies among a group of hills, the highest in Kerry, or in Ireland—the lakes lying in a crescent form around the hills called Macgillieuddy's Reeks, and consisting of a long and beautiful sheet of water, studded with islands, called the Upper Lake; a second, broader and smaller, called Middle or Turc

Lake; and a third—also containing numerous large islands—by far the most extensive sheet of water in the district, called the Lower Lake. Of the three, the Upper Lake is by much the most beautiful, being embosomed in lofty mountains, whereas the greater part of the Lower Lake is surrounded by a level and low-lying country, rich and well wooded, but wanting in those grander features which distinguish the southern or upper portions of the scenery.

There is one usual mode of seeing the most beautiful portions of the scenery, which is—to take a car, and drive round by the back of the hills, up the deep pass called the Gap of Dunloe—between Macgillicuddy's Reeks and the Toonies—then, walking or riding round the edge of Glens Mountain, overlooking the Coombh Dhuv or Black Valley, you come upon the head of the Upper Lake, where you have previously engaged a boat to meet you, and from thence you are rowed down the lakes, through the finest parts of the scenery.

This Pass, or Gap of Dunloe, is about three miles in length, and seems to have been formed by some grand convulsion of nature having rent asunder the mountains at this point, and left them standing up there on either side, bold, rugged, and inaccessible. In some places they overhang the footpath in stupendous masses, and the huge blocks lying in the bottom of the narrow valley show that from time to time they have thundered down with a terrible crash. A tiny stream flows along the bottom of the rift, which is crossed at two points by rude stone bridgea. Near to one of these, the water, blocked up by some fallen rock, has accumulated into a little lake, and furnished a beautiful subject for the landscape painter, with its grand background of rocks and mountains, and the dark defile which winds between them.

Though no houses nor huts are to be seen in this lonely defile, there are here and there a few small patches of cultivated land, where the valley will admit of them, indicating the determination of the Irish peasant to encounter difficulty and sterility in the desperate effort to make a living of some kind. Goats skip along among the rocks, and you are from time to time offered their milk, which is called "mountain dew." There is no want of beggars either, several of whom joined us, and trudged patiently along by our side for five miles, cheek by jowl, very familiar, and quite communicative. We saw a pair of lovers going through the Pass with a company of these attendants close along side of them. Just think of the devoted youth whispering into the ear of his fair one, amid these lonely wilds, "Do you love me?" and half a dozen beggars ready to answer on the instant, "I do, sur, and long life to your honor's glory!" The romantic in such a case becomes rather ludicrous. The attendants, besides "mountain dew," are ready to sell you "Irish diamonds" of the first water, and you may buy one any day, as big as the Koh-i-noor, for considerably less than a shilling.

One of the young women, a retailer of "mountain dew," my uncle had the curiosity to question about her state. "Are you married, my good woman?" "I am, sur." "Any family?" "I have five, your honor." "Why, it's impossible! You can be little more than twenty." "I'm twenty-three; but I was married at fifteen, your honor." Here my uncle phi-

losophized a little about early marriages, and their tendency to degenerate a race; but I shall not detail his arguments. It is a popular custom in Ireland to marry early, not because the young pair can maintain a family, but because they fall in love with each other, and desire to marry. And whatever may be said of the prudence of the step, this at least may be averred, that the Irish peasantry who indulge in this practice of early marriage, are really among the most virtuous in the world. There can be no doubt about it.

We had sundry buglings in the Pass, and firing of guns, to awaken the echoes, which were certainly very fine, rolling away up the rocks, and dying in the distance:

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O! sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfsand faintly blowing!

Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying—
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying!

The prolonged echoes of the bugle gave the idea of an organ played in a lofty vaulted cathedral; and certainly those who miss the bugle performance—though it may *seem* a little theatrical—lose a great treat.

We at length reached the head of the Upper Lake; were rowed down by four stout rowers through that lovely scenery; lunched at Ronyn's Island, where a monarch was crowned; skimmed past many wooded islands, and through sundry rocky channels between the several lakes; wakened up the echoes of the Eagle's Rock with bugle and cannon, startling the eagles from their eyrie; landed at "O'Donoghue's Bed," at Ross's Island, and Innisfallen—island gems of great beauty—and saw the sun set in the west, amid a blaze of splendor.

The great nuisance at Killarney—and it is a formidable one—is the beggars. They are in the streets, in the passes, among the hills, along the lakes, and even in the most retired places; they dog your footsteps, for miles together. If you crack a joke, they join in the laugh; but every now and then put in a whine for "a half penny, for the love of God." The carmen, the boatmen, the waiters, the boots, are always asking for "a shilling more, your honor." The landlord puts the waiters and servants down in the bill, and you pay for them. But when you have seated yourself on the car, thinking all is paid, the waiter and the boots present themselves for "something from your honor." You see that the putting of them down in the bill was a landlord's dodge. The hire of your car is included in the coach fare, and you pay it; but the carman entreats for pay all the same. The ragged fellow who sees you mount on the car with your carpet-bag in hand, asks to be paid for looking on. "The porter, your honor," wants a sixpence, or a penny, or something. And then, when you are seated, the ordinary town's beggars surround you in a body—the bleared, the halt, the old, the young, the strong, the dirty—and implore your coppers in the name of all the saints in the calendar. I confess that this nuisance forms a large discount, to be deducted from the pleasures of enjoying the fine scenery of the county Kerry. Were you made of coppers they would all go; there are customers without end there,

bespeaking a state of the people of the land, to be mourned and lamented over.

The road from Killarney to Tarbert is full of misery. Every little village you come to seems made up of wretchedness. Your car is instantly besieged all round by imploring miserables. At Tralee, the coachman, to keep off the rush of them, drove us into the small inn yard, the gate of which was immediately barred, and the cries of the beggars followed us there. At Listowel, they rushed after the car in a body when it had started, some of the able boys running for miles, in the hope of a small coin being cast to them. Yet each of these towns had large poor-houses, which the car-driver told us were full. And Tralee seemed a thriving, busy place, with a considerable small trade in potatoes, apples, and such like, doing in the streets, which were full of people. What the state of the rural population is, as regards their "homes," let the parish priest of Ballybunion, near Listowel, describe, who thus writes in the *Nation* of a few weeks back, in reference to a prize offered by the North Kerry Farming Society, for "the best kept laborer's cottage:"

"To speak to the laborers of North Kerry of decent cottages, is a mockery at which fiends might grin. In no part of Ireland has demolition been more ruthlessly, systematically, and extensively carried on. Neither Farney nor Mayo, Connemara nor Kiltrush, could show more monuments of extermination. The face of the country is hideous with ruins, whose gables, black and bare, pointing to the sky, would seem to call heaven to witness the barbarities perpetrated upon their unfortunate occupants. And the few still remaining laborers' habitations could certainly not be dignified with the name of cottage, being for the most part unfit for the lodging of brutes. Some of these are wretched, dreary, and cheerless cabins, with crumbling walls and falling-in roofs, which are overgrown with weeds and moss, and pervious to every shower; others of them, still worse, are loathsome and fetid hovels, constructed of sods, pieces of old roof-rotten thatch, and green rushes, and run up, where permission is given—which is very seldom—against the walls of their former houses, and against ditches and turf-banks—sometimes even within the arches of bridges! And yet, surrounded by such scenes as these, the authors of desolation and misery so wide-spread and appalling, had the astonishing and unequalled hardihood to offer a prize for the 'best kept laborer's cottage!'"

THE TRUE DOMESTIC POET.

In common with most lovers of elegant thoughts full of affection, gentleness, and that kind of true poetry which touches the human heart, and awakens its sweetest music, we stand deeply indebted to Mr. Alaric A. Watts, an English author, for his many beautiful poems.

In all his pieces there is great purity and elegance combined with deep pathos. They do not astonish us as some poems do; but they make us feel, and love. Mr. Watts does not snatch fire from the empyrean, and dash it among us; his walk is among human dwellings, and his subject the human hearts there. And is not that scope enough for the true singer!

The poet, in his power, may grasp all time and ages, and cast his lightning glance into the past and the future, penetrating the deep abysses of heaven and unraveling the mysteries of God. But somehow, we love him more when he comes in to us in our dwellings, and sits down beside us there, consenting to sing to us of home joys and sorrows, of our lot, and experience, and trials—whispering in our ear words of comfort and of hope—and making our daily life musical by the magic of his song. All this has Alaric Watts done for us, and for this do we take him all the more cordially to our hearts. He has obviously *known* joy and sorrow; he has loved and suffered; he has been blessed and bereaved by turns. What is this but to have experienced the common lot of which he sings!

Were we to venture on giving such a series of extracts from Alaric Watts's poems as should convey an adequate idea of his powers, we would have to quote most of those well-known poems which have already become as familiar as household words. We can not, however, avoid giving two little pieces illustrating the peculiar, domestic character of his poetry. The first is a sonnet on "The Birth of the First-Born:"

"Never did music sink into my soul
So 'silver sweet,' as when thy first sweet wail
On my 'rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
Thou child of love and promise! What a tale
Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hang on that slender filament of sound!
Life's guileless pleasures and its griefs profound
Seemed mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launched, and lifted is the sail
Upon the weltering billows of the world;
But O! may winds far gentler than have hurried
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail!
Or, if thy voyage must be rough, may't thou
Soon 'scape the storm and be—as blest as I am now!"

The second piece is a few lines, entitled, "Consolation," though, were our limits sufficient, we ought to give the counterpart of the above; namely, "The Death of the First-Born." Some other time we shall quote entire the latter poem, and then the reader can judge for himself of the almost omnipotent power which Mr. Watts exercises over the heart.

"Look up, look up, and weep not so, thy darling is not dead,
His sinless soul is cleaving now yon sky's empurpled bed;
His spirit drinks new life and light 'mid bowers of endless bloom;

It is but perishable stuff that molders in the tomb.
Then hush, O hush the swelling sigh, and dry the idle tear!
Think of the home thy babe hath won, and joy that he is there!
When summer evening's golden hues are burning in the sky,
And odorous gales from balmy bowers are breathing softly by;
When earth is bright with sunset beams, and flowers are blushing near,

And grief, all chastened and subdued, is gathering to a tear;
How sweet 'twill be at such an hour, and 'mid a scene so fair,
To lift thy glistening eye to heaven, and feel that he is there!"

Charming are these, dear reader! Not more so are they than "Ten Years Ago," "The Wedding Day," and scores of other pieces in the chaste and beautiful volume lying before us.

Bitter lessons has adversity taught Mr. Watts in the course of his life; but just now, it seems, prosperity is smiling on him. May the days of his closing life be fraught with pure sunlight and unalloyed bliss!

FEMALE NAMES.

MARY, the sweetest of all female names, is from the Hebrew, and signifies *exalted*. Its French form is *Maria*. It is, we hardly need to say, a famous name in both sacred and profane history. In all ages, from the time of Mary, the mother of Jesus, to that of Mary, the mother of Washington, the name has literally been exalted. It has been linked with titles and power—with crowns and coronets, and adorned by goodness and beauty. Mary has ever been a favorite name with poets. Byron, as he assures us, felt an absolute passion for it. It is interwoven with some of his sweetest verses. The peasant-poet, Burns, seems to have as much attachment to it as the author of Childe Harold. It is still the theme of bards and bardings unnumbered. We might fill a column or two here with songs, sonnets, and ballads, in the melody of whose verse the most musical syllables are those which form the charming name of Mary. But where so much presents itself, we can quote nothing. We need quote nothing, for

"The very music of the name has gone
Into our being."

SARAH is almost as common a name as Mary, but it lacks the *prestige* which its historical and poetical associations throw around the latter. It is also from the Hebrew, and signifies a princess. In poetry it takes the form of Sally, or Sallie, and is found in many a love song and ballad. Sally is sometimes contracted to Sal, which is neither poetical nor euphonious.

SUSAN, another name of Hebrew origin, signifies a *lily*. In poetry it is usually seen in its contracted form of Sus. It is a pretty name, and is immortalized in Gray's well-known ballad. The signification of the name is very happily introduced in the closing line:

"Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand."

MABEL is probably derived from *ma bella*, signifying *my fair*, though some suppose that it is contracted from *amabile*, *lovely* or *amiable*. It is a good name in either case, and worthy of being perpetuated. Mary Howitt has a ballad commencing,

"Arise, my maiden Mabel,"

which is the only poem we now recollect, in which the name occurs.

URSULA, a name associated in our mind with homeliness of face and goodness of heart concealed under the veil of a nun, is from the Latin, and signifies nothing more amiable than a *female bear*. Who, knowing this, will give the name to a child?

LUCY, in its French form, Lucie, signifies *bright*, and comes from the Latin.

"Lucy is a golden girl,"

says Bryan Proctor, and many will echo the line. Lucy is a favorite name with every one. Wordsworth has made it one of the

"Names wedded into song."

BLANCHE, one of the sweetest names ever worn by woman, is from the French, and signifies *white* or *fair*. Mary Howitt makes the orange flower its floral type.

BEATRICE is another name derived from the Latin. It signifies *one who blesses or makes happy*. No name can be more appropriate for a lovely, affectionate, and amiable woman. Beatrice has been honored

above all others by the poets. Dante, Shelly, and Shakspeare have, in turn, thrown around it the charm of their numbers, and linked it with thoughts both lovely and tragic.

CAROLINE is the feminine form of Charles, or rather of its Latin equivalent, Carolus. It comes from the German, and has the signification of *brave souled*, or *courageously patient*. The name has been borne by women who have proved themselves worthy of the name. It is not in the manly breast alone that valor is found, or needed. There are those, having learned

"How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong,"

have displayed a courage which shames that of the warrior on the battle-field. Caroline is sometimes abbreviated to Carrie, Callie, and Cal.

"I know a fair young girl,
With an eye like the sky's own blue,
Or a sweet spring flower when its azure leaves
Are bright with early dew—
O, a thing half earth and half divine
Is she—that fair young Caroline."

A THOUGHT ON READING.

BY D. G. MITCHELL.

It is a glorious thing, when once you are weary of the dissipation and the ennui of your own aimless thought, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read, deep and long, till you feel the metal of his thought tinkling on your brain, and striking out from your flinty lethargy flashes of ideas that give the mind light and heat. And away you go, in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so barren, and at the ripeness of what seemed so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities; you feel sure that they have taken a new step toward final development. In such a mood it is, that one feels grateful to the musty tomes, which at other hours stand like mummies, with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new-found friends, and gain hold upon the heart, and light a fire in the brain, that years and the mold can neither cover nor quench.

PHYSIOLOGICAL FACTS.

In old age the height of the body diminishes on an average of about three inches. The height of woman varies less than that of man in the different countries. The average weight of a male is about seven pounds; of a female, about six and a half pounds. At the age of seven years, it is twice as heavy as when a year old. The average weight of both sexes at twelve is nearly the same; after that period, females will be found to weigh less than males. The average weight of men is one hundred and thirty pounds, and of women one hundred and twelve pounds. In the case of individuals of both sexes, under four feet four inches, females are somewhat heavier than men, and *vices versa*. Men attain their maximum weight at about forty, and women at or near fifty. At sixty, both sexes usually commence losing weight, so that the average weight of old persons, men or women, is nearly the same as at nineteen. In each of the twelve years after birth, one-twelfth is added to the stature each year.

New Books.

THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT; or, Sketches of the Life of Mr. Samuel Budgett, late of Kingswood Hill, England. By William Arthur, A. M. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—The English press have been unbounded in their praises of this publication. Having had a peep into the volume myself, we must confess that it is a perfect mine of good things. Mr. Arthur, who, some years since, introduced himself favorably to the public by his "Mission to Mysore," in this work adds to his laurels as an eloquent and attractive writer. Almost every page is the preacher of a practical sermon; and yet there is about the whole the charm of the purest and most exciting fiction. We specially commend to the consideration of young men the purchase and perusal of this work, as, with the blessing of God, we doubt not, it may thus prevent many a ruinous career and many a broken heart.

GOD IN HISTORY; or, Tracts Illustrative of the Presence and Providence of God in the Affairs of Men. By John Cumming, D. D. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—Dr. Cumming, while he is respected most highly by the literary world, is equally popular with the masses. His Bible Evidence for the People, published a few years since, had a wide sale. The work before us, we think, will circulate equally well. It is written in a style of remarkable perspicuity, and is without so full of lessons of practical wisdom that it can not fail of proving instructive by whomsoever read.

MEMORIALS OF THE EARLY PROGRESS OF METHODISM IN THE EASTERN STATES. Second Series. By Rev. Abel Stevens. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—This is a duodecimo volume of near five hundred pages. It contains biographical notices of the early Methodist preachers of New England, together with sketches of the primitive Churches, and reminiscences of the early struggles and successes of Methodism in the east. Those who have read volume first of the "Memorials," as well also those who are familiar with brother Stevens as a writer, will not need any recommendation at our hands of the volume before us. They will purchase at once, read with avidity, and wish for more.

SKETCHES FROM THE STUDY OF AN ITINERANT. By the Author of "Sketches and Incidents." New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—This is a neat duodecimo volume, price sixty cents, which will have a large circulation among all lovers of the true narrative. Various in matter and lively in style, there is nothing to prevent its "taking well."

GOOD HEALTH; its Possibility, Duty, and Means of Obtaining and Keeping it.—This work is not written for invalids or sick persons exclusively, but contains hints about health that will injure no one in the perusal of them. Published by Lane & Scott, New York.

SIXTEEN MONTHS AT THE GOLD-DIGGINGS. By Rev. Daniel B. Woods. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.—The multitudes who are going or about to go to California ought to have some manual of experience, we think, relative to the country, the climate, and the mines. The author of this volume was himself a miner, and his statements are reliable, useful, and instructive.

POPULAR ACCOUNT OF DISCOVERIES AT NINEVER. By Austin Henry Layard, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.—This is an abridgment from the larger work of the author, but embraces all matters of interest contained in the unabridged edition. Numerous wood engravings are given. The Biblical and historical illustrations, given only in the abridgment, will tend largely to the circulation of the work among religious readers.

THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELOR; or, Sketches and Illustrations of the Duties and Dangers of Young Men. By Rev. Daniel Wise.—Mr. Wise is very extensively and favorably known in New England as a writer for the young. The present work, in a very brief time, has reached its seventh edition. It is written in a style of great elegance and simplicity, and will not fail to prove a profitable companion for that interesting class of community to whom it is specially addressed.

Periodicals.

THE EMERSON REVIEW for January has articles on Descartes, Bishop Phillips, Church Music, International Copyright, and some other topics strictly of a topical or British character. Scarcely one of the articles would be considered interesting by the general reader.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, republished by Leonard Scott & Co., New York, has failed to reach our desk for some time past. The work is ostensibly liberal but clandestinely infidel in its character; and because once before this remark fell from our pen, may be it has been considered policy to discontinue the Review to our address.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL, published by Charles Cook, London, can be ordered through Post & Co., of this city, at about three dollars per annum. Of the English literary monthlies, it is probably the very best, albeit we do not like, in some instances, the stories published in its columns.

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS in its March number has articles from the pens of Dr. Bangs, Mrs. Upham, and others, on purity of heart and the necessity of an every-day and living zeal for the cause of our Lord.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April, profusely illustrated, begins Dickens's last story, called Bleak House. It will be published in twenty consecutive numbers of the periodical. The object of Bleak House is to depict the corruption and rottenness of the Court of English Chancery. For the advance proof-sheets the Harpers pay the snug sum of two thousand dollars to Mr. Dickens. The circulation of their Magazine is now about eighty thousand.

THE KNICKERBOCKER; OR, NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE, published by S. Hueston, New York, has very nearly doubled its circulation since its reduction of price from five to three dollars per annum.

CHAIN OF SACRED WONDERS; or, a Connected View of Scripture Scenes and Incidents, from the Creation to the End of the Last Epoch, by Rev. S. A. Latta, has reached the first number of volume second. A fine mezzotint—The Drowning of Pharaoh and his Host—is given as a frontispiece to the first edition, which is two dollars per annum. Published quarterly. Cheap edition, one dollar per annum.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION for March has been received, from which we learn that its publication is not to be discontinued. Embellishments are not to be given unless there be a great increase of advance cash subscribers.

THE UNITED STATES MONTHLY LAW MAGAZINE AND EXAMINER, published by John Livingston, Esq., 157 Broadway, New York, has in its March number two highly finished portraits—one of Robert C. Grier, the other of John M'Lean, both justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. To legal gentlemen this magazine is a *sine que non*. Published monthly, at five dollars per annum.

THE YOUTH'S CABINET, published by D. A. Woodworth, New York, at one dollar per annum, continues to furnish, as usual, a large amount of interesting and instructive matter for youthful readers. The editor is now absent on a European tour.

THE COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL AND EDUCATIONAL REFORMER, edited by Wm. B. Fowle, we should judge, from a hasty examination, to be a first-class journal in its particular department. It is published by Morris Colton, semi-monthly, Boston, Mass., at one dollar per annum.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW has in its numerous pages articles frequently which can be perused with profit by ladies and those not directly commercial in their disposition and calling. Published monthly, at five dollars per annum. Address Freeman Hunt, Fulton-street, New York.

THE SCHOOLMATE is the name of a new monthly reader for youth, edited by A. R. Phippen, and published by George Savage, New York, at one dollar per annum. It is replete with the choicest reading matter for young people of both sexes.

Maxims.

THERE is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and where Religion walks, a counselor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storm can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor. The home circle surrounded by such influences has an antepast of the joys of a heavenly home.

"How do you feel with such a shocking-looking coat on?" said a young clerk of some pretensions, one morning, to old Roger. "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily, with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at the victim, "I feel, young man, as if I had a coat which has been paid for—a luxury of feeling which I think you will never experience."

Girard College, it is well known, was founded on infidel principles, and with extreme provisions of the founder to keep Christianity out of it. But Christianity has got in, with no violation of those provisions. The College has a chapel which is filled at an early hour every day with three hundred lads, and their teachers meet for prayer, and reading the Scriptures, and three times on Sunday for regular worship and instruction. The University of Virginia has had a like experience. It was projected by Jefferson, on a plan exclusive of religion. But experience soon taught the absolute necessity of religion to its success. It now has a chaplain and regular course of lectures on the evidences of Christianity.

Three of the most beneficial systems of modern times are due to the benevolence of English ladies—the improvement of prison discipline, savings banks, and banks for lending small sums of money to the poor. The success of all has exceeded every expectation. Notwithstanding the obstinate fact, that woman has caused, first and last, a deal of mischief in the world, these admirable institutions show plainly that the poet knew what he was talking about, when he spoke of
"Heaven's last, best gift to man."

He who attempts to make others believe in means which he himself despises is a puff; he who makes use of more means than he knows to be necessary is a quack; and he who ascribes to those means a greater efficacy than his own experience warrants is an impostor.

Galileo observed a lamp which was hung from the ceiling, and which had been disturbed by accident, swinging backward and forward. This was a very common thing; but Galileo, struck with the regularity with which it moved backward and forward, reflected on it, and perfected the method, now in use, of measuring time by means of the pendulum.

The chief art of learning, as Locke has observed, is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.

He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes.

We are not to suppose that the oak wants stability, because its light and changeable leaves dance to the music of the breeze; nor to conclude that a man wants solidity and strength of mind, because he may exhibit an occasional playfulness and levity.

There is not so poor a book in the world, says Johnson, that would not be a prodigious effort, were it wrought out entirely by a single mind, without the aid of prior investigators.

Horace Mann thus sums up a few of the advantages of modern inventions: "One boy, with a fourdiner machine, will make more paper in a twelvemonth than all Egypt could have made in a hundred years during the reign of the Ptolemies. One girl, with a power press, will strike off books faster than a million scribes could copy them before the invention of printing. One man with an iron foundery will turn out more utensils than Tubal Cain could have forged had he worked diligently to this time."

Slanderees are like flies; for while they pass by the healthy body, they feed on the sores.

Gentility consists not in birth, wealth, manners, or fashion; but in a high sense of honor, a determination never to take undue advantage of another.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

Permanent rest is not to be expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

Persons in love generally receive first, and reason afterward. The heart has its reasons, which reason does not apprehend. A quiet mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.

None have less praise than those who hunt for it.

It is easy to wish for heaven, but difficult to get a heavenly mind.

To be silent about an injury, makes the doer of it more uneasy than complaints.

If you take a great deal of pains to serve the world and to benefit your fellow-creatures, and if, after all, the world scarcely thanks you for the trouble you have taken, do not be angry and make a loud talking about the world's ingratitude; for if you do, it will seem that you cared more about the thanks you were to receive than about the blessings which you professed to bestow.

Flattery is like a fall, which, if not adroitly used, will box your own ears instead of tickling those of the eorn.

Every one is at least in one thing, against his will, *original*—in his manner of sneezing.

Woman's silence, although it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

Reality plants a thorny hedge around our dreamings, while the sporting-ground of the *possible* is ever free and open.

There is much novelty that is without hope, much antiquity without sacredness.

We should use a book as the bee does a flower.

Nothing makes one so indifferent to the pin and musketo thrusts of life as the consciousness of growing better.

Wholesome sentiment is rain, which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odorous.

People should travel, if for no other reason than to receive every now and then a letter from home; the place of our birth never appears so beautiful as when it is out of sight.

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful colors in the noise and tumult of life.

The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest luster from the number saved, not of the slain.

Biography is useless which is not true. The weaknesses of character must be preserved, however insignificant or humbling; they are the errata of genius, and clear up the text.

Wit and work are the two wheels of the world's chariot; they need to be equal, and each fixed fast.

The nose of a mob is its imagination; by this, at any time, it can be quietly led.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch; hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one.

Though we travel over the world to find the beautiful, we must carry it within us, or we find it not.

Let in the light on a nest of young owls, and they directly complain of the injury you have done them.

Sin is the fruitful parent of distempers, and ill lives occasion good physicians.

The passions are at least bold, generous, although destroying lions; egotism is a quiet, deep-biting, ever-sneaking, venomous bug.

Custom is the law of one description of fools and fashion of another; but the two parties often clash, for precedent is the legislator of the first, and novelty of the last.

Editor's Cable.

MAY is the month of flowers. Welcome to their fragrance and their beauty! Welcome to the woods and the dells, the grassy fields and the flowing streams! Out, ye who can, from the dust and the din of the city, and lift from its low resting-place the modest little violet, or pluck and plant in your bosom some early rose-bud. Climb up that hill yonder, and now take a look at the wide scene before you. The soft sunlight streams down and plays on every young and tender thing; the river, winding like a silver line, cuts its way through the hills, and fades in the distance. The city is behind you; before you spreads a landscape of surpassing loveliness. Far off, may be, the timid wreaths of smoke curl up among the tall branches of the elm or locust trees. You see the neat cottage-house, and the plain-clad but sprightly keeper of it, with her bright-eyed, laughing ones about her. You begin to muse. Memory wakes a chord. The bosom heaves—you can not tell why. You have a mother's or a father's heart. You are thinking of a dear little one, who used to look up in your eyes and laugh, too, but who is now wrapped in a snowy sheet, and lies sleeping the long sleep in the cold city graveyard. Dry those tears. There is a clime where the flowers fade not, where sickness comes not, where the tear-drop falls not. Seek an interest in that land that is very far off, and then little matter will it be how lonely we live in this world, or how few of the flowers and comforts of life we shall enjoy. Suffering and affliction ought only to purify us for heaven.

A lady correspondent, whose veracity is beyond suspicion, sends us an epistle on "Religious Loafers," from which we make the following extract: "I have long thought of addressing you on the subject of Sunday loafing, or that practice, both in city and country, of gentlemen congregating about church-doors, before and after service, to gaze at the ladies. You have scarcely any idea, sir, how extremely embarrassing it is to us of the gentler sex thus to be looked at. For myself, it so utterly provokes me, that I am determined on no bow or look of recognition to any gentleman who may thus be loafing around the church, vestibule, or steps. In other words, I will treat my friends decently and politely any where else except in front of a church. I will neither know an acquaintance there, nor will I thank him for any look of complaisance either. Sunshine or cold, there are always some of these precious characters outdoors. Why did they come to church at all? If it is cold standing or hot, why not walk inside, and be seated and be comfortable, and in some way compose their minds for worshipping God? I do not know whether you will publish any part of my letter or not; for I am pretty highly excited, and you may think it better to exercise patience and endurance. This much, however, I can assure you, that not myself merely, but a large number of my friends have urged me to write, and you can learn hereby that a general accommodation will be effected by thus giving a hint on an apparently small but still important and exciting topic."

We do not write this paragraph because we wish to be considered an adept in medical science, but because of a fact which has often, by observation, been impressed on our mind. It is this—that persons who habitually indulge in stimulants of any kind always have to pay, in subsequent years, for such impositions, or rather drafts on their systems with compound interest. The cigar-smoker may feel no present evil resulting from his practice; but as certain that sunshine falling on a snow-bank will melt that snow, so certain is it that the lungs and the air-cells of the lungs, by constantly being filled with tobacco smoke, are injured, and ultimately diseased and destroyed. Not a very palatable declaration to some, perhaps, but it is a fact, nevertheless. The advice of the venerable Professor Silliman, in a lecture before the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, to the young men constituting his audience, is very timely and sensible. "If," said he, "you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks but water, and mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and every thing else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely

upon nutritious food and mild diluent drinks, of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things except rest, and the due moral regulations of all your powers, to give you long, and happy, and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close."

Good poetry is a very scarce article. Our magazines and newspapers, whatever rhymes they may contain, publish but little of the "melody of numbers." The following dozen lines are beautiful. They were suggested on the occasion of the funeral of an English laborer's child, who was killed suddenly by the falling of a beam:

"Sweet, laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now,
But O! its sunshine glids no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.
Thy mother by the fireside sits,
And listens for thy call;
And slowly—slowly, as she knits,
Her quiet tears downfall;
Her little *kindering* thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on!"

We ought before this to have announced the receipt, in exchange, of the California Christian Advocate, published under the auspices of our Church at San Francisco. Its typographical execution is very neat; while its editorial character, under the management of Messrs. Briggs and Simonds, is not a whit behind the best of religious newspapers this side of the Rocky Mountains. Dr. Boring has also placed us under obligation for a copy of the Christian Observer, published also at San Francisco, under the care of the Church South. Six dollars per annum is the advance price of each of these papers. We wish them a life of long years, and a prosperity whose end may never come.

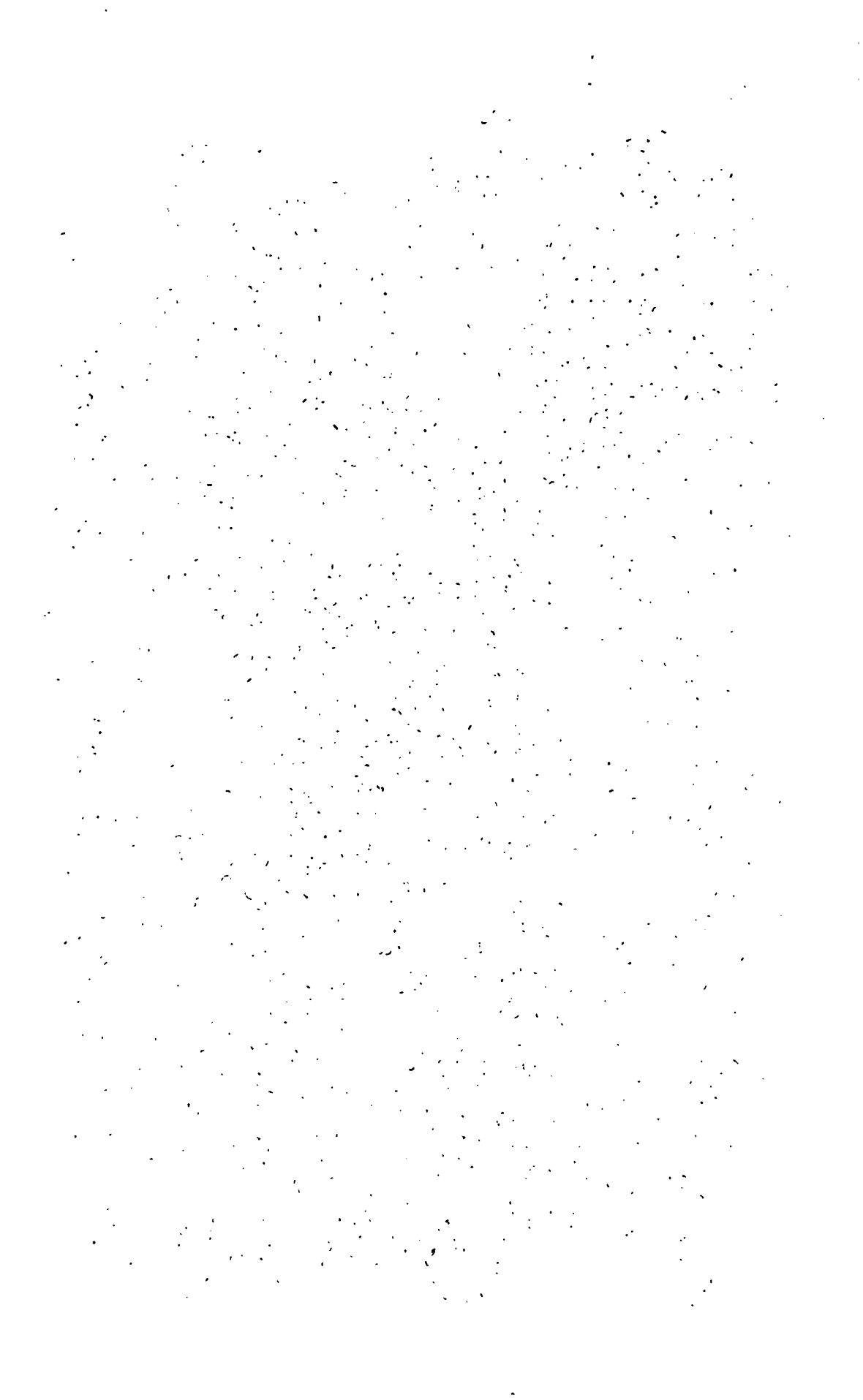
Speaking of missionary papers, we must be allowed to urge upon our friends the value of the Missionary Advocate, edited by Dr. Durbin, and published by Lane & Scott, New York. A Church by taking one hundred copies can distribute single copies for ten cents a year. The matter of the Advocate does not appear in any of our Church papers, but is almost exclusively its own. For reference in regard to statistics, Church affairs, religious and standard intelligence, it has no superior in the world. In general characteristics the American Messenger, published by the American Tract Society, comes nearest to the Advocate of any monthly with which we are acquainted. The Messenger has a circulation of over two hundred thousand subscribers, and a burning shame it is that the Advocate must go begging all the time and have not one-fourth that number.

Rev. Isaac B. Fish has sent us, all the way from Moquelumne Hill, two hundred miles east of San Francisco, California, a large and beautiful daguerreotype view of the town in which he lives. There are three hundred and seventy-five houses at Moquelumne, and about three thousand inhabitants. We should be glad to put the picture into the hands of an engraver, and have it grace the pages of the Repository; but as there is more than a sufficient number of engravings for the remainder of our brief editorship, we must submit the matter to the consideration of our successor.

We are happy in the present number, after the lapse of several months, to give another chapter of the "Leaves from an Autobiography." The infirmities of age are falling heavily upon the writer of these reminiscences. May his last days be gilded with a pure and serene sunlight!

Webster's Dictionary, unabridged, we learn by our exchanges, is being furnished the common schools of New York, at the low price of four dollars per copy, by the Messrs. Merriman, Springfield, Mass. We have found the work an indispensable auxiliary in our editorial labors, and, except the Bible, it is the last book we should feel willing to part with.

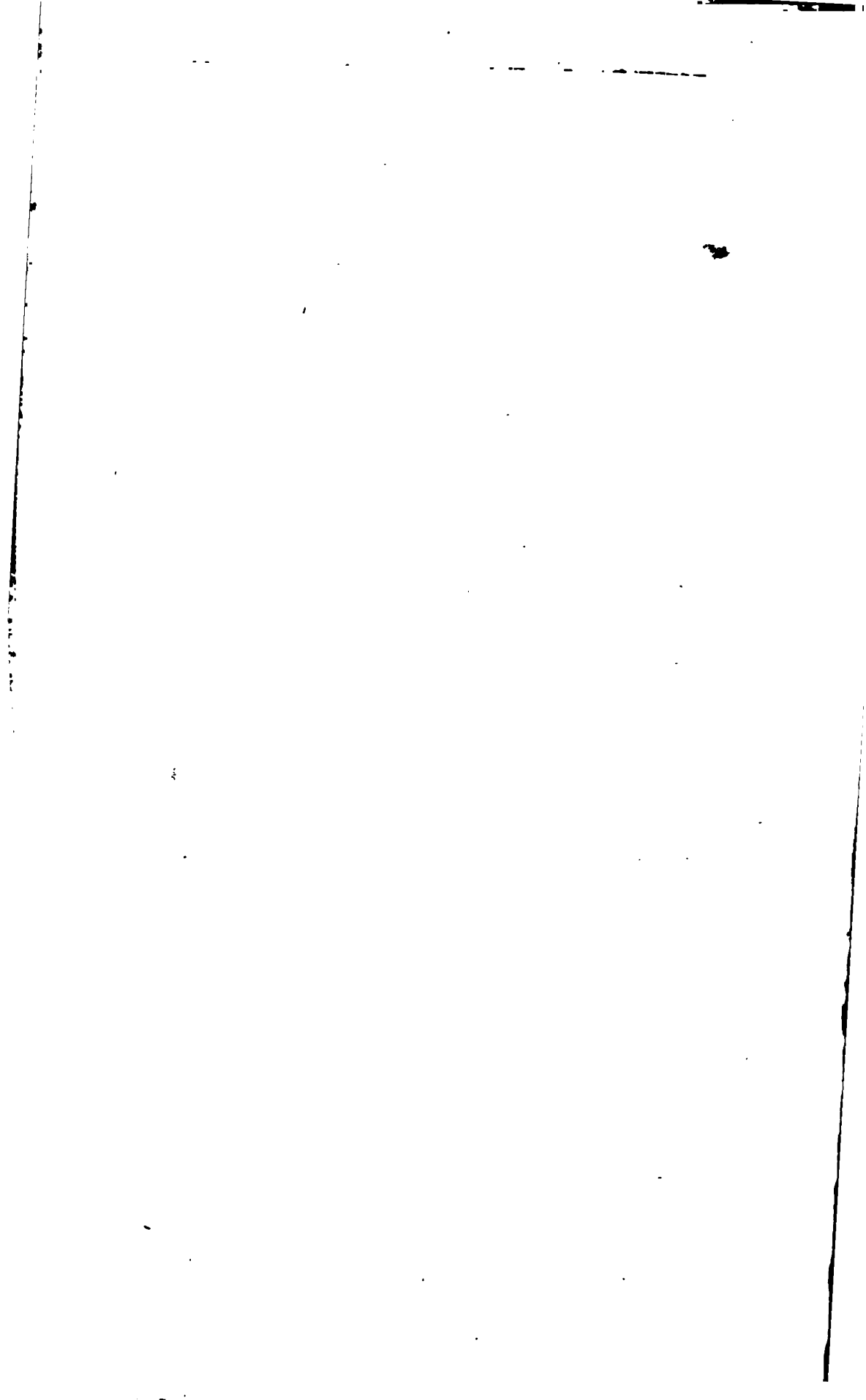
On our table is a large number of reports, pamphlets, etc., the names even of which we find ourselves unable at present to give. We trust our friends will be mild in their criticisms on our seeming neglect of their favors.

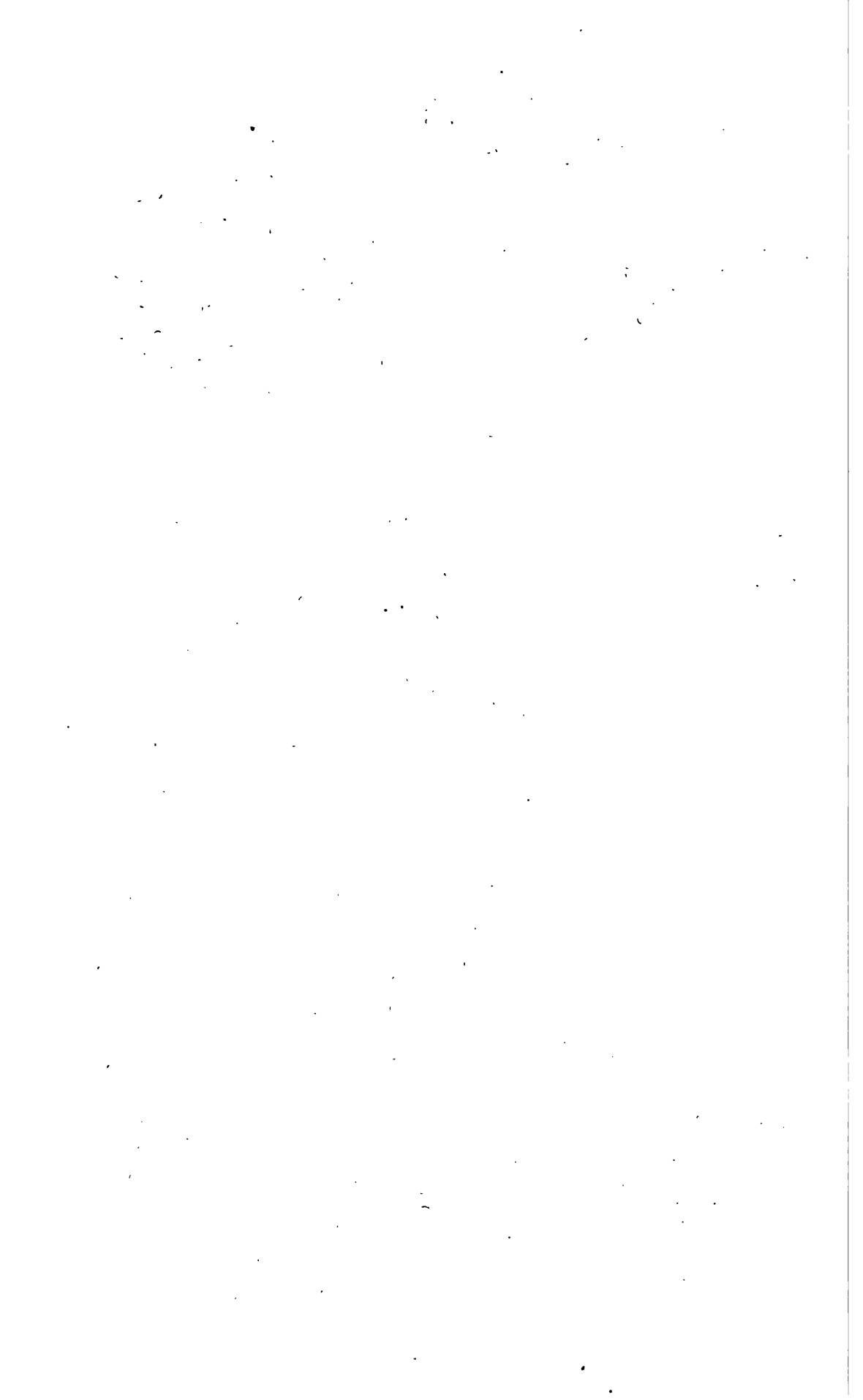




THE HOUSE OF THE BISHOP OF CANTON, CHINA







Dead.

BY MISS PHOEBE CARRY.

Music by FR. WERNER, Steinbrecher.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Dead! yet there comes no shriek, no tear, My

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned below the vocal staff.

a-gony is dumb; I've tho't and fear'd, and known so long that such an hour must

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned below the vocal staff.

come, For when her once sweet household cares grew wearier every day, And,

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned below the vocal staff.

D E A D . — *Continued.*

dropping from her listless hands, Her work was put a - way, I knew that all her

This system contains the first five measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is written for the right and left hands of a grand piano, with a bass clef and the same key signature. The lyrics are: "dropping from her listless hands, Her work was put a - way, I knew that all her".

tasks were done, And, though I wept and prayed, I always thought of her as one For

This system contains the next five measures. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "tasks were done, And, though I wept and prayed, I always thought of her as one For". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

whom the shroud is made.

This system contains the next five measures. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "whom the shroud is made." The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal melody.

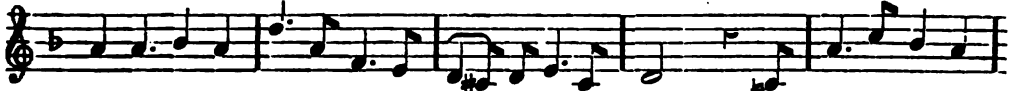
This system contains the final five measures of the piece. The vocal line is mostly silent, with a few notes at the end. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

D E A D . — *Concluded.*

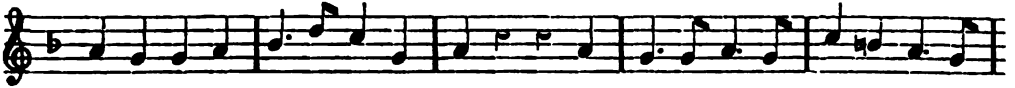
Verse 4. S. S.



She talked of growing strong and well, To soothe our parting pain, I



knew it would be well with her Be - fore we met a - gain; I knew upon that



lonesome hill, Where winter now is drear, They'd have to make an - other grave Be-



for an - other year. I hope that they will dig it there, I would not have it



made Between the graves where strangers sleep, Un - der the cypress shade.

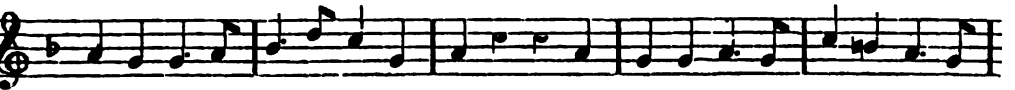
Verse 5. S. S.



'I'd have it where our sisters gone, Are sleeping side by side, And



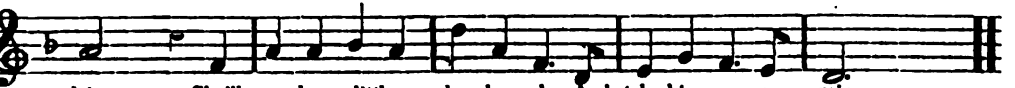
where we weeping orphans laid Our mother when she died. There too, with beauty



scarcely dimmed, And curls of shining gold, We covered little Ellie's face, And



hid it in the mold. So bring her there, And when they rise Who in the dust have



lain, She'll see her little ba - by wake, And take him up a - gain.

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THE

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1852.

WILLIAM M'KENDREE.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

Of the early and efficient coadjutors of Asbury there are some of whom unfortunately little is known to the public of the present generation. Their history has never been written. Any sketch which we may make of them must prove faint and indistinct. Their names loom up dim and distant in the shadowy past. In their day they were stars of the first magnitude. In their course along the track of time they spread all about their path a glorious radiancy. In that brilliant light their cotemporaries walked and rejoiced. But to us is left only a dim, hazy, waning twilight. The generation that shall follow us may know little or nothing of them. Who will rescue their names from the oblivion that threatens to cover them? Are there not materials for the biography of these men of blessed memory? Where are they? and who will weave them into a beautiful, instructive, and entertaining narrative?

What few facts we have been able to gather we will use for a slight and temporary sketch, hoping we, or some other, may hereafter find materials for a more extended and interesting biography.

WILLIAM M'KENDREE was born in the state of Virginia, in 1757. His parents were members of the American branch of the Church of England. When very young he became seriously disposed from reading the Bible in the common school. Naturally quick in his perceptions, thoughtful in his habits, and sensitive in his moral nature, he was affected by the simple and evident truths of the Divine revelation. He read the story of Jesus. His highly sensitive soul was moved at the exhibition which that story presented of love, of mercy, of goodness, of virtue, and of suffering. His clear perceptive power and his strong understanding enabled him to see and to apprehend the nature and the design of the mission of Jesus Christ. He comprehended, so far as youth without personal instruction may do it, the doctrine of depravity, of the atonement, of repentance, of faith, and of regeneration. He became convinced of sin, and

earnestly desired to be saved from it, and to flee from the wrath to come. He prayed, he wept, he read, he thought; but he had none to encourage, none to aid, none to guide him. Nor his associates, nor his teacher, nor his parents, nor his parish minister knew any thing of experimental religion. They had never felt the godly sorrow of repentance; they had never exercised the faith that brings justification; they had never passed through the struggles of the new birth.

The poor boy, in doubt and in darkness, in suspense and anxiety, wandered alone along the devious way, from childhood to youth, in search of that which he could not find; his soul found no place of rest; his heart found no object to grasp; his mind found nothing on which it could rely.

When he was about nineteen years old he heard, for the first time, a Methodist preacher. We have no means of determining who had, in the providence of God, the honor and the glory of being the first to shed the light of Gospel truth along the dark path of the youthful M'Kendree. What Wesleyan first applied the soothing doctrines of grace to that sensitive mind? Was it Asbury himself? Or was it one of the American worthies of blessed memory, raised up by Providence as heralds of salvation in those early days of Methodism? or Waters, or Dromgoole, or Pedicord, or Tunnel? The preaching of that Methodist, whoever it might be, carried conviction, deep and pungent, to the heart of M'Kendree. He yielded to the conviction; he resolved to lead a new life. In accordance with Methodist usage—the usage of receiving as members on trial all such as desire “to flee the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins”—he was admitted to the connection. The scene must surely have been a thrilling one, when the noble, the accomplished, the generous, the buoyant M'Kendree went forward, before the whole congregation, and gave his hand to the minister of God. Little did he then think how glorious a career was before him.

Though he became a member of the society, yet had he no evidence of conversion. He had only the form of godliness; the power he was seeking. Not, however, being yet fully aware of the illusory deceptions of the unregenerate human heart, nor

thoroughly instructed in the way of truth and righteousness, he retained his social connections with his irreligious companions. They were civil, respectful, and moral, and he thought no evil would result from keeping up his intercourse with them. Nor would any evil have thus resulted, had he been fully initiated in the way of holiness. But the seeker of religion should avoid intercourse with the careless and irreligious. Let him retire to the woods and pray alone. Let him wander along by the river side, or ramble over the pastures, where undisturbed he may reflect and pray. Let him pour out his soul in secret prayer before his God alone. Let him not, during the process of conviction, mingle with the world. When, however, he becomes converted, then he may strengthen his brethren; then he may safely mingle, if he but keep up his independence, freely with his former associates; then may he exhort them, pray over them, and exert among them a strong influence for good.

By too free communion, in his yet unregenerate though penitent state of mind, with those who were careless of God and of their own souls, he lost his seriousness, stifled his convictions, and became indifferent to his religious interests. He did not, however, lose his moral standing. He retained the form, though he had never yet fully known the spirit of religion. In this state of mind—a state of moral carelessness, of religious indifference—he remained till he was about thirty years old.

Glorious is the memory of those days, when, perhaps more frequently than in our day, the power and the grace of God were manifested, as on the day of Pentecost, and hundreds, and sometimes thousands, were added to the Church, in a few months, on one circuit, and by the labors of one man. We have heard with our ears, our fathers have told us of such scenes, and we ourselves have seen such glorious displays, and have shared in them. Such a revival occurred in 1787 on the Brunswick circuit, where M'Kendree lived. In the blessings of that revival he largely shared. His convictions were renewed; his heart was deeply affected. After a few days of deep and sincere conviction, of bitter repentance, of fasting and prayer, as he was listening to the man of God, in a large and deeply affected congregation, he ventured his all on Christ. In a moment his soul was relieved of a burden too heavy to be borne, and joy succeeded sorrow. He spoke not a word, but sat in deep and profound silence, with his eyes closed and his hands uplifted, giving glory to God in his heart. It required no words to inform those who saw him of the change that had been wrought in him. His countenance indicated it. Had he seen a vision of angels, or caught a glimpse of the heavenly paradise, he could not have manifested more seraphic joy than beamed from his face.

No sooner had he experienced the joys of religion than he began to feel a deep interest for the salvation of his friends and associates. He went to his companions. He warned them of the danger

of sin. He exhorted them, he entreated them to seek salvation. He prayed devoutly and earnestly for them. He exhorted with eloquence, and prayed with power in the public prayer meetings.

Success, abundant and encouraging success, attended his efforts. Sinners were convicted, penitents were converted, and multitudes were added to the Church by his labors. His soul magnified the Lord, and his spirit rejoiced in God his Savior.

Seeing the evident success of his humble labors in exhortation and prayer, and feeling an inclination, which he could not resist, to devote himself to the work of saving souls, he began to think of entering the ministry. His Christian brethren, too, urged him to the work, believing, as they did, that God had called him. But he was destined, before he could fully make up his mind to engage in the ministerial enterprise, to pass through severe trials of faith. He felt reluctant to take on himself so responsible a work, from the deficiency of his education, from his want of knowledge of men and of the world, from his slight acquaintance with theology, and from a fear that he might mistake the influence of his own impressions and of the solicitations of his friends for the call of God. Yet he had a strong conviction of duty, and he dare not disobey. He therefore determined to proceed according to his convictions, and trust Providence to open or to obstruct his way, and thereby make plain his duty. He therefore joined the Virginia conference, and went to the circuit to which he was appointed, determined to labor on, till those who had the charge and ecclesiastical government over him should become convinced he was not called to the office, and should disown him. That time, however, never came. He was greatly encouraged by the success with which he met. The presence of God was often manifested in the meetings which he held. Souls were convicted and converted under his preaching. His own soul enjoyed union and communion with his Savior, both in his public preaching and in his private devotions. He soon, therefore, became satisfied of his call to the ministry, and he determined, with a firm faith, a manly heart, and an unwavering trust in Providence, to move on in the line of his duty.

Having joined the Virginia conference in 1788, he spent eight years traveling various circuits, and four as presiding elder on a district extending from the Chesapeake Bay to the Alleghany Mountains. Of the incidents of these twelve years we have no record in our possession. We may trace him on the Minutes from circuit to circuit; but we know nothing of the stirring scenes of revival through which he passed, nor of the lights and shades of itinerancy on which he looked.

He suffered during the time a slight eclipse in the cloud that passed over the sky of Methodism in 1792, when O'Kelley withdrew from the Church. O'Kelley had been for several years M'Kendree's presiding elder, and had, of course, acquired over

him much influence, which he failed not to use in procuring disaffection toward the Church. M'Kendree, however, did not become deeply involved. At the conference of 1792, when the difficulties came to a crisis, he declined taking an appointment, and sent Bishop Asbury his "resignation in writing." But a short time after the adjournment of the conference he met the Bishop, withdrew his resignation, and took a regular appointment at Norfolk.

In the autumn of 1800 Bishop Asbury and Bishop Whatcoat, passing through Virginia on their way to the west, took M'Kendree along with them. He was the very man, as the event proved, for a pioneer in the west. They gave him charge of the whole Western conference, including all the state of Ohio, of Kentucky, and of Tennessee, with all that part of Virginia lying west of the Kanawha, and with missions in Illinois and in Mississippi. The district was at least fifteen hundred miles in extent. Every three months he had to travel over it. The country was new, the rivers bridgeless, the woods pathless, and much of the territory houseless. It was his policy to advance with his corps of itinerants as fast and as far as emigration proceeded. Wherever the settler erected his log-cabin there stood M'Kendree to preach to him the Gospel. To reach the frontier settlements, and to pass from one settlement to another, he had often long, tedious, and dangerous rides. He must wade through swamps, swim over rivers, and pick his way through the woods. Night often overtook him far from any dwelling. In such emergency he would dismount from his horse at some convenient spot, gather up a lot of fuel, kindle a fire, eat a morsel of food kindly put up for him at the last cabin, lie down under a tree, with the forest leaves for his bed, his saddle-bags for his pillow, and the overhanging foliage for his covering, and soundly sleep till morning.

He spent in these western wilds eight years. And they were years of wonderful interest. But we have no record in detail of the stirring scenes through which he passed. We only know that he preached with extraordinary power and success. He often preached at quarterly meetings and at camp meetings to immense multitudes. Effects followed similar to those which attended the preaching of Wesley at Bristol and at London, and of Whitefield at Kingswood and at Moorfields. Careless ones would be awakened to intense anxiety; hard-hearted veterans in sin would weep bitterly; athletic men would fall helpless as infants on the ground; deep conviction would seize on the sinner; earnest and fervent prayer would arise from lips from which but an hour before had proceeded only curses; then would arise songs of praise and shouts of victory; making the grand old forest ring with peans of triumph.

Fresh from the field of glory and of triumph, where for eight years he had been enjoying such success in his ministry as seldom crowns the labors of mortals, M'Kendree proceeded to the city

of Baltimore, to attend the General conference of 1808. He was a stranger in the city, having not, as I can learn, ever before visited it. He was a stranger to most of the members of the General conference. Few of the junior preachers of the Eastern and Middle States, or of the Southern Atlantic States, had ever heard even the name of William M'Kendree. At that time mails and post-offices were few, and newspapers had hardly begun to be. There was not in any denomination a religious newspaper in America. The Methodists had no organ whatever of communication. Once in a great while a letter might be conveyed by the mail on some one of the great routes, and Bishop Asbury might thus, while in the south, be informed of the state of the Churches north and east. But very few of the preachers knew any thing of what was transpiring in a distant section of the country. Though, therefore, rumors of the wonderful displays of power and grace exhibited in the west might have reached some of the eastern preachers, yet few of them had any distinct information of the events, or any knowledge of the brave and chivalrous man who had so successfully led on the embattled hosts of the Lord.

Among the appointments for preaching on the first Sabbath of the General conference, there was announced for the Light-Street Church the name of William M'Kendree. When the hour of morning service arrived, there appeared an immense multitude of people, of all ranks and conditions of society congregating in a populous city. The members of the General conference were there, the polished and hospitable citizens were there, and the slaves were there. The house was crowded, positively packed full—full in the main body, full in the first gallery, full in the second gallery, and full in the pulpit. All eyes were turned to the stranger, as, at the appointed time, he entered the pulpit, and stood before them. He was a man of tall form and commanding appearance; but he was clothed in very coarse and homely garments, and his movements seemed to the genteel part of his audience awkward, and his manners rustic.

He read the hymn without much regard to rhythm or melody. He prayed with indistinct and faltering voice. He read his text without any regard to impressiveness. He introduced the main subject of his discourse with a few commonplace and uninteresting remarks. The spirit of the people died within them. Their expectations of an interesting discourse from the western stranger seemed wholly disappointed. They made up their minds, as Christian people should, to bear as patiently as possible the dull and awkward sermon about to be inflicted on them.

But when the discourse was about half finished a "change came over the spirit of their dream." Sampeon arose in his might and shook himself. The lion of the west made the walls of the Light-Street, as he often had made the forests of Kentucky, ring with his powerful voice. The effect

was tremendous. An electric impulse thrilled through every heart. The whole congregation seemed overwhelmed. Tears burst from the eye, and sobs and shrieks from the voice. Multitudes fell helpless from their seats, sudden as if shot with a rifle.

The preacher then changed the tone of his voice, and there followed from the enraptured multitude shouts of joy and acclamations of triumph and praise. He changed again, and a sweet and holy influence, like the mellow light of Indian summer floating over the autumn landscape, seemed to invest the assembly.

When he came down from the pulpit, the people gazed at him as they might at some messenger from another world, who had spoken to them in tones such as they had never heard before. The preachers, with one accord, said, "That is the man for a bishop." Accordingly the same week he was elected, with great unanimity, by the General conference, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It might seem inexpedient, as a general rule, for an ecclesiastical body to elect a man to an office so important on an impulse so sudden. Yet in this case the choice was most fortunate. No man in the American Methodist Church at that time united in his person so many admirable qualifications for the office as did William M'Kendree. As a man, he was single-hearted, magnanimous, generous, and of most refined and exquisite sensibility. As a Christian he was deeply pious. As a minister, he was, in power and success, a prince among his brethren. He was thoroughly acquainted with the Discipline and government of the Church; probably better versed in ecclesiastical law than any of his cotemporaries, except Asbury. Under the excitement caused by the secession of Mr. O'Kelley, a secession in which M'Kendree himself came near being involved, he thoroughly examined the whole subject of Church government, and became exceedingly attached to the Methodist system. During his administration of the episcopacy the Church passed several crises of agitation respecting ecclesiastical regulations. During those trying seasons the sleepless vigilance and strong personal influence of M'Kendree were exerted to the utmost to preserve the constitution formed by Asbury and the fathers, and now acknowledged by all Methodists as the most efficient system of Church organization known among Protestants. Had it not been for M'Kendree there would have been carried, at the General conference of 1820, some measures which we all would now deprecate as inexpedient and mischievous. In resisting innovations and changes which he thought injurious, he often had to array himself against talented and estimable men. His own measures were often severely criticised, and sometimes censured. But he stood firm and unmoved, asking for nothing but what he deemed right, and submitting to nothing he thought wrong. He often, in the administration of the government confided to him, presented, by his

firm and independent course, a specimen of the moral sublime.

He held the office of bishop for twenty-seven years. During the first twelve years he was effective and vigorous, traveling annually from the Mississippi of the west to the Merrimack of the east, and from the St. Lawrence of the north to the St. Mary's of the south. For the last fifteen years of his life he was deeply afflicted by disease. He suffered at times intensely. Owing to his severe afflictions, the General conference, by unanimous vote, released him from all obligation to travel at large; yet still he pursued, so far as he possibly could, his usual rounds, often traveling from one end of the continent to the other when he was so infirm as to have to be assisted by his attendants in getting into his carriage or out of it.

He retained, during the twelve years of his effective service, all the energy, the eloquence, and the power of his early days.

I had once, and once only, the good fortune to see him, and to hear him. It was at the session of the New England conference at Durham, in the state of Maine, in the year 1814. I was then a small boy, but I had heard of the fame of Bishop M'Kendree. On Sabbath morning I made my way over the fields and pastures, and through the woods, to the old Methodist church, which stood in a rural region on the hill-side. When I arrived at the house, I found no room—not so much as about the door. Being, however, a little fellow, I contrived to work a tortuous passage through the crowd, and to reach a position near the altar, in full view of the preacher. He was just rising to give out his text. His tall and manly form, his dignified and commanding appearance, struck me with admiration. Distinctly and impressively he read his text: *Deuteronomy xxx. 19*, "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing. Choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live." Without apology or labored introduction, he proceeded at once to his main subject. His manner of speaking was different from any I had ever heard. He would speak for a few sentences rapidly in a colloquial style. Then he would rise in declamation, and make the old house ring with the powerful tones of his magnificent voice. Suddenly he would descend to a lower key, and utter tones sweet and soft as the Eolian lyra. At times the feelings of the audience would become, under his stirring appeals, most intense, and one simultaneous shout would leap from a hundred tongues. Young as I was, I was deeply affected with wonder and delight at the powerful eloquence and commanding appearance of the distinguished stranger. The man, the manner, the voice, and the discourse, all made on my youthful heart an impression which the long years that are past have failed to wear away.

During the tedious years of his physical decline, from 1820 till his death in 1835, he continued, whenever it was possible for him to move, or be

moved to his carriage by friendly hands, to travel over the continent, preaching occasionally, overseeing the interests of the Church, and aiding, by his counsel and advice, his associates and the preachers in the prudent and efficient discharge of their official duties. In the summer of 1824, after having attended the General conference at Baltimore, he made an extensive tour over the Alleghany Mountains to the Ohio river, across the country from Wheeling to Sandusky on Lake Erie, thence south through the central portions of Ohio to Shelbyville in Kentucky, and west through Indiana and Illinois to the Mississippi, and again south to Nashville. In 1828, after the adjournment of the General conference at Pittsburg, he made an extensive tour through Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. Having visited the Churches, so far as his health admitted, all along this western and southern tour, he attended the annual conferences at Baltimore and at Philadelphia, and then returned south-west to Nashville.

In the autumn of 1830 he started from Nashville, with the intention of making a tour through all the southern and most of the northern Atlantic states, and of arriving at Philadelphia in the spring of 1832, to attend the General conference. He succeeded in reaching the seat of the Holston conference, in East Tennessee, near the North Carolina line, but was so prostrated by the journey as to be wholly unable to attend the conference. Being strongly urged by his friends to abandon his Atlantic tour, and to return by slow and easy stages to Nashville, he submitted, though, it is said, he wept; yes, the great, the good M'Kendree wept, when he found himself compelled by disease to be borne, like a disabled soldier, from the field. He feared that he should become useless, and a burden rather than a blessing to the Church.

Having succeeded, though with many difficulties and much suffering, in crossing the Cumberland Mountains, he spent the winter on the banks of the Cumberland river, near Nashville. In the spring of 1831 he again started for the north. He spent the summer in Kentucky and Ohio. In the autumn he crossed the Alleghanies, and spent the winter in Baltimore. In the spring of 1832 he proceeded to Philadelphia, to attend the General conference. On his arrival in Philadelphia, he was too feeble to attend regularly the sessions of the conference. Occasionally he would be seen feebly walking up the aisle, and taking a seat by the side of his colleagues; but he could remain in the room only a short time. His last visit to the conference room was made the day before the adjournment. Having remained as long as his strength would admit, he arose to retire to his lodgings. He was but too conscious of his approaching dissolution ever to expect to meet his brethren again in another General conference. Leaning on his staff, his tall and manly form bent with age and infirmity, his eyes suffused with tears, his voice faltering with

emotion, he exclaimed, "My brethren and children, love one another!" Then spreading forth his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, he pronounced, in impressive accents, the apostolic benediction. Then slowly and sadly he left the house, to return no more.

By slow and wearisome journeys, being obliged, during the latter part of the route, to travel lying on a bed in his carriage, he reached Nashville in the autumn of 1832. During the year 1833 and 1834 he occasionally ventured on short excursions through parts of Western Tennessee, and on one occasion he passed in steamboat down the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, to New Orleans.

On the 23d of November, 1834, he preached, at the Methodist Church in Nashville, his last sermon. From this time he continued to decline till his death, which occurred at the house of his brother, near Nashville, on the 5th of March, 1835.

As this eminent soldier of the cross, this captain of the hosts of the Lord, this leader of the armies of the faithful, was standing, at the age of nearly fourscore years, on the last heights of earth, looking back on his heroic career for half a century, looking around on the spoils he had won from sin, and looking forward along the dark and perilous way to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns," he cried out, in accents of confidence, "*All is well!*" As he descended to the valley of the shadow of death, and stood looking on the "land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the very light is as darkness," he cried again, in tones of faith, "*All is well!*" As he plunged into the deep and dark shadows, and stood by that lethean stream, whose oblivious waters all of earth must cross, his voice again was heard resounding through the gloom, "*All is well!*" When, descending to the brink, he had committed himself to the stream, and the deep, dark, and returnless tide was bearing him on, the words again arose above the roar of the waters, "*All is well!*" Faintly yet sweetly the echo of those words, from the hill of the heavenly Zion, seems yet to come back to the children of earth, "*All is well!*"

PREPARING TO DIE.

THE amiable and gifted Jane Taylor, the last time she took up her pen—it was on the day preceding her death—wrote as follows: "O, my dear friends, if you knew what thoughts I have now, you would see, as I do, that the whole business of life is preparation for death."

One who had lived more than fifty years said, as the hand of Death was upon him, "I have all my days been getting ready to live, and now I must die."

How much time is spent in preparing to live!—how little in preparing to die!

LITTLE MARY SLEEPETH.

BY REV. B. G. CHANSEY.

"I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
 Come o'er that eye of blue;
 And then methought it did appear
 A violet dropping dew.
 I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee ceased to shine;
 It could not match the living rays
 That filled that eye of thine."

Two years ago I stood a stranger in a little village, pleasantly situated in the beautiful valley of Cumberland county, Penn. It was the Sabbath. The church-going bell had chimed merrily away, and the cheerful yeomanry, in pious haste, bent their footsteps toward the house of God. The morning was lovely. The sun had risen with splendor in the heavens, and seemed rejoicing like a strong man to run his race; his soft beams had lingered awhile on the mountain-top, and now threw a radiance rarely equaled over the smiling valley. All nature seemed vocal in praises to God on this beautiful morning in summer: the lark had borne her song toward the gate of heaven; the rose and the flower had opened their soft petals, and were emitting their sweet perfumes on the worshippers, as they moved thoughtfully along to the house of prayer. I saw an aged servant of the Most High ascend the pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal Church of that village; and as my eye rested upon that attentive audience, I felt that it was good to be there. After preaching the sacrament was administered. This, to me, is always a solemn scene; but on this occasion it was rendered more so by the relation I sustained to those with whom I kneeled around that altar. I was a stranger there! Yet I felt at home in my heavenly Father's house. My health was quite feeble by close confinement; I knew well how to sympathize with those from whose cheek the rose had departed.

I saw a little girl of fourteen summers—and all her summers were numbered—enter that church. She had requested her mother, on that bright Sabbath morning, to kneel down by her side, and partake of the Lord's supper. I saw her feeble step, and marked her countenance, as she was led by that mother down the aisle, and kneeled, with a tearful eye, to participate, for the last time on earth, with her friends, in commemorating the death and passion of her Lord. Methought, as I looked upon that touching scene, I almost heard her whisper to them the language of the Savior, "Verily, I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God."

She soon returned to her chamber. The next day I was invited to dine with her father's family. After dinner I had an interview with little Mary. I may live to be old, I may forget much "among the dream of things that were," but never will I

forget the hour I spent in the company of that sweet little girl. Her father was a physician of some eminence; he was a kind and affectionate parent; he doted on his only child; but her health had fled; he saw her rapidly fading away before his eyes; he had tried to give her up, but he could not yet think of parting with the object of his affection—she was so amiable, so pious, so pure. Some two years before she had made her peace with God, and was not afraid to die. She felt that death would be to her but the beginning of eternal life. She knew that she could not live long, and spoke of death composedly. She felt that the last summer breeze fanned her cheek, and would soon sweep over her tomb. During our conversation I noticed a bright tear fill her eye; it did not speak of sorrow, but like a pearly dew drop brightened more sweetly ere it fell. Here was an angelic smile. Never before had I seen so much sweetness, so much innocence, so much affection, expressed in a smile. And when I remarked that in all probability I should see her no more on earth, but anticipated meeting her again above, that, perhaps, twelve months hence I should return, and if I found her not, I would go to her grave, and then remember that hour sanctified to her memory, she smiled through her tears, and said, "Long ere you come back I shall be in heaven." My heart was touched; and when I bade her farewell, I felt it would be to meet her no more on earth. Time passed on. I returned to my native state. She waited in that village, "till her change should come;" yet she lingered there but a little while.

A few months ago I again stood in that chamber; I looked around the room, but little Mary was not there! I did not inquire for her. I was shown her grave. Death had robbed that sweet girl of her youthful beauties, and borne her away to the silent tomb. And while her fond parents wept tears of sorrow at her departure, she pointed them above where tears are never shed, and there she bade them meet her. Many of her young friends visited her during her illness—to all of whom she dropped a memento of her love, and told them of her home above. It was only left for me to visit her grave; and when I stood there alone, and saw the green grass growing over her tomb, I remembered that afternoon we had met on earth and parted; I remembered the smile of friendship, the tear of sympathy, the voice of tenderness; but above all I remembered the sweet disposition of heart that enabled her, while yet in the bloom of youth, and surrounded by kind and affectionate friends, to lean her head upon Jesus' breast, and softly whisper to weeping ones, "Adieu! adieu! I am almost home." Reader, little Mary sleepeth; she doeth well. May our last hour be as calm—our last sleep as peaceful!

A MAN'S virtue should not be measured by his occasional exertions, but by his ordinary doings.

RETRIBUTION.

—
BY ALICE GARREY.
—

There is in human nature a stronger love of parity and truth than some persons are apt to imagine. This, I take it, leads some persons even to speak evil of their neighbors, or, in other words, to gossip of their little faults and foibles; and that, too, when they perhaps practice the very things of which they complain. The lamp which they set in the dark places of their neighbor's house, however much rubbish it reveals that should be cast into the fire and burned, is because they love the light—the mortifying revelations are incidental.

No murderer may successfully conceal his crime, but is led by irresistible impulse to talk of how blood might be shed in secret, and murders wrought so adroitly, that he betrays himself; and though the faithless stream shrink not away from the drowned corpse, as in the case of the wretched Eugene Aram, he would yet take it up and run, even with the white face of the dead against the moonday sun; and this because in his heart he loathes the crime.

Confession is in some sort purification, for that it involves some degree of penitence, which comes by contrasting the hideous with the beautiful, the impure with the pure. I repeat, the very best feelings of humanity may be at work when we talk of the worst. I do not say this is always the case; but if it be so at all, it should lead us to give softest interpretations to the bitterest words.

I have been led into this train of thought by the little story I am about to relate, which involves a confession on my part—a confession I do not willingly make, for we dislike to lay bare our faults and infirmities—nevertheless, I am impelled to do it; and let me hope it is in the abhorrence I feel for that evil spirit now. It was but the utterance of a sinful feeling, which harmed no one but myself; and yet, for my punishment, perhaps, it seemed to involve me in the consequences it could in no way have brought about.

The speaking of wrong thoughts, or the acting of a wrong impulse, may prove almost omnipotent against us; and childish tears could not blot the memory of the childish sin, but in the maturity of life, and through the reprehension of riper judgment, it comes to haunt me yet.

I was perhaps eight years old—not more than nine, certainly—when I went to school to a Mr. Harding. My recollections of him are not pleasant. And my dislike, I suppose, made me think him the most ill-favored person I had ever seen; but he was, I am sure, in no wise prepossessing.

In person he was short, and heavily made—about forty, perhaps—without either wrinkles or gray hairs. His face was full, presenting the appearance of being inflated; was of a dead even color, with a vacant expression, if vacancy may be so called. His eyes were gray—one of them blind, slightly

rolled upward, and full of white specks. His lips were of a bluish pink color, and usually fallen apart, revealing a set of teeth that looked sufficiently strong for the mastication of bones; that is, what were left, for a cavity in one side of the mouth indicated the absence of half a dozen; and as these had once stood together, and the rest were even and sound, the mouth had a peculiar look which I have never seen in any other. His hands had the same fat and swollen look, and were of the same dead yellow as his face.

His costume was invariably the same, consisting of a roundabout and trousers of a pale drab-colored cloth, which was very coarse, and worn threadbare. The vest was of coarse brown material; the shirt of unbleached cotton; and he wore a black ribbon, drawn to a string, around his neck, so short and thick as to give him the look of having an indenture made in his person by the string, and of having otherwise no neck at all.

On either side the roundabout, from long and slovenly wear, there was a dark, shiny spot as large as the palm of his hand. He generally sat all day at the desk, seldom speaking, and only moving a muscle now and then by way of grimace at some offender, which always preceded castigation. He never troubled himself to give premonitory admonition or reproof, but the whip followed the grimace, and the sufferer himself had often no idea for what offense the punishment was intended. Thus we were kept in constant fear and expectancy; for often after sitting half an hour with his head thrust under the lid of the desk, munching bread and cheese or old crackers, of which he kept a supply, or after having rubbed with his fingers the aforementioned grease spot for the same length of time, he would suddenly seize his long lithe whip, and dive in the direction of some hapless urchin, seemingly innocent as the rest. This was his every-day habit, and to himself a simple diversion. I remember, however, one terrible exception to the usual mode.

The scholars were mostly from eight to twelve; but there were one or two older among them—Jerred Smith, a boy of fourteen, perhaps. I thought him quite too big to come to school; that he should be ashamed to be there; in fact, I had never seen so large a boy at school, and thought that only children like me had any business there.

He was a clumsy, lubberly lad, somewhat overgrown, I think; for his coat and hat were always a great deal too little for him. His hair was of a pine wood color, his complexion florid, and his eyes blue; but his hands were ill-shapen almost to deformity, being wide as they were long, and the fingers little more than warty projections. But I do not think it was for his want of fair looks and for his ungraceful carriage that I disliked him. I hope not. No matter though, I disliked him, and that without any cause whatever; for he was full of genial humor and good-nature; and never injured or harmed me in any way. Indeed, I do not

remember of ever speaking to him till the last day he ever came to school. He loved the game of marbles much better than he loved his books, and read his lesson—learning to read was then of more importance in the schools than now—by the gradual hitching of one word to another, and bringing up the sentence with a terrible accent on the closing word.

My mother read excellently well; and I could myself get through the "Vision of Mirza," "The Journey of Life," and "On Divine Providence," faster, and, to my then thinking, better than he. Bad reading I thought an outrage upon decency, and hypocritically affected to be shocked at his rhetoric—sometimes holding my fingers to my ears, at others holding my face between the leaves of my map, which I might better have done on my own account, while Jerred was reading, or trying to read, his lesson.

Perhaps his indolence and good-nature were the basis of my hatred. He would not apply himself, and stammered through the parsing awkwardly enough—generally with, "Common noun, third person, singular," no matter whether noun, verb, or adverb was under consideration. If he chanced to be right, he chuckled that it was so; and if wrong, he was just as much delighted. I don't think I ever defined the causes of my dislike at the time, but I think now these were among them.

I was studious, isolate, and selfish I fear; while he in giving away his apples and making swings for the girls found his highest delight. Sometimes, at my instigation, they declined his favors and services, called him Whitehead—an epithet I had given him—and asked him why he followed them about. If I did not sneer, I taught the rest to sneer; and when he went aside as placidly as though we had been never so kindly, and stretching himself in the sun, pulled his hat over his eyes, and fell asleep, I have cordially wished—

"O how my cheek
Is burning with the shame I feel,
That truth is in the words I speak!"—

I have wished that he might sleep on till school were half over, and so get a flogging. More than once this hateful wish was in my heart, and found utterance and was sanctioned by those who would never have been malicious enough to originate it. Soon, sooner than I dreamed, even-handed Justice filled up for me the chalice of remorse.

Opposite the school-house there was a grove of maples and walnuts—our play-ground, and one of the loveliest spots I ever yet saw. Near the road, and where the trees were thinnest, inclosed with a low stone wall, over which you may see the headstones—a great number now, then some half dozen—is a little graveyard, designed originally as a family burial-place, and belonging to deacon Peters. But as the wing of affliction darkened over the house of one and another of his neighbors, who had no resting-places for their dead, the good man opened the gate of this rural cemetery,

and at length it became the common burial-ground of the neighborhood.

Some briars grew along the wall I remember, and the berries ripened and dropped off, or were the food of birds; for we had a superstitious dread of them, and generally "Drowned the Duck" or "Lost the Glove" in a distant part of the woods. Through this grove ran a hollow, broadening and flattening into a pretty valley near the road, and narrowing and deepening as it wound backward to a ravine, where grew a clump of honey-locust-trees; and here was generally the terminus of our noontide walks.

One noontime in the autumn—how well I remember it!—we had not only exhausted all our favorite sports, but pieced quilts and aprons of the long yellow leaves of the pawpaw, fringed about with the red and notched foliage of the maple, and pretended to be great ladies, visiting and receiving visitors, till we were heartily tired, while yet the slanting shadows indicated that school would not take in for an hour. "Come, let us go and see grandfather Dickinson," said one of the eldest girls, rising suddenly from the grass on which we sat. "Well, I will, if you will," said one and another, till the whole party were risen. I hesitated; for, to say the truth, I have in my nature a superstitious credulity, which, at that time, was unbalanced by any force of reasoning; and grandfather Dickinson every body said held communion with evil spirits, and in the blackness of midnight had conflicts, terrible to see, with the prince of evil.

But when they called me a coward, and said they would call Jerred to go along if I was afraid, I hesitated no longer, but, trying to feel the courage I had feigned, went forward with the rest. I had often seen grandfather Dickinson; for he was in the habit of visiting the different families of the neighborhood with eggs, potatoes, or some such little articles, by which means he procured as much money as his actual necessities required.

Even at home I was afraid to see him; but that was quite different from going to his lonely cabin in the thick woods, for he dwelt alone in a log hut which himself had made. He was really a harmless old man, whom much thinking of the soul-life and destiny had crazed. His outer garment was always a short loose frock of coarse cloth; on his head he wore a handkerchief in the fashion of a turban; and his beard, white as snow, flowed down upon his bosom. His deep blue eyes shone under his matted hair with lively intelligence, and of matters of worldly moment he usually conversed rationally; but if the future life were hinted of, spirits good and evil thronged about him in a moment. We had entered the wood, and struck into the hollow along which the smoke of his cabin was settled in a low ridge of blue, and I began to look timidly about me at the rustling of a leaf, when suddenly a defiant yell and a crashing among the boughs startlingly arrested our attention; and looking in the direction the sound indicated, we beheld the miserable old man beating the air with a huge club,

and breathing vengeance against the Satanic powers whom he fancied surrounded him.

My companions fled precipitately, leaving me, the youngest and most helpless, transfixed with an agony of fear. I had no power to fly, even when I saw the old man hurrying toward me; but I filled the woods with my wild cries of terror, endeavoring in vain to escape, as he bore me in his arms toward his cabin. There was a call, and a rustling step in the near thicket, and in a moment my abhorred schoolmate stood before us.

"Grandfather," he said, "the devil is tempting you to carry off this child. Give her to me, or you are lost!" As though I were a viper he shook me off. How tightly my arms clung about the neck of Jerred! He was transformed into beauty. When fear subsided, my first thought was of the stony eyes, thick neck, and gaping mouth of the schoolmaster; and the awful heinousness of the wish I had so often indulged pressed me from the bosom of my protector.

Directly the old man's frenzy subsided, and, bending over me till his beard swept in my face, he said, in a voice singularly low and sweet, "Little gal, I did not mean to harm you, but only to keep you for my angel; because little children are pure and peaceable, and Antichrist can not come where they live." So saying, he patted my cheek, and would have kissed me, but I hid my face under the scanty coat of Jerred, who replied, laughingly, "You didn't find her very peaceable; did you, grandfather?" He shook his head mournfully, and replied that, after all, he believed I was a child of Satan. Heaven forefend, old man! and yet I fear thou wert too right.

Jerred led me by the hand very kindly, telling me how he chanced to be gathering grapes in the copse, when, hearing my screams, he hurried through the thicket, and found me as related.

I feared to look up, lest he should see the wicked things that had been in my heart. My voice trembled when I spoke, and I often took my hand from his—not because it was thick and rough with warts, but to wipe the tears from my eyes. I wanted to say, "Jerred, I always thought you were ugly; I hated to hear you read, and to see you enjoy even the sunshine; and I have wished many a time that you would get whipped. Forgive me, dear Jerry; I do not wish so any more, but love you with all my heart." This I longed to speak; yet I was silent till it was too late. When we reached the maple grove, the children were flocking into school, and, dropping my hand, Jerred asked me if I was afraid to go on alone, saying, if I was not, he would run down the hollow, and bring me some pods of the honey-locusts.

Before I could reply, he had bounded over the fence; and when I called after him, saying the master would be angry, and urging him not to go for me, that I did not much like honey-locusts at any rate, he said he knew I did like them, and he was not afraid of the master, and so hurried on. When

I entered the school-house, the master fixed his one eye upon me, and drew up the corner of his lip where the teeth were not, and, though he spoke not, I trembled to think of the belated Jerred.

He came presently, however; and I was relieved, inasmuch as the master seemed to take no notice of him. His face was aglow with pleasure—partly from having gallantly rescued me, and partly from the success of his late enterprise, for his pockets were distended with the sweet pods—a part of which he contrived to slip into my lap, as, under the pretense of borrowing a pencil, he came to my desk.

"Jerred Smith," said the master, as he was returning to his own seat, "I suppose you are pretty well acquainted with the woods which I saw you idling about in since school-hours?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jerred, standing still; for we all stood in awe of the one-eyed man, who continued,

"Then, of course, you know where to find a gad that can stand severe usage?"

Jerred answered, "Yes, sir," again: Upon which he was told to go out and cut such a one without unnecessary delay.

O Jerred, what would I not have given to shelter you from the fearful doom I foresaw impending! But it might not be—my wish was to be accomplished. The long beechen withe was presently laid on the desk, and the wretched boy told to take off his coat—an order which he obeyed in silence, for the schoolmaster's will was held to be the law by parents as well as children. And many a father I have heard say, as he brought his offspring to that Bastile, the school of a tyrannizing master, "Don't spare the rod and spoil the child." Thank Heaven, both domestic and school discipline have undergone some humanizing modifications since those days!

The tyrant performed his office worthy of his petty and mean ambition. And when Jerred's coat had been stripped off, his hands were tied behind him, and a handkerchief bound over his eyes. He then took up the rod glisteningly, and having whirled it through the air a little, by way of testing its efficacy, he brought it down on the shrinking shoulders and about the naked neck and face of the prisoner without mercy.

Every blow seemed dealt upon myself; and I could scarcely have suffered more had it been so. The terrible infliction it seemed would never end. Jerred made no appeal and no resistance; and the stoicism aggravating the master's rage, he added more force to the blows and dealt more than otherwise he would have done, ceasing only when the blood began oozing from the blue welts that ran along the boy's face.

When he was told to sit down, and released from his bonds, I breathed more freely, and as one from whose neck a millstone had been untied. When Jerred saw my compassionate look he smiled, and for the first time, though unmoved by all he had

suffered, tears mingled with the blood that dropped over his clumsy hands. I cared not now how ill-shapen they were, nor how small his coat was, nor whether he could read at all or not; he was the best boy in school—that I would have contended for against them all.

It was nearly night of the day following that of which I have written, when I noticed Mr. Smith, the father of Jerred, riding fast toward his home in company with the village doctor. Jerred had not been at school that day, and fear whispered that some harm had befallen him. The next morning the children who lived nearest Mr. Smith's reported that Jerred, in consequence of sudden dizziness, for he was not well, had fallen from a high scaffold, fracturing his skull, and otherwise injuring himself badly.

Day after day I inquired how he was—now a little better, and now worse, they told me; and then the doctor thought he could not get well; and next he had not spoken since the last midnight, and was given up. The morning after this sorrowful tidings, as I came in view of the graveyard, I saw two men, with spades and pickaxes in their hands, open the gate and go in.

There was no need that I should inquire; I knew that Jerred was dead. In the afternoon passed the funeral train, slow and solemn—men, and women, and children—in wagons, and on horseback, and afoot; some in the bitterness of undisciplined sorrow, crying aloud—a sound that was fearful to hear.

I saw the unvarnished walnut coffin—Jerred's parents were poor—as it was carefully lifted from the wagon, and borne within the gate; I heard the rattling of the heavy clods, and then the flattening spades against the heaped mound.

Often I have climbed on the stone wall, or pressed my face to the bars of the gate, to look upon the earth where rests my once despised schoolmate, and never without anguish of soul that will not be quieted in penitence or prayer. Will it be in confession?

MALEVOLENT WIT.

MALEVOLENT wit is that kind which will lose a friend sooner than a joke. To be captious and contradictory is offensive enough, but not so provoking, so unbearable, as the spirit of mockery affected by wittings and coxcombs; for that, like a blighting east wind, withers up every living and heart-felt sentiment springing up in conversation, and especially chills and disheartens the young in the earliest intercourse with the world. The weapon inflicting the wound is so fine as to be scarcely perceptible, but the point has been dipped in poison. A breeze, itself invisible, often makes a whole lake to shudder. Yet we would rather be cut by a keen than by a blunt lancet, and a coarse, supercilious way is almost as hateful as the freezing irony of more subtle ill-humor.

MY SISTER IN HEAVEN.

—
BY ALICE.
—

I know, I know the cold dark grave
Has closed upon thee now,
And, shrouded in its silent gloom,
Thy form is crumbling low.
I loved thee, sister, as the life
Thou'st left so lone and drear,
And deeply sinks this hidden grief,
Unspoke, save by a tear.

And it had weighed my spirit down
In bitterness and woe,
But for the gentle lays that float
Like angel notes below.
Sister, like harbingers they come,
From thy bright home and thee,
And breathe into my burdened heart
Their cheering sympathy.

Oft, sister, at the hush of night,
Soft, beauteous in its calm,
I've lingered near thy resting-place
To weep, all, all alone,
When sweetest music through the air
Would sound in melody,
And, sister, thou hast waked my heart
To wildest rhapsody.

My bosom feels not then the chill
Death cast upon its hopes,
And something bears my spirit up
To higher; loftier scopes.
Sister, I drink inspired draughts,
From founts I fancy ne'er
Have mingled in their crystal depths
The dregs of earthly fear.

Then, sister, is it not thy love
Still glowing in a breast,
Refined by flames of purity,
And peacefully at rest?
O, then rekindle all its fires,
And tune, while life shall last,
Thy angel harp, in wildest strains,
For one who feels its blast!

Guard, till the portals wide are flung,
And my freed spirit soars:
Then, kindred spirits, let us join
The throng upon its shores.

THE DEAD.

WHEN the clear red sun goes down,
Passing in glory away;
And night is spreading her twilight frown
On the open brow of day;
When the faintest glimmering trace is gone,
And all of light is fled,
Then, then does Memory, sad and lone,
Call back the dear ones dead.

MY KEEPSAKE DRAWER.

BY ANNE MITCHELL.

LADY, have you a keepsake drawer? Of course you have; for what woman can be found, but has some secret place wherein she keeps the mementoes of early days—trifling and valueless in themselves, yet of untold value to the possessor. I am sure you have one! And as I look over mine, and recall the histories of the donors, you may, perchance, recognise the portrait of some one whose remembrancer lies in your keepsake drawer.

First comes a bracelet of hair—the gift of a little niece, who placed it on my wrist, with the injunction to “keep it, to remember me by”—as if I needed any token whereby to remind me of the loving, affectionate child, whose sensitive nature seemed ill fitted to contend with the disappointments, the worldly hardening of woman’s lot. Yet has she passed from childhood to womanhood unscathed and unchanged; the same loving spirit characterizes her, now that eighteen summers have “left their thoughtful tokens on her brow,” as when the child of ten encircled my wrist with a tress from her own long, dark braids; her woman’s nature, “the strong necessity of loving,” finds ample room for development in ministering to the pleasure and comfort of a widowed and invalid mother. And is it not a beautiful sight to behold the unwearied patience, the never-failing love, as displayed in the character and life of a dutiful, affectionate daughter? May God grant her, as recompense of reward, a “crown of glory” at his right hand!

What comes next? The tiny bells from a child’s rattle! O, the tears will come, and blind my eyes, and wet my cheeks, as I recall the time when I took them from the plump, rosy fingers—which were scattering them on the floor in high glee—and laid them in here! How wonderingly those large blue eyes gazed in my face, as I strove to impress on that infant mind the naughtiness of a “little boy who broke his playthings,” which, of course, was all Greek and Latin to a child of ten months! Five times hath Winter clothed the earth in his robe of snow, since we laid him down to sleep in the village graveyard; and the yearning of a mother’s heart for the lost one, the longing to hear once more the voice so sweet to a mother’s ear, the treasuring up looks, and words, and childish acts, are all that is left me now of what was once so dear, so precious to a mother’s heart. Another, bearing his name, is standing by my side, his lips quivering with emotion, his little hands put up to draw my face down to his that he may kiss away the tears, whispering, “I do love mamma; don’t cry, mamma.” And as I turn to comfort the sweet little consolers, the voice, the air, the exact age, the very dress he wears, reminds me so strongly of the “little Willie in heaven,” that, although I love this little prattler—how dearly, God only knows—he can never, never fill that void in my heart—it

will ever be sacred to the memory of him, the first, cherished pledge of love. Yet what a mistaken idea most people have in regard to loss of children, especially those who are called upon to yield up their only one; they suppose that those who have many children can more easily spare one than themselves, and are entitled to less sympathy than they who have laid in the cold, dark grave the one cherished idol of their hearts. Ah, “they know what they say.” Could they forget the loss of one finger, because they had nine left? or one arm, because another was left to battle with the world? No, no; nor can a mother forget the loved one whom she has pressed to her heart, and loved, and cherished, ay, almost worshiped, till its very existence seems a part of her own, because others have risen around her, like olive plants, to cheer and bless. But this is a sad theme, which only a mother would care to dwell on, and we will again turn to our “keepsake drawer.”

This small leaden ball; rolling about in the drawer, was a present from an unknown friend. On entering my chamber one morning, after an absence of some weeks, I found this swift messenger near the wall, opposite the window, in which an aperture, as roundly and smoothly cut as if with a diamond, guided by a steady hand, betrayed the mode of its ingress. The hole it had cut in the wall, and the distance from the window—some twelve feet—showed, that had any heart of flesh intercepted its progress death had come to it swiftly and surely. And it caused my blood to creep in my veins, as I fancied myself, or one dearer still, standing in the path of this terrible keepsake. I have never imagined that an enemy had done this; but suppose it to be a stray shot, aimed at some of the feathered tribe which happened to be soaring past the window; although I must say, that whoever used the deadly weapon could not have been very refined in his ideas of shooting birds, for it was really no shot at all, but a good-sized bullet; and I have kept it to remind me of the insecurity of—not my life, but that of some poor little bluebird or martin.

Let’s examine this little parcel, so neatly wrapped in tissue paper. One, two, three, four, five—dark, auburn, and flaxen locks, severed from the heads of the little nephews and nieces, who, one after another, have risen up, and called me “suntty.” That dark chestnut curl! handle it reverently; for the forehead over which it once waved lies far away toward the setting sun, where

“The spring flowers their sweet fragrance shed,
Like incense o’er his quiet prairie bed.”

As I twine the glossy tress around my finger, a vision dances before me of a bright, sunny face, whose eyes are dark and sparkling, or else brimfull of fun and frolic. Dear brother! it might have been truly said of him,

“His spirit was too pure to linger long below—
Too bright, too joyous for this world of woe.”

Indeed, his short, happy life ever reminded me of a

bird on the wing, soaring upward, upward, till lost to our sight forever. No, not forever; for we have the blessed assurance, that, although he may never again come to us, we may go to him, and dwell with him forever, in that world where sickness and sorrow never enter.

Near the parcel lies the remains of what was once a morocco card-case, and which, seventeen years ago, contained a pack of tiny visiting cards, which bore the inscription *******, neatly written with a pencil, by a dear brother, who whispered, as he placed the gift in my hand, a "birthday present, Anne, and bought with my own money, too." And how much more do we prize the gift honestly earned by hands we love, than the most costly treasures bestowed by the hand which would never have sullied its whiteness, or hardened it by labor, to earn a pleasure for its dearest friend! This is one of the most cherished mementos of the past. And when, a few months since, after many years' separation, we met again by his own fireside, I recalled to his mind the circumstance, and saw the glow which lit up his bronzed cheek and brow, and felt the warm tear-drop which fell on the hand clasped in his, at the sisterly love which had appreciated and cherished the gift, I felt that he was dearer, if possible, than when the miniature man had so cheerfully and lovingly devoted the proceeds of half a week's labor to give pleasure to his little sister.

What does this little box in the corner contain? a small agate breastpin! Fourteen years has this precious relic laid in its secret place, yet well do I remember the sad, sweet smile on the face turned to mine, and the tear which dimmed his bright blue eye, as he bade us all adieu. Alas! little did I dream that those eyes would so soon be closed in death—that voice hushed in the silence of the grave. He had long wished to accompany a friend to the far west; and at length, with many misgivings and heart-achings, our parents consented, though reluctantly. I was but two years his senior, and to me the parting was peculiarly sorrowful; and as he distributed among us his few worldly treasures, he clasped this little agate thing in the ribbon which encircled my neck, saying, as he did so, "Keep it for my sake." A few more promises to write, and a great many more parting kisses and tears—and he was gone! His letters came regularly for some months; then ceased altogether; and after weeks of agonising suspense came one directed in a strange handwriting, and bearing the fatal black seal! He was dead! Away from all who loved him, among strangers, he sunk into the house appointed to all living. No mother's hand held the cup to his parched lip; no father's love to shield him from unkindness and neglect; the friend who might have cheered him in his anguish, and supplied, in a measure, the place of those loved ones far away, himself stretched on a bed of languishing, insensible to all around; he suffered death almost uncared for and alone! Strangers' hands laid him

in his narrow resting-place, and the only mourner, the autumn wind, sighing and wailing over his tomb—the autumn leaves falling and nestling around the solitary grave, which should have been strewn with sweet flowers by the hand of affection. Peace to thy ashes, stricken one! Heavenly Father! most fervently do I thank thee for that blessed faith in thy promises which enabled him to say, "We shall all meet in heaven—father, mother, all—most beyond the grave." May his words prove a prophecy! and may we all meet and praise thee in that home where parting shall be no more!

What old needle-book is that? Why, that needle-book is as dear to me as any thing in the drawer. It was the gift of a dear sister, the eldest of the family. She was the first shoot severed from the parent stem, and many were the tears shed when she was borne from us a happy bride; and soon after she reached her "new nest," a package arrived for "us children," and among dolls and toys of almost every description was this "needle-book for Anna." Was not I a proud, happy girl? How triumphantly I bore off the prize, and deposited it in one corner of my little "red box," which I had dignified with the name of "trunk!" and how many times a day did I steal away to view the treasure, as the miser does his gold, and count the rows of shining needles, to see if any of them had taken wings and flown away! And now, as I strive in vain to take from the soiled and worn leaves the rusty, pointless shafts, I am constrained to read the lesson they teach. And may I never leave to rust and decay the talents God has given, but by constant and persevering use, keep them bright and shining, ever devoted to the service of the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that, when my work is done, I shall hear the joyful sound, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And now, dear reader, my drawer is empty; and although these reminiscences of my youth may have been as uninteresting and wearisome to you, as they have been pleasant, though sadly so, to me, yet not for all the gold in all the mines of California would I exchange the contents of my "keepsake drawer."

THE NECESSITY OF LAUGHTER.

LAUGHTER is a faculty exclusively bestowed upon man, according to the declaration of a great living physiologist, and should occasionally be indulged in for health and comfort's sake. Titus used to say that he had lost a day when it was passed without laughter. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion that they call upon their prophet to save them from sad faces. A simpering giggle is vastly different in its propriety and its use from a strong and a hearty laugh.

VISIT TO THE KUSHAN MONASTERY.

BY REV. A. A. MACLEAY.

(SECOND PAPER.)

"Do you wish to see the recluse?" asked the priests, as they pointed toward the apartment where the man was confined. The recluse is a man perhaps thirty years of age, and sits in a small room lighted from the roof. There is a small hole in the wall, through which, by removing the cover, visitors look to see him. He has been shut up in this cell for perhaps two years, and expects to remain one or two years longer. Theoretically, he sees no one, converses with no one, and thinks only of Boodh and the future state. I had supposed he was a priest, but was told he was not. "Why, then," I inquired, "is he here?" The story is, that, from great honor and affluence, his family had been reduced to the most distressing poverty; and now, forsaking all earthly things, he had sought refuge here. "But how does he employ himself? has he no books to read?" "O, yes," they replied, "he reads the doctrines of Boodh." "To what," I asked, "does he aspire?" "Absorption into Boodh," was the reply. "And this," I thought, "is Boodhism. Look on this man! Disease has not weakened his system; God has not cursed him; around him is a world of suffering, calling loudly for help; and yet, in the full vigor of manhood, he betrays his high trust, flies from those who look imploringly for assistance, and here buries himself in indolent comfort and seclusion. Pitiable man! Again, this man has a family—possibly aged parents look to him for aid; a wife and helpless children are dependent for bread on his exertions. In the days of prosperity he shared their joys, but now, when the hour of stern trial comes, he—the husband, the son, the parent—abandons them to the cold charities of the world." I thought of other and higher duties: "God has given him being, talents, influence, and a field for usefulness; but, alas! he knows nothing of all this. The light of the Gospel has never shined upon him." It was saddening to think of his going into eternity surrounded and stupefied by such deplorable ignorance; and with a heavy heart I turned away.

The attention of every visitor at the temple is arrested by the ceaseless tolling of the great bell. It is placed in a cupola elevated perhaps fourteen feet from the ground, on the right of the first open court. The bell is large, and has a fine, deep tone. It is fastened in a permanent frame. A piece of hard wood, about three feet long and two inches in diameter, is horizontally suspended by ropes, the one end of the stick being within a few inches of the rim of the bell. To the other end a rope is attached, which passes through the floor down to the ground. By pulling this rope the wood is drawn against the bell, and rebounds with the slackening of the rope, preparatory to another stroke. The

tolling goes on almost incessantly, and frequently with intervals of only thirty seconds between the strokes. To my mind there was something very impressive in the deep, measured tones of this bell. I listened to the sounds as fainter and fainter they echoed around the rocks "far up the height." And then I thought of the many seasons of wild excitement and startling changes through which the world has passed; while here in this mountain solitude the flight of each hour, frequently the flight of each minute, has been noted by these sounds.

Just below the temple buildings is a large artificial pond for fish. As none of them are ever caught or killed intentionally, they attain to great age. It is a favorite amusement with the Chinese visitors to throw cakes on the water, and watch the fish contending for the prizes.

There is a fountain of most excellent water situated in a deep glen about half a mile below the temple. The water is conveyed for some distance along the side of the mountain in stone troughs, and finally issues from the mouth of a stone dragon. There is a story told about this fountain. In former times the stream came leaping down a rocky glen near to the Monastery; but the sound of the water having greatly annoyed a student who frequently visited the place, he constructed an artificial channel, which conducted the water around the spur of the mountain to the glen where it now forms this delightful fountain. A small temple has been erected beside the fountain. Apartments for the priests who officiate in the temple and a light structure covering the water are placed along side. Innumerable inscriptions have been engraved on the large rocks near the spring. A prospect house has been built on a spur east of the fountain, which affords a splendid view of the river winding far below, the plain of Fuh-Chau studded with groves, and villages, and abrupt hills, the dark jagged mountains in the distance, while southward the eye looks out on the great wide ocean.

A few words now as to the scenery around the Monastery. Directly in front—south—the wooded ravine slopes down to the river; on the right sweeps round a spur of the mountain, covered with pines and huge boulders of granite; a spur covered with the giant campher-tree, the slender bamboo, the quivering aspen, and a dense undergrowth runs down on the left; while immediately behind shoots up the high Kushan Peak. On the right, left, and rear the view is shut in by the peak and spurs just referred to; but to the south, opening up through a vista of trees, the prospect stretches far and broadly away. The peak just behind the Monastery presents a grand appearance. Its form is conical, the top attaining an elevation several hundred feet above the level of the Monastery. The sides are destitute of trees; and dark, precipitous rocks, lined with white streaks, made by rain torrents, throw a somber shade over many a yawning chasm below. A growth of wild grass obtains in places a meager support from the thin soil formed by the

disintegration of the granite rock. In the ravines which pass down from the summit the soil has been collected from the barren cliffs around, and many a family is cheered and nourished by the harvests gathered there.

Seen in the light of closing day, the aspect of the peak is singularly impressive. Around the temples where you stand the long shadows of evening are falling; the deep silence of the hour is unbroken, save by the solemn tolling, which, indeed, from its regularity, seems to form part of and increase it; but on the broad bosom of the peak a clear, mellowing light is shining, and one can see the rustic guiding his plow along the dizzy heights. A thin carpet of grass, the grain waving in the ravines, impart a beautiful greenness and freshness to the scene. The air seems to wanton with the frowning cliffs; not a sound strikes the ear; the shadows ascend the mountain still higher, a brilliant glow, like a crown of glory, decks the top of the peak for a few minutes, then fades away, and the mountain, with vast yet graceful outlines, lies darkly painted against the ruddy heavens.

The cemetery is situated in a grove of pines, perhaps three-fourths of a mile from the Monastery, near the road leading to the city. It is on a declivity with a southern out-look. There is a stone platform about forty feet square, raised perhaps nine feet from the ground. You mount to this terrace by a flight of stone steps. Beneath this terrace is the final receptacle for the jars containing the ashes of the deceased priests. To this gloomy vault the entrance is effected by removing part of the wall on the right of the steps. This is done only at long intervals, when the large stone urn on the terrace has been filled with these relics. This stone urn stands near the center of the terrace, and is capable of containing the ashes of perhaps thirty priests. When a priest dies, the body is burned, and the ashes put into a jar, which, after being sealed, is placed in this large urn. Here the jars remain till the urn is full, when the vault below is opened, and the jars placed in it.

The site for the cemetery has been well chosen—the scenery is suited to excite solemn thoughts; and as I sat there in the shadow of those old pines, my mind was busy with saddening yet profitable reflections. O, how different is this from the cemeteries in a Christian land! For these I heard no voice from heaven saying, "Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" All, all is dark. "The sharp malady of life" is past; but where the victory—the crown—the glory! Reader, to thee, also, must come the last mortal struggle. God grant that in that solemn hour the Savior may be with thee!

I have now noticed the most prominent features of this celebrated place as they presented themselves to my mind. An interesting thought occurred to me during one of my walks over the temple grounds. As I observed the healthiness of the location, its proximity to a great city, the high

literary character of that city, and its relation to this mighty empire, it stood before my mind in the form of a delightful possibility, that, upon the ruins of these heathen temples there shall rise a noble structure for the Christian education of ingenuous native youth; that this lovely spot shall be a fountain for religion and learning, from which shall flow out over these lands holiness and knowledge; and that the chimes of other bells shall

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

A FEW WORDS ON ANTIPATHIES.

Our antipathies and sympathies are most unaccountable manifestations of our nervous impressionability affecting our judgment, and uncontrollable by will or reason. Certain antipathies seem to depend upon a peculiarity of the senses. The horror inspired by the odor of certain flowers may be referred to this cause—an antipathy so powerful as to realize the poetic allusion, to

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain;"

for Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was blooming. Orfila, a less questionable authority, gives the account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo, and swooned, when there were roses in the room. Orfila relates the instance of a lady, forty-six years of age, of a hale constitution, who could never be present when a decoction of linseed was preparing, without being troubled in the course of a few minutes with a general swelling of the face, followed by fainting and a loss of the intellectual faculties, which symptoms continued for four and twenty hours. Montaigne remarks, on this subject, that there were men who dreaded an apple more than a cannon-ball. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk and satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach: other ladies can not bear the feel of fur. Boyle records the case of a man who experienced a natural abhorrence of honey; a young man invariably fainted when the servant swept his room. Hippocrates mentions one Niccanor who swooned whenever he heard a flute, and Shakspeare has alluded to the strange effect of the bagpipe. Boyle fell into a syncope when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus experienced febrile symptoms when smelling fish; the Duke d'Epemon swooned on beholding a leveret, although a hare did not produce the same effect; Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox; Henry III, of France, at that of a cat; and Marshal d'Albret at a pig. The horror that whole families entertain of cheese is well known to a large number of our readers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY ROOM-MATE.

BY SAMUEL W. WILLIAMS, A. M.

I sometimes look back upon the scenes of my college life. Many pleasant hours I then enjoyed with my comrades and associates, rambling over hills and through forests in search of adventure, bathing in the limpid streams, gathering the wild fruits of autumn when the leaves and the flowers began to fade, sitting down to our studies in the long winter evenings, and discoursing of that "high philology" which none but students can appreciate. With them have I shared in our diversions and our duties, which made life like a romance and our years like a dream.

But while I love to revert to the scenes of my college life, and read the records of departed hours, many sad thoughts crowd upon me. One and another of my companions have lain down in the embrace of death. Of them all I miss none so much as my endeared room-mate, Clinton W. Lee. Our associations made us intimate, and our friendship was unreserved. It was the unobscuring of friend to friend, and not the mistrustful confidence of strangers. Members of the same class, pursuing the same studies, and devoted to the same objects, a sympathy of feeling linked us together the more closely. Hence I learned to admire him for his many virtues and love him for his amiable qualities.

A brief sketch of his character may not be wholly out of place here; and though it is not my purpose to eulogize the dead, I may be pardoned if I praise without censuring and judge without condemning.

CLINTON WAYNE LEE was born in Villenovia, Chataque county, New York, January 16, 1836. His father dying when he was about nine years old, his mother, with the remainder of the family, removed to Lodi, a village about twelve miles distant, and there settled. Clinton here enjoyed all the advantages of education and opportunities of improvement which the place afforded. Before he reached the age of twelve years, he commenced the printer's trade, which he finished in the city of Pittsburg. To this place his mother had removed, in order to enjoy greater privileges than at the village of Lodi. While living in this city, he was converted to God and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the ministry of Rev. C. D. Battelle.

In the year 1840 his mother was married to Rev. Jacob Young, of the Ohio conference, and in the spring following Clinton was sent to Cincinnati, where he obtained employment at his trade in the Methodist Book Concern. Here he worked about two years; when his mother's family moved to Cincinnati, and Clinton again commenced to attend school. He entered Woodward College, where he studied over a year, and thence, late in the fall of 1845, about two months after the opening of the college year, he became a member of the Ohio

Wealeyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, and entered the Sophomore class. Previous to his entering, he thus wrote me: "I look forward with happiness to the period of a permanent settlement and application to my books. But I have my doubts whether the time I have already lost in the Sophomore will not return me to the Kreshman. Should I be returned, I can but submit, with the determination to enter Junior next fall. I will gain a year, rather than lose one; and where there is a will, there is a way, you know."

He was ambitious of scholarship; and after three years of earnest study, he received the first degree in the arts liberal. Shortly after, in the fall of 1848, he was elected assistant in Baldwin Institute, at Berea, Ohio—a post whose duties he faithfully discharged till his health failed him, and he was obliged to resign.

Though his success as a teacher was satisfactory to others, he never could overcome his dislike to the employment, nor could he persuade himself that his labors were not altogether fruitless. Just before his resignation he thus writes to a friend: "For the last eight months I have carefully watered and watched a germ, as I supposed, of this taste, [for teaching,] but there's not the sign of a plumule or radicle yet. I do not doubt that many can rapturously exclaim,

'Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young ideas how to shoot!'

but, honestly, I prefer to raise turnips and potatoes. Still, the rising generation must not be neglected. It is an interesting thought that they will take our places when we are dead and gone; and they ought surely to be qualified. I have not forgotten this; but ardently as I desire the dissemination of light and knowledge among the youth of our land, I can not feel that duty calls me to be a torch-bearer. Somebody else must carry the candle, while I contribute my influence in a smiling approval."

He thus humorously describes his feelings in a letter addressed to the writer: "When the novelty and freshness of the text-books left me, and I had nothing but the Sisyphean task of rolling the same stone up the hill, and telling how it ought to be rolled, my repugnance grew in spite of me. It was useless to try to persuade myself and others that I could teach. The contrary was palpable and irresistible. Supposing there is such a place as purgatory, and that such persons as myself have to pass through it—two things barely supposable—it strikes me I should be appointed to a class in Adams's Arithmetic or M'Olintock's First Lessons in Latin."

Though thus overcome by ill health, the cares and responsibilities of his station, and the keenly vexing trespasses of the refractory, he preserved a merry heart. His confidence in the world was as stout as ever; and he regarded the future with complacency and soberness. "So long as I am sound of body and mind," he exclaims, "I shall not have an anxious thought. Why should I?"

He returned to Harmar, where his mother now

lived, and thence, in company with his uncle, visited the home of his childhood. Here he remained about three months with his relatives, and till his health was again established. After spending a few weeks at home, upon his return, he went to Cincinatti, where he again commenced to work at his trade, in the Methodist Book Concern. Not long after he was employed in the editor's office of the *Western Christian Advocate*, where he was engaged for about sixteen months, and till his last sickness.

In the editor's office he was at home. All his life he had had predilections for the editor's chair, and amply was he endowed to discharge its duties and fulfill its obligations. Of a pure spirit, a strong intellect, and a noble heart, his taste was critical and exact, his literary acumen nice, and his judgment never at fault. This occupation was so congenial to his feelings, that I have often found him, late in the afternoon, so abstracted with the duties of the office, as to have forgotten his repast and the lapse of the time.

While serving at this post he was invited to deliver a Master's oration at the Commencement of his Alma Mater, upon the occasion of his receiving, *in cursu*, his second degree. He chose for his subject "The Newspaper Press," and made a very fair address. Two months subsequent to this time, he was attacked with the typhoid fever, and in a few days he fell asleep in Jesus.

Those only who knew him can appreciate his worth. He had many excellent traits, and he consecrated them all to God. He endeavored to labor for the Church and for humanity; and was just beginning to make his influence felt in society, when he was cut off. He has left to his friends and to the world the legacy of a good name and the memory of his rare accomplishments.

His character may be summed up in a few words. He was humble and sincere; and here he possessed the first element of greatness. He never was pertacious in his views, nor dogmatical in his opinions; yet he was firm in his counsels and unwavering in his conduct. He respected the sentiments of others, and never censured their misjudgments or indulged in bitterness at their errors. He endeavored to reclaim more by the gentle mastery of love than by the sterner rebukes of friendship.

His disposition was always amiable, and hence he never suffered himself to become angry, though greatly provoked. His was the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, disposed to brook insult and injury rather than seek revenge. Several years since we were connected together in the publication of a college periodical, to which he, upon one occasion, contributed a very commendable piece of poetry. Clinton was setting up the type on his own article, when a friend stepped into the office and picked up the manuscript; and without knowing who was the author of the piece, immediately accused the writer of plagiarism. Against this serious charge, though conscious of innocence, Clinton made no defense,

but very coolly joined in condemning the verses, and even printed at the bottom of his own article the remark of the critic, that he feared it was not original.

All assumed superiority and affectation he thoroughly hated. He was fond of ridiculing the conceited smartness of those who were really ignorant. A student of this description was once boasting in Clinton's presence of his literary acquirements and his taste for study. He had read Locke's *Essay on the Understanding*, he averred, and he thought it a fine work. He was delighted with history, he said, and reveled in biography. Clinton very seriously inquired if he had read *Shakespeare's Memoirs of the Poets*. The student betrayed his ignorance by replying that he believed he had, or, at least, he had seen the work, and was very desirous of getting hold of it!

Upon another occasion, in the society to which he belonged, a student having advanced some novel views concerning the mind, Clinton ironically criticised the performance, saying, "The remarks which we have just heard do not surprise me. The sentiments advanced by the gentleman have been propounded by several distinguished writers. The learned Sangrado, in his immortal work, *De Præcipitiis*, defended these views; and, moreover, Braggans, the Scythian, wrote to the same effect in his scholarly treatise on the education of the mind."

This propensity to sarcasm and sport, however, Clinton often deplored; for though he never used it but innocently, he was fearful of wounding feelings. He was too benevolent to injure another purposely; and his generous and hearty impulses toward strangers, as well as toward friends, prevented him from jesting at their failings or making sport of their foibles.

To him literature in all its departments was dear; but of poetry and music he was specially fond. They always found in him an attentive ear and a ready tongue; and so long as we were together, he was wont to spend the twilight of many a summer evening in singing, or making the echoes respond to the sound of his flute. This was his passion; and I have frequently found him with note-book in hand, counting over a piece of music, and deriving intense satisfaction from the melody which the notes suggested.

Clinton possessed a rich fund of humor which occasionally developed itself in wit. His style of writing was racy and his periods sententious. There was a delightful piquancy and sprightliness about some of his compositions, which prove him to have wielded a master's pen.

Though he excelled in writing, he was so modest and diffident of his abilities, that he was often at a loss how to express himself; and this slowness of speech sometimes occasioned serious embarrassments in conversation. This inability to communicate his thoughts freely was perhaps the greatest defect which he had; and, while not noticed in the social circles of his comrades, it was painfully

manifest in the company of his elders, and in the presence of strangers. Yet he expressed himself correctly, and his language was terse and classic.

Of his Christian character I am fain to speak. It was remarkably consistent; and during an intimacy and almost daily intercourse for several years, I never knew him to exhibit an unchristian disposition, or discover a passion at variance with the principles of his religion. He was faithful to all his duties; and, considering this life as only a trust, he strove to acquit himself well while in it. Such was the sweetness of his temper, that he never engaged in idle gossip, nor made unkind remarks about his fellows. He was not accustomed to speak harshly of the motives of others, but was always ready to throw the mantle of charity over their failings. I never heard him take up a reproof against his neighbor, nor speak one word to injure another's reputation.

For the last two years of his life he was connected with the enterprise of sustaining a Sabbath school on Clinton-street, in the western portion of Cincinnati. In this work he engaged with his whole heart; and as one of the fruits of his and his colleagues' labors, there is now a neat little church—erected and a society of many members formed in a neighborhood where, three winters ago, but four or five children could be gathered together, to establish a school.

It had long been Clinton's intention to enter the ministry; and but for the hesitation of his speech, he would probably have assumed the sacred stole. He sometimes exercised his talents as a leader and exhorter; and his labors were not in vain.

I come now to speak of the closing scenes in his life. For several days preceding his last sickness he complained of numbness and lethargy; yet, being ardently devoted to his profession, he neglected to ask medical aid, and continued at his work, till he was forced to take to bed. He now continued to grow worse, till his disease assumed the typhoid form; and in this state he lingered for about three weeks, remaining the greater portion of the time in a torpid or delirious condition, till the afternoon of October 15, 1851, when, at three o'clock, he gently breathed his last.

He did not repine that he was dying so young. "I have anticipated this," said he; "all is safe." He expressed unwavering confidence in his Savior, and remarked that God would do what is right. He uttered no complaint; and though his sufferings were severe, he bore them all without a murmur. Thus, leaning on the arm of the Beloved, he met his fate with Christian fortitude, and smiled in the embrace of death.

"After his final hour, he sleeps tall."

Upon the turf which covers his grave I shall shed the tear of fond remembrance; but my thoughts shall not dwell there—I shall look forward with hope to that brighter clime where the home of the Christian endures forever, and the fellowship of friends is unbroken.

WHY I WRITE.

BY CHAS.

"In the bidding of a low, sweet voice,
Whispering from within,
That gives my thoughts to other eyes—
I can not shut them in.

A feeling sad comes over me,
Tears start unto mine eye,
Yet fall not in my saddest hour,
And still I know not why.

In hours like these the prisoned bird,
Nestled within its shrine,
Springs not more eagerly to light
Than these same thoughts of mine.

They gush in music all unheard
By any other ear;
They give me joy, although I'm sad,
To me each tone is dear.

It may be wrong—I fear it is—
I would not speak my dream;
But often I have wondered long,
What thoughts like these could mean.

None know my heart, save One, whose eye
Is ever o'er us all;
And he will mark each unbreathed word,
Who sees a sparrow's fall.

He knows I would fain be his,
Tho' sometimes I have strayed
From his blest fold, and the bright path
He for my feet hath made.

"SORROWFUL, YET ALWAYS REJOICING."

BY A. HILL.

Sadly, mournfully the ball is tolling;
Quickly, ceaselessly time is rolling;
Man to his long home goeth, goeth,
And his spirit where—"who knoweth?"

Calmly, peacefully the dead are sleeping;
Sadly, mournfully the friends are weeping;
And the desolate homes are dreary,
And the desolate hearts are weary.

Darkly, gloomily the curtain falleth;
Softly, tenderly the lov'd ones calleth;
But the dead heed not their weeping,
For the dead are quietly sleeping.

Sweetly, cheerfully hope is gleaming;
Gently, joyously light is streaming;
Calmly, beautiful the day is breaking,
And the sorrowful hearts are waking.

Faith with eye upturned is gazing;
Hope her expectation raising;
And o'er Death's profound dominions
Life now throws her angel prisoners.

LETTER FROM THE EAST.

BY REV. ABEL STEVENS, A. M.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith's pamphlet—Her views of women's "needs"—Teaching as a female profession—Vastness of the field—Its dignity—Difference of male and female salaries—Boston schools—National Board of Popular Education—Its results—Its claims.

In my last, Mr. Editor, I discussed some of the ideas now rife in the Atlantic cities respecting the improvement of the condition of woman. I am not yet done with the subject. It is a somewhat melancholy one, but can not, I think, fail to interest a large number of your female readers. I have been particularly desirous to lay before your western ladies the best measures of their eastern sisters; examples worthy of imitation may thus be suggested—examples which, if generally and energetically adopted now, before the uncontrollable results of an overcrowded population appear in the great west, may prevent immense suffering and demoralization.

I recall the subject once more, insisting that it is the most important, and ought to be the most interesting one that can be presented in a magazine designed expressly for ladies.

The pervading interest excited by it in these eastern states has led to another publication, which is destined to have some effect for good or evil. It is from the pen of the well-known authoress, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, and is entitled "Woman and her Needs." Mrs. Smith has written much in behalf of her sex in the New York Tribune. This brochure is chiefly a compilation of the Tribune articles. It is printed in cheap form, a "mail edition," and is evidently designed to be scattered at large.

Mrs. Smith seems outraged at the present limited and monotonous sphere of woman. It has been defined, she thinks, by men, and admits only of an inferior development. Women, she contends, have as great a variety of capacity as men themselves—some adapted for indoor, others for outdoor life. Woman was not designed to be exclusively wife and mother any more than man was to be exclusively husband and father. She protests especially against the education of woman with the customary and almost exclusive reference to winning a husband and sustaining the duties of domestic life. Contending that a large portion of the sex do not find in marriage their appropriate sphere, she claims for them the choice of other spheres, which she believes they would dignify by their abilities as well as their virtues. She is not disposed to ask for them the clamorous arena of public life, but would have their energies have fair play, and their spheres of action wrought out and defined by their own talents. "I do not," she says, "know that I am prepared to say, as has been said, that women have a right to our halls of legislation, our courts of justice, our military posts,

and each and all spheres where men 'most do congregate;' for in that pure state of society of which human aspiration is so prophetic, which poets and philosophers have seen in divine vision, and for which blood has been shed even to the agonies of Gethsemane and Calvary, I believe many of these needs will pass away; men will waste their godlike energies less upon these grounds, and woman will learn her holy and true nature—that of a link to the spiritual world. But, till 'the good time coming' arrive, let her be free to her own intuitions—let her cast her mite into the treasury of reform that shall redeem the world. Let the avenues of wealth and distinction be open to her as freely as to the other sex. Let her not be trained for a life which, in fact, may be made demoralizing and humiliating in the absence of a soul-stirring need, a life-giving sentiment; and taught the exercise of the faculties, God-impacted faculties, which should raise her to the dignity of the Miriams and Deborahs of old, to say nothing of the great army of women who, since their day, have honorably achieved a distinctive existence, whether married or otherwise, and are numbered among the nobler spirits of the world."

In fine, Mrs. Smith's general hypothesis—some-what vaguely presented, we confess, owing to her peculiar style—seems to be, that woman's sphere should not be hedged in by the factitious restrictions which, as she imagines, the opinions of the other sex have created, but that she should be admitted to the freedom of the world—to all pursuits which are not interdicted by the moral sentiments which should restrain alike men and women. Here is a passage on the subject which we must all admit has much common sense in it:

"There is an inherent dignity in the woman who steadily pursues an avocation of emolument or reputation; weak men may call it masculine and unfeminine, but the great voice of God within the soul extorts from them an instinctive homage; and when the sex shall have asserted their full rights to any and all positions for which their faculties are best adapted, refusing to barter their womanhood for wealth or position—choosing labor as a good, by which they earn the right to independence, individuality, and respect, one great step will have been taken in the movement of reform. Men will then retire from behind counters, and leave a vast field of light occupation for the gentler sex—they will betake themselves to the plow and the machine-shop, and leave the world of taste to women."

But although our authoress claims this hardy privilege of work for her sex, she does not believe it will be the final lot of woman in the "good time coming"—that time, however, is considered to be far off; and meanwhile the true theory of woman's life is one of progress, advancing from the drudging and luxurious inanity of the eastern harem, through the "pettiness," dependence, and feebleness of her position in our civilization, to the hardihood advocated by Mrs. Smith, and thence to a "true

state of society," where she "would never be associated either with labor or its result—property; but where it would be enough for her to be beautiful—to stand as a living grace—a link between man and heaven; where she would be to the world that last note of music, so exquisite, touching, and holy, that it dies away in the narrow isthmus between a smile and a sigh—lost to the sensuous, and yet touching a cord in the soul that vibrates in heaven only, having no nerve for its expression here. She would have the passiveness of the Mary of Annunciation, but then so filled with the divine sentiments of chastity, love, and all grace, that the softened rays of the Infinite should tremble through her existence." Fancies these! fancies hardly indicative of capacity for the energetic and varied life which our author claims for her sex!

While Mrs. Smith contends that women should be educated for self-dependence rather than marriage, as at present, she nevertheless has some noble thoughts on the latter subject. It is to her, in fact, too sacred a thing for this universal and almost exclusive calculation by her sex. It should not be marred by incompatibilities of character. None should contract it but such as are fitted for it. She denounces with a right good emphasis, and a vehemence really relishable, marriages for property, for convenience, the sacrifice of daughters as "child-wives" to superannuated opulence or "ton," and all the abominable sacrileges connected with this "sacramental" relation among the "upper ten thousand." Yet she would not have divorce as a remedy, but such preventive laws as shall not admit of marriage unless where the parties are of suitable age and circumstances to avoid a dangerously "unequal contract." She would have it guarded as all other legal "contracts" are. Divorce she thinks would be unnecessary in a right state of society, and would cease to be known. She makes the following positive affirmation, italics and all:

"I have not known a case of discomfort in the marriage relation, in which the contract did not take place during the girlhood of the woman, when she was so young and immature that she could form no estimate of the importance of the step she took. Where suffering has arisen from marriages contracted later in life, the origin has been from causes so petty, external, or coarse, that no legislation should be awarded—no legislation could help them. The nature of the parties was such that they might as well be uncomfortable in that relation as any other."

I give your fair readers but a few glimpses at Mrs. Smith's essay. It comprises many other relevant topics. There is a sort of evanescence, or at least effervescence, about its style which weakens much its effect, and leaves a residuum of thought about equivalent to what we all admit, and what is in process of actual development in this country; for certainly the occupations of women are fast multiplying among us, and the legal restrictions on her property, marriage, etc., are being ameliorated every year, while the respectfulness and even

delicacy of her conventional treatment in all the ordinary intercourses of life never surpassed what they are in these states. The sex have but to avail themselves of existing tendencies of the public mind in order to secure any improvement of their condition which may be really desirable. The whole field of such efforts is open to them, and scarcely an opponent will dare appear upon it, unless challenged out by some palpable extravagance or absurd pretension. In nothing is the good sense of American women more demanded than in this recent movement for their "rights."

In my former enumeration of the occupations which should peculiarly belong to woman, I included all the departments of early instruction. I would not, of course, exclude higher departments of education, so far as her own sex is regarded, but I would claim for her exclusively the early education of both sexes. Her natural characteristics show this to be her right, while those of the other sex show it not to be theirs. No man should have any thing to do with the education of boys who are under twelve years of age, except in the exercise of discipline within the domestic limits or in reformatory institutions.

Should right views prevail on this subject, what a field of occupation would be opened to the sex! It is fast opening and greatly enlarging now. The employment of females as teachers is of comparatively recent date; public elementary schools themselves are, indeed, as state institutions, of quite modern origin. They are destined to keep pace with Christian civilization. Before many years they will doubtless be the chief reliance, and, therefore, the chief provision of states. The advantages of such institutions for the elevation of nations are inexpressible; but their influence on the condition of woman, as a vast means of ennobling occupation, is one of their attributes not usually thought of. In my view, it adds a glory to all the other advantages of popular education. It is a theme absolutely full of delight to the contemplation of the philanthropist.

Let it be borne in mind, also, that this sphere of female employment is not only to be vastly enlarged, but also greatly elevated. *Teaching* is destined to rank among the first employments of man. Within twenty-five years it has advanced seventy-five per cent. in dignity, if not in pecuniary value. Normal institutions are now giving a professional character to even its primary departments; and we are authorized to hope that before the present century has passed, the professional character and comparative rank of the office will be determined, and most honorably determined.

Let us, then, more fully clear the way for woman in this exalted career. While we admit her to the highest places of instruction, when her fitness justifies it, let us also secure to her exclusively what, by the ordination of nature, is her exclusive right—the training of all children under a certain age. And one blunder especially let us reform—the

a brutality of discriminating so much between her remuneration and that of the other sex. There should doubtless be some difference, as the expenses of the two sexes for living vary; but the variation of salary and expense should be better proportioned. We have in Boston one hundred and eighty-eight primary schools all taught by females; one hundred and twenty-five female teachers are also employed in our grammar schools; making three hundred and thirteen out of about three hundred and sixty teachers, who constitute the city corps of instruction. This numerical proportion proves what I have remarked before, that women may expect to hold most of the sphere of popular education; but alas for the pecuniary disproportion! Our male grammar-masters, and even writing-masters, receive fifteen hundred dollars per annum; the ushers even—all males—have eight hundred dollars per annum, and assistants four hundred dollars; but the female teachers, many of whom are accomplished instructors, receive but three hundred dollars, whether they act as assistants in the grammar-schools or sag amidst the untold drudgeries of the primary school. Who will say that this is fair play?

It is replied that the male teachers are better educated, have expended more for their education, and, therefore, ought to be better paid, the appropriate rejoinder is, let the standard of female qualification be equally raised and proportionately rewarded. This is the true expediency of the case. The pecuniary distinction is, in spite of all reasoning to the contrary, enormous; it is absurd, and worse than absurd; it is an injurious, a most un-gallant detraction from the position and hopes of the sex.

In fine, the field of popular education is woman's. Let us all rejoice in that fact, especially in its prospective results; but let us seek for two further and necessary improvements. One is the reform of her wages as above remarked; the other is the advancement of her qualifications—the latter as the means of making the office more valuable both to the public and herself.

There is one institution among us which is very naturally recalled to our attention in connection with these remarks, and to which I would refer, not only because of its real merits, but also because it has not escaped what I deem unjust prejudice on the part of some of our western Methodists. The Board of National Popular Education is devoted exclusively to providing female instructors for the west. It has been in operation about five years, and has in that time sent out about two hundred and fifty teachers. Fifty-four of these have married; but while some of them continue to teach after marriage, the others, by entering into their domestic relations the refinements of education, can hardly fail to become the centers of a salutary influence in new and forming communities. Indeed, I should hesitate to say which was preferable in such communities, the settlement of these educated ladies

as teachers or as wives of householders. The Board may congratulate itself on its usefulness in either alternative.

During the past year it has conducted through a course of preliminary training forty-nine teachers, and one is prepared to go to the Pacific coast. Five have been sent during the year to Oregon, and one is to go to New Mexico. The former reached their destination last spring. Their success has been such that the Jesuitical seminary at Oregon City, which before educated most of the youth of that community, has been comparatively deserted, and a new Protestant seminary now commands the public patronage. Five more teachers are to be sent out speedily to Oregon or California.

There are many advantages peculiar to this institution, but I can refer to but two, which are prominent. First, it provides in part, and yet largely, for the most urgent necessity of the new communities of the west. Where are older settlements where this necessity may not be so urgent, where the offer of foreign teachers would be looked upon as invidious, and where this noble institution has suffered much unwarlike prejudice; but what are these compared with the almost boundless territory over which incipient states are spreading? If the present rate of emigration continues, during the current decade, there will have been introduced into the west, by 1850, four millions of foreigners—a population equal to that of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin. What good western man, having his senses about him, will say, with such a prospect, that the introduction of teachers from the densest portion of the nation is invidious—is not absolutely necessary? There may or may not be other grounds of objection to this society, but let us beseech Christian citizens of the west not to peil so important an agency for secondary objections or sectarian prejudices. The "Board" is composed of members of different denominations—it welcomes a fair representation of each; in its choice of teachers it is disposed to be impartial. We of the west who watch its operations know this fact—we know that it endeavors especially to procure Methodist teachers for the gratification of our Methodist brethren of the west, though, from local circumstances here, it is impossible that they should yet bear any proportion to those drawn from other Churches.

The above is the main design of the "Board of National Popular Education;" but its result in respect to the subject of this letter—namely, female employment—is its next great point of interest. It possesses the largest agency now at work in this country for extending and elevating the activity of woman. It projects its operations on a national scale. It has already accomplished results which are surprisingly disproportioned to its age and resources. It proposes not only to furnish employment to women, but to prepare them for that employment by an elevated standard of qualifications. One of its important advantages is, that it

tends to repair the disproportion of the sexes produced in the western states by emigration. The young men of those states emigrate continually; the result is, that in several of the New-England states there are unnumbered thousands of females. Most of these are well educated, academically and domestically. It is not a mere rhetorical flourish to say, that they would make the best teachers or the best wives in the world. Open the way westward for them then; let them go to their youthful kindred who have gone before them. The latter, at least, have claims for them. Let them take their place as teachers or wives in the mighty mass of foreign and domestic elements which is gathering in the west, and resolving itself into a new and grand nationality, that is to give character, before long, to the continent. Let there especially be no invidious voice of sectionalism raised against them. Sectionalism! what has sectionalism to do with the great west or anything in it? If a pure nationalism should prevail anywhere, it is there. It is Uncle Sam's great farm, and his children who toil in his workshops claim for themselves and their children an equal right of inheritance in it with their brothers who have gone to its pleasant fields a little before them.

Our own denomination, brother Editor, has had some very strong reasons for being jealous of these Union societies. We have not always been impartially treated by them; but the day for either suffering or grumbling under such abuse has gone. We have only take our place in them; as we have, for example, in the Bible cause, to be properly recognized. Let me, in conclusion, heartily commend this policy toward the Institution I have been noticing. You, Mr. Editor, and many of your readers, may not endorse all my views on the subject, but I hope you will not for such a reason deny them this frank utterance.

DEATH.

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in a chimney are no epitaph of that; to tell me how high or how large that was; it tells me not what sticks it shattered while it stood, nor what men it bent when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless, too; it says nothing; it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wreath whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not, look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the church-yard into the church, and the sun sweeps out the dust of the church into the church-yard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce—This is the patrician, this is the noble flower, and this the yeoman, this the plebeian bran. How extreme the folly in life to be drawing distinctions of rank, when death, with a blow, brings all to the same level!

THE MISSIONARY

If there is any being on earth on whom heaven should smile more propitiously, for whom the flowers should bloom more sweetly, upon whom the winds and zephyrs should blow more softly, and for whom Nature should put on her comeliest robe, it is the missionary of the cross. Called from the enjoyments of home, kindred, and friends; sacrificing the enjoyments of social life, tearing himself from the sunshine of domestic happiness, he goes on the errand of mercy. And though his heart is firm in the discharge of duty, yet tears are on his cheeks; and while his eyes linger on the last dim spot as it fades away in the distant blue, his lips unconscious murmur,

"O'erlaid on the deep and storm-tossed sea, the winds and waves swift bear him far away to the land of the plague, and the hurricane, and the hot smother, and where death riots in ten thousand banquet; yet, leaning on the arm of Jehovah, he dares to brave them all."

Who could not not veil his part when the gaze of the world is upon him? when he is the burning focus of unnumbered eyes? Who could not shew courage when the artillery is sweeping the enemy from the path? Who as a Caesar could not be brave? Who as a Bonaparte could not be great? But there is a quiet firmness, an unassuming energy, a heaven-born fortitude exhibited in the life and character of the missionary, that no truth surpasses this mere bravery as the power of reason excels mere brute force.

How we love the memory of such benefactors of mankind as Oadurus, Fulton, Wilberforce, and Washington! And yet they have but delivered us from the temporal bondage of ignorance and inconvenience. The missionary shall deliver men from a bondage ten times worse than the most abject slavery of body or mind. Yet no historian chronicles his trials; no poet makes his sufferings sacred; no painter emblazons his deeds to the world; no sculptor portrays his actions on the glowing marble. Alone, unaided, without sympathy, he bears the brunt of wild men's rage, sickness, pain, hunger, and want of all things. Cut off suddenly in the flower of his youth, or lingering, perchance, in anguish, he drags the slow hours to death. No mother's care administers to his wants; no sister's voice falls on his dying ear; no brother's hand smooths his death-pillow; no father's counsels sustain him in those sad moments. Who shall portray the agonies of that last hour? Who tell the bitter yearnings of his soul for home, kindred, and friends? A thousand remembrances that make life so dear dash through his mind, and fill up the bitterness of that last exp. Alone with his God he gazeth away. Sweet be his sleep; till the last trumpet shall sound!

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

—
TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.—
BY FLEBSIVS.—
CHAPTER IX.

Privations of early settlers on the Kanawha—Scarcity of mills—The Kanawha Salines—Tobias Ruffner—Bores four hundred feet through rock—Discovers great saline reservoir—Burning Spring—Annual state election described—Speeches of candidates at election in 1804—Corn-husking.

FIFTY years ago, the settlers on the Kanawha river were subject to many privations which are unknown to the present generation there. Let us glance at some of these as we pass along, for the purpose of contrasting them with the advancement since made in the arts, and the improvements of the present age.

Neither flour nor corn meal was kept for sale any where; and there were no mills nearer to Charleston than the Falls of Coal river, twelve miles distant, where somebody was enterprising enough to erect a little, rickety grist "tub-mill," for the accommodation of the surrounding country. To this mill the good people of Charleston were wont to resort to get their wheat and corn ground. To reach the mill, they had the Kanawha river to cross, and then pursue a bridle path "over the hills and far away," crossing in their devious route the mountain ridge dividing the waters of the Kanawha from those of the Coal. Many a time have we taken our three-bushel bag of wheat or corn to this mill, from Charleston, on horseback, and mounted on the bag; and well remember with what difficulty we saved our bag from being drawn off by the numerous trees standing close to the path; and then, perhaps, have to remain at the mill all night to get our grist, or leave it till another time.

At length—in 1805, we think—a "floating mill" was erected on the Kanawha rapids, immediately below the mouth of Elk river. This was a tub-mill of the simplest construction, placed upon timbers laid upon two pirogues, or large canoes.

There was at this time, so far as we have any knowledge, not a saw-mill in the county. All the boards and plank used had to be sawed by hand. None was kept for sale, and every one needing such lumber, had to fix up his own saw-pit, procure his saw-logs, and have them sawed up in this tedious and expensive way. Scantling and rafters were made out of logs split up, while joists and other timbers were hewn out of the trunks of trees. Of cabinet-makers, there were none on the river; and what furniture was not brought over the mountains, was made in the roughest style by carpenters.

Charleston was favored with a mail once in two weeks, carried on horseback, from Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, some fifty miles distant. Families were usually supplied from thence with coffee, tea, spices, and many other articles, brought by the accommodating mail-carrier on the same horse which carried himself and the half dozen pounds of mail.

Salt, which is now manufactured so extensively on the Kanawha, was, at the time we speak of, often very scarce, and always dear—usually two dollars and fifty cents per bushel. At that price the proprietor of the old Kanawha salines could afford to manufacture; but when the supply from Pittsburg, by boats, reduced it to a lower price, the Kanawha works were obliged to suspend. The salt water then obtained there was drawn from a well some thirty feet deep, on the slope of the right bank of the Kanawha river, six miles above Charleston. At that depth lay the solid rock which formed the bed of the river. Of this salt water it required about five hundred gallons to make a bushel of salt, which was of a dirty brown color, and saturated with "bitter water," as it was called. The works at the salines were very limited; and the little profit derived from the manufacture afforded no inducement to enlarge them.

Such was the condition of the salt manufacture, when—in 1808, we think—the fertile genius of Tobias Ruffner, one of the Ruffner brothers of the vicinity of Charleston, brought to light the untold riches—the great saline reservoir—hidden beneath the deep stratum of solid rock which underlies the Kanawha river and its alluvial bottom lands, and, indeed, a large portion of the west. Mr. Ruffner was a plain, unlettered farmer, but a man of extraordinary genius. He cultivated a large farm, and was his own carpenter, cooper, blacksmith, agricultural instrument maker, and artificer in other mechanic arts, and made all his own tools in each department. His ever active and penetrating mind conceived the idea of the existence of a great reservoir of pure and strong salt water below the stratum of rock over which the river flowed. So well satisfied was he of this, that he took a lease for a term of years on the old salt works, with the determination to penetrate the rock in search of the supposed hidden treasure. Accordingly, he went to work and made his augers and other implements for the purpose; and having sunk a new shaft down to the rock, and placed therein a wooden cylinder—the hollow trunk of a tree—to shut out the water, he commenced boring the rock. The dissuasives of his friends, and the ridicule which was heaped upon him by his neighbors for his "visionary notion" of a great salt lake beneath the rock, would have discouraged almost any other man. But none of these things moved him in the least. He went steadily on boring the rock; and when at length his augers became too small by attrition on the sides of the bore, he made larger ones, and commenced again. Of the depth of the stratum he of course had no knowledge; and after penetrating to the depth of one, two, or three hundred feet, men of ordinary courage and perseverance might have become disheartened, and abandoned the work in despair. Not so with Mr. Ruffner. His indomitable courage faltered not—onward he went. At length, at the depth of over four hundred feet, his auger suddenly plunged

downward several feet. On drawing it up a stream of water followed the auger, and soon filled the wooden cylinder, and flowed out over the top thereof in a rapid stream, the full size of the bore. On examining this water he found it to be pure salt water of extraordinary strength—forty-five gallons of which yielded a bushel of the finest quality of beautiful salt!

This discovery electrified the whole valley, and every body now applauded the sagacity of the discoverer. Mr. Ruffner told his neighbors up and down the river that they might each go to work and bore the rock on their own lands, and have their own salt works. Mr. Ruffner immediately made a copper tube the size and length of the bore, and inserted it therein, to shut off the veins of fresh water intervening, and erected extensive works for the manufacture of salt upon a large scale. Other salt works soon sprang up; and now Kanawha salt is supplied in extensive quantities to all parts of the great west.

Two miles farther up the river, on the same side, is the celebrated "Burning Spring," situated on the margin of a small marsh, at the distance of three or four hundred yards from the river bank. It is a misnomer to call it a *spring*; for it is nothing but a basin or round hollow in the earth, of the capacity of two or three barrels, in which stagnant water stands at the same level as the water in the adjacent marsh, but has no stream running from it. The water is kept in a state of constant ebullition, like boiling water in a pot, by the carburetted hydrogen gas which issues from the earth at the bottom of the basin. On holding a lighted torch near the surface of the water, the gas instantly ignites with a strong flame, and continues to burn till the water is all evaporated, and a light blue, flickering flame remains for some days afterward.

Opposite to this "Spring," in the sloping bank of the river, are many similar hollows or basins, without water, out of which the gas constantly issues. We have seen the women residing near hang their wash-kettles over these basins, and heating water by the flame from the gas, which they ignite for the purpose. Even in the margin of the river, for several rods up and down the stream, the gas is perpetually bubbling up.

The gas escaping from the earth here is doubtless from the same great laboratory of nature, in the bowels of the earth, as that which flows up through the perforated rock, from the great saline reservoir beneath it.

Among our recollections of early times on the Kanawha, we might mention the annual state elections as then held. By the Constitution and laws of Virginia then in force, none but freeholders were entitled to vote at these elections. In Kanawha county, however, at the time we speak of, so few of the citizens were freeholders that this qualification of a voter was, by common consent, waived. Not only were all the white males of lawful age resident in the county permitted to vote, but

minors—mere boys—and even travelers on their journey, passing through the town, and transient persons, without any home, were brought in, and, without any objection, allowed to vote.

The elections were held annually in the month of April, and kept open three days. The manner of conducting them was this: The election was had in the court-house, where the whole county voted, and was conducted within the bar, where two clerks were seated at tables with poll-books, and large sheets of paper ruled in perpendicular columns, wide enough to contain the names of the voters. At the head of these columns were written severally the names of the candidates, and underneath them, as the election progressed, the names of the electors who voted for them, as the votes were given *vis voce*. It is evident, then, that the state of the vote for each candidate could be seen at all times during the election.

The only officers then elective by the people were representatives in Congress and the state Legislature. During the election the candidates ranged themselves on the bench occupied by the Court when in session, which was an elevated platform extending across the end of the court-room, with a railing in front. The sheriff was the judge of the election, and by him voters were admitted, one at a time, within the bar. The voter's name was entered on the poll-book, and he was asked by the sheriff, in a voice audible over the whole court-house, "For whom do you vote?" The elector, turning to the bench, and glancing along the line of candidates—each of whom, perhaps, at the moment is grinning on him a smile of expectancy—he announces audibly, looking, and perhaps pointing, at the preferred candidate as he speaks: "I vote for Mr. A. for Congress, and for Mr. B. and Mr. C. for the Legislature." "Thank you, sir," "Thank you, sir," is simultaneously responded by Messrs. A., B., C., with a bow and a broad smile of complacency, and the voter's name is entered in each of the three columns headed with the names of these three candidates. Passing out at the end of the bar opposite that which he entered, he is taken by the friends of the candidates voted for into the court-house yard, where their barrels or jugs of whisky are placed, and, if he uses the "critter," he is helped to a *grog* at each by the aid of a tin-cup and a pail of water.

Before opening the polls on the first day, it was customary for all the candidates to be present, and each of them to make a "stump speech," from a stand erected for the purpose in the court-house yard, in which he defined his position, giving his views on the chief political topics of the day and on matters concerning the immediate interests of the county. The first occasion of this kind at which we were present was the election in Kanawha county in April, 1804. A small temporary stand, large enough only for the speaker, was fixed up in the court-house square. There were a member of Congress and two members of the Legislature to

elect. The candidates for Congress led the way. There was but one of these, however, present; the other appeared by proxy. The one who was present made a popular harangue, suited to the opinions and tastes of those whom he addressed, and plentifully spiced with "words of learned length and thundering sound," but guiltless of sense and method. The proxy of his opponent followed, and, in a clear and sensible speech, gave an exposition of the principles and views of the gentleman whom he represented. Edmund Morris—the Bishop's elder brother—one of the candidates for the Legislature, then took the stand. He was tall and slender, of a fine personal figure, and withal very handsome, and of exceedingly graceful and engaging manners, and an eloquent and popular speaker. He addressed the audience upward of an hour, and was listened to with deep attention. Some attempts had been made to prejudice his election on account of a vote he had given in the Legislature at its previous session. This he noticed at some length, and made a most triumphant vindication of his course, and retired amidst the applause of the whole assembly. William Morris—Edmund's cousin—followed, in a well-delivered and dignified address of some twenty minutes. Two or three other candidates subsequently occupied the stand, the last of whom was Col. John Reynolds, the original proprietor, we believe, of the town, and who resided in a beautiful mansion back of it, near the base of the hills. He was aged about forty years, a small, spare man, thin visage, and stern countenance, but friendly and sociable in his manners—a fair specimen of the generous and hospitable Virginia gentleman, and exceedingly popular in the county. On mounting the stand, and looking around upon the audience, and bowing, he addressed them as follows:

"Friends and fellow-citizens! I am a candidate for the house of delegates of the General Assembly; and according to custom, I suppose I must make a speech. But so much time has been occupied by my worthy friends who have already addressed you, that I will only detain you a moment. You all know my political principles and my opinions concerning public affairs. If you choose to elect me, I will serve you to the best of my abilities; if you don't, you may go—" closing the sentence with an oath and an expressive wave of the hand, and turning round with an independent, care-for-nobody air, he stepped down from the stand, amidst the vociferous cheers of the audience. He was elected by a large majority.

Among the common amusements of the earlier settlers were the corn-husking. These were usually conducted thus: The corn, in the sheaf, was heaped in, and piled up in a long ridge on the ground, in or near the barn-yard. The men and boys of the neighborhood, and often the girls, were gathered together upon some moonlight evening. The latter were not expected, however, to engage in the husking, but usually assisted in preparing the supper.

Two persons were chosen as captains, who divided the ridge of corn into two equal parts, as nearly as they could judge, by laying a fence-rail across it on each side—one of them fixing the division, and the other taking his choice of the ends. The captains then taking their stand each at his own end of the pile, divide the whole party into two companies, choosing their hands one at a time alternately, till they are all mustered; and each, as he is called, takes his place under his captain. All hands then sit down on the corn at the bottom of the pile, and facing outward, commence the operation of husking. The corn is thrown over their heads across the pile, and far enough to clear it, while the sheaves are thrown out of this way in front.

Great emulation exists between the two companies, each striving to finish its task first—the victor carrying off the honors and the prize, which was a jug of whisky, a churn of fresh buttermilk, or some nice dish at supper. The company which won the victory usually hoisted their captain on the shoulders of two stout men, carried him around the pile, huzzing, and then bore him to the house, where he received the prize, and distributed it among the men of both companies.

The husking ended, which was often as late as eleven or twelve o'clock, the whole assembly sat down to a rich and beautiful supper, consisting of the very best the country could afford. Sometimes the entertainment of the evening ended in a dance by the young people, who not unduly kept it up till morning; some negro fiddler or banjo performer making the music for the "light fantastic toe."

FRETTING.

Do not fret. It is unprofitable and unprofitable. It can not bring back a lost dollar nor restore a lost day. It has no virtue in it nor power of redemption. A fretting man or woman is one of the most unlovely objects in the world. A wasp is a comfortable housemate in comparison—it only stings when disturbed. But a habitual fretter buzzes if he don't sting, with or without provocation. "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house." It is useless; it sets up broken boxes, steps on leaks, gathers no-spill milk, cements no smashed pitchers, cures no spoiled hay, and changes no east winds. It affects nobody but the fretter himself. Children or servants cease to respect the authority or obey the commands of a complaining, wordy, fretting parent or master. They know that "barking dogs don't bite," and fretters don't strike, and they conduct themselves accordingly. We like the doctrine of doing, and a willingness to do something for the general good; but this everlasting whispering is a plan only to render every body miserable.

THE HILLS AND VALES OF STYRIA.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

THE Austrian empire contains no more beautiful and romantic province between the Danube and the Adriatic, than that of Styria. It lies in the interior of the country, surrounded by Hungary, Croatia, Corinthia, and Carniola. It is now essentially German in its national character, although few countries have been more completely the prey of all the surrounding nations than Styria. Its fields have been the stamping-ground for the Goths, the Huns, the Lombards, and the Franks; the warlike Magyars have scoured through its valleys, and the wild Slavonic tribes have pitched their tents among its mountains; even the Turks have chosen its soil on which to settle their feuds with their deadly enemies, and have twelve times invaded its confines.

Napoleon was the last conqueror that overran its plains, and many spots are still shown where the natives met him in deadly contest. But even the narrow mountain passes of Styria were no barrier to him; every natural obstacle, every fortress fell before his iron will, and he only rested within the walls of Vienna.

More than thirty years of peace have blessed the country, and perhaps no region in Europe presents a more happy race of peasants than those of Styria. The Styrians themselves feel that much of this material welfare is due to the wise and upright character of the Governor of the province, the Archduke John of Austria, whom we have previously spoken of as having discarded the attractions of the imperial family in order to give his hand and heart to the postmaster's daughter—"Nanni," of the Styrian Alps.

It had been our good fortune to be introduced to the Archduke John in Vienna, and that under circumstances that made our humble services useful to him, as a medium of communication between himself and others of the company, whose language he did not understand. If he ever assumes the character of royalty, he certainly threw it off then, and became an honest man. On parting, a hearty shake of the hand was accompanied by an invitation to visit his mountain home of Styria.

THE PARK OF BRANDHOF.

We need hardly say that it was the first object of our solicitude, on reaching Styria, to visit the home of its Governor; and we were richly repaid by the insight gained in the manners and feelings of a true Styrian.

The imperial friend of the Alpine world has chosen a truly Alpine retreat. Brandhof lies on a mountain pass, about four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and nearly three thousand above the valley. A good road leads to the summit, but we preferred trusting to our feet, and the advantage of chatting with the peasants and hunters that we might meet on the way. Myself and companion

had scarcely commenced the ascent, when we met a Styrian hunter returning with his game from a tour among the mountains. A long conversation with him confirmed all that we had heard of the Archduke. "He is," says our new friend, "one of the most passionate and daring chamois hunters of the country, and frequently meets us on the chase, and takes common luck, and partakes of common cheer with us." This, of course, not only endears him to the people of his immediate neighborhood, but makes him the most popular man in Styria. "And then his wife—you should hear the story of his wife"—and our friend would fain have told it; for nothing pleases a Styrian hunter more than the opportunity of telling a stranger all about the "Postmaster Nanni;" but we were proud to reply that we knew it from Alpha down to the period of our conversation. This was an ungenerous damper on the manly hunter's loquacity; but we softened down the shock by asking other questions, and were punished in our turn by the unwelcome information that the Archduke and consort were away on a tour of pleasures.

We nevertheless determined to see all that was to be seen, and clambered up the mountain side toward Brandhof. The view of hill and vale in the distance, alternated in character at every turn; and every thing indicated just such a spot as the fancy would paint for the chamois hunter's home. On reaching the summit, we heard the tinkling of bells, and perceived the buildings of Brandhof, situated on an open table-land, shaded in the background by peaks still covered with the snow of the preceding winter. It is a one-story edifice, with several wings, and in the midst of the latter rise the turrets of the little private chapel, used as a place of worship by the Ducal family and guests. A bubbling fountain in front invites the traveler to partake of its cool beverage, fresh from the snow-peaks above, and a semicircular bench by its side affords him a resting-place, while a little grove of cedars shelter him from the warm sun. On one of the wings is a Gothic tower containing a clock, while from another rises the steeple bearing the bell which calls all the household to worship. Not far from these are all the necessary out-buildings; as dairy, granary, barn, etc.; and thus the whole presents the appearance of a village on the heights of the Styrian Alps.

An immense portal leads into the roomy grounds, and above this portal is the following inscription:

"In the fortieth year of my life, after much and varied experience in a very agitated period, I, John, Archduke of Austria, resolved to build me a house of rest protected by the Alps, in which I could live in retirement, devoted to the welfare of my imperial master and brother, and the true and faithful mountaineers that surround me. It is simple and without pomp, as a proof how foreign my mind has ever been to ambitious efforts."

This is a remarkable case of a truly princely mind, untouched by the vain glitter of royalty, yielding

to the promptings of a purely natural and uncontaminated character. His house of rest is, in the true sense of the words, simple and without pomp, and, nevertheless, a model of taste and true poetic feeling; in the very smallest particular may be observed the attachment to a clearly comprehended plan and preconceived idea.

Back of the buildings, on a little eminence, is a garden of rare Alpine plants, collected from all parts of these mountainous regions, far and near, and cultivated by the hand of the peasant prince.

The mere mention, at the door, that we were invited, or, at least, permitted guests, insured a welcome from those in whose charge the estate was left during the absence of the owner; and we were kindly conducted through every part of the house that we expressed a desire to see. There is a large saloon for entertainments, the chapel, the dwelling apartments, and the "Hunters' Room." Everywhere is perceived a refined taste of art, respect for antiquity, reverence for religion, love of father-land, and sympathy for all that is good, and true, and beautiful. The saloon is decorated in old German style, and lighted with Gothic windows of stained glass, with here and there a Bible proverb. Around the walls are little niches, containing miniature statues of the Duke's most celebrated ancestors, each with some motto appropriate to his character. The chapel is also in old German style, with ornaments made of genuine Lebanon cedar, and stained-glass windows, covered with Bible proverbs tastefully arranged. The apartments of the Archduke are entirely covered on the inside with the native pine of the mountains, worked in a tasteful style, and the furniture is of the same material. In one end of the building is a "workshop," containing all kinds of mechanical tools; and here the Archduke passes many hours in manufacturing articles that may suit his fancy.

But the great curiosity of Brandhof is the "Hunters' Room." This is a large apartment furnished with every thing that belongs to the chase. The walls are ornamented with a collection of rare and curious arms, mostly of the Styrian mountains. These are supported by stags' antlers, that are fastened to the wall. Between them, as ornaments, is an extensive collection of feathers of all the birds of the mountains, arranged in the form of shields, etc. In the center of the room, hanging from the ceiling, is a chandelier made of antlers, with polished chamois horns on the points, to contain the candles. Several of these are also arranged around the walls. The backs and legs of all the chairs are also made of antlers, the only wood-work being the seat; even the large table in the center of the room is supported by antlers. Here the Archduke occasionally gives entertainments to his brother chamois hunters; and then the table service, as far as possible, is manufactured from the products of the chase: knives, forks, and spoons, all have curiously wrought handles of chamois or stags' horns; the carving-knives and soup-ladles are perfect

curiosities; in short, there is here every thing that can warm the heart of an Alpine friend and hunter; and we believe that the "Hunters' Room" is unique in its conception, and alone in its execution; at least, we have never seen a rival.

In the midst of such creations the Archduke spends his time, by the side of his peasant wife, equally devoted to her, his offspring, and his country; for even among the pleasures of rural quietness and domestic tranquillity, he gives no small portion of his time and attention to the affairs of the province which he governs, and the material welfare of his subjects. He is the President of the Agricultural Society of Styria, and has done more than any other man in the country to increase the quantity and improve the quality of the products of the soil. The Styrians are notoriously inclined to travel in the beaten track of their ancestors, and opposed to all innovations, come whence they may. Although potatoes have been cultivated for so long a time on the continent, the Styrians, till a few years ago, knew nothing of them, or, rather, they would know nothing of them, because their fathers had got along without them. The Archduke saw the immense advantage that their cultivation would be to the rural population, and sent for the very best kinds from abroad, and gave them freely to the peasants. Some planted them without care, others let them lie untouched. The Archduke now offered a premium to those who would bring the best potatoes to the agricultural exhibitions. It was of no avail; none came. He at last actually gave parcels of land to the peasants, on condition that they raised good crops of potatoes on them. This had the desired effect, as the gain was so apparent. The result is, that, thanks to the perseverance of the Archduke, potatoes are now quite plentiful in Styria. The loyal attachment of the people of Styria to their worthy Governor is certainly as well deserved as it is well placed.

We had another visit to pay in Styria, from which we anticipated pleasure well worth enjoying, although of a totally different character. If any thing is especially conducive to forming acquaintances, it is a trip over the Styrian pass of the Alps, in one of the stage-coaches of the country. The Semmering Pass is about four thousand feet high, and is crossed by a zigzag road, which makes it a journey worth talking about when undertaken in the day-time, and much the more so when performed at night. We concluded to try the latter experiment, having performed the former several times. All went on well till we reached the summit, and, crossing it, commenced the descent. The latter was scarcely begun, when something about the harness gave way, and the horses began to run, and continued to run as if mad, till they were at the base of the Pass. This was a rather unpleasant, and perhaps perilous condition to be in at midnight, on the mountains, and caused the passengers in the coach to make each other's acquaintance *velens volens*.

A fat, inquisitive, and jolly old monk, bald-headed and hatless, stockingless and shoeless, his soles being covered with sandals, dressed in a long, brown, woolen gown and cowl, with a rosary and cross dangling from his neck, and a cord and tassel from his waist, was the sharer of our seat. Every jolt or pitch of the coach, as the horses flew down the mountain, threw us into his big lap. He, however, seemed too heavy or too lazy to return the compliment, and we were several times obliged to acknowledge ourself the party placed under obligations. He continued to oblige, however, with all the affability and grace that the peculiar circumstances would allow, and a warm attachment seemed to spring up by the same laws that govern chemical affinity—that of opposites. Our routes separated in the morning, and he gave me his address, with a warm invitation to pay him a visit and finish the discussion of many questions of interest that had merely been touched upon. In our pocket-book he wrote the following:

FRA PAOLO, BURG OBER-CILLI.

Brother Paul—Fra Paolo—and his Castle of Ober-Cilli, now became a point of attraction toward which we shortly afterward directed our wanderings.

The old town of Cilli, back of which rises the Castle, lies on the green surface of a friendly valley, which it dots here and there with its red-roofed houses, so that they looked in the distance like red flowers in the meadow. It was founded centuries and centuries ago, as the estate and habitation of the celebrated Counts of Cilli—a family whose name and glory are closely interwoven with the thread of Styria's early history. The Counts were a warlike race; and, as they often turned their hands against other men, so were other men's hands not unfrequently turned against them. To guard against these emergencies, the Counts built an immensely strong castle on an inaccessible, rocky eminence of great height. This rises up in the air immediately behind the town, or, rather, the town lies at its feet, for the presence of this rocky fortress induced the Counts to settle here. The impregnable Castle of Ober-Cilli has long since been vacated by the family whose name it still bears, and has become a monastery of Capuchin friars, one of whom is Fra Paolo. Since the ministers of peace have found shelter under its roof, it is no longer the inaccessible rock, but steps have been cut in its side from the stream that flows at its base up to the door of the old Castle. These are many and fatiguing, and one pauses often and gazes up at the old iron-bound ruin before reaching its portals. In front of the latter stands a large cross and image of the Savior, and at its side is a little shrine for those who prefer to ascend into the high places to perform their devotions.

Having pulled at the long rusty wire hanging from the door-post, the call was answered by a servant dressed in cowl and gown, but of a different color from those of the monks. "Is Fra Paolo in the monastery, at present?" "He is, God greet

you, stranger! walk in." We were led into the refectory—quite a usual place for the monks to receive their visits in all monasteries—and in a moment Fra Paolo entered, beaming with delight to see the occupant of his lap on the Semmering. His first words were, "I respect you, my dear friend, for having kept your promise and coming to see me; it is so often the case that I receive such promises, and am forgotten afterward, that I feel the more attached to those who remember me. I am at your service; all that I can show, all that I can tell you, that is new and curious to you, I will do willingly."

"In the first place," said he, taking us by the arm, "I know you have not seen all the beauties of the valley that lies at our feet. Step outside of the gate, and I will show you a panorama that will repay you for visiting Fra Paolo, if he does not himself. This country is a paradise; look yonder at the villages, churches, farms, hills and dales, fields of grain and groups of trees that adorn that valley; and see the castles and ruins that enrich its hill-tops like diadems on its brow; and see the deep green river that winds through its meadows and refreshes the herds that enjoy its gifts! This is Fra Paolo's home." "The outside," said we, "is faultless; but are the beauties of the interior capable of upholding the high expectations formed here?" "They are, to one who comprehends his destiny, and has the courage to fulfill it." "Courage to fulfill it! Does it require courage to become an inmate of an earthly paradise?" "Never mind your arguments just now; we will resume old and new ones after you know the ground we stand on. Come with me into the garden, and I will show you what I was busy with when you came. We have made it our especial care for some years to cultivate and ennoble the grape, and when we succeed with any particular kind, we give shoots to the peasants in the neighborhood, and thereby do them a benefit. I have succeeded wonderfully well with mine; and you must see what a pleasant occupation it is." On entering the garden, we met Fra Pietro, and Fra Giovanni, and several other *Fratres*, each of whom had a "God greet you, stranger!" ready to welcome us. The garden was beautiful, indeed, and several of the friars were at work in it. At intervals were little shady bowers, serving as retreats for repose, study, or reflection.

"Do your grapes afford you wine?" said we. "No; that would give us too much trouble, and require too much room. The peasants bring us wine of all kinds every year, in return for the labor we bestow on the grape; and our cellar is never empty." The garden contained many other little beauties and conveniences that were dwelt upon as producers of happiness, when we adjourned to the interior of the old Castle. It contained eight friars, who were placed there as a reward for faithful services in laboring among the people elsewhere; and they seemed to have little else to do than live in peace. Fra Paolo conducted us to his room,

a little chamber, with a window looking out into the valley below, and which was furnished with a plainness amounting to scantiness; it was gloomy and solitary, although he pretended to see many attractive features about it. Each friar had a chamber of the same kind, and each was alone; they eat, however, in common. The appearance of the whole interior was somber and forbidding, and nearly the only ornaments were the symbols of their religion. So long as Fra Paolo rested his happiness on God's nature around him, we had not the least objection to raise to his doctrine; but his Castle, with all its romance, was a gloomy prison inside, with eight prisoners in it, and these deprived of all the true pleasures that make life worth enjoying. In short, the farther we argued the greater became the distance between us, and Fra Paolo soon became convinced that he could make no convert.

He was a man of a great deal of general intelligence, and of no little knowledge of the world. One would scarcely believe that in the depths of Styria a man could be expected to know much about the United States, and still he was well informed in relation to every thing that concerned his religion. He spoke of Baltimore and the influence it exerted; and even discussed the Church riots in Philadelphia in 1845, when several Catholic churches were burnt to the ground. In short, to us he was an anomaly—a mixture of worldliness in manner with a godliness in profession, that left an impression on us that, in him, it must have required some "courage to fulfill his destiny." We parted the best friends, and many suns will set before the sunny phiz of Fra Paolo, of Ober-Cilli, will sink below the horizon of our memory.

The pride and wealth of Syria are the metallic treasures hidden within her bosom; and no event afforded us more pleasure, while dwelling within her confines, than

A VISIT TO THE MINERS OF THE IRON MOUNTAIN.

The Iron Mountain is an inexhaustible and remarkable mass of iron ore, that rises to an elevation of nearly five thousand feet above the surrounding country. Even at a distance the red color of the ore is distinctly visible; and, on approaching, one perceives that it is one gigantic body of ore lying above the surface of the earth—a noble gift of Providence, and the jewel of Styria. This jewel, like the diamond, owes more than half its value to the labor bestowed on it; and around the base of the Iron Mountain resides a population of thousands, whose occupation is on the mountain's brow or in its bowels. Their ancestors have lived here from time immemorial; and thus a great many customs have been transmitted from father to son that make the miners of the Iron Mountain a most singular race of beings. They assert that the Iron Mountain was worked by their ancestors before the time of Christ; and prove, by documents among their archives, that Julius Cæsar drew largely from its treasures, and that the Romans, during the four centuries of their domination in this country, con-

sidered it the richest of conquests. Indeed, it does one good to hear Julius of ancient renown so familiarly talked about, and to reflect that he did other things besides conquering the Gauls, invading Great Britain, and crossing the Rubicon.

The main village of the miners bears the significant cognomen of "*Iron Ore*," and thither we at first repaired to tend to the comforts of the natural man. As we jumped out of a crazy Styrian wagon before the door of the "*King of Prussia Inn*," the hostess appeared with a bevy of sweet smiles, and the singular greeting of "*Luck up, luck up!*" As we thereby understood her to intimate something about luck, we permitted her to carry our modicum of baggage to a little chamber, whose windows gazed out on the Iron Mountain.

The next inquiry was what the good lady had to eat; and on this point, although very loquacious, her stock reduced itself to rye bread, pork, sour-crust, and venison, to which she added "*very good beer*" and "*excellent wine*." "*But, madam, it is near night; can't you let us have a cup of tea?*" "*Tea!*" replied the hostess, "*tea! why, I have no tea; I can send and get some at the apothecary's, if you are sick, and wish it.*" We soon perceived that mine hostess of Iron Ore had never heard of tea in any other capacity than that of administering to the ill flesh is heir to, and we broached the subject of coffee. This was intelligible, but a mighty strange desire, she thought, for the time of day, when all the miners of Iron Ore pay their ovations to the juice of the grape. We consequently ordered coffee, venison-steak, and bread and butter, to be brought up into our room with all haste; for, in the inns of Styria, one who is not fond of the fumes of a hundred ancient pipes, and other strange, outlandish odors of sour-crust, cheese, etc., must eat in his own apartments, as most travelers do.

The coffee, and all but the venison, was set on our table after some delay, and the servant, a rosy-checked Styrian peasant-girl, left, we supposed, for the steak. Ourselves and a good-natured companion sat discussing the peculiarities of Iron Ore, and patiently waiting for our meat, till the coffee was nearly as cold as the ore of the mountain. Finally, thanks to a pair of good lungs, the servant-girl appeared, when we began to remonstrate about the non-appearance of the promised steak. "*Why, gentlemen,*" said the lass, "*you have not taken your coffee yet!*" "*Simply because we are waiting for the steak!*" Looking aghast, she continued, "*Steak and coffee together! why, I never heard of such a thing! It will make you sick!*" Having agreed to assume all the responsibility on that point, we requested her to take the coffee down and warm it, and bring it and steak up together; whereupon she slightly hinted, that, if both were to be swallowed together, the coffee might as well be warmed in the frying-pan, without removing the steak. To this we made a positive objection, although, to satisfy her, we granted that her reasoning was not entirely destitute of logic. In a few minutes all was brought,

and we quietly finished our first meal in Iron Ore, but not without astonishing the natives.

The following morning, after having indulged in the same impropriety of coffee and steak, to the increased surprise of our hostess, we sallied out to spend a day among the miners. Every one that we met greeted us with a friendly "Luck up!" and the first question we asked one of the officers to whom we had a letter of introduction was the meaning of this strange "Luck up!" "It is," said he, "the miner's welcome; they all go up the mountain to their daily labor, and thus centuries ago acquired the habit of wishing one another luck up the mountain: this, in the form of 'Luck up,' has, finally, become the only form of greeting for all."

The miners of the Iron Mountain seem almost like a unique race of beings, in dress, customs, and thought. Around their bodies they always wear short leather aprons, before and behind, so that it bears more the appearance of a short leather dress; on the head a black leather cap, with long apron behind, so that the whole looks like an immense hood. On the apron in front are the miner's coat of arms, pressed in the leather. Even on Sundays they all wear the same dress of a finer and more tasty make. We saw thousands of them, with their wives and children, assembled in worship, and religious feeling seems all-pervading—a very striking contrast with the miners of England.

On the very summit of the Iron Mountain, their great benefactor, the Archduke John, who is a large owner in the mines, and on festival days appears among them in miner's costume, has placed an immense cast-iron cross, as an index of their faith and occupation. The inscription on its base gives an insight into the character of the miners, and their imperial patron, which we think worthy of transmission:

"I, Archduke John of Austria, have placed this cross on the highest peak of the Iron Mountain, in the firm belief that nothing in the world can prosper without the protection of the Almighty; in the unshaken confidence that he, in his mercy, will bless the Iron Mountain, which animates our beloved Styria; for the consolation of all who labor on the Iron Mountain; that the sight of the Redeemer may remind them of his endless love and the omnipotence of God, and encourage them in all and every thing that they may undertake, that they may as faithful children hold their heart to him; that they may further pray for our Emperor, for our dear father-land, and for a continuance of the blessing on our mountain; and, finally, that the true light and source of all happiness is only to be found in an entire dependence on God."

It must be true that the mountains induce man to revere the Almighty; for we doubt if the world presents any body of miners who delve into its bowels for thousands of feet, and whose hearts are, at the same time, imbued with such a childlike reverence for the Creator, as are the miners of the Iron Mountain.

THE EMBLEM OF PEACE.

BY JAMES FUMMELL.

In Ardenne forest, calm and free,
Forever to a shining sea
A river flows in quietude—
The angel of the wood.

No tempest ever rends its calm;
But peaceful as the summer balm
That dwelleth in the forest ways,
This angel river strays.

The roses, bending o'er its side,
Can see their beauty in the tide:
At night, between some leafy space,
The Moon beholds her face.

And flecking dots of light and shade,
By forest-trees and sunshine made,
Dance gladly o'er this river bright
When flies the dewy night.

And through the long, long summer day
The robin pours his soul away
In music, by its margin fair—
Rejoiced to linger there!

Without the wood, a golden sea,
Where sacred beauty loves to be,
Enclasps within its fond embrace
This stream of joyant face.

And sparkling ever in the sun,
From rosy morn to twilight dun,
The river murmurs with the sea
A holy lullaby.

Thus ever flows the Christian's life,
Exempt from gloom and cankering strife;
Thus golden glide away his hours,
In Life's sequestered bowers!

And when the shade of Time is past,
He reaches that far sea at last,
To whose glad waters aye are given
The blissful smiles of heaven!

THE HUSBAND TO HIS LOST ONES.

BY THE LATE MRS. M. D. HERR.

My Mary, could I part in twain
The veil twixt thee and me,
How would I gaze, and gaze again,
On thy sweet babe and thee!

I hear the music from his lyre—
Earth can not waken such;
The sweetest note in heaven's choir
Vibrates to his soft touch.

I long to join those strains so sweet;
Make room in heaven for me;
I'll come erelong and claim a seat
Close to my boy and thee.

LAST HOURS OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. J. KELLEY.

How deceitfully soever one may have lived, the hour of death is not one in which to dissemble; and it is then the true moral state discovers itself, and often the real character is revealed. Woman, who, if she become degraded, seems to sink lower into degradation than man, is also, from the very sensibility of her character, the first to retrace her steps when repentance calls. If she be a philosopher, she is more cool and rigid than man; if a friend, more generous and confiding; if an enemy, more implacable and pursuing; if a Christian, more ardent and devoted. Let us see how woman, under different circumstances, can die. For some examples, let us turn to France while under the sway of "Reason" and "Philosophy." For others we confine ourselves to our own Christian land—to names known to the readers of the Repository.

Madame du Barry, who had been a favorite at the court of Louis Fifteenth, was still in the prime of her life and beauty when the "reign of terror" played with human heads as the child with a cast-off toy. When on her way to the scaffold, she not only exhibited her beautiful face to the crowd, that they might be moved to pity, but she uttered most piercing cries and shed unceasing tears. "Life! life!" she cried, "life for my repentance! life for all my devotion to the republic! life for all my riches to the nation!" She died, as she had lived, a *coward*.

Mary Fletcher, after a life of great usefulness and much suffering, closed it with these words: "Jesus, come, my hope of glory! He lifts his hands, and shows that I am graven there." She sank so peacefully to rest, that her friend and watcher thought her only sleeping. She lived and died a *trusting and joyful believer*.

Charlotte Corday, who was infatuated with the belief that it would be an act of the highest virtue in her to assassinate Marat, found her way through this means to the scaffold. When a priest offered her the last consolations of religion, "Thank those," said she, "who have had the attention to send you; but I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer to the Eternal. This is the toilet of death," she added, as she was arrayed in the red garment of the assassin, "but it leads to immortality." She died *proudly*.

Elizabeth Elstner, an amiable, interesting, and pious young lady, much beloved and in the bosom of a happy family, longed to depart to her better home. Among her last words are these: "My mother loves me a great deal, but my Savior loves me more. To-morrow at this time I shall be resting upon my Savior's bosom." She died *meekly, confidently*.

Madame Roland, the soul of the Girondist party,

the impersonation of liberty, was a woman of delicate sensibilities, refined intellect, and lofty soul. She had rejected the religion of her youth, and embraced the Atheism of republican France. An affectionate mother, a model wife, an intrepid politician, she was glad to die for the cause of her country. She could forego the pleasure of herself giving her daughter that training which she was so capable of bestowing, for a corruptible crown of human glory. Arrived at the guillotine with an old man, a stranger, who was about to suffer with her, a delicate sensibility caused her to strive to save him one pang, and she desired he should precede her to the scaffold, "that I may spare you the pain of witnessing my punishment," she said. She died a *philosopher*.

Mrs. Abigail Morris, also a pattern wife and mother, was the embodiment of meekness, love, and holy ardor. Faith, hope, and charity united in her to make her at once a strong and lovely character. She had remained faithful to the religion of her childhood, and was waiting God's will to live for his work, or die for his glory. She could leave her children to the care of God, to receive, from him, an incorruptible crown of glory. "My flesh will rest in hope," said she at the last; "for me, I feel that death has no sting, the grave will have no victory." She died a *Christian*.

We look once more to the country and age of Reason and Philosophy. The beautiful, the afflicted, the illustrious Marie Antoinette, attracted by the piety of Louis Sixteenth and his devoted sister, resolved to die worthy of her husband and king. Refusing pardon of a conforming priest, she prayed alone, and then prepared to die like a Catholic queen. She died, at least, *heroically*.

Mrs. Hamline, in the early part of her Christian career, was afraid of Death; but at his approach she learned to smile; and when asked, "Is Jesus with you now?" she said, "Yes; sing." Her devoted husband, with other loved ones, sang around her bed these lines:

"Jesus protects; my fears, begone;
What can the Book of ages move!
Safe in thy arms I lay me down—
Thine everlasting arms of love."

With these words her soul was borne on high, and she was gone. She died *triumphantly*.

CURIOUS SELF-POSSESSION.

VERNET, the painter, was so attached to his profession, that he used to make voyages in bad weather on purpose to see the sky and ocean in picturesque perturbation. One day the storm was so violent that the ship's crew were in great consternation. Vernet desired a sailor to bind him to the mast. When every one was crying and praying, Vernet, with his eyes now upon the lightning, and now upon the mountainous waves, continued to exclaim, "How fine this is!"

The Ladies' Repository.

JUNE, 1852.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LUGGAGE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

There is much of desirable comfort, ingenious tact, and worldly knowledge mixed up with all traveling appurtenances, whether we move about with a large family over the whole continent, or carry a roll of music into the next street. We have seen more than one united party of pleasure broken up into silent sulks or savage opposition for want of a little philosophy in the luggage department.

What an immense amount of irritability and anxiety may be spared by the use of an extra strap or the omission of a delicate bandbox! Let us here declare, for the private benefit of our lady friends, that, from all we have remarked in our locomotive experience, we honestly believe that there exists a natural antagonism between a man and a bandbox. It is not only a fair and open intolerance that abuses and denounces the object of hatred before the whole world, but it exists even in a private and vindictive malice, that would vent itself in an unseen kick or sinister shove, when the owner of the helpless thing was not by to defend it. When we are collecting a pile of luggage in the hall, ready for some marine Paradise or inland Eden, the portmanteaus and trunks are brought together steadily enough, but only let us trust that varlet "Tom" to bring down a bandbox, and so sure does he insist on placing it in most dangerous contiguity between a couple of smashing carpet-bags, or else begins to whistle some very lively tune, and employs the bottom of the bandbox as a sort of "staccato" accompaniment on every stair, and when the traps are all gathered together, somehow the bandbox is sure to be the thing that our brother tumbles over. He looks at it with most aggravating contempt, and we hear a muttering, in which the words "bothering rubbish" are very audible. We are obliged to plead for it with modest energy; for he might be revengeful, and the thing is weak and unprotected. Then comes the cabman, and with the greatest coolness he positively "flings" the bandbox on one side, till the other packages are fixed; at last, he "supposes that thing is to go inside;" we hardly like to mention the small private fact that we have been a sort of pendulum between the front window and well-staircase meanwhile, in order to satisfy ourselves that the bandbox was still in existence; but at last we see him put it inside, and if by any chance he has any bag or basket over half a hundred weight within reach, we are prepared to see the said bag or basket lumped right on it. Let the number of travelers be two or four, the poor bandbox is sure to be "in the way" on the seat; it is the Pariah of our appendages, and, of course, must be carried on our lap. Then comes the railway porter, who is most respectful to all that "can't be hurt;" but woe betide the bandbox that you intrust to him—we are always obliged to "keep it too ourselves," and if all the seats are full, and the box too big to go under the seats, which it always is, why our journey is not quite so unincumbered as it might be.

We have traveled with gimcrack toys and ornamental glass without a derangement of the numerous family in "Noah's Ark," or a fracture of the crystal threads, but no sooner did we venture on a "bandbox" than "Melancholy marked it for its own." Never travel with a bandbox, ladies. Hide your evening caps or best bonnets in some solid, enduring frame-work—have an iron chest, a plate chest, a sea chest, a tea chest, an "old oak chest," or any chest in the world, so that it bears no relationship to the milliner's receptacle, have nothing that resembles a bandbox, or every masculine hand laid on it will contrive some spiteful and insulting injury.

There is something particularly awkward and slightly impeding in having to arrange and carry an unlimited number of sticks, umbrellas, parasols, coats, rugs, and nobody knows what, about a railway station or pier-head. We lately met a party of three ladies and two gentlemen, who had arrived at dusk at Blackwall Station from Ramsgate; their trunks and carpet-bag were disposed of without anxiety, but the perplexing and wild state of excitement over four umbrellas, three parasols, two walking-sticks, three cloaks, two coats, three Scotch plaids, one shawl, three baskets, and a large bundle of sea-weed, was indescribable, to say nothing of an unruly spaniel attached to a string, who persisted in twisting and rushing about in the most contrary directions possible. As for keeping the things together, the attempt seemed impracticable. William was shouting to Emily to know if she had his fur coat; James interrogated William as to the whereabouts of his silk umbrella; Ellen was slightly frantic touching a missing Tweed; and Sophy was making a desperate snatch at any article looking at all like one of their things, alternating her vigilant activity with a sudden smack and energetic shaking bestowed impulsively on "that tiresome dog Fido." Half a dozen plumps would keep tumbling out of a basket, and the sea-weed would keep tumbling out of the bundle, while we stood among them rendering what help we could, and thinking that a little practical philosophy would have prevented a deal of bad temper and considerable perturbation of mind.

It was a fine autumn day, and if William or Sophy had secured the miscellaneous matters with a yard or two of cord and a strap, comfort and independence might have been preserved.

Another fallacy in which many people indulge is that of bringing something home with them, which might be procured within reach of an errand-boy. We shall never forget incumbering ourselves with six pounds of butter from Exeter to Bayswater, and on a frying dog day, too; it was no laughing matter—the comestible being somewhat carelessly packed, and ourselves entertaining a natural horror of grease. The trouble it gave us from the station to the larder was beyond the usual small vexations of life—what with being almost in a melting state, the porter letting it fall on the rail, and the friend who came to meet us resolutely sitting down on it in the cab—why, no wonder that we hated the sight of butter for a month! We lately had some friends, consisting of three gentlemen and two ladies, returning from Paris to England, and it appeared that the gentlemen were extreme advocates for the "philosophy" we are now

discussing—they had a contempt for custom-house annoyances, and entreated the ladies not to “smuggle” the most trifling thing—denounced gloves and lace as feminine rubbish, and talked very big of the folly of risking impertinence and detention for the sake of useless trumpery. The ladies promised, and kept their word—the custom-house officers passed them without leaving a suspicion attached; but alas for the strength of manhood! each of the gentlemen was detected with such an unwarrantable number of *cigars* carefully *concealed*, that loud altercation and seizure of the “useless trumpery” resulted, affording the ladies ample room for sly allusions to masculine weakness and masculine philosophy of luggage.

That there is philosophy in luggage we are convinced; we have known people who traveled with unnumbered boxes and bags, and yet were without essential comforts, and we have held pleasant company with those who had extremely compact arrangements, yet needed nothing. Some persons are as diffuse and unmeaning in their packing as in their conversation. We have seen a bit of top-string put round a chest of two hundred weight; we have seen an address left on a valise indicating that it was to be sent to Bristol, when the owner fully intended it at the present time to go to Cambridge; we have seen hampers burst open at the most awkward moment, and parcels “come undone,” when it was impossible to do them up again, whereat the “lords of creation” generally “get in a way,” and make speeches as sharp as their razors. Somehow, men seldom put up heroically with trifling annoyances. They can look a bankruptcy in the face with the courage of a lion, and often bear the death of a wife, who brought them ten thousand pounds, with Spartan resignation; but give them an ill-cooked dinner, ask them to wait for you five minutes, or let a parcel, as we have stated above, run restive in their hands, and one might think a linchpin was coming out of the world’s axle, by the fuss and fume they make; poor things! they are but human, after all. Certainly, it is very provoking to find ourselves at a railway station, as the reputed proprietor of divers adjuncts, nobody knowing exactly what or where—trunks unsecured, bags unfastened, brown paper bundles in most equivocal security, cloaks here, rugs there, and umbrellas out yonder. One gets into a heated bewilderment, that leaves us in our corner seat, with our “back to the horse,” in a state somewhat between scarlet fever and nettle-rash.

Be assured, that philosophy and luggage have an affinity that yields great personal comfort, and we advise all who “pack-up” for general traveling excursions, to do with as few packages as they can, and keep those packages as concentrated as possible. Strap all loose wrappers together, and tie up all parasols, sticks, and the like, closely and firmly, yet so arranged that they are easily available in case of requisition, and put plain addresses on every package.

Eschew all the impeding animalcula of locomotion—such as indescribable baskets filled with every thing that is never wanted, bunches of flowers that are dead long before they reach the hands they were intended for—bags of biscuits which you never eat,

or, if you do, only remind you of the possibility of getting bread from saw-dust. Carry no more books and papers than you can put in your pocket, and above all, as the highest practical point of the “Philosophy of Luggage,” renounce bandboxes.

LONG DRESSES AND TIGHT WAISTS.

BY AN OLD DOCTOR.

I HERE premise that I utterly disclaim any admiration of the exaggerated and ridiculous caricatures exhibited on the stage and in our shop-windows, under the title of “Bloomer Costume;” such a theatrical style of attire is not to be desired, nor would it be imitated by sensible women; but a modified phase of the proposed reform may be very judiciously and becomingly substituted.

I am a tolerable philosopher, and not easily disturbed by trifles, but when I see expensive silks and satins go about doing the work of crossing-sweepers’ brooms—when I see several inches of rich dresses trailing through the heterogeneous offensive gatherings of city streets—when I see shoes and stockings one mass of mud—when I walk in a choking cloud of dust raised by the fair beings around me—really my equanimity gets slightly irritated, and I am inclined to apply a pair of scissors to the “part affected.”

I have witnessed indelicate exhibitions from attempts to keep long skirts out of the mud, that offended good taste and refined feeling more than any reasonable adoption touching Turkish trousers could have done. I have seen women get out of an omnibus on black, sloppy days, when one of two results was impossible to avoid—either the drapery must serve as a map to the steps, or there must be a very uncertain degree of personal exposure; in the first case, there is the spoliation of a good dress and great annoyance to the wearer; in the latter, the unavoidable “indelicate” is a subject of grinning delight to any empty-headed “gent” who may be passing. Heaven forbid that I should, in the most remote matter, wish to neutralize the exquisite and charming constituents of woman’s real modesty. I have seen too much of the holy worth and moral strength attached to woman’s conduct, to be able to do otherwise than worship and respect the innate principles which prompt such exemplification. I am no raving enthusiast, seeking to place man and woman in false positions; but I am mentally convinced that woman might be invested with a freer and safer style of attire, without being disqualified for any of her important relations, either as mother, wife, daughter, sister, or citizen.

During my visits to the Great Exhibition, I had multifold opportunities of witnessing the absurd extent to which the “fashion” of long skirts has been carried. I accidentally trod on the frail muslin of a young lady, and the consequence was a rent some half yard in length. I apologized, but the girl, with frank sense, replied, “Don’t name it, sir; ladies wear their dresses so long, that it is impossible to avoid treading on them.” A little further on, I observed the skirt of a lady in literal *rags* at the bottom—the lining had been pulled and torn into small fragments, and fell beneath the silk in dirty shreds, affording a subject for laughter and contempt to all around, till

the gentleman with her begged her to step aside and pin it up, if possible. I happened to be leaving one day when it rained heavily, and the distress of the well-dressed women was pitiable. The bottoms of their dresses seemed the great focus of anxiety, and no wonder. The turning of skirts over shoulders, the tucking-up in all manner of mysterious arrangements, and the general venting of disgust at the abomination of such long skirts, assured me that women have a very keen and patient sense of the inconvenience inflicted by them; and really the odd and not very decorous display of under-garments and limbs would have been well obviated by a more rational style of walking attire. And let us here say a word on the extravagant outlay incurred by this willful destruction of material.

I have ventured to remonstrate with my daughters sometimes, when they requested a sum of money for "new dresses," and observed that the dresses they were condemning seemed very presentable. "O, yes," was the reply, "they are very good excepting round the bottom, and they are not fit to be seen there;" and sure enough they convinced me of the fact, by exhibiting a collection of soiled and unseemly skirts that offended my vision most sensibly, and a twenty pound note left my pocket while I poured somewhat fierce anathemas on "long petticoats." I am as proud of seeing my wife and daughters well dressed as any man, but I decidedly object to giving half a guinea a yard for silk to sweep the streets with.

Thus, we see that long skirts are objectionable either in the promenade or elsewhere, and ought to be discarded by rational women as one of those excrescences of Fashion which so often disfigure what Nature made perfect and beautiful. I firmly believe that these ridiculously long petticoats were first employed by some high-born child of physical misfortune, who had swollen legs or deformed feet transmitted with the same blood that claimed a coronet, and thus were primitively worn, on the same principle as the stiff, high, abominable stocks exhibited by men some half century since were—that of hiding an offensive ugliness; but why the well-turned ankles and neat feet of the majority of women should be shrouded in dirty, trolloping drapery, and why the want of healthy liberty of action and personal comfort should be thrust on the whole sex on such a score, only the obstinate and silly prejudice of Fashion can explain.

And now to a frightful source of evil—the tight, small waist, so much admired by those who dream not of the mortal consequences attending. A mass of suffering and disease is attributable to this compression of the viscera which is truly deplorable. Few out of the pale of physiological research and evidence, have a notion of what "small waists" originate; the fashion is as unnatural as unartistic, and a painter or sculptor would turn with pity or contempt from the young lady whose waist can be almost spanned. How can digestion and circulation possibly go on, with the ribs compressed into such a wasp-like circumference as we are daily forced to look on? How can the spine retain its beautiful upright figure, so warped and ill-treated as it is! Can we believe that God did his work so badly in the fairest and most

exquisite work of his creation, that buckram and steel are needed to prop up "the house of life!" Did he mold the best of his creatures so carelessly, that pinching in here and swelling out there are essential to render the "plastic, breathing image" fit to enter a drawing-room! What insolent presumption is in the hand that seeks to improve the upright beauty of the human being! And does not the short-sighted mortal think that Nature will not have her revenge for the insult thrust upon her! Does the woman imagine that the arteries, veins, stomach, lungs, and heart, will do their proper duties under such a grasping vice of artificial constraint! Does she think her progeny will be strong and healthy, as if born of an untrammelled mother! Surely, there is need of reform in this error most peremptorily; for if the real amount of injury inflicted on the human system, by means of stays, were exposed to the blind victim's eyes, a woman would turn from "corsets" as from a boa-constrictor. I have three girls in my family, but not one of them has ever been incarcerated in "stays." A substantial sort of close-fitting vest is all I ever permitted them to wear, and I am happy to say, that finer forms, or better constitutions, can not be produced; their spines are as straight as those of my boys, and had I a score of girls to bring up, I would teach them to look on steel, whalebone, and buckram as so many means of suicide.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

CEREMONIES OBSERVED IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

SAILING across the vast southern ocean, we find the most serious compact into which the human race enters regarded as a most important affair. In Ceylon, a whole family goes in a body to ask a woman in marriage—the more numerous the family, the greater title it has to her. If such a custom prevailed in this country, the "Smiths" would be the most arbitrary and successful wooers in the land. But happily such is not the case, and a man, when he marries, does not, as in Ceylon, marry a whole family, save and except in those melancholy cases where the husband foolishly allows his mother-in-law to usurp the authority of his wife. In Ceylon, marriages are contracted by the right thumb of the man and woman being put together, the priest throwing a little water over them, and pronouncing the words used for the occasion. As soon as the consent of the parties is obtained, a magician is consulted to fix the day and hour; and at this time the two families meet at the house of the young woman, where a feast is prepared. The magician consults his book, and holds a clepsydra, or water-clock, in his hand; the instant the lucky moment arrives, the married couple are covered with a piece of cloth, their right hands are joined, filtered water is thrown over them, a cup containing coconut milk is passed several times over their heads, and thus the ceremony ends.

In Kamtschatka, a young man, after making proposals, enters into the service of his intended father-in-law; and if he prove agreeable, he is admitted to the trial of the touch. The young woman is saddled up in leather thongs, and put under the guard of some old women. The suitor watches every opportunity of a slackened vigilance to salute her. The girl must resist, in appearance at least, and therefore cries out

to summon her guards, who fall with fury upon the lover—tear his hair, scratch his face, and set in violent opposition. The attempts of the lover are sometimes unsuccessful for months; but the moment the touch is achieved, the bride testifies her satisfaction by pronouncing "Ni, ni," in a soft and loving voice. This ceremony was also usual in Lithuania and Muscovy.

In Livonia, the young man engages the services of an old woman, who usually officiates for a whole parish in succession, to propose to the girl of whose qualifications he has heard a favorable account. The old lady sets about her business cleverly—dwells on the good looks or fine disposition of her client, and especially on the vehemence of his attachment—for even a savage knows the kind of flattery most acceptable to a woman's heart. If she succeed in obtaining a favorable answer, the parties meet at the pastor's house for the ceremony of betrothal; if not, the old lady is sent to a succession of girls, on a similar errand, till she does—for when a Livonian lad has made up his mind to be married, he thinks the sooner he gets over it the better. On the wedding day, it is customary to make every vehicle turn off the road for the procession, which proceeds to the house of the bridegroom, singing a low chant, that rings very pleasantly through the dells. Gloves suspended to a shaft of the vehicle containing the bride and bridegroom are supposed to bring good luck to whoever reaches them first, and are eagerly caught after by the guests who have been awaiting the arrival. The bride is then lifted from the cart at one bound, on to a sheep-skin extended before the door, to signify that the way through life is henceforth to be soft to her feet; then corn is strewed before her, in emblem that abundance is to follow her to her new home; and thus she is carried in noisy triumph over her husband's threshold. Here, propped in a high-backed chair, and surrounded by women, sits the oldest matron of the family, ready to receive the new-comer. The bride bends before her, and the matron takes a high, stiff cap, made of white silk, and places it on the young wife's head. When the cap has been slowly adjusted, the dame repeats this ancient form of words: "Forget thy sleep—remember thy youth—love thy husband;" accompanying each sentence with a slight stroke on the cheek.

In Liburnia, before the dinner is over, the bride and all the guests rise from the table. She has then to throw over the roof of the bridegroom's house a cake called *kolard*, made of coarse dough. The higher she throws it, the likelier, according to her notion, she will make a good housewife; and as the houses are very low, and the cake about as hard as a stone, the omen is generally secured. Two men attend the bride, and are expected to present her with new shoes and stockings. She does not put them on till after a dance, and gives two or three old handkerchiefs in return.

In Mexico, when a man arrives at the age of bearing the charge of the married state, a suitable wife is picked out for him; but the diviners are first consulted, and, according to their predictions, the match is abandoned or pursued. If they predict happiness to the young couple, the girl is demanded of her parents by certain women styled "solicitors," who, hav-

ing, after many respectful applications and a profusion of presents, obtained the appointment of a day for the wedding, the bride, after a proper exhortation from her parents, is conducted to the house of her father-in-law, where the bridegroom and his relatives receive her at the door, or first entrance. The ceremony chiefly consists in tying the robe of the bride to the mantle of the bridegroom; they then offer sacrifices to the gods, and exchange presents. A feast follows; and when the friends are exhilarated, they go and dance in the open air; but the newly married couple retire within the house, in which they shut themselves for four days, spending the time in fasting and prayer. At the end of this time, they are considered as man and wife; and dressing themselves with all the ornaments common upon such occasions, the ceremony is concluded by presents to the guests. Among some of the savages in North America, a collar, formed of a leathern thong, of considerable length and breadth, a kettle and faggot, are put in the bride's cabin, as symbols of her duty—to perform all the domestic drudgery, dress victuals, or provide food.

In the province of Leon, in Spain, many persons would be frightened at the improvidence with which the peasants contract their unions. Many who leave service to be married have not even a bed to lay their heads upon the first night, and often borrow a bed for a single day.

In Shoa, Abyssinia, a girl is reckoned according to the value of her property; and if she is heiress to a field, cow, or a bedstead, is certain to add a husband to her list before many summers have passed over her head. The parties declare before witnesses, "upon the life of the king," that they intend to live happily together; and the property of both being produced, is carefully appraised. A mule, or a dollar, a shield, and a sheaf of spears on the one side, are noted against the lady's stock of wheat, cotton, and household gear; and the bargain being struck, the effects become joint property for a time, till some domestic difference arises, and either, taking up their own, depart to seek a new mate.

In Switzerland, it is considered somewhat imprudent to marry without a good stock of cows, and many a wedding has been brought about by the "Kuhreiht," or cow-song. This song is in the shape of a dialogue between a young drover, whose shoe pinches him, and a young maiden, who kindly lends a pair of slippers to ease him. Talking of slippers leads to a remark upon the pretty feet that had worn them, and, by an obvious train of thought, to the praise of other charms. The charms produce love, love an offer of marriage, and marriage mentioned, becomes a question of cows.

In most parts of Sweden, the fair betrothed is married about six o'clock in the evening, and immediately afterward she is brought to the window, in which a number of lighted candles are placed, where she has to blush—if she can—and show herself till evening, an immense crowd being gathered below, having the privilege, according to a vile custom, of demanding her to come forward, should she be absent a longer time than suits their notion of propriety, or, rather, longer than suits their senseless whimsicalities.

CASA WAPPY.

We publish below one of the sweetest effusions we remember to have seen for many a month, from the pen of D. M. Moir, the Delta of Blackwood's Magazine. It is written upon the loss of a beloved child. "Casa Wappy" was the name by which his little lisping boy always called himself. Father and child are both now, side by side, sleeping the long, last sleep.

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eyes;
Tears of our anguish may not tell,
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight—
A type of heaven.
So dear to us thou wert; thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine, or of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearts, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
These mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light;
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
Till, O, my heart is like to break;
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow,
In buoyant health;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light—
Thy dimpled cheek ornationed bright—
Thy clasping arms, so round and white—
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat—thy bow—
Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball—
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

— THE BATTLE-FIELD.

STAND, reader, in imagination, on a summer's morning, upon a field of battle. Earth and sky melt together in light and harmony. The air is rich with fragrance, and sweet with the song of birds. But

suddenly break in the sounds of fierce music and the measured tramp of thousands. Eager squadrons shake the earth with thunder, and files of bristling steel kindle in the sun. And, opposed to each other, line to line, face to face, are now arrayed men whom God has made in the same likeness, and whose nature he has touched to the same issues. The same heart beats in all. In the momentary hush, like a swift mist, sweeps before them the image of home. Voices of children prattle in their ears. Memories of affection stir among their silent prayers. They cherish the same sanctities, too. They have read from the same book. It is to them the same charter of life and salvation. They have been taught to observe its beautiful lessons of love. Their hearts have been touched alike with the meek examples of Jesus. But a moment, and all these affinities are broken, trampled under foot, swept away by the shock and shouting. Confusion now rends the air. The simmering bomb plows up the earth. The iron hail cuts the quivering flesh. The steel bites to the bone. The cannon shot crashes through serried ranks. And under the cloud of smoke that hides both earth and heaven, the desperate struggle goes on. The day wanes and the strife ceases. On the one side there is victory, on the other a defeat. The triumphant city is lighted with jubilee, the streets roll out their tides of acclamation, and the organ heaves from its groaning breast the peal of thanksgiving. But, under that tumultuous joy, there are bleeding bosoms and inconsolable tears. And, whether in triumphant or defeated lands, a shudder of orphanage and widowhood, a chill of woe and death runs far and wide through the world. The meek moon breaks the dissipating veil of the conflict, and rolls its calm splendor above the dead. And see now how much woe man has mingled with the inevitable evils of the universe. See now the fierceness of his passion, the folly of his wickedness, witnessed by the torn standards, the broken wheels, the pools of clotted blood, the charred earth, the festering heaps of slain. Nature did not make these horrors, and when these fattened bones shall have moldered in the soil, she will spread out luxuriant harvests to hide those horrors forever.

— MARGARET FULLER.

BY H. ORSBLEY.

THE name of Margaret Fuller is known, I presume, to most of American readers. She was a native of Philadelphia, and early desirous of foreign travel embarked for Europe. In Italy she became acquainted with a young Italian named Ossoli, to whom she was clandestinely married. A year or two after her marriage, herself, her husband, and an only child, a little boy about a year old, took passage on a packet ship, and turned their pathway to the western world. When within sight of the American shore a violent storm arose, and the vessel, with Margaret, her husband, and child, and its other freight of human souls, sunk beneath the waters. Let me detain the reader with an incident of her character.

Her love of children was one of her most prominent characteristics. She could narrate almost any story in language level to their capacities, and in a manner calculated to bring out their hearty and often boisterously expressed delight. She possessed mar-

velous powers of observation and imitation, or mimicry. This faculty, however, of mimicking, was not needed to commend her to the hearts of children, but it had its effect in increasing the fascinations of her genial nature and heart-felt joy in their society. To amuse and instruct them was an achievement for which she would readily forego any personal object; and her intuitive perception of the toys, games, stories, rhymes, etc., best adapted to arrest and enchain their attention, was unsurpassed. Between her and my only child, then living, who was eight months old when she came to us, and something over two years when she sailed for Europe, tendrils of affection gradually intertwined themselves, which, I trust, death has not severed, but rather multiplied and strengthened. She became his teacher, playmate, and monitor; and he requited her with a prodigality of love and admiration.

I shall not soon forget their meeting in my office, after some weeks' separation, just before she left us forever. His mother had brought him in from the country and left him asleep on my sofa, while she was absent making purchases, and he had rolled off and hurt himself in the fall, waking with the shock in a frenzy of anger, just before Margaret, hearing of his arrival, rushed into the office to find him. I was vainly attempting to soothe him as she entered; but he was running from one end to the other of the office, crying passionately, and refusing to be pacified. She hastened to him in perfect confidence that her endearments would calm the current of his feelings—that the sound of her well-remembered voice would banish all thought of his pains—and that another moment would see him restored to gentleness; but, half-wakened, he did not heed her, and probably did not even realize who it was that caught him repeatedly in her arms, and tenderly insisted that he should restrain himself. At last she desisted in despair; and, with the bitter tears streaming down her face, observed: "Pickie, many friends have treated me unkindly, but no one had ever the power to cut me to the heart as you have!" Being thus let alone, he soon came to himself, and their mutual delight in the meeting was rather heightened by the momentary estrangement.

They had one more meeting; their last on earth! "Aunt Margaret" was to embark for Europe on a certain day, and "Pickie" was brought into the city to bid her farewell. They met this time also at my office, and together we thence repaired to the ferry-boat, on which she was returning to her residence in Brooklyn to complete her preparations for the voyage. There they took an affecting leave of each other. But soon his mother called at the office, on her way to the departing ship, and we were easily persuaded to accompany her thither, and say farewell once more, to the manifest satisfaction of both Margaret and the youngest of her devoted friends. Thus they parted, never to meet again in time. She sent him messages and presents repeatedly from Europe; and he, when somewhat older, dictated a letter in return, which was joyfully received and acknowledged. When the mother of our great-souled friend spent some days with us, nearly two years afterward, "Pickie" talked to her often and lovingly of "Aunt Margaret," proposing that they should "take a boat and go over and

see her"—for, to his infantile conception, the low coast of Long Island, visible just across the East river, was that Europe to which she had sailed, and where she was unaccountably detained so long. Alas! a far longer and more adventurous journey was required to reunite those loving souls! The 13th day of July, 1849, saw him stricken down, from health to death, by the relentless cholera; and my letter, announcing that calamity, drew from her a burst of passionate sorrow, such as hardly any bereavement but the loss of a very near relative could have impelled. Another year had just ended, when a calamity, equally sudden, bereft a wide circle of her likewise, with her husband and infant son. Little did I fear, when I bade her a confident good-by, on the deck of her outward-bound ship, that the sea would close over her earthly remains ere we should meet again; far less that the light of my eyes and the cynosure of my hopes, who then bade her a tender and sadder farewell, would precede her on the dim pathway to that "Father's house," whence is no returning! Ah, well! God is above all, and gracious alike in what he conceals and what he discloses—benignant and bounteous, as well when he reclaims as when he bestows. In a few years, at farthest, our loved and lost ones will welcome us to their home.

COURAGE AND ENDURANCE.

When the celebrated Mr. Mark Tapley announced that he was a verb, because it was his fate "to be, to do, and to suffer," he enumerated, after a quaint fashion, a truth applicable to all mankind as well as to the Tapley family. In all men, doing and suffering seem to be the end of their being. Effort and endurance, striving and submitting, energy and patience, enter into every destiny. They continually recur through all the moods and tenses of the verb to live, which every one born into the world is called on practically to conjugate. Any three men might say with perfect truth, "I am," "thou actest," "he beareth;" and no matter how they shifted the parts, they would still be correct.

When we set up endurance as a high quality—higher, in some respects, than mere effort—we do not, of course, mean that sort of endurance which springs from ignorance, indifference, or stubbornness. The endurance of the boor, who puts up with dirt and wretchedness because he knows nothing of comfort and cleanliness, and is, therefore, indifferent to them, is one of the many phases of degradation which we see around us, and the stubbornness that suffers needlessly in order to carry a point, or to maintain a crochets, or to inconvenience another, is a sort of brutal obstinacy; but we mean intelligent, thoughtful, hopeful endurance, which meets difficulties with a smile, and strives to stand erect beneath the heaviest burden. There is something so noble in that quality, which the world hardly ever does justice to in its cotemporaries, as to lift it into the highest regions of heroism. It has all the attributes which men profess to admire. It is more arduous than exertion, more mentally brave than reckless daring; and when we look back upon the records of past great deeds, we seldom fail to allow it the merit which we are slow to recognize in the present.

Take, for example, the history of the martyrs of

old, and consider in which position of their lives they appear in their most dignified aspect. Much as we admire them when they stand up the fearless advocates of what they believed to be right—great as they appear when they are striving to pull down wrong—courageous as they show themselves when their enthusiasm leads them to brave danger, it is not then that they most fully enlist our respect and seem to display their most eminent qualities; but it is when they are in their enemies' power, when they are immured in loathsome dungeons, when they are dragged to the stake or the block, that they attain their greatest elevation. Truly looked at, there is always a grandeur in real suffering patiently and enduringly borne. Not in mere anguish, attended by complaints and murmurs—that is simply painful, without being noble; but in torment, met with dignified patience and even cheerfulness. In all the list of heroic deeds, there is not perhaps a more striking example than that of the female martyr, Anne Aakew, whose hand an ecclesiastic held in the flame of a taper till the sinews cracked, in order to try her courage, and she, supported by an enthusiastic faith, uttered no cry, moved no muscle, imprecated no vengeance, but looked her tormentor calmly in the face, and defied his power; and that of the old prelate, who, when the fagot was already prepared for his burning, instead of wailing his fate, and beating his breast, and tearing his hair, went to his death like a bridegroom to the altar, bidding his companion "be of good cheer," and rejoicing that they should that day "light up a flame in England that should never be quenched." By the side of such instances as these, how small by comparison seem the deeds of active courage inciting men to rush on death, and die in the midst of effort!

The courage which is exhibited in war, though more honored and held in greater estimation by the mass, in the past as well as the present, is neither the highest in point of quality, nor the greatest in degree. There are thousands of men and women whose whole life has been a struggle, hour by hour, with the intensest misery. Poverty, and the fear of poverty, has hedged them in, clothed them "as with a garment;" their waking hours all toil, or seeking for toil, their nightly dreams of want in its thousand shapes; the fear of death, or worse than that fear, ever before their eyes—for it is worse than dread of death itself to have all of life occupied by the thought of how to live, not comfortably or happily, but miserably—poverty-pinched, hunger-gnawed. Yet how many are there of these soldiers of the world ever fighting the up-hill battle of existence, ever striving for a position, and never attaining one, ever decimated by the artillery of necessity; beaten back, discomfited, all but hopeless, and despairing, and yet still returning to the charge! How many traversing street after street in search of a meal, living in bare garrets, plying weary fingers and aching eyes from before cock-crow till after dawn, and then hurrying to the shop for more work for the next day! How many crowded by scores into pestiferous rooms, breathing poison! How many worse still—shelterless, and all but naked! How many sinking under the pressure of want into slow-consuming disease, and wasting away amid pain! Courage and Endurance! What is the risk of

battles, now and again, to the hourly risks of such lives as these? What the headlong rush against the foe, to the continuous fight with the world and ever-pressing necessity? What the sharp sword-stroke, or the swift bullet, or the crushing cannon-ball, letting out the life in a moment, to vitality wearing away through years of agony! To bear this, as it often is borne—borne with constant effort, with never-ending struggles for a better state—and by those, too, who have enjoyed the comforts of life, argues a higher courage and endurance than was ever exhibited on the "stricken field."

In domestic life, too, particularly among women, we often see these qualities in their noblest form. Picture the young wife, taken a blooming girl from a home of love to found another home, which is to become almost loveless. Fancy years have passed away, and the girl to have grown into a matron, with children around her. The rosy cheek has grown pale and sallow, the full form lank and withered, the eyes have sunk backward into their sockets, the mouth, once all smiles and dimples, rigid in thoughtful grief, the once smooth skin wrinkled and traced with anxious lines, as though care had thrown its veil over the countenance. What does all that tell us of endurance which shames that of the soldier! It speaks of her heart's choice growing indifferent, neglectful, estranged; of the pretty cottage, with its patch of green and flowers, exchanged for the one room in the dirty, thickly inhabited lodging-house of a close alley; of more mouths clamoring for the less food, and their cries making sadder music among her heart-strings than woeful bard ever drew from his harp; of late tearful vigils—ay, and prayerful, too—watching for the well-known footstep; of the coming sound being marked with as much of fear as hope—fear the watched-for one may come reeking from the gin-shop, and bring from its glare and revelry into the darkness and sadness of his home, surly looks, harsh words, undeserved reproaches, and, perhaps, blows. We know of some such tales, but there are enough, if written, to fill whole libraries with the histories of these women-martyrs, the whole life of each a perpetually recurring sacrifice; and yet, sometimes from lingering thought of old loves, crumbling memories of past affection, oftener, perhaps, from love of offspring, they cling to their dark fate as though it were an Eden bower—a paradise of perfect light and happiness.

The world sets far too much store by courage—active courage, braving apparent and recognized danger, especially when that courage leads to success—far too little by that patient endurance which bears so many of its ills, and creates so many of its joys. It writes the lives of many soldiers and a few prominent martyrs upon its heart; it glorifies them, it lavishes upon them respect, admiration, and honor; it builds monuments to them, so that they may live after death; but it never knows of, or if it knows, slights and forgets, the thousands of enduring spirits who pass through life like angels of good, spreading melodies around them, as little recognized, because as ever present, as the hum of the woods, and buries them beneath the lowly sod, over which rises no memorial-stone to mark the resting-place of the truest Courage and Endurance.

New Books.

THE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK; or, Principles of Female Education. By William Hooper. Auburn, N. Y.: Derby & Miller.—This work we have read through and through; and, as an argument, we think it decidedly superior to any similar production in the English language. There is one position, and only one, which, though more ably treated than in any work we have ever read, has never met with our approbation. If any man in the world could make us believe in the doctrine of female doctors, the author of this book, for the esteem we bear him, would be the man to do it; but, during the last fifteen years, we have thought so much upon the subject, and came to so fixed a conclusion respecting it, that we imagine we must live and die a perfect heretic in this new faith. This, however, is only one topic; and every other part of the work meets with so unqualified and profound an approval, from both our mind and heart, that we do sincerely wish every lady in the land might get the book and read it. The part on physical education deserves to be written in capitals, or in words of gold, and held up for the instruction and reproof of more than half the world. The subject of moral training is also very ably handled; and, in every part of the work, true ideas of life, a sound philosophy, a safe reform, and a pure theology are advocated with that clear and manly independence, that gives a freshness and a value to every thing which the author writes. We give the book our heartiest blessing, and expect it to accomplish a great good, and that in reference to vital topics in relation to which radical errors have almost exclusively prevailed.

THE INFIDEL. By the Author of *Reminiscences of the West Indies*. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—The mere announcement that John Bays is the author of this book will go far toward giving it a large sale. Its style is peculiarly lively and fascinating.

THE NILE BOAT. By W. H. Bartlett. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.—This is a large octavo volume, profusely and very handsomely illustrated. The style is remarkable for its chasteness, while the narrative has all the charm of fiction. We have read it with special interest and profit, and think it as reliable a work on Egypt, and at the same time as captivating a one, as has appeared for a long time.

PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. By Benson J. Lossing. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.—This work, issued in numbers, is rapidly reaching its completion. To say that it is a fine work is saying but little. The embellishments are very numerous, and they will compare with the most perfect of English wood engravings. The work will be in two large octavo volumes, sold at three dollars and a half apiece. The first is now bound and ready for sale, and the second will soon be completed. Mr. Lossing is himself both an artist and a writer. His narrative equals in truthfulness and elegance the finish of his engravings.

METHODIST FAMILY MANUAL OF DOCTRINE AND MORAL GOVERNMENT. By Rev. Charles R. Lovell. Cincinnati: H. S. & J. Applegate. 1852.—This work is prefaced with an introduction by Rev. John F. Wright, of the Ohio conference. We have had time only to glance at the contents; but what we can gather from those who have carefully read the volume, we think it well adapted to the times. It occupies a field distinctly its own, and we think it will have a large circulation, especially among our own Church members.

THE WAY TO DO GOOD. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.—This is the third and concluding volume of the Young Christian Series. It is here presented in an enlarged and revised form. The paper, engravings, and general typographical execution deserve high praise. It is seldom that a finer volume emanates from the press.

A LADY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. By Madame Ida Pfeiffer. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.—This is a translation from the German. The author of the original is a woman of marked peculiarities, and her voyage, now presented to the public, is a personal matter-of-fact affair, abounding with incidents of a marvelous and startling character.

Periodicals.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for April, presents the following table of contents:

1. *Faith and Science—Comte's Positive Philosophy*—second paper, and very scholastic. In reading it properly, persons will find it necessary to keep their minds free from all extraneous matters.

2. *Roger Williams*—from the pen of Rev. E. W. Allen, Fall River, Mass.—is such an article as must both please and instruct the reader.

3. *Recent Editions of the Antigone of Sophocles*, second paper, by J. B. M. Gray, Roxbury, Mass., notwithstanding its numerous Greek scribbles, will prove an interesting paper to scholars and students.

4. *Recent Editions and Translations of Pascal* we should pronounce editorial, from a sentence closing the article in these words: "At an early date we hope to find room for a more extended article on Pascal."

5. *The Intermediate State, and the Punishment of the Wicked*, by Rev. R. W. Bagnall, Southbridge, Mass., is an able dissertation, leveled against the doctrine that human beings are entirely unconscious between death and the resurrection, and that the punishment of the wicked will be annihilation.

6. *Hungary and Kossuth* is a notice of a book whose paternity we claim. It is from the pen of Rev. J. H. Perry, of New York city.

7. *Methodist Preaching* is the continuation of an article with this head in the January number. It is probably editorial, and discusses the question, "What should be the characteristics and methods of Methodist preaching in these times?"

The usual variety of book notices, literary and religious intelligence, closes the number.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for April, has articles on the Condition and Prospects of Canada, History of the Comulate and Empire, Dana's Geology of the Exploring Expedition, Scottish Queens and English Princesses, Demistown's Dukes of Urbino, De Quincy's Writings, The Future of Labor, Dwellings and Schools for the Poor, and Quincy's History of Boston. The articles present a varied amount of reading, and some of them are ably written. That on Dwellings and Schools for the Poor shows a slight change, if not advance, on the previous policy of the North American, which heretofore has said little in behalf of the masses of the people.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, for April, has a fine mezzotint portrait of T. B. Macaulay, the English historian. The contents of the number are selections entirely from foreign magazines and journals, but they are of a most select and sterling character. New York: W. H. Bidwell, Editor and Proprietor. Five dollars per annum.

THE KNICKERBOCKER has, in its April number, as usual, an elegant and varied repast. The Editor's Table abounds with anecdote and good-humor. The first literary notice of the number, however, on a recent hand-book on wines, does not suit us. It breathes too much love for liquor, and we can not but regret that a magazine of such age and position as the Knickerbocker should descend to compliment an evil which has bitterly cursed this country. Read the quotation: "'Whate'er the frowning zealots say,' we must give them this parting shot, 'Who loves not woman, wine, and song, Remains a fool his whole life long.'"

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for April, has articles on The Earl of Derby, Varieties in English Life, American Military Reconnoissances, Our London Commissioner, The Commercial Disasters of 1851, The Mother's Legacy to her Unborn Child, and the Appeal to the Country. Some of the articles will prove peculiarly interesting; but the number is hardly equal in interest to the March issue. Republished by Leonard Scott & Co., New York, at three dollars a year. Post & Co., Agents, Fourth and Vine streets, Cincinnati.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE, in its recent numbers, presents more than its usual variety of instructive reading matter.

ИЗЪИСКАВА.

"EXCELLENCE," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving these advantages, which, like the hands of a clock, while they make steady approaches in their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation."

Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments to enlarge the prospects of the eternity before us.

Happiness is not here; it can not be found in the way of nature, sadly corrupt and disordered; and nature will have its share of the man, in spite of all his efforts to dispossess it.

A Roman Catholic priest, some time since, in Germany, on entering the pulpit, took a walnut into it. He told his hearers that the shell was tasteless and valueless—that was Calvin's Church. The skin was nauseous, disagreeable, and worthless—that was the Lutheran Church. He then said he would show them the holy Apostolic Church—he cracked the nut, and found it rotten.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim" has been stereotyped in the dress of the Welsh, Danish, German, Dutch, French, and Spanish languages, and aided in his "progress" through fourteen other nations. Wonderful is the providence of God—and thrice happy they who are thus actively co-operating with it.

A man can enjoy only that which he can use. If he possesses a thousand pounds which he can not use, it matters not, as to the benefit he derives from it, whether it be in his coffer or in the bowels of the earth. When his wants are supplied, all that remains is his only to keep, or to give away, but not to enjoy.

The grace of God in the heart of a man is a tender plant in a strange, unkindly soil; and therefore can not well prosper without much care and pains, and that of a skillful hand, and which hath the power of cherishing it.

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil; in the heart of the wise and good, as well as with the wicked and foolish; for there is no error so crooked that it hath some lines of truth, nor is there any poison so deadly but it serveth some wholesome use.

The thinking man hath wings; the acting man has only feet and hands.

On the last day of a Hindoo festival at Poree, a young man, while swimming near the boats which were conveying the idols round a large tank, was seized by an immense alligator, which immediately disappeared with him beneath the water. This event, instead of calling forth the sympathy and regret of the bystanders, only excited their mirth and laughter.

"Were it not for persecution," said Luther, "I would not understand the Scripture."

O, in how many vanities doth vain man place his glory!

The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the lightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer.

In severity of sarcastic remark Burns was perhaps unrivaled. In a tavern, one evening, the conversation turning on the death of a friend, one of the company observed that he meant to attend the funeral, requesting, at the same time, that Mr. Burns would accommodate him with the loan of a black coat, his being out of repair. "As I am invited," answered the poet, "to the same funeral, I can not lend you my coat, but I can suggest a substitute." "What is that?" asked the other. "Throw your character over your shoulders," said Burns, "and that will prove the blackest coat you ever wore in your lifetime."

The Temple of Jerusalem passed away; and of its magnificence only a few crumbling, pilgrim-kissed stones remain. The Parthenon, the brightest gem upon the zone of the earth, is now a heap of ruins; the Tarspeian rock a cabbage garden, and the palaces of the Cæsars a rope-walk. The pyramids themselves, those gigantic memorials of a gigantic age, are all hastening to decay. The Tiber, once so glorious, is a muddy

stream; the Ilyssus, once so glorious, is choked with weeds; and Olympus a bleak hill; and the Acropolis forsaken.

There is a feeling that resembles death in the last glance we are ever to bestow on a loved object. The girl you have, as a mother, treasured in your secret heart, as she passes by on her wedding-day, it may be happy and blissful, lifts up her laughing eyes, the symbol of her own light heart, and leaves in that look darkness and desolation to you forever. The boy your father-spirit has clung to, like the very light of your existence, waves his hand from the quarter-deck, as the gigantic ship bends over the breeze; the wind is playing through the looks your hand so oftentimes have smoothed; the tears have dimmed his eyes, for mark, he moves his fingers over them—and this is a last look.

The course of the world is as the setting in of a tide that has not reached high water: each new wave advances with raised front, falls forward with a dash, and goes on to its limit: then lastly, retiring a little, ever it the next wave advances, and in like manner falls, goes on to its limit, and retires.

One of the earlier French princes being too indolent or too stupid to acquire his alphabet by the ordinary process, twenty-four servants were placed in attendance upon him, each with a huge letter painted upon his stomach. As he knew not their names, he was obliged to call them by their letter when he wanted their services, which in due time gave him the requisite degree of literature for the exercise of the royal functions.

Herodes, to overcome the extraordinary dullness of his son Atticus, educated, along with him, twenty-four little slaves of his own age, upon whom he bestowed the names of the Greek letters, so that young Atticus might be compelled to learn the alphabet as he played with his companions, now calling out for Omicron, now for Psi.

Dr. Samuel Clarke used to amuse himself by jumping over the tables and chairs.

Dr. Swift exercised himself by running up and down the steps of the deanery; and even in his later days, when his constitution was almost broken down, he was, as Dr. Johnson observes, on his legs about ten hours in the day.

After the Monument of London was completed, a committee was formed to inspect and report upon it. On ascending and feeling very sensibly the rocking motion, they became alarmed, and sent immediately for Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, to whom, with dismayed looks, they communicated their intelligence; on hearing which Sir Christopher exclaimed, "Then, gentlemen, I am immortalized! for what you consider a cause of alarm is to me an evidence of its durability."

Whenever Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, had to compose a funeral sermon, he read Homer in the original Greek, to raise his style of composition to the due elevation of his subject, "and I light my lamp," said he, "with the rays of the sun."

Balkac, the first writer in French prose who gave majesty and harmony to a period, it is said, did not grudge to bestow a week on a page, and was never satisfied with his first thoughts.

It is a curious circumstance that in the British Museum are now to be found nine thick volumes, entirely composed of title-pages, the collector of which spoiled thousands of volumes to obtain them.

At a public sale of books, the auctioneer put up Drew's Essay on Souls, which was knocked down to a shoemaker, who very innocently, but to the great amusement of the crowded room, asked the auctioneer if "he had any more works on shoemaking to sell."

Byron attached great value to his aristocratic pretensions. To have his early poems praised by a duchess seems to have afforded him more pleasure than the admiration of a thousand untitled readers.

Scott had also this weakness. He revered a lord. Some authentic writer relates of him, that at Abbotsford, one day at dinner, while Scott was in the richest vein, a Lord Nobody was announced, when all ease and freedom at once subsided, and the "Northern Wizard" had not a spell for any one save his newly arrived titled guest.

It is a Spanish maxim, He who loseth wealth, loseth much; he who loseth a friend, loseth more; but he who loseth his spirits, loseth all.

Editor's Table.

In the triumphant death of Bishop Hedding, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., April 9th; the Church and the world have another evidence of the sublime and saving efficacy of true religion. "I suffer severely," said he; "and although I have no fear of death, I have some dread of pain. The flesh repines: the flesh of the Savior repined. He said, 'O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.' Could I live, I should desire to do so only that I might preach Christ. O, to preach Christ! I would rather preach Christ any where—on the hardest circuit—than to have all the wealth and the honors of the kingdoms of this world.

'O, for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
And bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!'

A prince in Israel is fallen; but he fell with his armor on, and with his face toward the hill of Zion. Bishop Hedding was in the fifty-first year of his ministry, and in the twenty-eighth of his episcopal services. His life was a life of constant toil and of unnumbered sacrifices, and much both of his character as a man and a Christian could be said; but we forbear. Ample materials for his biography remain, and ere long, by some competent hand, we shall have them placed in the right form, and presented to the world. As Bishop Hedding died—sweetly sinking away in the arms of the Savior—so may be the last days of the reader and writer; and, finally, may we all enjoy the blessings and glories of the Christian's heaven, beyond this sinful state of ours!

With the original articles in the present number our readers, we think, will be well pleased. They are mostly of a narrative cast, and are carefully written. "Retribution" is a sketch from real life, and gives us, among other things, a fine picture of one of the old-time schoolmasters. We suppose the reader can recollect the period when it was considered a matter of Christian duty on the part of the teacher to lay on heavily the hickory rod. Many an incident of early school-boy days comes rushing upon our view as we write this paragraph. When very young, we recollect being the pupil of an old and venerable bachelor, who was fond of something to drink, and equally fond of exhibiting his ill-humor. He was of huge dimensions, and wore spectacles. Somehow, one fine day in spring, we fell in with a company of the older boys, who wished to see a wheat-thrashing machine in operation some distance from the school-house. It was nearly one o'clock when the company started, and, of course, matters of seeing and inspecting the curiosity must be dispatched in short meter. By the time we got to the place the dozen horses were being attached to the machine, and next moment they were in motion. The old school-bell began to ring, but we had just begun to see, and procrastinated our return. Time fled, and our hearts began to beat hurriedly, as we thought of the beating that we should get when we reached the school-house. At half-past one the party began to run, and in five minutes all were at the school-house door. We walked in, but no notice was taken of us. After awhile, however, the spectacles were removed, and, in a tone of deep solemnity, he of the hickory thus began: "Gentlemen, you have been, as I suppose, to see the thrashing machine; and as it is itself a great curiosity, and as I desire the whole school to comprehend the mystery of the motion, you will please form, hand in hand, in a ring, and march round the stove standing here, that we may all have a sight of the thrashing machine." This was a momentous speech, though very brief; and we had to comply. The stove stood in the center of the floor, and, having locked hands, the old gentleman put us in motion by a most vigorous application of an ox-gad, fully eight feet long. We were cut and slashed most barbarously, as we chased each other round; and right glad were we all when the exercise was ended, and were told that we could take our seats and learn our spelling-lessons. Those days of hickory sticks are gone; and blessed is it to know that we have now nothing but their memory with which to torment us. The world is reeling now to the other extreme, and trying to bring up the rising generation

without the rod. So fluctuates the world—so rises and falls the mass around us. We presume that there are some persons living now who expect to live long enough to see moral censure entirely omnipotent in the management of the young. Well, we hope that such a state of affairs may come; but hardly do we hope, judging from the extreme smartness of the boys now living, to see the period ourselves. Yet hail, say we, to the good time coming, if it is coming, when Solomon's advice will be needed only to remind us of the days when they "who spared the rod did but spoil the child."

We present as our engravings this month, the Indiana Hospital for the Insane and the Milk Maid—the former a steel-plate engraving by Messrs. Jewett & Co., of this city, and the latter a mezzotint by F. E. Jones, Esq., of New York. The designer of the Hospital, Mr. Costigan, we think has exhibited fine taste and skill; and a more competent man than the Superintendent, Mr. Patterson, so far as our knowledge extends, it would be probably difficult to find. The edifice is a plain, neat, substantial, and durable building. In its construction great care has been exercised respecting the proper ventilation of the rooms—a matter of no small importance in any building devoted to the use of invalid characters. The patients, of whom several are capable, produced on the Hospital farm the first year crops valued at about one thousand dollars. During the first two years of the opening of the institution, sixty persons were restored to their reason and to the society of their friends. Among these were the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the old and the young, the homicidal and the suicidal, the raving maniac and the subject of deep melancholy. A small library of well-selected miscellaneous reading matter has been collected, partly by purchase and partly by donation. It promises much good. The total cost of the building was eighty-five thousand dollars.

A young lady, whose parents met with pecuniary reverses in an eastern city some years since, was compelled by one of three things to obtain her livelihood—the needle, school-teaching, or book-making. After much hesitation, she chose the last. Her first book sold slowly, and gave but poor hope of any remuneration. Suddenly the sales of her second book, entitled the "Wide, Wide World," took a turn, and in a few months twenty thousand copies were sold, and she was the possessor of several thousand dollars. This is one of the very few cases in this country in which authorship proves any thing but a sinking fund.

In his recent visit to Cincinnati, we had the pleasure of a call from Mr. Gough, the young and eloquent advocate of temperance. His excessive labors, we extremely regret, are telling sadly upon his health. The friends of the cause should not make too frequent and heavy calls upon Mr. Gough, and cut short his efforts, and send him to his grave before half his days are accomplished. In no man have we ever seen so finely blended true worth and modest bearing. Willing himself to converse, he is more willing to listen. As in public so in private, there is not in his language a word nor a syllable that looks toward coarseness or vulgarity. Of the most refined taste, he pleases while he instructs, wherever he goes or with whomever he mingles. May the all-wise Father ever have him and the interests of the cause which he so ably advocates in his holy and merciful keeping, granting him a long life and due strength for all the toils through which he may be called to pass!

Walking along one of our streets the other day, we saw a little child, apparently not more than two years old, crying and running out upon the street after its papa. The poor little thing wished to go along with its father; but the latter, not liking the "noise" of his daughter, turned round, and, in a rage, slapped it in the face and tumbled it down. Unsatisfied with this, he commenced beating, with inhuman ferocity, the little thing as she lay upon the pavement, till, it would seem, his strength was exhausted. How did we feel as we passed by! It was not a Christian feeling, perhaps, but we did almost desire to beat the father himself for such cruelty; and though many days have elapsed since the occurrence, our heart writes when we remember the tears and struggles of the little girl, as she lay prostrate and helpless under the blows of the brutal father. When will parents learn to correct in love instead of anger?





Illustration of the scene in the illustration.

Illustration of the scene in the illustration.

JHEC READ.

1911

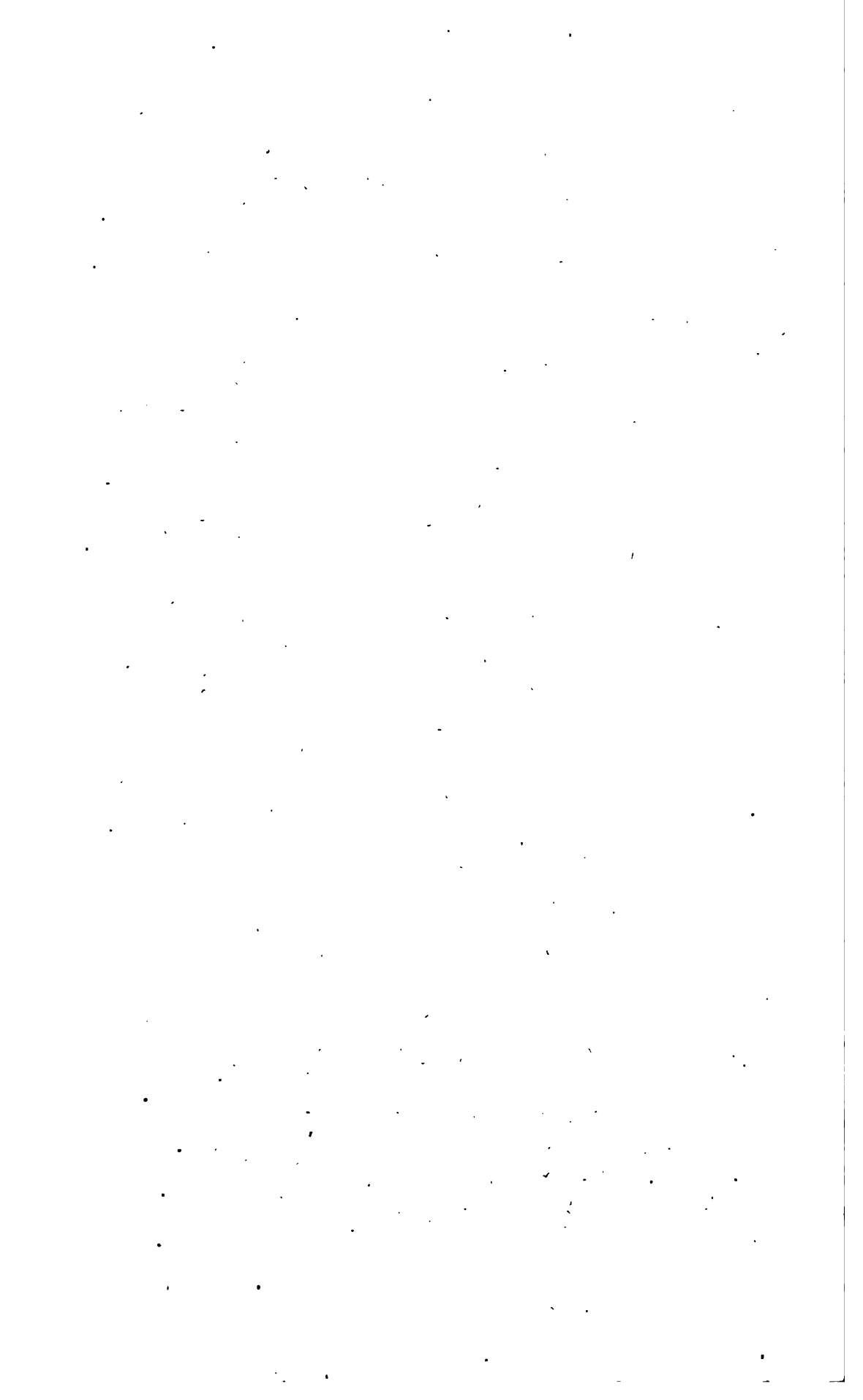
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They read together.

W. H. & C. O. P. 1870.

THEY READ.



The Quiet of the Grave.

Piano introduction musical notation, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music begins with a whole note chord in the right hand and a whole note bass line in the left hand, followed by a series of chords and moving lines.

Piano accompaniment musical notation, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a key signature of one flat. The music continues with chords and moving lines, ending with a double bar line.

SOPRANO.

1.	How still and peaceful is the grave, life's vain tumults past! Th'ap-
ALTO.	Where
2.	The wicked there from troubling cease, passions rage no more And
TENORE.	Their
3.	There rest the pris'ners now re- leas'd slavery's sad a- bode, No
BASSO.	From

4. There servants, masters, small and great, Partake the same Re - pose ; And

5.	All leveled by the hand of Death, Lie sleeping in the tomb, Till
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Piano accompaniment for the final line of lyrics, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a key signature of one flat. The music continues with chords and moving lines, ending with a double bar line.

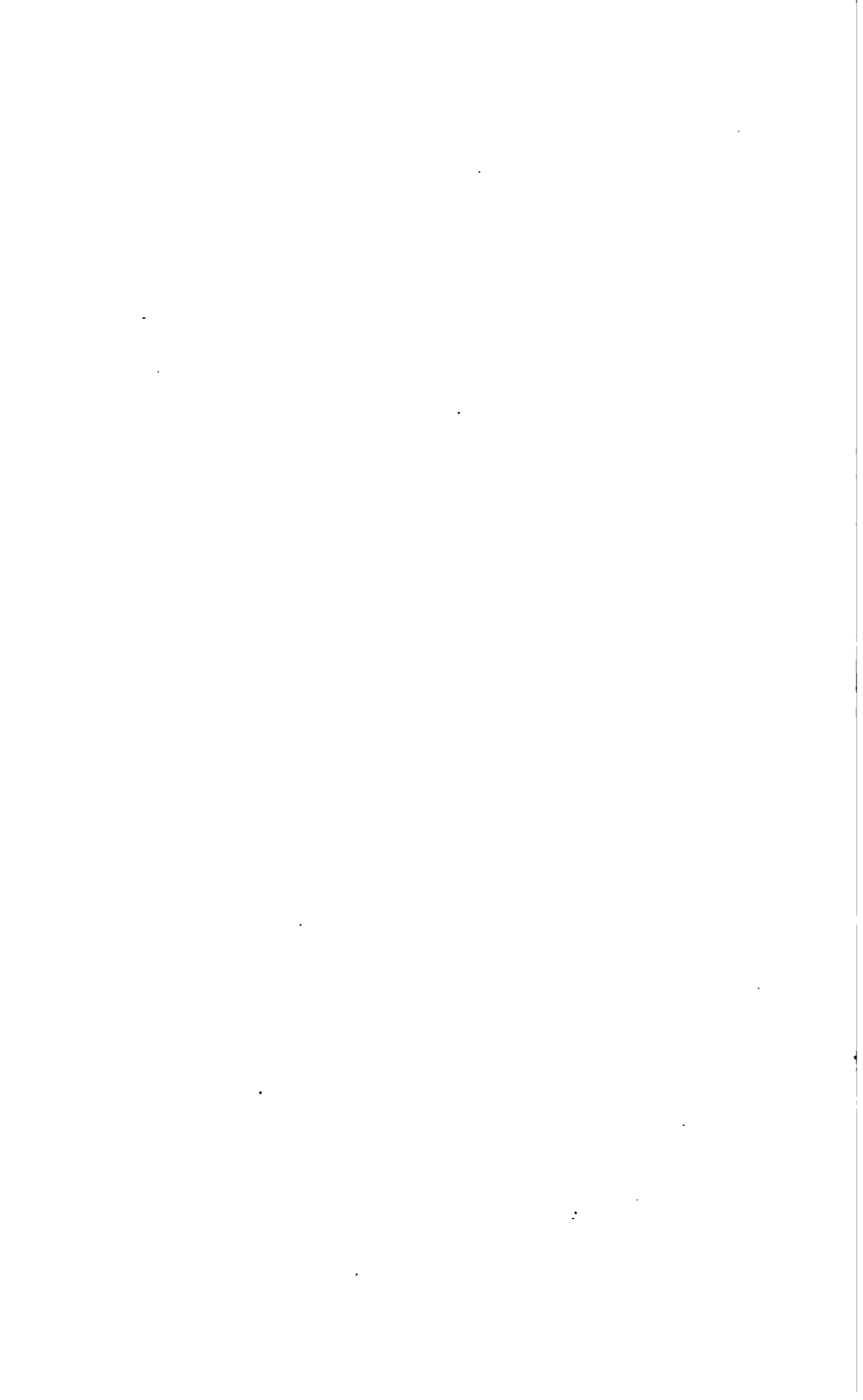
THE QUIET OF THE GRAVE. *Concluded.*

point - ed house by Heav'n de- creed, Re- ceives us all at last.
there the wea - ry pil - grim rests From all the tolls he bore.
more they hear th'op- pres - sors voice Nor dread the ty - rant's rod.
There in peace the ash - es mix Of those who once were foes

God in judgment call them forth To meet their fi - nal doom.

Piano accompaniment for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with various chords and melodic lines.

Piano accompaniment for the second system, continuing the musical texture with chords and melodic fragments.



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1852.

THE POET COWPER.

—
BY ERWIN HOUSE.
—

THE life of Cowper is one of sad and singular interest. He seemed in society one of the liveliest of beings; but as soon as he relapsed into solitude a shade of the deepest melancholy came over him. Timid in his habits, he was the antipode of this in his writings; dejected in the tone of his mind, he was replete with mirth and playfulness in all his correspondence; wretched in an extraordinary degree, so far as personal feeling was concerned, he yet convulsed the whole nation with his John Gilpin—

"A citizen
Of credit and renown,"

whose feats of horsemanship transcended the grandest efforts ever made in that line in all England, and whose horse flew along turnpike-roads and through turnpike-gates as if a hundred lions were at his heels. It is reported of Cowper, that after having spent an evening in social conversation with some of his friends, he would retire to his room, and give vent to his pent-up grief in a flood of tears. He thought that happiness was the boon of others, but that nothing except misery was reserved for him. Despairing oftentimes of the mercy of God ever reaching his case, he spoke in almost rapturous terms of its being given to all others. To gain an accurate view of his character, it will be necessary to go somewhat into detail respecting his life, his habits of thought, and his style of writing.

William Cowper was born in Hertfordshire, England, on the 15th of November, 1731. His father, the Rev. John Cowper, D. D., was rector of Great Berkhamstead, in the county of Hertfordshire, just mentioned, and was likewise one of the chaplains to King George the Second. His mother, who was daughter of Roger Donne, Esq., of Norfolk, was of an extremely delicate constitution, and died in the year 1737, when William was but six years old. His father died of a stroke of paralysis in 1756, nineteen years after the death of his wife, and when his son William was in his twenty-fifth year.

But one other person of the family survived the death of the father and mother, and that was John, a younger brother to William. Previous to the death of his mother, Cowper was sent for instruction to a day school kept in his native village. An allusion is made to this circumstance in one of his poems:

"The gard'ner, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my hantle coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap."

Subsequent to the death of his beloved parent, whom he cherished with the tenderest affection, he was taken from the village school and put under the care of Dr. Pitman, an excellent teacher and disciplinarian, who lived a few miles from his father's. Here he remained for nearly two years, till some alarming disease of his eyes rendered it necessary to send him to an oculist's in London. Remaining here for two years longer, without any special benefit being rendered him, he exchanged his situation with the oculist for a residence at Westminster School, where he quite unexpectedly found a remedy for his eyes in an attack of the small-pox, which the young student thought "the better oculist of the two." It is impossible to speak with any definiteness respecting the proficiency of Cowper while at school, though his biographers usually credit him with an honorable discharge. Some anecdotes are related of him while at Westminster which go clearly to prove his extreme sensitiveness of character, and his indisposition to mingle with the common herd of boys in their sports. Whenever he passed through the playground he was pretty sure to receive a salute from some mischievous fellow after the following sort: "Halloo, Bill! you ninny chicken-heart, come this way and show yourself a man, and not be sneaking along there as though the ground were too good for you to walk on." Such salutations, no matter how thoughtlessly or innocently made, cut like a dagger at Cowper's heart. Nor could he ever find it in his heart to retaliate. He only hurried from his companions, and, shutting himself up in some solitary place, indulged a train of the most foreboding and terrible reflections, or wished

himself out of the world, and forever free from the gibes and sneers of his fellows.

Upon leaving Westminster, Cowper was articled for three years to a solicitor by the name of Chapman, in London. His apprenticeship to the law, however, was about like some other apprenticeships, in which the apprentice gets a knowledge of every thing, or rather any thing, except his trade. He whiled away his time he hardly knew how; and when his three years were up, he did not appear at all ambitious of obtaining any office, from that of Lord High Chancellor of England down to that of petty constable of some ward in London. He appeared to have no affection particularly for Mr. Chapman or his profession, as the following passage from a letter, written thirty years after, to an intimate friend will show: "I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor—that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived—that is to say, I spent my days in Southampton row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor constantly employed from morning till night in giggling and make giggle, instead of studying the law." This passage, insignificant as it may appear, is evidence enough that Cowper cared nothing about the legal profession, and that he was simply wasting his time rather than doing any thing else.

Quitting Chapman, Cowper entered the Inner Temple, London, thinking that probably the higher departments of law might find something to interest his mind, though the elementary principles had proved dry as ashes to him. Here he had Thurlow, subsequently Lord Chancellor—the person alluded to in the letter just quoted—together with Bonnel Thornton, as his associates. He tried very hard, it seems, to make some progress in study, and had his hours for thinking, and reading, and reviewing; but it was all to no purpose. The law and Cowper were two different things, and would not go together, spite of study or entreaty. Literature and poetry engaged his attention and absorbed most of his time. There was a periodical in existence just then known as *The Connoisseur*, published by his friends Colman and Thornton, to which he made frequent contributions. He received in return for his efforts nothing but the simple gratulations of his publishers, which certainly was exceedingly slim pay. It is admitted on all hands, that of the twelve years spent at the Temple not twelve months were given by Cowper to any thing except purely poetical and classical pursuits. At the expiration of this period, being over thirty years of age, he began quite naturally to think of associating with himself for life some one who would love him and sympathize with him in all his successes, his joys, his griefs, and his disappointments. But the thought of marriage was immediately and forever silenced in his mind by the fact, that he had idled away the better part of his life, and that his slender finances were scarcely adequate to his own support, letting alone the sup-

port of another. He relapsed, consequently, into a state of melancholy, and commenced picturing to himself the forlorn prospect before him. His father and mother, his brothers and sisters, all save a brother, were asleep in the grave, and he oftentimes more than half wished himself asleep there, too. Thus cast down he made no effort to rise. His friends—for notwithstanding his apprehensions he still had some true friends—seeing his condition, and supposing that he wished to get married, or, at any rate, to get along in life, resolved to procure a situation for him as reading clerk and clerk of the private committee of the house of lords.

Besides being incompetent to the discharge of the duties assigned to either of these offices, his extreme tenderness of spirit seemed for awhile to deter him from accepting the kind offer of his friends. Any exhibition of himself in public, under any circumstances, was, in his own emphatic language, "mortal poison to his soul." He could not endure it. Having debated the question in his mind for over a week, he finally concluded to exchange the clerkship of the private committee for the clerkship of the journals in the house of lords—a far less difficult position, but one that yielded a less pecuniary reward. Here Cowper began to be composed, and half dreamed that he might yet be able to get married and be happy. But his dream was of short duration. A debate arose in Parliament respecting his fitness for the appointment just taken, and he was summoned to appear at the bar of the house of lords, to answer for his competency in discharge of the duties of the clerkship. The summons to him was terrible in the extreme. He felt his incompetency, and he felt, too, his inability to prepare for the examination awaiting him. By the time the ceremony was to take place, so utterly confused and lost was he, that his intellectual faculties gave way. He was no longer himself. In this distressing state he was taken to St. Albans, and put under medical treatment with Dr. Cotton, with whom he remained for nearly two years.

His notions of marriage being thus frustrated a second time, he never thought of it again. Some persons, and we regret to say that they pervert known facts, attribute this misfortune of Cowper to religion, and its alleged distracting influence on his mind. But religion had no more connection with his mental calamity in the present instance than religion had in the production of the knight-errantry of Don Quixote. He had seldom thought or conversed on the subject of personal piety. But it is a matter of rejoicing, that soon after the restoration of his reason and his health he began seriously to think upon his soul's salvation. A change was about to come over him, and his captivity was to cease. His prison doors were unfolded, and he experienced a clear escape from sin and a "full immunity from penal woe." His brother John, Fellow of Bennet's College, Cambridge, visited him about this time, and aided quite materially in

restoring equanimity to his mind. He furnished him some remarks on Christian experience of decided value, and recommended the frequent reading of the Bible as being an antidote to the melancholy that was ever feeding on his mind. In a measure the advice was followed; but immediately upon the return of his brother to Cambridge, he began to feel himself a stranger among strangers, with a sinking of spirits and a sense of desolation stealing over him.

In the summer of 1765 he left St. Albans, and took private lodgings in the town of Huntington. Here, as by a direct act of Providence, he was brought in contact with Rev. Mr. Unwin and his excellent family. Cowper had been in the habit of attending Church on the Sabbath during his short stay in Huntington, and William Cawthorne Unwin, son of the above, frequently observing him, at last introduced himself to Cowper, and asked him home to tea. To this the latter consented, though not without some hesitation. His acquaintance with this family, however, was the making of him. They were people after his own heart—pious, intelligent, benevolent, and affectionate. He entered immediately into the most endearing intimacy with them. But he was not long permitted to enjoy the society of his friend, Mr. Unwin, who was suddenly killed by a fall from his horse, one Sabbath morning on his way to Church. After this sad calamity the family, at the invitation of Rev. John Newton, removed to Olney in Buckinghamshire. During the first five years of Cowper's residence here there was no material interruption of either his health or religious comfort. The death of his brother John, at Cambridge, on the 20th of March, 1770, no doubt had a mournfully desolating influence on his mind. He seemed for a year overwhelmed with grief, and was visited again with a return of hypochondriasis, which continued with more or less violence to the close of his life. Mrs. Unwin, whom he always respected and loved as a mother, nursed him with the tenderest regard. Mr. Newton likewise, next to the duties of the ministry, made it the business of his life to attend the sufferer under his grievous affliction.

Partially recovering from his disorder, Cowper commenced turning his attention to literary matters—letter-writing and poetry, in both of which arts it is well known he excelled. The Nightingale and the Glow-Worm, a beautiful fable, was one of his first amusements. After this followed Table Talk, The Progress of Error, Truth, and Expostulation. In March, 1782, his first volume was issued from the press, which was received with considerable favor. Early in the following year, at the suggestion of Lady Austen, one of his most intimate friends, he commenced *The Task*. He was engaged on this poem nearly eighteen months. This long time of composition arose from the fact that he spent a large portion of his leisure in reading, and conversing with Mrs. Unwin, Lady Austen, and other friends. Another circum-

stance, too, may give a fuller explanation. "I was doubtful," says Cowper, in a letter to a friend, "whether I should ever bring it to a conclusion, working often in such distress of mind, as while it spurred me to the work, at the same time threatened to disqualify me for it." In 1787 he was attacked with a nervous fever, which compelled him to relinquish his poetical efforts some nine months. In December, 1796, his dear friend, Mrs. Unwin, died, which carried a shock to his heart from which he never recovered.

Early in the year 1800 he was attacked with a general weakness of his system, which terminated in dropsy, and this ultimately in death. There appears to have been no real change in his mind up to the last moments of his existence. To a friend who visited him a few days before he died, Cowper ventured to speak of his approaching dissolution as a signal of his deliverance from all his earthly sorrows. After a pause of a few moments, his friend proceeded to say, that in the world to which he was hastening the merciful Redeemer had prepared unspeakable happiness for all his children, and consequently for him. When the latter clause of this sentence was uttered, a shade of desolation passed over the face of Cowper, which seemed to say that mercy and happiness could hardly be for him. On the last day of his life he was unusually calm and silent, and for some hours before his spirit took its flight a deadly paleness rested upon his countenance. At five minutes before five o'clock, on the afternoon of Friday, the 25th day of April, 1800, he ceased to breathe; and so gently did he sink away, that though there were several persons in the room at the time intently fixed in looking upon his face, not one could determine the precise hour of his departure.

Dr. Johnson awards the praise to Thomson that "he wrote no line which, dying, he wished to blot." He might have made the same remark in reference to Cowper had he lived in his day and been conversant with his poetry. There is less imperfection in the poems of Cowper than in those of Thomson, and their moral tone is above criticism. Thomson is frequently pedantic and ostentatious in his style. He seldom has a good line but he makes up for it by a bad one. He takes no pains, uses no self-correction, and cares nothing about labor of any kind. Labor is, in truth, a thing which he despises. Hence, though capable of writing the most delightful, heart-felt descriptions of natural scenery, he is often guilty of penning pieces of the most flimsy, roundabout, and unmeaning nature. The first lines of that inimitable poem, "*The Seasons*," are a specimen of strange medley and nonsense:

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!
And from the bosom of yon dripping cloud,
While music wakes around, vail'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

Even a metaphysician or an adept in the art of logomachy would find it difficult to interpret these

words. In Cowper there is no such redundancy and superfluity of epithets. He is careful in the choice of his topics, simple in his style, and graphic in his descriptions. He has been accused, it is true, with too much fastidiousness and nervousness. As a man he was extremely fastidious and nervous, but he never carried the one or the other into his writings. He was a man there, though he was a child in his intercourse with the world around him. In his poetry there is no disease, no complaining, no fear, no distrust. All is sound, bright, clear, and consistent. He is as impressive as Young, without his epigrammatic smartness; he is as fervently a Christian as Montgomery; and often equals in solemn dignity the productions of Milton himself.

In epistolary correspondence Cowper has been taken as a model, and most justly so, for few men have written with more ease and correctness than himself. The following, while it gives a fair specimen of his skill in letter-writing, reveals, to a great extent, the severity of his depression of spirits, and shows also that faint gleams of pleasure could occasionally break through his settled melancholy. It is dated Mundaley, September 5, 1795, and is addressed to his friend, Mr. Buchanan:

"I will forget, for a moment, that to whomsoever I may address myself, a letter from me can no otherwise be welcome than as a curiosity. To you, sir, I address this; urged to it by extreme penury of employment, and the desire I feel to learn something of what is doing, and has been done at Weston—my beloved Weston!—since I left it. The coldness of these blasts, even in the hottest days, has been such, that, added to the irritation of the salt spray, with which they are always charged, they have occasioned me an inflammation in the eyelids, which threatened a few days since to confine me entirely; but by absenting myself as much as possible from the beach, and guarding my face with an umbrella, that inconvenience is in some degree abated. My chamber commands a very near view of the ocean, and the ships at high water approach so closely, that a man furnished with better eyes than mine might, I doubt not, discern the sailors from the window. No situation, at least when the weather is clear and bright, can be pleasanter; which you will easily credit, when I add, that it imparts something a little resembling pleasure even to me. Gratify me with news from Weston. If Mr. Gregson, and your neighbors the Courtenays, are there, mention me to them in such terms as you see good. Tell me if my poor birds are living; I never see the herbs I used to give them without a recollection of them, and sometimes am ready to gather them, forgetting that I am not at home. Pardon this intrusion."

Cowper has been accused, as before remarked, of feebleness and a want of masculine energy. But certainly this is without justification. His lines on the loss of the Royal George are as replete with real manliness and energy of expression

as the same number of lines from the pen of any other poet, living or dead, on any subject that may be named:

"Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overzet;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprung upon no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Fall charged with England's thunder,
And plow the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone;
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plow the wave no more."

Every Sabbath in our churches we sing hymns of Cowper's composing. The reader, by turning to the index of first lines in his Hymn-Book, will find several from his pen.

His lines to Mary and those on receiving the picture of his mother are admitted, even by the severest critics, to be among the most pathetic ever written. It seems unnecessary to make quotations from either of them. The reader is referred to them in proof of the position just taken. His satires are keen and pointed, and copy much of the razor-like irony of Horace, with whose poems he was particularly familiar. His life was a strange and melancholy one; but it had no influence in tinging his poetry with sadness. The *Castaway* is one of his finest pieces. There is a feeling of such loneliness, and solitude, and utter ruin and desolation pervading it as makes one shudder in its perusal. We close this article, already too long, with the last stanza of this poem, in which the poet brings in himself to share the general misery:

"No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he."

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

BY PROFESSOR E. S. LIPPITT.

I WAS sitting in the parlor of one of our most wealthy and influential citizens a short time since, when the conversation turned upon the rapid growth of Cincinnati and the wealth of her citizens, and then upon the west, with its yet undeveloped power and its giant strides in the march of improvement within the last half century. We spoke of the vast fortunes which had been realized by the early settlers, who fortunately purchased ground near the present city limits. At length he began to speak of his own history, and related to me the following incidents, which I have deemed of sufficient importance to appear in the pages of the Repository.

"In my earlier years I came from the 'land of steady habits' to seek a fortune in the then almost wilderness west. Here and there were small trading posts scattered through this great valley. Our location was forty miles from a grocery or mill. The forest was unbroken, and game was abundant. Just back from the river on the hills, deer were abundant, and at any time one could be brought in. Wild turkeys were so plenty that they were of little value. I knew one settler who packed in salt a barrel of the breasts of this wild fowl. Other game was in like manner abundant. Cincinnati was a small town of only five thousand inhabitants. There were then no steamers plying on the waters of Ohio, or crowding the levees of the cities now so thickly set along its shores. The flat-boat was the only method of conveying our produce to the southern market. The voyage to New Orleans was long and difficult, occupying sometimes six months' time. I have known men to make their wills before leaving home on the voyage, fearing lest they might never return. And their parting from their family and friends seemed often like a farewell scene of those who never expect to meet again. Sometimes several neighbors would combine, and build a boat, in which they would float their produce to the market at the mouth of the Mississippi; and then, selling their boat, walk back to their homes on the Ohio, through the dense and untrodden forests of the south and west. At other times, when groceries were to be brought back, they would urge their boat against the rapid current of the river with their long oars, or by taking a rope ahead, make it fast to a tree, and then hauling the boat up to it, and then again taking the rope ahead. Thus wearily, day after day, and week after week, did we labor to bring home our groceries, which are now brought by the steamer in six days.

"For several years I was engaged in this kind of boating business. In the mean time I became acquainted with a young lady of much loveliness of character, at a small place about one hundred and fifty miles above Cincinnati; and the time drew near when I was to make her my own. As might

be supposed, I began to look around me to see how I should be enabled to support her. With all my hard toil for years I had saved only a few dollars, and I knew that unless I could get into some permanent business I should never succeed.

"The day of my marriage came, and with it came the will and energy to do, now that I felt that I had some one for whom to labor. My wife's father gave her a small piece of land, and desired me to settle upon it, and become a farmer. But farming was not congenial to my tastes, and I could not think of doing it. If I could only get to Cincinnati I felt sure that I could succeed. I had about three hundred dollars with which to commence; but how was I to get there, or how commence after I got there? My scanty means would not go far toward accomplishing the object.

"At last I determined to build me a boat, and in it place my wife and goods and float down to Cincinnati. 'Where there is a will, there is a way,' is an old but a true proverb. Forthwith I commenced, and after a few days completed my flat-boat. I then placed in it all our worldly goods, and pushed boldly out into the stream, trusting that it would bear us safely to our desired port. Swiftly the current bore us away from the home of her I loved. But as the faces of those we loved grew dim in the distance, and were finally lost by a sudden curve in the river, a pang of something like remorse came over me. I could not feel that it was right in me thus to jeopardize the happiness of another than myself in any such wild scheme, and I almost condemned myself for the step I had taken. Then I turned my eyes toward the shore of the river, whose steep banks were covered with various kinds of trees, and all beautiful with the fresh-bursting foliage of spring, and glittering in the rays of the morning sun; and then, as I gazed at the azure sky, so calm, and pure, and hopeful, and then in the eyes of her who sat in the rude-built boat, for whose sake I had dared all, risked all, and read there only hope and encouragement, I felt strong to go on.

"Thus silently, through the long day, we floated down the river; and when the shades of night gathered round, and began to wrap the forest and the river in its gloom, I fastened the boat to the shore, and then kindled a fire. In the wilderness we ate our solitary meal, and then slept in our boat. But it was not such sleep as comes to the fainting spirit midst perfect security, but was broken oft by the howl of the wolf and the thought of the Indian prowling along the river banks. And even in my sleep came dreams of wolves or Indians; so that all night long I was fighting the wolf from the boat with its sleeping burden, or struggling with my Indian foe to rescue one dearer than life to me.

"Morning dawned at last; and with the sweet light, that poured like the perfume of incense upon the grateful heart, came the hope of another day. Another, and a third day passed in like manner.

"In the third night we were awakened from our feverish sleep by some noise on the shore. I listened intently, my breath hardly drawn between my teeth, and the blood tingling along my veins, though the heart seemed still, and ached as if bursting with its retained life current. In a few seconds, though it seemed hours, I heard the leaves rustle and the branches move, and then the dry sticks crack as beneath the tread of some one. Then all was silent as before. Again the steps were heard, more distinctly than before, as of some one approaching the boat. I motioned my wife to lie down, and silently taking my gun, awaited the intruder. But the blood mounted to my head, a film came over my eye, my hand was palsied, and I thought I should faint. Again the step was heard, and drew nearer, as if some one was stealing cautiously forward. In an instant all my fear was gone, and I felt as cool as when on a militia parade. I stood with my loaded gun resting on my arm, ready to meet my unexpected visitor. I was just on the point of speaking, and demanding the business of the prowler, when the steps suddenly ceased. I listened long and painfully for their repetition; but they were not heard again. Who it was or what it was I could never learn. But all thoughts of sleep had passed away for that night, and a solitary guard I leaned on my gun, keeping watch over my boat and wife.

"The moon came out at length; and I watched its course as it rode up the heavens, at first appearing above the tops of the trees, and then sailing, like an enchanted ship of light, through the dark sea of the sky, while the stars grew dim and faded before its path. At length dawn appeared, standing tiptoe on the distant mountains, and all the forest became vocal with the matin song of the birds. Never have I waited for morn as on that night. Never did the sun rising with splendor bring to my heart more of gladness.

"The boat was unfastened, and soon, with the rippling current, was floating down stream. On the seventh day we arrived at Cincinnati, strangers in a strange place. But we had fresh hopes, young hearts, and young hands, and nothing but success ever was dreamed of by us.

"I took a shop on the street by the river-side, now Front-street, consisting of a front room and a back store. The front room was divided by a partition, and made our store and parlor. The two back rooms were the kitchen and bedroom. The money I had expended in groceries, and I commenced life and business with a stock of less than three hundred dollars. My wife did the work, and often tended the store—always when I was absent. We had no servants then, nor friends to make long visits. Our friends, our only friends in the city, were our patrons, and they were not very fast friends. The first year my whole sales amounted to less than nine hundred dollars, and from the profits I supported my family and added a little to my capital. The next year I did better; and the

third year I changed my location for one more convenient, as well as larger. I have thus gone on, year by year, adding to my stock and extending my business. And though I have had a large family to support, and much sickness in my family, yet I have continued to prosper."

These incidents are strictly true. The merchant is still in the business, though now living in ease and affluence, respected and honored by his fellow-citizens. But though every thing is neat, there is no proud aristocracy shown at his home. Surrounded by an interesting family of children, he is, with his wife, gently gliding down the stream of time, with the full assurance of a better land beyond the grave. Surely there is a romance of real life stranger than any fiction.

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

I DREAMED the world had passed away,
With all its toil and care;
That I had gained a happier clime,
Where all was bright and fair—

A land where happy spirits dwelt;
And, O, 'twas purest bliss,
To find the loved ones in that world
That I had lost in this.

Glad was the welcome that they gave,
And I knew not the pain
Of fearing that the time would come
When we should part again.

But, as a bird from wintry climes,
I folded soon my wing,
Content to rove no more, for there
I found eternal spring.

Bright star-like flowers forever bloomed
By ever-flowing streams,
Whose waters flashed most gloriously
In heaven's unsetting beams.

And music—O the melody
Of that seraphic strain,
Which struck my ear when woke the hymn
Of heaven's bright harper train!

A crown was on my brow, but when
Uprose that song so sweet,
Like those who sung, I gladly threw
That crown before his feet.

But 'mid the raptures of that song
I woke; but O what pain!
My high delights were visions all—
I was on earth again.

Then while I live, may I, O God,
Thy willing servant be—
Strive here to do thy will, and make
My dream reality!

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

BY F. L.

A PLEASANT feeling arises in the mind as we look back upon the past—pleasant, no matter what may be the subject of our reminiscences. If we think of enjoyments with those who have passed from earth, the recollection of our pastimes with them awakes a pleasurable emotion. If we remember their deaths with sorrow, it is a pleasurable sorrow; for they have passed from us, leaving a delightful memory of their many virtues—virtues which have carried them into an eternity which is radiant and happy. There is no recollection which comes to me surrounded with more satisfaction than that of a friend who died when I was very young. In the last hour he seemed to be surrounded by his old associates, gay and blessed, reading entertaining books, singing in the forests with the birds, or adoring God in the solemn places of nature.

His mind was of a lofty, intellectual character, which begat esteem in all those who became acquainted with him. His life was a beautiful aspiration after a knowledge of those mysteries of the universe and of man which are only revealed to him who is of a studious and philosophic spirit. And had he lived, the world might not have regretted it. His death, delirious as are often the minds of men in that solemn hour, was a recalling of those thoughts which had always, during life, been his blessed and blessing angels. He will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed his dissolution.

"That which is called death," said he, while a calm beauty suffused his pale face, "is actually the beginning of life. The present life is the preparatory state for a better life which is to be—a childhood, if I may so call it, wherein the spirit is trained for never-ending enjoyment or misery in the great world which lies without the confined walls of the present." He himself had been properly trained for appreciating and enjoying the blessedness of the second life. God had given him a nobly formed spirit, and a proper education, from pious parents, had preserved and beautified its nobility. Time worked no change in his character. His associations with men were beneficial to himself and to those with whom he associated. They confirmed and established him in those salutary principles which he had adopted by reflection and education. The moral influence of his character and conduct shed luster wherever he went. The frivolous departed from his presence with a better opinion of themselves and of mankind, and with a supreme reverence for Him who knoweth the hearts of all. Those whose minds resembled his own arose from his conversation with improved knowledge. None knew him but to feel thankful for his acquaintance and friendship.

And when we all stood around his death-bed, and saw the holy light that fell in soft rays upon his

brow, as if an angel, with rosy breath, were breathing upon him, it may not be deemed surprising that the quiet tears stood on our cheeks. And when we listened to the whispering admonitions that came from his lips, the fervent admonitions of a dying child of God, it may not be thought wonderful that our hearts were awed.

"Let me look at the sun," he said. I remember his words. I shall never cease to remember them. "Let me look at the sun." It was just rising above the hills, clad in a summer drapery of pale gold, and looking peacefully over the world, casting its radiance on the floor of his death-chamber. "This is a grand sight!" he said. "My dear friends, when the good man passes from the earth, where a dim happiness, at best, has surrounded him, I can imagine him rising, full, calm, and beautiful, like that sun, to the light and glory of another world. I feel that I am fast hastening away. My flesh is weak and exhausted; but my spirit is as a giant." We knelt beside his couch; and a pious friend, at his request, offered a prayer to heaven. When we arose from our knees, and looked at the sick man, his face was filled with a sublime beauty. His eyes were turned toward the far, green hills, now bathed in sunlight; but they saw not; for their light had fled forever. The earnest prayer of the good friend had borne his soul to heaven.

I feel that the sight of this noble young man's death has had a pleasant and exalting influence upon my own character. I hope I may never forget his kind and loving warnings!

The true Christian's death will always awake reflection in the bosom of him who witnesses it, and reflection of a character to beget a steadfast faith in the purity and truth of Christianity. Let the skeptic sneer, if he will, who has never peered over that great book of nature, whose every page is a favorable and unanswerable comment upon the book of revelation. Let him sneer who has never seen the child of God on his death-bed, and heard his last exclamation of delight as the angels bore him from earth. Those who have seen this, and more, are bound to stand firm in their faith. The eloquence of revelation and of nature has lifted them above the cavils of the polemist. They stand in those holy and glad places where the spirit of truth is supreme. Their death-beds are further revelations of the goodness of God.

"The last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft!
By unperceived degrees he steals away;
Yet, like the sun, seems largest at his setting!"

The poet Blair has expressed, in feeling and eloquent language, the calmness of the mind of the good man on the bed of death. How different the death of him who spends his days in warring against the laws of Heaven! The disobedient man is cursed in his last moments by an indescribable remorse.

HEIDELBERG AND THE NECKAR.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

Among the many smaller streams of Germany there is, perhaps, none that, in beauty and loveliness, exceeds the Neckar, a tributary of the Rhine. The charms of its valley have been sung in the lays of many a German minstrel of ancient and of modern times. It empties into "Old Father Rhine" at Mannheim, although before it reaches this noble stream it leaves its own valley and wanders about in that of the Rhine, as the child would search for its parent.

Mannheim is one of the oldest towns on the Rhine in reality, although very modern in appearance. It must have had its origin about the time of the Romans, who were partial to the Rhine, and settled its banks in various places, from its mouth to its source. Its long rows of palaces would scarcely lead one to the conclusion that Mannheim has been settled for a thousand years; yet such is the case. But what we see of Mannheim now is comparatively modern. In the history of German literature Mannheim holds a sacred place in the German heart. It was there that rose such master spirits as Iffland and Beck—it was there that the immortal Schiller began his poetical career. There also lie the remains of Kotzebue, whose prolific mind for awhile poured over Germany the results of its giant labors, and astonished his cotemporaries with his versatility and power; and there, too, lies the poor lamented Sand—the enthusiastic German student, the devoted son of the Muses, the insane and misguided murderer of Kotzebue, whom he regarded as an enemy to freedom and mankind, because he was a friend of Russia.

As we ascend the stream toward Heidelberg, we arrive at the celebrated garden of Schwetzingen, which scarcely counts an equal and knows few rivals. It has long adorned the borders of the Neckar, between Heidelberg and Mannheim; and the friend of flowers and of nature gladly makes a journey to its precincts. A view so beautiful, in the variety of its combinations, the world seldom presents; such a background, such points of view, and such distant landscape—now wandering among the mountains beyond the Rhine, and again reveling in the heights of the Black Forest! The sister arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting have added to the horticultural beauties of Schwetzingen. There stands a magnificent Turkish mosque with its minarets, and here is a temple of Apollo; added to these are specimens of the marble of Carrara, chiseled into beauty, and almost into life.

We enter the valley of the Neckar; and what a contrast! That of the Rhine, which we leave, is bordered by mountains so distant that the eye can scarcely perceive them looming up above the horizon. But the Neckar issues from so narrow a bed that there is hardly room for the river and the road between its abruptly rising walls. When we

have fairly entered the valley, a still higher crest of the mountain is seen towering over an old city; and the sides of this crest is crowned by the most beautiful and magnificent castle-ruin in Germany. The castle is that of the Counts of Baden, and the city is Heidelberg, of ancient and modern renown. Still higher than the castle, and behind it, rises the rounded peak of the Königstuhl, or King's-Chair, as it is called. This is covered with dense forest at times, and again it shows immense masses of red rock. Its summit is adorned with a high tower, which the traveler ascends for a more perfect view of the valley of the Rhine.

Our first tour was to the tower of the Königstuhl, that we might enjoy the immense panorama there promised us; and we were richly repaid for the labor of the ascent. An old woman had throned on the summit, with a little cabin for herself and goats; and we were glad to indulge in her milk, bread, and cheese, while cooling off for a view from the tower. She was a garrulous old lady, indeed, and well acquainted with the history of all the grand-ducal family of Baden. She repeated the old story of Caspar Hauser, or the "Wild Boy," all of which she knew from Alpha to Omega, and much more beside. Not only was that terrible story true, but there were others of the same nature that had not come to light. The reigning family of Baden, to believe her testimony, have been no better than they should be, and their vice and crime led the old lady to take a warm interest in the republican efforts of the day, and in all republicans who visited her cabin, and patronized her goat's milk and cheese.

With the advantage of a clear atmosphere, the view from the tower is so extensive that the steeple of the far-famed Strasburg Cathedral, sixty miles distant, can be distinguished; the steeple is the highest on the continent, towering up into the heavens about five hundred feet. Below glides the Neckar, hemmed in by mountain walls; and on the other side lies the Rhine, covered with boats laden with the produce of the valley.

Heidelberg has but one main street, which runs between the Neckar and the mountains that rise behind it. The town itself is of no importance, and most travelers are, no doubt, like ourselves, disappointed at the first sight. But it improves wonderfully on acquaintance—a fact which explains the presence of so many foreigners, English and Americans, within its walls. It is the city of the Muses, and the seat of the cherished Ruperto-Carolina, one of the oldest and most popular universities of Germany. The students of Heidelberg are, to a great extent, its support, and, therefore, greatly petted by the industrious portion of the citizens, who gain a livelihood by catering to their wants.

But its glory is the old castle ruin, that overhangs it like a sentinel of the middle ages; and this we must thoroughly explore. The way to it from the town is marked by a street of small houses,

peeping through trees and bushes, and rising with a very gradual ascent, till we reach the first terrace. At the entrance of this is always found, in fair weather, a cavalcade of donkeys, for those of the fair sex who are willing to trust their fortunes to these proverbially stubborn beasts rather than to walk up to the castle; although, to tell the truth, the donkey-ride is a source of great amusement to travelers of both sexes, and resorted to more for its novelty and a hearty laugh than to avoid fatigue. As we ascend, the surrounding country spreads out before us, and Heidelberg winds along the Neckar that flows quietly by. The mountain-side, below the castle, is charmingly adorned with terraces and gardens; and the spot is shown where once flourished the garden of the beautiful Clara von Dettens, the noble wife of Frederick the Victorious, though not of princely blood.

The castle of Heidelberg is a wonder-work of architecture, though not now inhabitable. Many of its parts that were invulnerable to the attacks of time yielded to the savage fury of the French, in the wars of the latter part of the seventeenth century. This is especially the case with the main tower, which was blown up by the French. It now lies in a half-ruined state, and gives a far more picturesque air to the old castle than it did in the days of its glory. The romantic stranger may, indeed, return his sincere thanks to the vandal French for opening these Cyclop walls, and giving us an idea of their wonderful internal structure. The severed portion of the tower, that lies half in the moat and half on the wall, bears the appearance of having yielded to the force of powder. The halls of this majestic tower are supported by Gothic pillars, whose forms are as beautiful as their proportions are gigantic. The upper hall is adorned with an open gallery, and through the crevices between the stones that form it are springing forth young trees, that bid fair to have a sturdy growth. This gallery is accessible from below; and among the bushes that crown the ruined tower may at times be seen, from the garden below, the forms of travelers appearing and disappearing, imparting an air of singular and strange romance to the scene.

The sentimental world of Heidelberg is accustomed to assemble within the walls of the Ruined Tower, to listen to concerts and amateur music, which seems to borrow an enchanting power from the place and surrounding scenes. Through the Giant Tower, the main gate of the castle, we arrive in the grand court, a spot which, when seen for the first time, leaves an impression calculated to form an era in one's life. The soil which we now tread is classic for Germany—no where do we meet a second spot so prolific with classic reminiscences. The noble forms of antiquity here stand before the cultivated mind, and seem to speak again through history. The scholar inquires eagerly after the Rittersaal, or Knight's Saloon, in King Ruprecht's palace; the chapel of the same King, and his

octagon tower; not forgetting the tasteful palace of Otto Heinrich.

For those who despise the lore of other ages, the vault below the castle affords a sufficient remuneration for their journey hither; there lies the Heidelberg tun of world-wide fame, and it is amusing to see how great a proportion of the visitors first inquire after the giant beer-barrel. Instead of one tun, they are delighted to find two, and also learn the story of a still greater one, as it were, the grandfather of the present wonder. But, sad to say, both tuns are empty—a circumstance which causes them to fall greatly in the estimation of those who are most eager generally to pay them a visit; for what avails it if the hollow cavity of this monster tun contains two hundred and eighty-two thousand bottles, when the guide proclaims that its interior is dry as powder?

Nearly all the mechanics of Germany travel over the country for years, before settling down to follow their profession in any one place. It is a standing joke that if any one of these returns from his wanderings without having seen the Heidelberg tun, that he has seen but little of the world, and profited still less by his travels. When the poorer classes wish to say of a man that he is a dolt, they exclaim, "He has never seen the Heidelberg tun." For this reason thousands of them crowd to Heidelberg; and go when you will, you find some of the traveling mechanics admiring the wonderful proportions of the tun, and learning all the wonderful stories about it, to relate on returning home. To cap the climax, they generally have a waltz or gallopade on top of the tun, which is accessible by a ladder; and nearly all hours of the day may be heard the tones of a cracked fiddle resounding among the walls of the cellar. These tones entice others, and the dancers are seldom without an audience, especially as buffoons are always on hand to make wit for the crowd. This is a source of sufficient income to support the keeper of the castle.

There are three points in the castle of Heidelberg that are so attractive that one who has once enjoyed seldom forgets them. In the first place, the balcony on the north side of the old palace, with its two turrets; secondly, the garden under the tall lindens before the colossal tower, with a view into Clara's garden, or on the ivy-entwined statue of the winter-king; and lastly, the terrace in the castle garden, whence the eye may bathe in the waves of the Neckar, repose on the tile roofs of the city of the Muses, or even follow the meanderings of the Neckar till it reaches the Rhine. What sunsets and what moonlight nights may one here enjoy!

On this very spot where now stands the castle of Heidelberg, it is probable that the Romans had a citadel; at least, in building the present edifice history declares that very old foundations were found buried in the earth. The eye of the historian searches this mystic darkness in vain, and then takes refuge in a supposition; while the classical

scholar is ready, as usual, to solve the problem with his legend.

Once upon a time the Virgin Velleda lived on the hill now occupied by the castle of Heidelberg. She was celebrated for her power of foretelling the future, and, in order to seem more dignified in the eyes of men, she appeared but seldom before them; and to those who requested her counsel, she gave her advice from a window, that her face might not be seen of men. Among other things which she foretold, and sang in artless songs, was the destiny of the hill on which she lived. In future times it was to be inhabited, nurtured, and adorned by a royal race of men; and the valley below it would be cultivated by a numerous people, and beautified by brilliant temples. However, the most beautiful weather once enticed her from her chapel, and induced her to indulge in a walk to the mountains to refresh her body. She soon arrived at a spot where the mountains form a valley, and here gushed forth a crystal fountain which rejoiced her soul. She reclined that she might drink, when suddenly a hungry wolf sprang from the forest and attacked her; in vain she called to the gods for deliverance—the wolf tore her in a thousand pieces. This occurrence gave to the fountain the name of the "Wolf's" Fountain, which appellation it bears to the present day.

Time passed on, and the castle of Heidelberg was built by this royal race of men, who came and went, generation after generation, each adding to the splendor of its sires, till the lightning of heaven rent it with a fearful blow in 1764. Charles Theodore, the reigning prince of that epoch, now resolved to build a new residence for his royal race; for in the rolling thunder he had heard a voice proclaim, "Never again shall the revelry of courts disturb this holy solitude, henceforth dedicated to the spirit of poetry and the plastic arts." And now the castle of Heidelberg belongs to the Muses, as does the old town to their sons.

We part from Heidelberg to cast a few glances in the upper valley of the Neckar. The students of Heidelberg spend many an hour in roving along its banks, and singing their songs to its praise. The village on the high peak yonder well deserves a visit on account of its extensive view of the valley and the ruins of its castle. Passing up the stream to Neckar-Steinach, we stop a little while at the old inn of the "Harp," whose name keeps fresh in the memory a tale of times gone by. Bligger von Steinach was one of the Minnesingers or troubadours of the twelfth century, and was known far and near for the sweetness of his harp. He was an epic poet of his day of no mean fame, and his favorite retreat to sing his lays was this self-same old inn. His harp became its coat of arms and its cognomen. The "Saracen's Head," which also graces the old inn, is in memory of Ulrich von Steinach, who bravely threw away his life in battle with the Turk.

Between the Neckar, the Rhine, and the Main,

extends the mountain range known as the Odenwald. Along its base, between Heidelberg and Frankfort, runs the celebrated route known as the Bergstrasse, or Mountain Road. Its romantic beauties are inexhaustible, and its environs well deserve the appellation of the garden of Germany. Indeed, there are those who term it the Paradise of the Father-land. This is the region resorted to by the students of Heidelberg in their pedestrian tours during short vacations. By them every dell and knoll has been made classic, and nearly every mountain-top supplied with its temple and demigods. The Bergstrasse follows all the windings of the mountains, and seems to search out every beauty within its reach. But the practical spirit of the age has constructed a railroad from Frankfort to Heidelberg, and in this way the majority of the inhabitants, and nearly all foreigners, never enjoy all the pleasures of this romantic region. The enthusiastic student who shoulders his knapsack and grasps his staff quaffs deeply of the bowl presented to his lips.

And still one may well ask, in what region of the world can the traveler pass over so long a road as from Darmstadt to Heidelberg, and, while enjoying a comfortable seat in the cars, feast the eyes on such a variety and multitude of landscape beauties?—where more sudden transitions, more agreeable surprises? The mountain range assumes the most manifold shapes, enchanting valleys open through them into the interior, and smiling villages and hamlets peep through dark green foliage. Above are the vineyards on the mountain-side, and among them, or on the summits, throne the old castles of feudal times. Nature is generous of her bounties, and man is diligent in improving them, favored by the mildest and healthiest climate of Germany. He must be spoiled, indeed, who does not appreciate these gifts; and he is nearly spoiled who sits comfortably in the cars that fly by them. Better by far leave them, and clamber up to the summit of the Melibocus, the King of the Bergstrasse, and linger awhile in the glittering tower that adorns it. From this stand-point the Melibocus appears like the King of the Odenwald, with the valley of the Rhine at his feet; and at this point it may be well to tell the story of this far-famed Odenwald.

The German nation and the German language are remarkable for the perfect independence of their origin; they trace the infancy of their nation and tongue, as the ancients, back to their mythology. And their mythology differs so materially from that of the Greeks or Latins, that we are ready to grant them the stamp of originality. The name of the Odenwald has by some been derived from Odin, the principal god of German or Teutonic mythology. These derivations are, of course, disputed points; and the celebrated Brothers Grim, the most learned and ingenious expounders of this northern mythology, dispute this point. Be this as it may, there are many classical stories connected with the

Odenwald, which intertwine its history with the earliest period of the Teutonic race. The majestic oaks of the Odenwald still induce that feeling of pious awe with which the forefathers of the German nation were in the habit of regarding them, in the supposition that their gods resided among these holy forests and trees. The popular belief still lets Rodenstein, the protector of the language and good old German customs, march out with his band of followers when either of these cherished gifts are in danger. When Napoleon returned from the Isle of Elba, dark clouds arose in the horizon, and the existence of the father-land was threatened. Rodenstein could not remain quiet in his grave with the prospect of these humiliations, and he rose from the sleep of death and the night of the grave to battle in spirit with the deadly enemy. His spirit hovered over the battle-fields, and only retired to rest when the foe was vanquished and the father-land free from the seductive influences of his language and scepter. These myths tend greatly to keep alive the fire of patriotism and devotion in the German heart.

In the Odenwald the inhabitants point out many things that they imagine prove it to have been the home of Odin. At Edda he appears as a one-eyed, gray-bearded old man, his other eye having been left at Mimi's fountain as a pledge. He usually wears, they say, a broad-brim hat, pressed deeply over his face to prevent him from being recognized. In the valley of the Gammelsbach, that opens toward the Neckar, lie the ruins of the once strong castle of Freienstein. Among these ruins wanders a specter with a large hat, a long beard, and a gray coat. A shepherd of Gammelsbach affirms that he was once tending his sheep near the old castle; at midnight, two fiery coaches, with four fiery steeds attached to each one, rushed by him with furious uproar, and in it sat people whose mouth and nose breathed fire. These are undoubtedly strong proofs of the imaginative powers of the dwellers on the Odenwald, but it strongly illustrates the feeling that has been transmitted from generation to generation for ages.

The early teachers of the Christian religion whom Rome sent out into these heathen lands, did not endeavor to root out these superstitions in a way to wound the feelings of the people to whom they were holy; they pursued a policy calculated to bring them over effectually, but by easy and unobserved transitions, and retained as many of their gods and prejudices as they could use to advantage in the rude services of the Christian religion of that day.

Under the Carolingians Christianity was forced upon the Saxons by the sword, and the conversion of the natives became a matter of bloody contest, and the old and favorite idols of the people were declared to be devils. It was far different when Christianity was introduced into the countries of the Rhine; violence was avoided, their gods were turned into saints, and heathen temples into chapels

and churches; even the priests themselves were converted to the Christian religion, and induced to enter the service of God. Ostara, the Teutonic goddess of spring, was honored with a temple near a generously bubbling fountain. The people were accustomed, at the opening of spring, to bring to her offerings, and in this custom the missionaries of the Romans were unwilling to disturb them, on the ground of policy. But instead of the heathen rites to Ostara, the festival of Easter was introduced in April, and the resurrection of the Christian's God was made to take the place of the heathen festival to the return of spring. But even the old temple was retained; and when the people commenced the baptismal rites, their goddess was transformed into the Santa Walpurgis, the patron saint of baptisms. At the present day the goddess Ostara is forgotten, but the Walpurgis Chapel still bears its name and retains its position.

The Odenwald owes a part of its earlier culture to a man renowned in history and in legend—Eginhard, the biographer of Charlemagne. He was a favorite at the court of Charles the Great, and educated in the bosom of his family as the playmate of his children; he grew up to be the counselor of the Emperor in domestic and public affairs. He cultivated mathematics and the classics, and the former he applied practically to architecture. Charlemagne took very great pleasure in intrusting to him the charge of grand public undertakings. The wonderful bridge at Mayence was his work, as were the palaces of Ingelheim and Aix-la-Chapelle, and the cathedral in the same city, an object of great admiration at the present day. On the death of Charlemagne, Eginhard remained at his court in all honor, and began his celebrated biography of the Emperor. The death of his friend and benefactor made the court life less agreeable to him, and, at his request, Louis the Pious, son of Charlemagne, presented him with two royal villas in the Odenwald. To this desirable retreat he withdrew with his wife Imma, although he at first did not live in complete solitude. Finally they determined to build a monastery in the Odenwald, and dedicate themselves in it to the service of God. By mutual consent they dissolved the marriage connection, and became brother and sister—not because they loved each other less, but because they loved God better. Imma remained in the monastery during life, and grieved so deeply at the death of Eginhard that she resolved to devote the rest of her life to mourning. She built a church and a little cell in the Odenwald, and found consolation in none but God.

This Church still stands as a monument of her piety, and many are the stories of Eginhard and Imma that are told by the peasants of the Odenwald.

IGNORANCE and bigotry are so frequently twins, that where one is found in a man no farther search need be made for the other.

OCEAN MEMORIES.

—
BY ORLA.
—

How the heart swells with unutterable emotion as we gaze upon the mirror of Almighty power—vast and unfathomable! How the spirit yearns to dwell in the presence of Him who created worlds, and who alone can still the tempest in its might or stay the rushing waters! The deep, deep sea! For me its murmurs have a mournful music. They tell of treasures far beneath its coral depths—home treasures missing now, the loved and wept for. Stately barks, with snowy sails set, and gilded with the bright sunbeams, have glided over the ocean in its hours of quiet beauty—barks freighted with happy, hoping hearts. But the clouds oft-times obscure the sunlight, and amid night and storm the gallant bark is lost to view. A wail goes up to heaven, hearts sink and die away, and eyes that looked so gladly on the day are closed forever. The morning breaks, but the tide of living souls of yesterday have been swept away. Homes have been left lonely, and bitter, bitter tears are wept for those whose graves are in the ocean.

Memories such as these thrilled my heart, even when, as a child, I stood upon the vessel's deck, and watched the land I loved grow dim in the distance. And far out at sea, in the quiet evening, when the stars looked calmly down upon us, seeming to send a blessing from above, ay, even then the tears would often come; for to me the vast expanse of waters was but as a grave. To me, who could only think of the bright head far beneath, and the sweet voice hushed forever in its depths—to me there was but mournful melody in the dashing of the snowy spray against our ocean-home. I knew that the glorified spirit was far beyond the stars; but could I forget that the mother I so loved, the idolized at home, was laid to rest beneath the chilling wave? And as I watched and mused, onward and onward they rolled far away, as if in mockery of my sadness.

And yet there are pleasant memories blended with that summer voyage. A joyous group were wont to meet upon that vessel's deck on those bright moonlight nights. There was one whose voice I loved to hear, on whom my gaze loved to linger—a fair young bride; a creature who seemed formed for joy; an only child—so loved at home, so fondly watched and cared for. I had marked her in the parting hour, and tears were in my own eyes when I saw the mother clasp her to her heart. It *might have been* the last time; for her step was very feeble, and her form bending toward the tomb. Annie's head was bowed, and her bright face was the picture of despair. It seemed to me that her heart must surely break in that anguished farewell. But, as days passed on, the smiles came again, and soon her musical laugh won a response from the gravest there. Poor child! I often think of her, leaving thus the home of her childhood to dwell among

strangers so far away. She seemed so trusting and so happy, with her joyous plans for the future; and yet it was whispered then that he for whom she had left all was unworthy the treasure he had won.

Those ocean memories! how they come clustering around my heart, recalling the kindly faces that were near me then, the jest, the laughter, and the song! A little while we held communion there, and then we severed; for our homes were far apart, and our feet have wandered many ways since then. I sometimes hear a name that seems familiar, and then I know that some who joyed to be upon the earth have passed from it, and that the shadow of the grave is between us and them. But I also know that there will come an hour of meeting, when the graves shall be opened and the sea shall yield its dead.

"SOWN IN CORRUPTION—RAISED IN INCORRUPTION."

—
BY MISS EMILY S. BROWN.
—

From the fair fields above me
There steals a voice to-day,
From those unseen who love me—
The voice says, Come away!

I tread the green earth lightly—
She calls me to her heart;
I read the pure stars nightly—
They bid me to depart.

Shall I lie down forever,
In the earth's mossy breast?
Would she my love dis sever
From all that makes me blest?

Not so! if read I rightly,
Both summons I obey:
The earth's, Come lie down lightly!
The heaven's, Come away!

The tabernacle slumbers
Within its mother earth;
The soul that clay incumbers
Shall seek its heavenly birth.

So to the earth I'm singing,
Sweet mother, I obey;
And to the stars upspringing,
I soar in light away.

The earth shall kindly cherish,
Within her faithful breast,
The germ that can not perish,
But must awhile seek rest.

The seed which death is sowing
Beneath the silent ground,
At last to new life growing,
Shall hear the trumpet's sound.

The soul on wing of fire
The wakened dust shall meet,
And rapturously higher
The Waker's praise repeat.

THE WIFE OF AN ITINERANT.

—
MRS. MARY ELEANOR BROOKS.—
BY MRS. MELINDA HAMLIN.

"God is in history." He is pre-eminently in those portions of history which display his grace in elect souls—souls "chosen to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." The records of his providence, in its rule and over-rule, are full of interest; but to trace the Holy Spirit's reign in human hearts, and the successive steps by which Christ is advanced to the throne of the affections, must be supremely interesting to all who are born from above. Such an example we have, in the pious life and triumphant death of the late consort of Rev. Cyrus Brooks, of the Ohio conference.

In preparing a brief notice of this lovely Christian woman, the outflows of my heart would remind me of what is said of "The Torrents" of Madame Guion. But as the rapid flow of thought in "The Torrents" did not preserve it from a mixture of hurtful error, so something more than the glow of private admiration will be necessary to furnish a just portraiture of my friend. Of this I am forcibly reminded by the following remark of one near me: "What! sketch the character of Mary B.! You might as well attempt to daguerreotype the rainbow." It is true that the harmoniously blended shades of her character can never be so represented as to do justice to the original. But a tribute, however imperfect, is due to her memory and her virtues.

MARY ELEANOR DAVENPORT was born in Jefferson county, Va., Feb. 6, 1817. Her grandfather, John Davenport, one of the oldest and most influential Methodists in that part of the state, left a numerous posterity, who revere his name, and mostly walk in his steps. His consort, whose maiden name was Harris, was an accomplished lady, and a devoted Christian. Mary's father, Adrian Davenport, Esq., was a man of great promise. Amiable, intelligent, and pious, he entered upon life with the most flattering prospects; but died at twenty-five years of age, in the full triumphs of faith. An infant daughter soon followed, leaving Mary Eleanor the only surviving child of her worthy, widowed mother.

In consequence of her father's death, Mary's childhood was spent in the family of her grandmother; and under the training of her excellent mother, in such a family, surrounded by many pious and interesting relatives, she early began to develop those traits which rendered her so lovely in after life. In the retirement of the country she enjoyed all the advantages of the most refined society; and amid rural scenes—the songs of birds, the varied beauties of the surrounding landscape, and the fresh and healthful breezes—she acquired an intense love of nature. The charities of her heart, too, were cherished by frequent visits and various

attentions to the sick and aged in the neighborhood. She was conducted regularly to the house of God, and was instructed in those branches of learning which were adapted to her years. Thus her life glided smoothly on till the eleventh year of her age, when her mother was married to Dr. Edward D. Roe, now an esteemed minister of Christ, and a member of the Ohio conference.

Mary was now called to leave the scenes and the friends of her childhood, so hallowed in her affections, and with her parents take up her abode in a land of strangers. With an aching heart she bade adieu to her early home. Gradually, however, her elastic spirit adapted itself to new scenes and associations; and her winning manners secured her friends wherever she became known. She entered now on the paths of learning with an earnestness and ability which soon placed her among the foremost in the pursuit of knowledge.

The winter of 1830-31 she spent with a relative in the city of Columbus; and there, under the ministry of the venerable Dr. Hoge, of the Presbyterian Church, she received her first permanent religious convictions. She then saw and felt her utter depravity, guilt, and misery, and her need of a personal interest in the atonement. During the following summer she obtained forgiveness of sins, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the ministry of Rev. William Young. From this period she was a conscientious, exemplary Christian.

In 1832 her step-father, Dr. Roe, joined the Ohio conference; and thus Mary, as well as her dear mother, became associated with the itinerancy. The following spring she was placed at school in Marietta, Ohio, to complete her academical education. There, as elsewhere, her gentle manners, discreet Christian deportment, and vigorous intellect, secured for her universal esteem.

In 1838 she was married to Rev. Cyrus Brooks, which proved to be a union of kindred spirits, and probably resulted in as much domestic happiness as often falls to the lot of mortals. She was thus called to occupy a new and highly responsible position, as a *wife*—the wife of a *minister*—of an *itinerant* minister. Her qualifications for this sphere of life will be noticed after tracing the facts of her biography.

The first two years after her marriage were spent very pleasantly at Chillicothe. Mr. Brooks was afterward appointed, in succession, to Newark, Portsmouth, Monroe, Urbana, Dayton, and Columbus charges, then to Hillsboro district, and last of all, in 1851, to the Columbus district, where Mrs. Brooks closed her pilgrimage. In these different fields of labor she endeared herself to large circles of admiring friends of our own and other Churches.

Her constitution, always delicate, had been greatly impaired by repeated and severe illness. Increasing family cares also drew heavily upon her strength, especially during the two years of Mr. Brooks's labors on Hillsboro district. Himself very feeble, and frequently subject to severe

suffering, he felt compelled to make long and rapid rides on her account, to reach his home; yet he was unavoidably abroad much of the time, so that a very heavy burden of domestic care fell on the feeble, but uncomplaining mother. Probably her heart had been diseased for several years; but not till about a year before her death was this alarmingly developed, when, for a season, her life was in great peril. But she rallied again, and was comfortable for some months. On his return from the last conference, in September, Mr. Brooks found her worse; and the labor and exposure of her removal to Columbus proved too much for her. She was soon confined to her room, and was not able to sit up much afterward. At first it was supposed her heart alone was affected, but it soon appeared that the lungs were also implicated. She continued steadily and rapidly to decline till Thursday, January 8th, when, at half-past twelve o'clock, she expired.

To one who never saw her, a just description of Mrs. Brooks would seem extravagant eulogy. Yet probably no description, however flattering it may seem, will do her justice. The beautiful symmetry of her character, as revealed in every feature, accent, and movement, can not be represented by the pen. To be appreciated it must have been seen in real life. Eccentricities of character, like the bolder forms of nature, can be more easily described than the evenly developed charms and virtues which, on careful observation, impress us with the idea of absolute loveliness—of a near approach to perfection. But difficult as the task is, I will invite a glance at Mrs. Brooks, as my heart—if I may say so—remembers her.

My acquaintance with her as Miss Davenport commenced, I think in 1837, when Dr. Roe was stationed in Cincinnati. She was then about twenty years of age. In our early interviews I was deeply interested in her general appearance. Her amiable and intellectual cast of features expressed in every line, and by every change, that extreme delicacy for which she was so remarkable. *Elegant simplicity* is the phrase, if I mistake not, precisely descriptive of her personal appearance; and this applies to her apparel, which was so selected and arranged as to indicate the most refined taste, not less than a due regard to Christian propriety. Her unassuming dignity and grace of manner threw around her an indescribable charm; and her whole bearing impressed me with a lively admiration of her, which our greater intimacy served to confirm and deepen.

But, as I must be frugal of words, I leave this topic to speak of her mind, which, on farther acquaintance, I found to be richly endowed by nature, and cultivated by a diligent use of her fair opportunities. When I say "richly endowed," I do not mean she was "a genius." This would have marred the symmetry of her character. But she had a *discriminating, well-balanced* mind. Her conversation and letters of friendship did not sparkle with electric lights, but charmed like the soft

hues of the rainbow. It was such a mind as fitted her to entertain and to edify, but not to surprise and overwhelm. In a word, it was such a mind as one admires to witness working out the happiest results, in its daily offices of a high and holy sphere—that of the prudent, affectionate wife; the watchful, prayerful mother; or the considerate Christian friend.

I need not make her native tempers a separate topic, since I have so often characterized them as amiable. Let this description be understood as intensive, and it will convey to the reader a just conception of her uniform gentleness and kindness. But, amiable as she was, her heart was depraved. She, too, must "be born again," or she could not "enter the kingdom of God." Does the young reader ask, "How can this thing be?" that one so innocent and lovely should be still guilty and depraved? The question is easily answered. Her gentleness and innocence had reference to mortals, but had no just regard to God. She loved her relatives and friends with a warm, confiding affection, but she *did not love God*. To the former her heart was all alive, but to Him who made and redeemed her, her affections were all dead; so that it might be said of her, as well as of some great moral offender—"dead in sin." Of this she became convinced, and sought and obtained that "new birth" without which she must have perished. Yet her innocent life—innocent not in regard to God—impressed somewhat her Christian character; for the light of God's Spirit, like the sun's ray, borrows a hue from the medium through which it passes, or the object from which it is reflected. Religion in such as Bunyan is a rich graft on a crabbed limb; while in one like Miss D. it is the same scion set in a very fair, yet bitter stock.

Miss D.'s convictions, though deep, were not so distressing as are often endured by flagrant sinners; so that she did not suddenly pass from a state of keen anguish to one of high spiritual rapture. Consequently, she was often, during the early part of her pilgrimage, perplexed in regard to her religious state. But she exemplified religion in her walk, if she did not fully realize its peace and joy. And in the progress of her experience, during a revival in one of her husband's charges, finding herself surrounded by a company of Christians, seeking, with one consent, a deeper work of the Holy Spirit, she joined them in the effort. At my first interview with her afterward, I found her faith greatly increased, her comfort strong; and, as far as I can learn, she thenceforward walked more fully in the light of God's countenance. Her husband says, "She then received such overwhelming evidence of her gracious state as greatly strengthened her ever afterward, and gave a more confident character to her subsequent experience."

The kingdom of God is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Some seek and obtain its righteousness whose faith does not afterward sufficiently advert to its office as bearing

to them the tender of a high beatitude. Christ restores Paradise in the soul that *fully* believes, and plants himself as the tree of life in the midst of the garden. There is in this Eden a river of life, with its several partings—as one may say—into the eminent Christian graces, one of which is *joy*. The Holy Spirit comes to “dress and to keep” this garden of the soul, striving to enrich it with refreshing fruitfulness. But how effectually does our distrust—a “failing of our faith”—obstruct this work! So it was with Mrs. Brooks. Though her hand was diligent, her faith, for years, was feeble. She wrought at duty, and watched for the means of grace. She offered the sacrifice of an eminently pure and well-ordered life. But her extreme timidity distrusted *Christ*, when it only aimed to distrust *self*, and this embarrassed the work of the Spirit in her heart. But how great was the change, when, with vigorous and determined faith, she gave herself more fully into God's care! She found that true Christian wisdom requires us not only to renounce *self by humility*, but to receive *Christ by faith*.

Mrs. Brooks had many rare qualifications for her sphere of life. The strength and the generous culture of her *mind* fitted her for companionship with a gifted minister of Christ. It was a penetrating mind, quick and almost unerring in its intuitions, patient in investigation, and sound in its judgments of persons and things. One who was well qualified to judge, declared that he “never knew a better critic of oral or written discourse.” She loved books, but selected them for use with careful discrimination, rejecting novels as moral poisons. This gifted intellect was veiled under a modesty so great that few, except familiar friends, were at all aware of her rich mental endowments.

She was remarkable for her *discretion*. The heart of her husband safely trusted in her. Seldom, if ever, did she offend with her tongue; and as her heart was a great deep of benevolent affection, she won many to her confidence, while she wounded and repelled none. Her tastes, so simple and refined; her transparent purity, which, blended with gentle dignity, silently rebuked where rebuke was necessary, and always pleased and edified the worthy; the whole circle of her moral and Christian virtues harmonizing with these tastes and endowments; and, to crown all, a cheerful fortitude, never intermitted, and which was heroic almost beyond example in the trials of her public station, in domestic afflictions, and amid personal perils and sufferings—all these constituted rare qualifications for her sphere of life.

If she failed in any particular—and “to err is human”—it was probably by too little activity in social religious meetings. In a letter from her bereaved husband, he suggests that she may have carried this to an extreme. He says, “Her diffidence and her humble views of her own religious attainments rendered her timid in her profession, and, joined with her natural reserve of character,

kept her from taking as prominent a part in the more public exercises of religion, as is sometimes expected of those in her position, and as would probably have been advantageous to herself and others. Yet she delighted in the means of grace, which, so far as circumstances allowed, she always attended. She was also constant in private devotions and in reading the word of God, and never, unless in case of sickness, neglected family worship in my absence. I have thought, if she had ventured forward more, she would have been more useful, and might have enjoyed a more assured experience in the religious life.”

She probably erred on this point; yet she had much to excuse, if not to justify her. To say nothing of that diffidence which led her to shrink from public observation, her constitution was feeble; and her multiplied domestic cares tasked it to the utmost. And though the social religious efforts of a minister's wife may greatly promote his usefulness, and prove a salutary example to her sisters in the Church, yet there are other duties which she must first perform, or her efforts abroad will not be acceptable. To move with meek Christian dignity amid the sacred scenes of home; to train her rising family for the duties of earth and the employments of heaven; with cheerful submission and fortitude to endure the privations of the itinerant life which must fall so heavily on her, and thus encourage the heart of her husband; with small means to throw around her dwelling the attractions which others procure by wealth and its resources; in a word, to make home, not only a little paradise, but also an oratory of devotion, in which her husband may find refreshment for both the body and the soul—these are among the most important duties of a minister's wife; and in these Mrs. Brooks was seldom, if ever, excelled.

And let it not be assumed that her example, on the whole, favors the neglect of social efforts in the cause of Christ. In her early Christian career, when her health was more firm, she was laboriously employed. At one period before her marriage, she taught in two Sabbath schools, besides regularly attending her Sabbath class and the public services of the church. Several of her scholars, for whose salvation she was greatly concerned, were brought to embrace Christ, and some of them preceded her to the land of rest. She also often joined her husband, when her strength enabled, in his pastoral visits, especially to the poor of the flock. And believing that he was called to the itinerant ministry, her words often reassured him in his work, while she never gave him the slightest encouragement to locate. With all her exemplary conjugal tenderness, she held him back from no necessary service, however painful or perilous. The cholera visited Columbus, and multitudes fled in every direction. She remained with her family, perfectly calm and cheerful, and dissuaded him from no pastoral duty or exposure, whether by day or by night. When, at length, the horrors of the

pestilence rose to such an appalling height in the doomed Penitentiary, and its poor victims were dying at the rate of one an hour, with an assured submission never to be forgotten, but remembered as an instance of sublime Christian heroism, she unhesitatingly consented that her beloved husband should go and bear the cordials of Gospel grace into the midst of its death-scenes. Surely the life of Mrs. Brooks lacks not a moral "Thermopylæ."

It remains to describe the closing scenes of a life so attractively pure and so courageously devoted to the service of the Lord. The following account is mostly in the language of her afflicted husband, sketched by request:

"When it became apparent that her disease must terminate fatally, perhaps suddenly, she passed through a severe conflict. She was attached to life, and enjoyed it with a lively relish, notwithstanding its toils and trials. The ties of friendship, of kindred, and especially of filial, conjugal, and maternal relations, bound her so strongly that nothing short of Omnipotence could sever them. And she feared that her spirit was not fit to mingle with the 'shining ones of the Celestial city,' and especially to 'stand in the presence of the King,' the God of infinite purity. But as the lamp of life waned, the lamp of grace in her heart burned with a clearer luster; and some two weeks before her departure she seemed, with full submission, to consecrate herself and her all to God. She always had a strong trust in Providence, and now she seemed to feel that, in calling her from her family, God especially assumed the responsibility of taking care of them. From this time, more than ever, our conversations were delightfully, mournfully interesting. O, how sweetly did she talk of the happiness of our union of thirteen years! How lovingly, and yet how submissively, did she speak of her children, her mother, her friends, and of the bliss of our eternal reunion in that land where there is 'no more death!' In my desolate heart I cherish the memory of these interviews as a legacy of untold value. She was always calm, and, up to the very hour of her death, thoughtful of every thing that could bear on the happiness of her family; yet, during the most of this time, she had occasional misgivings, and the closing up of her probationary privileges was not contemplated without intense solicitude. She had a lively sense of her condition as a *redeemed sinner*, and the hymn beginning,

'Rock of ages cleft for me,'

was peculiarly expressive of her feelings. She several times requested that it might be sung, and often repeated, with deep emotion,

'In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

"On Wednesday morning, the 7th of January, she sunk so low that it was thought she could not live through the day. She revived, however, and lingered a short time on the shore before she passed over. A little after noon of that day she had a severe conflict with the enemy, who, though he

could not destroy, still sought to rob her of her comfort. While some of us wrestled with God in prayer, our dear sister Brooks, of Mt. Auburn, [not a relative of Rev. C. Brooks,] who was providentially with us, was by her side encouraging her faith. Her victory was complete. From that time onward I could not discover that a shadow ever crossed her ark; and when questioned concerning her spiritual state, her reply almost uniformly was, 'Jesus is precious.' In the evening I had one of those delightful and, to me, intensely interesting conversations with her, which are now so hallowed in my memory. She spoke of the past and of the future—of the friends she had loved on earth, and the friends she would meet in heaven. And she spoke especially of the Savior, whose blood had redeemed, whose Spirit had regenerated, and whose grace had sustained her through life, and into whose glorious presence she was so soon to be admitted. We did not then expect her to live through the night. She continued, however, till noon the next day, when she felt that the hour of death was upon her. I was at the moment in an adjoining room, and she sent for me. She had already given her dying advice to her children, and had spoken with much feeling to her kind-hearted physician and other friends. She had also urged upon me fidelity in the ministry to my life's end. She had made all her arrangements, and had nothing now left but to take leave, for a time, of those whom she soon hoped to hail on the shores of immortality. And with characteristic delicacy, she now requested that all except myself would retire, while we should take leave of each other. The children then received her dying benediction and the last maternal embrace. Her affectionate farewell was finally extended to all, and she calmly awaited the last moment. And soon—alas! we felt too soon—it arrived. She raised both hands, and attempting to clasp them, breathed forth, in an almost inaudible whisper, 'O glory!' Her hands sunk gently down, her eyes became fixed, she gasped a few times, and was gone. There was no groan, no struggle, but she sweetly sunk to rest.

"For some hours a smile lingered upon her placid countenance; and a friend remarked, 'It seems the image of Jesus, which himself has stamped on the clay of his disciple.' Professor Merrick preached her funeral sermon to a large and interested auditory, from John xiv, 2; and the precious dust was laid away in the 'Green Lawn Cemetery,' there to rest till the resurrection."

She has met her departed friends; and among them "Angeline," in whose "Memoirs" are several letters to her "Dear Mary." They were both lovely in their lives, and victorious in death, by which they were not very long divided.

When we have a clear sky overhead, our hearts rejoice; but when it is rainy or cloudy, we feel cloudy in mind and sad at heart.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY FLEBSIUS.

CHAPTER X.

Jack Neale, a free colored man—Kidnapped by a slave-dealer—Carried to the Ohio river—Files off his fetters—Kills the slave-dealer, and escapes into Ohio—Arrested, and lodged in Kanawha county jail—Tried for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to death—His address to the Court before sentence—Reprieved by the Governor—His freedom proved—Is pardoned—Commences business in Charleston—Falsely accused of an assault—Receives a hundred lashes at the whipping-post—Returns to Maryland—Prosperity in business—Interview with W.—Notice of H. Buffner—Friendship between him and W.—Henry placed at an academy—His conversion—Graduates at Washington College—Studies divinity—Enters the ministry—Extract of a letter from him—Has charge of a congregation on the Kanawha—Letter from him to W.—President of Washington College—Brief notice of his subsequent course.

Among the juvenile reminiscences of the author of this autobiography, while a resident on the Kanawha, we find some notices of a free colored man, whose story is of some interest, on account of the cruel wrongs which he suffered, and his subsequent prosperity in business; and we give it to the reader.

Jack Neale was a descendant of the African race, a native of Maryland, near the District of Columbia. He was either free born, or, after he grew up, purchased his freedom, we do not now remember which. He learned in early life the business of a blacksmith, and wrought at it on his own account many years; during which time he married, and had a family of several children, and made, by his industry and attention to business, a comfortable and genteel support for his family, and was respected and esteemed by all.

While thus enjoying the blessings of freedom, and all the comforts of his own quiet home and the domestic circle, a heartless fiend—a slave-dealer—with his hired myrmidons, forced an entrance into Jack's house, one night in the autumn of 1802, dragged him out of his bed, handcuffed, fettered, bound, and gagged him, in the presence of his wife and children, whom they overawed into silence by threats; then throwing him into a light wagon, which they had ready at the door, they hurried him off to the Ohio river, at Wheeling, where, with several other negroes for the southern market, he was put on board a boat, and taken down the river. As soon as the gag was removed from Jack's mouth, he poured upon his cruel kidnapper a torrent of eloquent and bitter reproaches and appropriate epithets, the spontaneous ebullitions of the tumult of feeling which burst forth at the barbarous outrage committed on his personal rights and liberty, and warned the slave-dealer that the moment he got his liberty he would *take his life*.

In descending the Ohio river some humane person secretly furnished Jack with a file, with which, at night, when every one else on board was asleep, he cautiously filed his fetters and handcuffs so

nearly asunder that he could, at a favorable time, soon cut them off and free himself. The favorable moment occurred on reaching Gallipolis, four miles below the mouth of the Great Kanawha river, where the boat was moored to the bank for the night. About midnight, when all beside on board were locked up in sound slumber, Jack quickly severed the irons from his hands and feet; and having purposely noticed where the ax had been placed, he seized it, and approaching the kidnapper as he lay asleep in his berth, with one blow from his muscular arm, Jack buried the ax deep in his devoted head, and he was

"At once dispatched:

Cut off even in the blossom of his sin,
Unhouse'd, disappointed, unansea'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to his account
With all his imperfections on his head."

Jack then deliberately walked ashore, and took the highway leading back into the country, toward Chillicothe. He had gone but a few miles when the next morning he was pursued and overtaken by the sheriff and a posse of men. Jack gave battle, when surrounded and ordered to stop, and defended himself some time against fearful odds. But he was overpowered in the unequal contest, and knocked down and bound, and taken back to Gallipolis; and as the offense was committed within the jurisdiction of Virginia, he was taken to Charleston, and confined in the dungeon of Kanawha county, to await his trial.

Jack, as we have seen, meditated from the beginning the death of the man-stealer, who had, as he conceived, most justly forfeited his life by robbing him of that which he held dearer than life—his liberty—and dragging him away to be sold into perpetual bondage, and deprived of the privilege of ever again seeing, or even hearing of his wife and children. When freed from his fetters and chains on the boat, he could have made his escape without staining his own soul by imbruing his hands in the life-blood of a fellow-being. But the deep and all-pervading sense of the wrong he had suffered, he alleged, could be satisfied with nothing short of the terrible revenge which he took. And having accomplished the bloody deed, his vengeful spirit seemed appeased; and he never afterward spoke of the act otherwise than with an apparent self-satisfied complacency, that indicated a conscience at ease. And this view of the deed he steadily maintained, with evident sincerity.

At the County Court succeeding his arrest and imprisonment, Jack was indicted for murder in the first degree, and soon afterward put upon his trial before the Court and a jury, found guilty on his own admission, and sentence of death passed upon him. When called upon by the presiding judge to "show cause, if any he had, why sentence of death should not be passed upon him," he arose with all the dignity and self-possession which conscious innocence of crime and the justice of his cause could impart, and addressed the Court. Jack was

not tall, but had a heavy and compactly built frame, indicating great physical strength, a large head, and an intelligent countenance—the most intellectual and expressive we have ever seen in one of his race—such a countenance as we love to look upon and admire—as one in which the whole soul within is mirrored out. His personal appearance was remarkably commanding and dignified, his action, his gesticulation in speaking easy and natural, and his voice strong and yet musical and pleasant. In addition to all these, Jack was indued by his Creator with an order of intellect far above the average classes of his race. And had he been blessed with a good education, his name might have been inscribed on the rolls of fame and the pages of history as one of the most eloquent speakers and able writers of his day. He had

“A heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd.

But Knowledge to his eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Fenry repressed his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

But to return from our digression. Jack arose, as we said, to show to the Court cause why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He gave an account of his life, the obtaining of his freedom, his marriage, his children, his labors for their comfortable support, the happiness of his own humble home, and his fair prospects of the future. But these golden hopes, he said, were blasted forever—cut down in a moment. The spoiler came; deprived him of his liberty; dragged him forcibly and suddenly away from all he loved on earth, to reduce him to cruel and perpetual bondage, far away from those loved ones and that happy home he had spoken of. He gave a circumstantial account of what subsequently occurred, down to the details of the just retribution which, as he alleged, Providence had visited, by his own hands, upon the demon in human form, who was the author of the horrible wrongs he had suffered. He defended himself ably against the charge of “murder,” and pleaded in a forcible manner for his innocence in what he had done, as a case of clearly “justifiable homicide.” If his reasoning and arguments were clear and forcible—and they were such—his appeals to the feelings of the Court and the crowded audience which filled the court-house were irresistible. Although his speech was delivered in his own artless language, it told upon the hearts and sympathies of the audience with none the less effect. None who heard it could remain unmoved. The Court, the bar, the jury, the spectators—all—paid the tribute of unbidden tears to the power of the untutored eloquence of one of “nature's noblemen,” and all were convinced of the truth of his story. We regret that we have no report of this

address. If we had it to give the reader, we are sure it would, in true, effective, and touching eloquence, compare favorably with the celebrated appeal of the Irish patriot, Emmett, before the Court by which he was condemned to death.

After sentence was passed, the Court, the bar, the jury, and the spectators generally, united in an earnest petition to the Governor to grant a reprieve to Jack for three months, that time might be given to obtain legal proof of his freedom, and the confirmation of the facts of his case as related by him. The Governor promptly granted the reprieve. Under Jack's direction, his counsel obtained the necessary testimony to establish his right to freedom to the entire satisfaction of all. Another petition was then prepared, and numerously signed as before, strongly recommending the prisoner as a fit subject for executive clemency, and praying the Governor to grant a full pardon to him. The pardon was granted. And Jack was brought out of the dungeon and discharged.

For some reason, not now recollected, Jack did not immediately return to his old home in Maryland, but concluded, by the advice and persuasion of his new friends on the Kanawha, to remain awhile, and resume his trade as a blacksmith. Accordingly, he procured a set of tools, and opened shop in Charleston, and pursued his business as a blacksmith. Being a good workman and attentive to his business, he had as much as he could do, and won the esteem and respect of all his customers and neighbors.

One day—September 13, 1805, as we find noted by W. in his memorandum book—a countryman purchased a hoe from Jack, and, without paying, walked off with it. Jack told the man that he sold only for cash, and that payment for the hoe must be made before he could allow it to be taken away. The man cursed Jack, refused to pay, and walked on. Jack followed and remonstrated, but to no effect, except the additional curses of the other. Seeing nothing was to be gained by expostulation, Jack took the hoe out of the man's hand, and returned with it to his shop. This was too much to be borne with from the “black rascal;” and the knave from whom the hoe was taken went immediately to a magistrate, and took out a warrant for the arrest of Jack for “assault and battery,” and put it into the hands of the sheriff to execute. Jack had, in the mean time, been advised of what had been done; and when the sheriff called on him Jack desired him to stand off, as he would not be taken but by force. Jack was well aware of the penalty incurred by the offense when committed by a “nigger.” And his independent spirit was roused by the wrong attempted by the countryman, and by the thought of the ignominy he was doomed to suffer, for no real cause, at the “whipping-post,” and he determined to defend himself to the last. The sheriff then summoned a posse of some six or eight stout men, and went in pursuit of Jack, who had in the mean time retired

across Elk river, till he could make some preparations to escape the following night, and leave the Kanawha forever. But the sheriff had received information of his whereabouts, and with his posse surrounded his place of concealment, and commanded him to surrender. Jack was a man of almost giant strength, and could have kept the sheriff and posse at bay in a fair contest of muscular strength. But being surrounded on all sides, he received a blow from behind with a heavy club, which felled him to the earth, and so stunned him that, before he could recover, he was overpowered, bound fast, and dragged before 'Squire O., a magistrate from the country, who happened to be in town. On the *ex parte* testimony of the man who attempted to carry off the hoe, Jack was sentenced by the 'Squire to receive *one hundred lashes* on his naked back! and the sheriff was ordered by the 'Squire to administer them forthwith, at the "whipping-post," in the open court-house yard. The sheriff, after stripping Jack, bound his arms fast with a cord around the whipping-post, and procuring a long, heavy "cowhide"—a hard leather thong made of a strip of ox hide, twisted like a rope—and taking his position, he commenced the stripes upon the broad, naked back of the unfortunate criminal. Being a humane and feeling man, he went at the cruel task imposed upon him with evident reluctance and emotion, and administered six or eight stripes, not very heavily laid on. 'Squire O., who was standing beside the sheriff, becoming indignant at the humane leniency shown by him, seized the cowhide out of the sheriff's hand, and rudely pushing him aside, assumed the office of executioner in addition to that of judge, and laid on the remaining stripes himself! This he did with so much earnest zeal that the blood flowed at every stroke from the lacerated back of the poor innocent sufferer. When the 'Squire had counted out the round hundred lashes, Jack turned toward him, and with a significant shake of his head, and an expression of countenance suited to the word, said to him: "*I'll mark you for this, 'Squire! So you had better keep out of my way.*" This was hint enough for the 'Squire. He *did* keep out of Jack's way; and from that time, while Jack remained on the Kanawha, whenever the 'Squire came to town, he always carried his rifle with him. So soon as Jack was unbound from the whipping-post, before putting on his clothes, he had his back sponged with whisky, regardless of the temporary suffering which it caused.

Jack continued his business on the Kanawha but a few weeks after this. His lofty and independent spirit still smarted under a sense of the inhuman treatment he had suffered, and the ignominy which he imagined followed him. Becoming dispirited and discontented, he closed up his business, and returned to Maryland.

Some ten years after Jack left the Kanawha, W. was standing one day on the wharf at Georgetown, District of Columbia, looking at the shipping,

when an athletic, gentlemanly colored man stepped up to him, and came in hand, and his hat under his arm, accosted him:

"Why, master W., is this you? I am very glad to see you, master! How do you do?"

"My good fellow, you have the advantage of me. I do not recollect you. Where and when did you know me?"

"Why, master W., don't you remember *Jack Neale*, who was your near neighbor in Charleston, on the Kanawha river, ten years ago, and who made your cooper's tools when you was a boy?"

"Why, Jack! is it you?" grasping his hand cordially. "I am glad to find you here, and to see you look so well. Tell me, where have you been these ten years, since you left the Kanawha? and what have you been doing, and how are you getting along?"

To all these questions Jack gave very satisfactory answers, with an account of himself, down to the present time. He was now in very profitable business as "stevedore" on the Georgetown wharf, and had about thirty other negroes in his employment, in lading vessels under his direction and superintendence. He had brought his family to Georgetown, and was living in easy circumstances—quite the gentleman. The last time W. saw Jack was near a year after this interview, when he met him one day on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington City. The "stevedore" was walking, cane in hand, at the head of about a score of stout negroes, who were trudging along in single file, some six feet apart, with a nine-inch cable on their shoulders, which they were taking from Georgetown to the United States Navy-Yard, for one of the vessels of war at anchor there.

During his sojourn on the Kanawha, W. formed an intimate acquaintance with a congenial spirit, a son of David Ruffner, Esq., resident half a mile above Charleston, on the river. Henry Ruffner, the boy we allude to, was some four years the junior of W.; but his sober-mindedness and steady habits, his love of books, and the pursuit of knowledge, seemed to annihilate the difference in age. In their tastes and in their feebly aided desires for mental improvement, as well as in their recreations and amusements, and their views and feelings in general, the hearts of these two juvenile friends beat in unison, and they sought and enjoyed each other's company as much as the proper attention to their daily avocations permitted. And after W. left the Kanawha, in 1807, they maintained, with some interruption, a written correspondence for many years. We hesitated, when we commenced this paragraph, about giving the reader the name of this young friend of W., as he is still living. But as we write in all kindness to him, and cherish the recollections of our youthful association and friendship, we hope the reverend Doctor—for he has long been a distinguished divine in the Presbyterian Church—will pardon the liberty we have

taken. We propose nothing more here than a very brief notice of his gradation from the poor farmer boy—or "clohopper," as he called himself—to the learned and able divine and distinguished author.

At about the age of twenty years, at his own earnest desire, his father took him from the farm and placed him at an academy in Lewisburg, in the adjoining county of Greenbrier. While here his youthful mind was drawn to the path of life, and he became a subject of the regenerating grace of God, and connected himself with the Presbyterian Church, thenceforward adorning his profession by a godly walk and chaste conversation. His mind was soon strongly inclined to the work of the ministry; and after due consideration of the matter, he determined to devote himself to that high and holy calling. From Lewisburg he was transferred to Washington College, Lexington, Va., where, after completing his literary education and graduating, he spent two years more in the study of divinity, and then entered the field of the ministry in the Presbyterian Church.

While here as student, in one of his letters to his friend W., dated Lexington, June 6, 1812, he writes:

"While drinking at the Castalian fount, I almost forget to raise my head, and view the passing scenes of real life, and grow inattentive to the calls of social friendship; yet I have not lost the tender feelings of nature. The remembrance of my old friends and companions is still 'pleasant and mournful to my soul;' and as soon shall the mother forget her child as I the friends of my youth.

"You ask me what profession I have chosen. About eighteen months ago it pleased God, my heavenly Father, to awaken me to a sense of my lost condition, and, after some severe trials, to give me a feeling interest in the Redeemer's love. I have, in gratitude, determined to devote my time and feeble talents to his service. The doctrine and practice of the Presbyterians please me best. I have, therefore, united myself to them. My plan is to continue at the study of general science till I shall accomplish a thorough literary course, which I will complete in eighteen months, and have considerable leisure time for reading divinity. I then intend to study divinity two years before I set out. I shall then have nearly reached my twenty-sixth year. A serious task! But he who wishes to be eminently useful must be patiently industrious."

After completing his theological course above indicated, Mr. Ruffner traveled a year or more through various parts of the country, and afterward ministered for some time to a congregation on the Kanawha, at the Salines, we believe.

The reader—and we hope the writer of it, too—will pardon us for inserting here one of his letters entire—omitting a short paragraph of local concern—as an example of his friendly and social feelings—"the genial current of his soul."

"KANAWHA SALT WORKS, FEB. 9, 1816.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Looking over some of my old papers the other day, I cast my eye on an old letter, the superscription of which was in your handwriting. Instantly a hundred recollections rushed into my head. I picked it up and read it. It is a memorial, as well as a part, of our former correspondence. I ransacked all my papers, and found seven or eight more—nearly all of the letters which I received from you. A reperusal of some of them made me say to myself, 'How comes it that this correspondence has been dropped? Surely it ought not so to be.' So I was resolved that it should be so no longer—at least, through my neglect. It is needless for me to inquire into the cause of said suspension of intercourse—whether through laziness that was mutual, or laziness that was singular—since I feel satisfied this, and not disregard, was the cause. How could it have been any personal disregard, as we were the friends of each other's youth; and though, in that hot-headed period of life, we were associated for years together, we had never had, to my remembrance, even the slightest alteration? On the contrary, our habits and our tastes were in many important respects similar. The same inclination toward literary pursuits was visible in us both. In the practice of virtue you were my superior; yet I, perhaps, equally felt its excellence. In some other respects—too tedious to mention—I have always thought you peculiarly calculated to be my friend. But somehow or other a frequent change of residence, at different seminaries, where new acquaintances were constantly accumulating, drove you partially out of the habitual current of my thoughts, and I consequently grew less attentive as a correspondent. Whether a like cause has made you any the less desirous to continue our intercourse, be your own self the judge. As for me, I can assure you—and your knowledge of human nature will render you more convincible of the fact—that my return to Kanawha has led me habitually to remember old times, and with them old friends. And where long experience has assured me of the real worth of those friends, my affection for them has returned with renewed vehemence.

"Your first letter to me from Chillicothe is dated May 31, 1807, and gives an entertaining history of your voyage from this county thither. Dear me! what a busy old fellow Time is! That event—your removal to Chillicothe—seems but a little while past; and yet it is nearly nine years. When I glance rapidly over my intervening transactions, I seem to have been doing this, that, and t'other thing, and going here, and there, and every-where. You left me, in 1807, a farmer's boy, going on seventeen years of age, full of the wild sport of youth, and yet a little tinctured with the sober thoughts of manhood—now working, now swimming, now raccoon hunting, now reading, etc. How could I or any body else have imagined for me that I was to be any thing else than a clohopper all my

days! I worked in the fields a year or two; then with my father in sinking hollow sycamore-trees into the mud, till we were all sick of it. Providence had so arranged matters, however, that I should be taken from the plow and the river mud and sent to Greenbrier. Here I got at it when in my twentieth year; and here I found my element. Next, He that opens the eyes of the blind was pleased to exercise his mercy toward me. After long consideration, the ministry is not only within my reach, but is my choice. I went thence to Lexington, where I finished a course of education, which, when we parted in 1807, I never dreamed of obtaining. Next, I traveled through western and through eastern lands, and have returned to Kanawha, where I now expect to settle. You have also been bustling about a good deal, and, as I learn, have got back again to your old stand. [Mr. W. had removed to Washington City in 1814, but returned to Chillicothe the following year.] Well, suppose we turn in, like clever fellows, and write each other regularly, at least, if not very frequently. God has been truly good to us, in bringing us through so many troublous years of life in health and safety. May my conduct prove my gratitude! I write this in the hope that you and family are well. May I soon see from under your own hand the confirmation of my hope! Write me about yourself, your family—father, brothers, etc. You see what an egotist I am in this letter. I claim your excuse from my anxiety to hear of yourself, etc.

"Don't you think I'm married! No such good luck. I fell in love with a young lady in Greenbrier, when I was a student there. She encouraged me, till I was over head and ears, and then jilted me, and immediately married another. I soon got cured of my ailment, however; but the application that was put to the wound proved so thoroughly effectual, that it not only healed it, but so hardened the seat of it, that ever since the fiery darts even of a first-rate beauty make no impression!

"I live in a little house a few yards from my father's, and lead, I might say, a kind of amphibious life—part hermit and part a social being. My house is so solitary that I can't get even a cat to stay with me. Yet I go out when it suits me, and mingle with our family and friends.

"But I must conclude. Pray give my respects to your father, if living, and your brothers; but particularly to Mrs. W., whom I remember with great regard.

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRY RUFFNER."

We copy the following paragraph from another of his letters, dated "Kanawha Salt Works, July 10, 1816:"

"As to myself, I can only say, that I am engaged in trying to persuade the people of this country 'to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God.' No remarkable success has hitherto attended my preaching; yet I am not altogether unrewarded by the 'Giver of every good and

perfect gift,' since I can perceive a manifest change of moral conduct, and of the general bias of sentiment in regard to religion among us. In some cases hopeful impressions have been made—particularly among the female part of my audiences, who are in general much less given to sordid pursuits than the men. I trust that God will yet have mercy upon us, and send us a season of refreshing from his presence to cheer this dry and barren ground."

After ministering some time to the congregation on the Kanawha, Mr. Ruffner was called to the Presidency of Washington College, at which he had graduated. This was a mere appropriate sphere for the exercise of his talents, and he soon became distinguished as an able divine and as a polemic writer. The degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred on him while at the head of the College above named. In the philanthropic movements and reforms in his native state he took, we believe, a prominent part, and mainly contributed, a few years ago, in giving such an impulse to the cause of human freedom in Western Virginia. He lately published an elaborate work, entitled "Fathers of the Desert," in two volumes, which we have not seen, and can not speak of its merits. The reverend Doctor has, we believe, retired from public life, and is now enjoying a "green old age" at his native home.

A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLOVERWORM."

Once kneeling with my soul alone,
When all was dark as dark may be,
A great light round about me shone,
And God the Spirit came to me.

Along my garden where there grew
Sharp thistles at the daylight's close,
In the clear morning, wet with dew,
Came up the cedar and the rose.

Ambition, pride—how dwarfed and vain!
And from my forehead, bowed in prayer,
Fell off the burning crown of pain,
And God the Son was with me there.

No more with sinful sorrow bowed,
How pleasant seemed the Christian strife!
The angel coming in the cloud
Had brightened all the hills of life.

I saw the bruised serpent go
From Eden, lately darkly dim;
Man to his ancient stature grow,
And God the Father talk with him.

Was some great inspiration there
That o'er me never more shall be?
Or could I make my life as fair
As in that vision, Holy Three?

DUTIES AND BEAUTIES OF LIFE.

BY ALICE GARREY.

LIFE, even when limited to this continent of being, is a solemn, a wonderful thing—full of light and darkness, hopes and fears, loves and hatreds, happiness and misery. It is a great thing to live this little mortal life that is so soon rounded by a sleep.

I have small sympathy with the theories which teach that this world is nothing—a vast charnel where we must needs bear the burden of existence for a time, looking with rejoicing toward the grave, and saddening every prospect of beauty with remembrance of the shroud. Life, to me, seems a great thing, regarding the dumb silence that awaits us as unending; but with the blue heavens above us and God over all, earth the dim court of eternity, and life stretching out into immortal vistas—what shall I say of it!

True, our humanity is bewildered with dreams and met ever by disappointments; thorns smite our foreheads as we press forward, and tear our flesh; stones bruise our feet, and steep rocks lift themselves up and stay us back. But white blossoms cluster on the tree of thorns, and fragrance mingles in the cool shadow it drops at our feet. Veins of gold run through the rough stones that bruise us, and in the rocks that lift themselves against us the lichen takes root and the young eagle is hatched.

Death is a busy worker in our midst, and the hills are furrowed with graves; but why should their shadows chill our hearts, when we feel and know that under their dark arching we pass into larger and serener life? But, as I said at first, if the frail thread of being were cut short forever there, and the soul fell into ruins which Omnipotence might not speak back into life, why, in the pleasant sunshine, should we seem to feel the sifting of the dust on our heads, and, among the dews of morning, the cold slab pressing on our bosoms? A little way back there is a time when we had no existence, but in that thought there is no bitterness; and if a little way forward it must be the same, shrink as nature must from annihilation, it were not enough to darken and chill the excellent sunshine and the blessed and beautiful love of life.

Putting aside the large aims and high aspirations of the soul—shutting up the melody of genius down deep from the faintest echo, lock not only the palace gate, but close, too, the rich man's house against me, leave me only the low roof and the humble hearth,

“With one to whisper, sweet is solitude,”

and defying chance, and change, and death, I will be happy. The hearth-light, and the sunlight, and the heart-light—are they not enough? The singing bird without, and the rocking cradle within—the simplest meed of praise from the lips that to us have spoken no harsh nor upbraiding words—how pleasant a thing it is!

How much even one hour of happiness is worth! and what little things they are that make us happy! We are too much given to sigh for the far off and the unattained, when right around and within us are the means and the sources from which we might draw if we would. If we are circumscribed by circumstances, so much greater the necessity for our making the little means in our power conducive to our being's aim. We do not know how to live; we do not feel the value of mortality. If it were the idle thing which the creeds teach, it would never have been given. But even the hairs of our heads are numbered, and a sparrow falleth not to the ground which our heavenly Father doth not see: and are not we of more value than many sparrows? Faithless, faithless are we to ourselves.

I would not be understood as teaching the doctrine that no thought should be given to the higher world and the larger life. Far from it.

“’Tis vastly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.”

And it is also wise to act with reference to our immortal destiny—to teach the spirit's wing an upward flight; but not with long fasting and painful penances—not by disfiguring our countenances, as though the mighty burden of the whole world's sins were upon our souls. This is a beautiful world. God himself has pronounced it good; and shall we reproach him for the blessed boon of existence here, with unthankful murmurs and looks of hard and painful endurance? But though it is well to think of death, and wise to shape into beauty our destiny of immortality, our duties while in the world are mainly with the world. When there is nothing more for us to do, the shears of death will clip the brittle thread, and another sphere fit our souls for other uses.

Our duties, as I understand them, are mostly here; and duty should be pleasure—not the hard, dry performance of a routine, nor yet even patient endurance, as of a soul passing under the rod. Few of us are so weighed down with burdens that we have no room in our bosoms to shelter some heart; and in hearing the beatings of our own echoed in another, there is the very ecstasy of bliss.

“Happy, happier far than thou
With the laurel on thy brow,
She who makes the humble hearth
Lovely but to one on earth.”

And well the sweet poet understood the needs of humanity. “It is a little thing to give a cup of water.” What hands are so weak or so shortened that they may not reach to some wayside spring, and proffer the draught of cool refreshment that to the fevered lip is so sweet? What heart is there that would be cramped or injured by tendering to another the kindness of a smile, the word of love and affection, and the promise of commiseration and pity? *Could* such a course in any wise make the heart worse? rather, would it not altogether better it?

The marble fountain, with its shadowing flowers

and elegant surroundings, may be away before us and above us; but the waters are neither cooler nor brighter than those which at our feet bubble among the mossy stones.

Why should I tear my flesh and bruise my feet
Climbing for roses, when from where I stand,
Down the green meadow, I may reach my hand
And pluck them off as well?

Book-making is good, if the work be well done; otherwise the blank paper were better never soiled. To be an author is not necessarily to be wise; yet half the world has gone aside from its legitimate province in this way; for the best we can say of very many volumes that crowd the shelves, and ornament with their pretty covers the parlor or the study, is that they are harmless. But what is termed light literature, taking it for all in all, does vastly more harm than good. Truth may be conveyed and high morality inculcated in romance as well as history; for romance to be worth any thing must be the history of a human soul; and though the precise combination of circumstances which the author's hand brings together may not, in the realm of reality, have occurred, if they be not such as are probable, such as might have been, what good is in them?

Books which mirror truth, whether we call them romances or didactics, will do their work, no matter what may be said or done to strip our literature to the bare realities.

Certainly, truth is stranger than fiction; and the book containing most truth is the strangest book, after all. "Pictures of human lives," says Carlyle, "are of all things the welcomest on human walls."

I would not have you all reading romance, nor all writing romance; but I would not have you burn the wheat because of the chaff, or pluck from the sides of your path the flowers because weeds have sprung up among them.

Whatever is good, no matter where we find it, let us retain. We have need of it; for life is sweetened thereby. All fiction is not bad—else what becomes of the poetry of Milton? shall we blot out his starry inspirations?

I must not be understood by this writing to make any plea for the great mass of fictitious romance—a sort of rubbish the world could do very well without—which, indeed, it were much better without. In fact, it is an ugly deformity which comes into our houses, and, though it frightens our youths and maidens, is eagerly embraced, and with which they go away from all sober and wholesome duty into unsubstantial realms, filled with horrible crimes and distorted loves, hair-breadth escapes and all utter impossibilities.

It were good to hang a millstone about the neck of this thing, and to cast it into the sea. "But what is all this episode for?" says the reader. My friend, it is an episode bearing on our subject. I would have you neglect nothing that could make you happier and wiser—humanity is not a small thing about which we can afford to be indifferent.

But there are many good works for us to do besides the writing even of books that are books—many profitable employments beside the reading of such; nor need we, to engage in them, "decline upon a range of lower feeling." We are not all mind, that the mind should only be cared for. It is well to go up into the mountain of intellect with Milton, and Keats, and Coleridge, and all the long bright array who, though now silent, have made the world musical with sweet echoes. But it is, also, well to speak the soft word that turneth away wrath, or to remove the small stone that makes the little child stumble.

They are, perhaps, best of whom "Fame speaks not with her clarion voice." The hand that mixes the cordial and trims the lamp by the sick bed, though no poet may ever sing its praises, doeth a good part that shall not be taken away from it.

It is not mean nor contemptible to do whatever work our sphere and station and time and chance require, and to do it well—whether it be the building of a temple or the mixing of bread. The fanning of the wood fire and the taming of the lightning to use both are good in their place, and help to make life the great and beautiful thing it is. Every kindly act, every great thought, is so much gained for time and eternity.

It is said that from the pebble dropped in the middle seas the circles widen, and widen, and gather strength, till they dash themselves in great waves upon the shore. And the little pebbles of good words and works—who shall calculate their results!

The astronomer, "when a new planet swims into his ken," feels a thrill of superhuman delight; but does not the mother, of whom only her two or three neighbors know, experience as deep a joy when the young immortal smiles in her bosom?

Little children beautify and purify the world—in the mouths of babes and sucklings there is strength. In their weakness we grow strong; in their ignorance we gather wisdom. Cherish them and love them; they are beautifullest of all things in their time.

Railroads, telegraphs, ships, and river boats—these are wonderful devices, helping to bind nation to nation with stronger than iron bands, and lifting us more and more into purer atmospheres and larger views. Ah, there are more things in this dim speck which men call earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy of most of us.

Plowing the ocean and furrowing the garden and the cornfield, turning and overturning the old with the mighty hand of a Luther, or working at the kneading-trough with the provident housewife—all these are full of excellences, and right and good for us to do according to our powers. To do with our might whatever our hands find to do, is the true philosophy of life. This is the basis on which stand all time-defying structures, whether buildings of rhyme or marble.

Our position may be humble, and our sphere

narrow, but the windows of the sky are open, and we sin against the light, if we fail to do that which we find to do.

God has made a beautiful and good world; and in giving us being here is a warranty that we have something here to do—something more than idling because we can not do more—something more than groaning because earth is not heaven. On the barest common we may see the coming up and going down of the sun—glory before which the robes of royalty pale. In loving we may find love—and what is the upper world but its fullness and perfection?

SCHOOL REMINISCENCE.

—
BY A. H. GUY.
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THE session was nearly at an end. Examination was at hand, then came exhibition, and the session would close. It was midsummer, and nature was all inviting to the student, who had been closely confined from the dreary days of winter. The vernal flowers had come and gone, and the harvest was calling forth the laborers, which was more pleasant than study at such a season. Books were attractive; but the fruitful earth, glowing under the radiant sun, was more attractive. Many tedious months formed an attachment among the students easily discernible; and though the parting would sever these associations, yet all were eager to be free to go to their rural homes. The prospect was pleasing, though mingled with regret. In ten stirring days they would part, perhaps to meet again. But, alas! there was one whose earthly sojourn was short; for affliction threw him on a couch from which human skill could never raise him. He was wedded to his studies: he was at them when rosy morn blushed in the east; he was at them when the din of day was hushed, and night's soft curtains fall round the abode of man. The midnight taper often told the story of his labors; for he toiled while others slept. That his system must fail under such intense application there was no doubt, and, perhaps, before he was aware. He proudly pressed forward, surmounting every obstacle that fell in his pathway, and, like the eagle, darted onward in advance of all pursuers. Superior talent always gave him the mastery; and though triumphant, he modestly pretended that it was accidental. Conscious of his powers, he claimed no servile regard; truth was the motto of his life and actions. With a sympathizing heart and a gentle disposition, he was never guilty of intolerance; nor was he a slave to appetite or passion. So unassuming in his manner, an acquaintance was necessary to appreciate his worth. Candor and sincerity were admirable traits in his character, and never better exhibited than when replying to the arguments of an opponent. His mild and generous spirit always

gained him friends; and so cheerful was his temper that it infused a common joy into all.

The clay shackles that trammel the pent energies of the mind must break loose, and the mortal coil, too heavy a clog, must molder back to dust. The temporal house is too much a prison for the inclosure of an immortal spirit seeking to be free. The valedictory was allotted him, and he was further requested to prepare an address on some subject of his choice. Medical science was selected. The mental excitement produced engendered a fever. Circumstances demanded a severe effort on his part; for all had formed no mean opinion of his ability. His was truly a master-spirit, and the speeches prepared were redolent of thought. But enough. Let us go to the bedside. There he lies all emaciate—the body wasting, the spirit fluttering. What study had not done, fever is doing. But still he thinks, as he repeats to himself his addresses, that he will be able to perform his part. Fatal mistake! Delirium fixes on the brain; his thoughts run wild. Where is the mother to wipe the death-dew from the brow of her much-loved son? She is not there. The physician and a few associates have gathered around. She is far away, preparing to receive him in arms of joy. It is a long time since he left home. How long the days seem! She never dreams that she has extended to Wesley the last welcome—that she has administered the last time to his comfort. The sun is going down at the gates of the west. One beam streams through the lattice, and it sets; but that beam fell on the bed where the young man lies in peaceful repose. No more will his feet press the hearth where most of his youthful days were spent. No more will the companions of his boyhood greet him.

A messenger rode night and day till he reached the parental domicile, and there told the sad intelligence of the death of the fair one. Truly do they feel that their brightest hope has perished. Father and son go to bring home the remains, to give burial where they may plant evergreens and train flowers of affection. It was midnight, and dim stars alone looked out upon the scene, when the forgotten form was borne away. The father gave utterance to words like these: "Kind young friends, you can form no conception of the paternal feeling on this occasion. My life was bound up in his; and what went ill with him was not less so with me. You have done all you could do. You have been faithful in life and in death. I could ask no more. May God ever save you from a sorrow like this! I thank you. Farewell!" I wish never to witness another scene like this. It is full of thought and useful meditation. Uncertain are human hopes and expectations.

It may be added, that the students passed resolutions expressive of their feeling; and the common dejection, acting like a panic, stopped the examination, and when the day of exhibition came the seminary was deserted.

ENOCH GEORGE.

—
BY PROFESSOR ZABARENE.
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In the north-eastern part of Virginia, on the shores of the Chesapeake, between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, was born, in the year 1768, Enoch George. His mother dying when he was yet young, he was brought up to boyhood under the care of his elder sister. His father was a planter, occupying the poor and slave-worn lands of Eastern Virginia, and subject to all the embarrassments and difficulties of maintaining his family in a country rendered, by injudicious cultivation, so sterile, as hardly to support a respectable colony of grasshoppers. To better his condition, he was even on the point of emigrating to the more fertile lands of Kentucky, but never accomplished his purpose. He, however, removed frequently short distances, having resided, during the childhood and youth of his son, in the counties of Lancaster, Sussex, Dinwiddie, and Brunswick. The family were members of the Episcopal Church, and were about as religious as Episcopalians of that day usually were—sufficiently religious to go to Church and say prayers on the Sabbath, and to live like people of the world the rest of the week. Mr. George, however, seems to have belonged to the better sort of men, and taught his son to be diligent in business, thereby securing to him stability of constitution, and a love for manly independence.

The young man seems not to have had any correct notions of Christian experience, or to have received any permanent serious impressions till he removed to Dinwiddie county, where he sat under the ministry of Rev. Devereux Jarrett, an evangelical minister of the Church,

“Faithful friend
Among the faithless; faithful only he
Among innumerable false.”

This gentleman had been awakened to a sense of his lost and guilty condition as a sinner by reading one of Mr. Flavel's sermons, and after a long course of mental discipline, and severe strugglings of spirit, he was converted, and justified by faith. He prepared for the ministry, and went to England for ordination. While in London he preached with such seal and effect, that they called him a *Methodist*. Returning home to America, he settled in Bath, Va., where he soon distinguished himself as a faithful and successful preacher. He traveled into other parishes, and other counties, preaching the word of life. When Asbury and his coadjutors began to travel over Virginia, Mr. Jarrett hospitably received them, kindly aided them, and heroically defended them against persecution. He was made the instrument of turning many to righteousness. He introduced, so far as he could, Methodist usages, particularly class meetings, into his parish. But his efforts to do good were greatly restrained and impeded by the resistive atmosphere of formal

ceremony and bigoted opposition with which he had to contend.

Under the ministry of Mr. Jarrett, George became a deeply serious and anxious inquirer for truth. But removing to another parish, where the people and preacher were equally ignorant of religion, and regardless of morality, he lost his love for evangelical truth, his anxiety for salvation diminished, and his serious impressions wore away. He became gay, thoughtless, fond of fun and frolic, and disposed to ridicule all who made religion a matter of serious concern.

But Providence sent to the neighborhood a man, who was appointed the honored instrument of the awakening and converting of George, of M'Kendree, and of thousands more, who lived an honor to humanity, and died in the triumphs of faith. Rev. John Easter, “the son of thunder,” came along the plantations of the Old Dominion, and all the world was overwhelmed by his power, and conquered by his eloquence. Among others, the father and the step-mother of George went to hear the renowned and eloquent Methodist. But he himself could not descend so greatly as to go to hear a Methodist preacher. He had been taught to believe the Methodists “an idle, lazy, enthusiastic set of tories, whom King George had sent over from England to sow the seeds of discord among the citizens of America.” While his father and mother were gone to the Methodist meeting, he spent the time in preparing some biting sarcasms against the preacher, the people, and their practices. He had his satirical epithets all pointed, and his sarcastic thrusts all ready, intending, the moment the family returned, to commence the attack, and demolish at once all the labors of Methodism in that quarter. Attempting to carry out his plan, he was arrested in the very midst of a sarcasm by the earnest look and stern voice of his father, saying to him, with uncommon decision, “Sir, let me never hear any thing of that nature escape your lips again.” This reproof, so serious, so unexpected, brought him to a crisis. He perceived his father was in earnest. He concluded something strange must have come over the spirit of the old gentleman. He at once, therefore, resolved to go himself to the Methodist meeting, and see what influences had been brought to bear on the family and the neighborhood. Arriving at the chapel, he found it densely crowded. Having succeeded, with much difficulty, in securing a seat, he prepared to listen and to observe. A stranger conducted the services, and preached a sermon. During singing, prayer, and preaching, George remained careless and unmoved. But no sooner was the sermon finished, than the veritable John Easter himself arose, and began to exhort. “His word was clothed with power, the astonished multitude trembled, and many fell down and cried out aloud.” Some who were sitting near George fell from their seats. One came near falling on him. He attempted to escape, but found himself unable. When his

consternation had slightly subsided, he gathered all his strength, braced up his nerves, and fled from the house, resolved never again to be caught at a Methodist meeting.

The next day his companions and acquaintance came along, and invited him to go again with them to meeting. He surlily and contemptuously refused. His father, however, interposed his authority, saying, "Go, my son." Parental authority he never hesitated to obey. He went, listened, and was convicted. "It pleased the Lord on that day to open his eyes, and turn him from darkness to light by the ministry of the word." He was unwilling to become a Christian in the way sanctioned by Providence. Day and night he cried to the Lord. He went from meeting to meeting; he wandered over the fields; he rambled in the woods, every-where seeking rest for his soul. One Sabbath, after meeting, he retired all alone to the forests, and there, in humble penitence and deep contrition, knelt before the Lord, and prayed, earnestly prayed, for peace and for pardon. And there, while on his knees, he received "forgiveness of sins, by faith in Jesus Christ, and the witness of the Spirit." There he "tasted that the Lord is gracious." He felt grace in his heart, God in man, heaven on earth. He seemed in a heavenly place. All around him, "each shrub, each leaf, each flower, spoke the praises of the Father, who made them all."

On the first opportunity that occurred he joined the Methodist Society, and began in earnest to lead a religious life. His father, though a member of the Society, not feeling free to pray in the family, excusing himself on the plea of "want of gifts," Enoch began to lead the family devotions. Visiting from house, he would pray wherever invited, not hesitating, though young, and without experience. A revival commenced in the school which he was attending, and he assisted his teacher in conducting prayer meetings during hours of recess. He was also called on to assist in conducting the public prayer meetings. Thus, in a very few days after his conversion, he became an evangelist, going about doing good, and improving the talent which the Lord had given him to aid others in securing the blessings which he had obtained.

So promising appeared his talents, that his friends began to think he ought to preach. They advised him to begin by exhorting in public after the sermon. But he could not think of this. His friends therefore resorted to stratagem to draw him on. They induced the circuit preacher to call on him after sermon at one of his appointments for an exhortation. He got wind of the plot; and though he did not like to absent himself from meeting, yet he thought, by going late, and hiding himself in an obscure corner of the house, to escape notice. The preacher, however, suspecting he might be present, though he could not discern him, as it was evening, called on him by name for an exhortation. No sooner had the poor fellow heard his name

called, than, through fright, he slipped from his seat flat on the floor, where he remained, hoping to keep concealed. But the preacher kept calling on "brother George" for an exhortation. "Brother George," however, sat still, till a friend went to him, took him by the hand, and led him to the stand. When once up he ventured to make an exhortation. This was his first effort at public speaking. How he succeeded I have never learned. The story reminds me of some events,

*"Quaque ipse miserroma vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."*

A young man was in a similar manner entrapped into an attempt to preach. He took a text, and got through, but how he got through he could never tell. He did not stop to learn what the people thought of his first effort. He was standing in a private house, near the door leading up stairs. Seeing that his nearest way of egress from the room, in which the congregation was assembled, was by the stairway, he had no sooner said amen, than he cleared the benches at one leap, rushed up stairs, jumped out of the chamber window, ran to the woods, and hid in a thicket of evergreens. There he remained in blank despair, till his friends hunted him up, dragged him from his concealment, and, by satisfactory arguments convincing him he was not quite ruined, induced him to go home.

Soon after this first attempt at public speaking Mr. George, not yet having consented to become a preacher, was about to enter into business. But being requested by a preacher, who wished to locate, to take his place, and serve out his time on the circuit, he consented, and began to travel with Rev. Philip Cox, a very kind and worthy man. In the course of their travels they met Mr. Asbury. Mr. Cox said to the Bishop, "I have brought you a boy, and if you have any thing for him to do, you may set him to work." The Bishop looked at him earnestly for some time, but said little. The next day, however, he told the boy he would accept his services. He then told him he might proceed to the head of the Catawba river, and report himself to Daniel Asbury, who was forming a new circuit. George immediately started on his journey. The distance was three hundred miles, over a rough road, and through a strange country. As he journeyed on from day to day, he was subject to many annoyances. People would ask him his name, residence, destination, and the object of his journey. He could get along tolerably well with all but the last question. "To inform those careless people," says he, "that I was a preacher, a Methodist preacher, a heretic and deceiver in their eyes, was to call forth frowns and persecution." When he arrived at the end of his journey, he found a pleasant asylum in the bosom and houses of friends, and a momentary respite from toil of body and anxiety of mind. When he had rested a few days, he commenced his "regular round on the new-formed circuit, which embraced

a vast tract of country, and some of the most stupendous mountains in North America." He soon found his place no sinecure. He had to climb mountains, descend valleys, swim rivers, wade through mud, and find his way through pathless forests. He had to preach to a people confirmed in the principles of Calvinism, the very hardest cases in the whole catalogue of sinners. He had to preach for nothing and find himself, for the people supposed that the honor conferred on the Methodist preachers, by just giving them a hearing, was sufficient compensation. Pay for preaching was never once so much as thought of by them. Under these circumstances, especially the mountains and the Calvinism, for he did not seem to think much about the pay, George became discouraged, and resolved to abandon preaching, at least in that country, and return home to Old Virginia. But how was he to get home? He had worn out all his clothes, and used up all his money. As he had obtained in his younger days a tolerable common school education, he engaged as teacher of a school, which was to commence as soon as possible. He hoped to earn, by teaching a few months, money enough to carry him home. But when he had gone round the circuit, and reached the neighborhood in which the school was to have been opened, he found his colleague, Rev. Daniel Asbury, who was an experienced Christian, and had preached the Gospel for some years, had pronounced a general anathema on the whole concern, and charged the friend to whom George had intrusted the management of the business, on the peril of his salvation not to encourage or aid in any way his leaving the circuit, and retiring from the work of the Gospel ministry. Mr. Asbury, it seems, placed a much higher value on the talents and services of George than he himself, in his dependency, could entertain. The project of the school therefore being defeated, George gathered up his energies, and climbed on the rugged way over the mountains to usefulness and to eminence. At the close of the year he was regularly admitted as a traveling preacher in the Virginia conference.

For the work of the itinerant ministry he had peculiar qualifications. He was a man of zeal, of piety, of prayer, and of faith. He delighted in communion with God. He would arise, wherever he might be, early in the morning, that he might secure an hour for devotion, before the regular duties of the day should commence. Whenever the weather permitted, he would take a morning ramble in the fields or woods, to meditate on the works and the providence of God. He seemed always in the spirit of devotion, always ready to sing, to pray, to exhort, or to preach. He preached with fervor and with power. He was not learned. He knew little of logic, or rhetoric, or history, or philosophy, or poetry. He had not, so far as I have been able to learn, any acquaintance with Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin. But destitute though he was of nearly all literary qualifications above the merest

common school education, he could preach like a hero. He was eloquent, really and truly eloquent. His eloquence, however, was unique. It was the eloquence of the heart, of the sentiments. It was the outpouring of the soul. From a full heart he would pour out, in the clear, sweet, and silvery tones of his musical voice, a succession of short, pointed, and effective sentences, portraying the love of Christ and the delights of Christian experience, till his own emotions would be answered by an involuntary shout from the assembled multitude. In the language of the brief sketch of his life in the Minutes of the conference for 1829, he was "a very pathetic, powerful, and successful preacher."

Having traveled some two or three years in the Virginia conference, he volunteered to go as a missionary to South Carolina. The south was, in those days, deemed an undesirable and dangerous post for a Methodist preacher. The state of religion was deplorably low, and the country was exceedingly sickly. Bishop Asbury had called daily for several days during the session of the Virginia conference for volunteers, but none answered. George was grieved to find no preacher of views sufficiently expansive to induce him to go to South Carolina. So he determined to offer himself. His friends dissuaded and remonstrated, but his purpose remained fixed to go, unless some one senior to him should offer. Near the close of the conference Asbury called again, "Who will go to South Carolina?" At that moment George came forward, saying, "Here am I; send me." On arriving in the south, he found his "labors of the most painful kind, in a desert land, among swamps almost impassable, and under bilious diseases of every class." He remained in South Carolina and Georgia for some four or five years, laboring incessantly. Amid the diseases of that sickly climate his health utterly failed, and he was obliged to return north to recruit. Finding on his arrival in Virginia that his health was too precarious to render it expedient for him to take a circuit, he located, and resorted to school-teaching to support himself. Having recovered his health, he was readmitted to the traveling connection in 1800, and appointed presiding elder of the Potomac district, extending from the Alleghany Mountains to Chesapeake Bay. The excessive labors of the district, traveling twelve hundred miles a quarter, preaching every day, and being often out late at meeting in the evening, in an unhealthy climate, again destroyed his health, and he was obliged to retire. He asked of the conference a location. His brethren, thinking him worthy, from his services, to be placed on the list of the superannuated, where he might receive his share of the conference funds, sent him a messenger, as he had retired from the room, while they were deliberating on his case, to propose to him to withdraw his request for a location. But he had conscientiously determined he would not become a burden to the Church, nor receive support

from the resources of the conference, while he could not render effective service. So persisting in his purpose of locating, he found himself "cast on the waves of a disordered world, dependent on his single efforts for support." The flower of his days was past. The season when he might by profitable business have accumulated a fortune had gone by, and he was left sick, poor, and comfortless. Yet he remembered that "all things work together for good to them that love God." He trusted Providence, and was cheerful.

For means of support he resorted again to his old alternative—school-teaching. Having abandoned all hope of ever being able again to devote himself to the itinerant ministry, he made arrangements for settling himself for life. He married a lady unsurpassed, by any he had ever known, "for piety, industry, sympathy, and sincere affection." But Providence had other work than school-keeping for him to do. At the end of two years he had again recovered his health, and again he was urged by his own zeal for the cause of Christ to return to the work of the Christian ministry. His amiable and magnanimous wife, who had married him with the understanding that his "itinerant course was finished, and that she would not be left alone, while he was running to and fro," said, now when she saw him able to take the field, "Go, my husband, go, and preach the Gospel; go in the name of the Lord. I will take care of the children, and the family concerns."

Of his labors and his success as a preacher and presiding elder, from the time of his readmission to the conference, in 1803, till the General conference of 1816, we have no record. We only know that most of the time he traveled as presiding elder large districts in Eastern Virginia and in Maryland. We presume he continued as he had ever been, the "pathetic, successful, and powerful preacher." How many thousands were by his moving appeals turned to righteousness, none can now tell. Would that we had an account in detail, or even a sketch, however slight, of the thrilling incidents that occurred in his travels, and of the interesting scenes through which he passed! But this, all this is lost to the world, nor can it ever be recovered.

At the General conference of 1816 he was present, as one of the delegates of the Baltimore conference. At that conference the members looked in vain for the venerable Asbury, whose place at their head was, for the first time since the organization of the Church, vacant. By the death of Asbury the superintendence of the Church devolved on M'Kendree alone. His feeble health, and the great increase of the itinerant work, rendered the election of additional bishops indispensable. The committee to whom the subject was referred, recommended the appointment of two new superintendents. The election was immediately held, and Enoch George and Robert R. Roberts were elected on the first ballot. This brief record is all we know about the decision of this important question. What were the circum-

stances which gave George the prominence amid one hundred other men, we have no means of knowing. But probably he attained the high honor and dignity of the episcopal office from the confidence the General conference had in his piety, his generosity, his energy, his known attachment to the doctrines and usages of the Church, and his talents and success as a preacher.

When the result of the ballot by the General conference was announced, his mind was "tossed with tempests." Domestic circumstances and personal interest required him to decline the office. His amiable and beloved wife having only a few weeks before been taken away from him by death, he was left with four helpless children, bereaved and sorrowful. Around those dear children his affections clung. For them he could live, for them die. How could he leave them in the care of strangers? How could he be away from them, often two thousand miles distant, for two or three years at a time? They must be wholly deprived of all personal care from him, and they might fall sick and die in his absence. How could he then give them up? And what could he hope personally to gain by accepting the office? He must travel five or six thousand miles a year, in all kinds of weather, over every species of road, and among all sorts of people. He must preach nearly or quite every day, preside in all the conferences, and superintend all the interests of the Church. The responsibilities resting on him must be exceedingly oppressive, especially to a mind sensitive as was his. And for all he did, he was to receive, in addition to his traveling expenses, only one hundred dollars a year. Who could desire to be a Methodist bishop, with so much work and so little pay?

On the other hand, he was impelled, by a sense of duty, of stern and imperious duty, to accept the office. He considered the voice of the General conference, in electing him to the office, as the voice of God, speaking by his providence. He dare not disregard the call. The interests of the Methodist Church might be compromised, should he decline to serve in the office to which he had been elected. To that Church he owed all the services he could render, and to its interest he would not hesitate to devote his life. He trusted that the Providence who clothes the lilies of the field, and who feeds the sparrows, and in whose eyes we are of much more value than they, would provide for the protection and care of his motherless children. So he determined to accept the office of superintendent. His youngest child, a little daughter, "was nourished and brought up by a special friend of her mother's, who treated her with as much tenderness as though she had been her own." The other children, being sons, were boarded "with the teachers to whom their religious and literary education was intrusted." Having thus provided for his children, he "gave himself up wholly to the work," and continued till his death, which occurred in 1828, to travel and labor faithfully and

successfully for the Church, in whose service he had embarked all his interest for time and for eternity.

Of his travels and labors during the twelve years intervening between his election as bishop and his death, we have scarcely any record. His parish extended over the United States and the Canadas, and he was found in every part of it as occasion required. He continued the "very pathetic, powerful, and successful preacher." His strong, sweet, musical voice; his wide range of thought; his original and striking conceptions of truth; his apt and beautiful illustrations; his simple and perspicuous style; his energetic and forcible manner, and his deep and irresistible pathos, rendered him one of the most popular preachers that were ever raised up among our fathers. His was the talent to move the heart, to awaken the sinner, to arouse the sleeper, to startle apathy, and to arrest the reckless. In presiding in the conferences, and in administering the Discipline of the Church, he was prompt and energetic. Energy, activity, and zeal marked all his movements. He was eminently a practical man. He had no very good opinion of abstract speculations, of fine-spun distinctions, of fruitless theories, and of long-winded speeches. He had little patience with those who, in the annual conferences, delight in quibbles, and objections, and fault-finders on a small scale. He would sometimes cut short a profligate and tedious debate in a way not very complimentary nor pleasant to those whose chief talent consists in talking against time. In every thing he was quick—quick in thought, quick in word, quick in emotion, quick in decision, and quick in action.

I saw him once, and once only. It was at the session of the Maine conference, at Gardiner, in 1825. I was then a young man, not a member of the conference, but, through the courtesy of my friends, I was permitted to be present during the deliberations for several days. When I entered the room I was deeply impressed with the striking appearance of the venerable Bishop. He was then approaching sixty years of age. He was of manly form, large but well proportioned in figure, strong and energetic in appearance. His features indicated independence, resolution, firmness, and activity; yet was his countenance often lighted up by a smile of benignant emotion. His hair, tinged with the frosts of half a century, hung at will in graceful locks about his temples and his neck. He was sitting at ease, regardless of a studied dignity, and conducting the business of the conference with such dispatch and off-hand style, as might serve as a caution to all old hunker parliamentarians. In the course of the deliberations, a question came up involving some matter not appropriate to the jurisdiction of the conference. He endured with evident signs of impatience the discussion, till a dashing, ambitious young man began, in high-flown style, to darken counsel by uttering words without knowledge. The good Bishop could stand

this no longer. He gave vent to his pent-up feelings, not in words, but in a series of half-suppressed ejaculations and inimitable gestures. The reproof was decisive, effectual. Never shot was fired with truer aim, or more certain execution. The young high-flying orator came bounding down to earth again with clipped wing and fallen crest.

The ready, unstudied, every-day style, in which the Bishop conducted the business, regardless of what croakers and aristocrats call *dignity*, greatly amused and interested me. It suited my notions of Methodistic simplicity. But when the hour of divine service came, and he stood up in all his manly proportions before an audience of thousands collected from all the villages along the Kennebec, and from far in the interior, and with his clear and pleasant voice, in his earnest, solemn, and pathetic manner, began to utter

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"

my heart and eyes gave way; I wept, whether for joy or sadness I could not tell; I wept, and could not help it. I had, however, no reason to try to help it, for on looking over the congregation I perceived all others as much affected as myself, and even more, for many of the people were laughing, crying, and shouting, at one and the same time.

There was in this discourse no attempt at logic, none at oratory, none at greatness, none at mere effect. It was a plain, vigorous, simple exhibition of Gospel truth in a manner pointed, earnest, and original, and in a style of whose chaste and natural beauty it may be said, as of the beauty of woman,

"When unadorned, adorned the most."

The death of Bishop George occurred suddenly and unexpectedly at Staunton, in Virginia, on the 23d of August, 1828. He was on his way to the Holston conference. He arrived at Staunton one evening ill of dysentery. He had been so sick on the road, during the day, as to be often obliged to stop, dismount from his horse, and lie down under the shade of some tree to rest. Not, however, deeming his complaint dangerous, he neglected to call medical aid, till it was too late. When it became evident that he must die, instead of sinking in despondency, his spirit rose triumphant over pain and disease, and he shouted, "Glory! glory! I shall soon be in glory!" He seemed to see angels and happy spirits about his bed. "Who are these?" said he, "who are these? Are they not all ministering spirits? My dear departed wife has been with me, and I shall soon be with her in glory." All day his raptures continued increasing. At evening he clapped his hands and repeated the language of the dying Wealey, "The best of all is, God is with us." That he might not be disturbed in his ecstatic communion with heaven and heavenly beings, he requested to be left alone during the night. The night passed away. How it passed with him, what bright visions he saw, what happy spirits were his companions, how deep he drank of heavenly communion, how sweet the notes

that fell on his ear from the harp of the angels and the lutes of heaven, no one of earth knows. When the morning came, and the summer sun was shining fair on the landscape, his spirit triumphant departed from earth amid a convoy of angels

"To the land which no mortal may know."

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY REV. F. STANBURY CASSADY.

"We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man."

O, how swiftly each passing moment glides away! How soon are life's golden dreams and bright visions of earthly bliss forever flown! Time, ever-rolling time, writes the fadeless impress of decay every-where, and upon every thing we behold in this beautiful world of ours. There is nothing of earthly beauty, or of earthly grandeur, that can bid defiance to the storms of time; or nothing too sacred or holy to elude the destruction of its fatal blast.

"I saw him grasp the oak,
It fell; the tower, it crumbled; and the stone,
The sculptured monument that marked the grave
Of fallen greatness, ceased its pompous strain
As time came by."

Flowers that fill the ambient air with sweet odors and ambrosial incense, bloom—fade—die! Our earth, at one season of the year, is clad in her beautiful dress of living green; and the bright rays of a vernal sun enrich, expand, and beautify every scene in creation. The soft, warm air is filled with music, sunshine, and perfume, and all nature shines out in unrivaled beauty and splendor. But how soon does the withering breath of a few revolving months rob the fields of their blooming verdure and loveliness! the forests and trees of their magnificent foliage and drapery! and cause the green-clad earth "to lay her glory by," till the time shall again come for the reproduction of flowers, plants, and herbs, upon the face of nature! Change and decay are unfadingly impressed upon all things earthly. The eye lingers not upon an object, however beautiful and lovely now, but that the breath of time shall one day mar or efface.

Time does more. It invades a holier sanctuary, and introduces man to a brighter destiny and a happier clime beyond the grave. Beautiful, but to every earnest, thoughtful heart, true as beautiful, are the words following:

"Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, and then they die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by;
Quick as clouds at even driven
O'er the many colored west,
Tears are bearing us to heaven—
Home of happiness and rest."

HIBBARD P. WARD.

BY MRS. B. M. SUMMERTON.

Rev. Thomas Cooper and Rev. Hibbard P. Ward, both ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, fell victims to the cholera, in Sandusky City, O., July, 1849. Just before the death of Mr. Ward, a friend at his bedside inquired if all was peaceful, and received in reply the words, "Gliding sweetly." The lines are addressed to the surviving parents.—Ed.

"Gliding sweetly!" father, list it;
O, how full of bliss to thee
Are those deep words, scarcely spoken
Ere the spirit was set free.

"Gliding sweetly!" mother, had you
Seen that calm and heavenly brow,
With the Savior's impress o'er it,
You would weep no longer now.

"Gliding sweetly" o'er the current!
See, he nears the eternal shore!
Hark, the shout of final triumph:
"Thou shalt live to die no more!"

"Gliding sweetly!" O, how glorious
Has his noonday sun gone down;
And his spirit, now made holy,
Rests, and wears the promised crown!

"Gliding sweetly," angels leading:
May our sun like his decline,
And our souls, in love made perfect,
Greet him in that holier clime!

SOWING SEED.

BY PHOENIX CARRY.

Go and sow beside all waters,
In the morning of thy youth,
In the evening scatter broadcast
Precious seeds of living truth.
For though much may sink and perish
In the rocky, barren mold,
And the harvest of thy labor
May be less than thirty-fold,
Let thy hand be not withholden,
Still beside all waters sow,
For thou knowest not which shall prosper,
Whether this or that will grow,
While some precious portion, scattered,
Germinating, taking root,
Shall spring up, and grow, and ripen
Into never-dying fruit.
Therefore, sow beside all waters,
Trusting, hoping, toiling on;
When the fields are white for harvest,
God will send his angels down.
And thy soul may see the value
Of its patient morns and eves,
When the everlasting garner
Shall be filled with precious sheaves.

The Ladies' Repository.

JULY, 1852.

ENGLISH RAILWAY TRAVELING.

I WAS rather late in reaching King's Cross Station. The policeman was about to shut the door, for the bell had rung, when I hastily gained admission, and reached the platform; another second, and I had been too late, for there is no hallooing after a railway train. Besides, punctuality is the law at railway stations; the station door once shut, there is no ingress allowed by the policeman in attendance, and if you ask him to violate the rule in your behalf, the answer is, that "it is as much as his place is worth." Here is a lesson of punctuality, which every railway station in the kingdom is now engaged in teaching; not only to station-masters, porters, engine-drivers, pointmen, and all others engaged in the working of railways, but to the traveling public at large, whose name is Legion.

But the train is ready, the passengers are seated, the tickets are examined, the signal is given, there is a "whe-oooh" of the engine whistle, which no words can imitate, and we slowly move off, quicker, still quicker—under bridges, over streets, through tunnels, along viaducts, leaving the city behind, then the outskirts, and now we are sweeping along amidst green fields into the heart of the quiet country.

It was one of those glorious summer days which are to be seen in England, and no where else. For unclouded skies, teeming with brilliant light and dazzling sunshine, other countries bear away the palm. But for a sky of light and shade—open spaces of clear azure, with dashes of rolling silver cloud scattered here and there upon its face, over whose edges the sun pours his long slimy rays of light—for changes of gay and somber, the cloud-shadows creeping slowly over the earth, making the sun-illuminated green look all the brighter and fresher for the contrast—for little nooks and corners wakened up into sudden joy, and a little lake in the woods flashing for a moment in the sun, and then dark again—church-towers and old halls standing out, sometimes in the midst of clumps of green trees, with villages, huts, and farm-yards, scattered over the peaceful landscape—for sights such as these, there is, indeed, no country that can for a moment compare with our own Old England.

The train sweeps on, careering in its might, with the speed of an arrow, and the weight of an avalanche. In the fields along side the embankment on which we run, the lazy cows are whisking their sides, udder-deep amidst the green grass: they are passed in an instant. But look beyond. Along the rising ground on the hill-top is scattered an old English town, with many snug dwellings of the opulent and comfortable lying about it. "That is Barnet," says a fellow-traveler, and instantly a host of historical memories rush into the mind. There, on that field near the hill-top, fell the Earl of Warwick, "The King-maker," the last of the great Norman barons, and with him were the hopes of the House of Lancaster cloven down. See how peacefully the place lies now, spread along the hollow of the hill, sleep-

ing in the sun. Even the last few years have seen a great revolution in such towns as Barnet. Its street is no longer noisy with the rolling of wheels, or disturbed by the crack of the coach-driver's whip. A few years since, four-horse coaches and traveling chariots streamed through Barnet like a torrent—it was a main posting-town along the great highroad to and from London. Now, its streets are silent, its capacious inns and posting-houses are deserted, and it has subsided into a quiet, out-of-the-way, country town.

The train stops; we are at the Barnet station. Groups are in waiting along the platform, some peering with interest into the carriage windows, one looking for an expected child or brother, others for a husband or a wife. How happy their faces when the expected one nods recognition from the window! See! there is a newly married pair, just descended to the platform; they have come to spend the first day of their wedded life in the country. Perhaps they heard the sound of Bow Bells this morning, but their thoughts were too much preoccupied to listen to them. You know them at a glance—the deference of the young man has not yet had time to subside into familiarity, nor the blushing modesty of the girl into fondness; a mysterious respect still governs them. But here is another more advanced pair about to take their seats in a carriage. *He* gets in first. A few years ahead of marriage seem to make all the difference. Can you explain the singular phenomenon, reader?

The whistle sounds again, and we are away; adieu! waved from the platform being responded to by those who are moving off. We are passing along green fields again. At our left is a humble cottage, half of its old garden severed from it by the railway—it is so near that the cinders from the plunging locomotive at our head may sometimes fly into that carrot-bed. Lo! there is a mother at her cottage-door, with a baby in her arms; how it crows and stretches out its hands toward the flying train! We are passed; and an image of power has been planted in that baby's mind. We cross a green lane—an old green lane—and catch a glimpse of waving hawthorn and hazel bushes, beside which a cow, herded by a little bare-legged lad, picks up a comfortable living. You see the lane winding along through the level ground, and up the gentle hill-side, marked by its waving line of trees and bushes. You fancy you smell the scent of the wild flowers blowing there, the fragrance of the honeysuckle, and the fresh breath of the hedge-brier. How deep the green of the grass along that lane, all shaded from the sun as it is!

On we sweep—by waving cornfields, ripening in the sun—across flats, through cuts, over rivers, under hills, boring our way through the dark, and then into the glad sunlight again. There is a farm-yard on a knoll, amidst a clump of trees. Down in a hollow, outside the stack-yard and the barn, there is a pool of water lively with ducks, and a flock of geese gabble over the little green which lies spread about its margin. The lazy cows chew the cud over the rails of the close, and fat pigs are delving up the litter of the yard with their snouts. Now we are in a cutting, and the picture is gone. A scream and a roar! It is a meeting train! in an instant it

is past, with a boom and a whirl, like thunder near at hand.

The country is still undulating and knolly—you see church-spires on distant hill-tops—windmills crowning other heights—cottages and farm-yards, with here and there a town or village, whose more curious inhabitants cluster about the station when the train stops. There is a bustle of porters, a getting out and coming in, a call of "Time's up!" and we are off again. Thus does the panorama move on—a long, beautiful picture of English scenery.

Another station—the train stops. "What town is this?" "Huntingdon!" Ah! the birthplace of Cromwell! The recruiting-ground of the terrible Ironsides!

Northward, the land gradually subsides into flats; the waviness of the fields disappears, though they are still green and fertile; the houses are few, and scattered at long intervals, often miles apart; country roads crossing under and over the railway, winding along between high hedge-rows, through beautiful pastures on either side; men and women working in the fields; here a plow at work, there haymakers gathering in their crop, the scent of the hay perfuming the air, while the lark, poised high overhead, pours melody over them at their work. You see a stile leading into the fields, about which children are playing; they have brought with them their parents' mid-day meal, and are waiting for the hour of noontide rest. You can not hear their glee, though you see their hands erect, and discern their look of childish admiration and applause, as the train shoots past them.

There is another old hall; but it is a ruin. The old race has died out, or been ruined out there; and a spick and span new mansion has been erected in the park beyond. But there is an old rookery still close to the old dwelling, and you see the rooks perching on the topmost boughs of the tall old trees, and calling to each other high in the air. Rooks are among the very last to desert the fortunes of a fallen house. You can fancy the springy deep moss growing beneath the shade of those old trees, and the little birds perching and twittering among their lower branches, as the sun glints down through them and trembles among their leaves. You see a patch of green sward, across which the trees' shadows are thrown, where a lamb is digging at its mother's teat, whirling its little tail in its efforts to dine. A little further on, the clustered houses of a humble village peep from a woody hollow, and a broken finger-post, at the corner of a road, half points the direction in which it lies.

The train stops again, at a level crossing in a country town. You glance along a street, the houses of which are of stone, red and yellow brick, and lath and plaster. Not far off, you see the town-hall, with its clock-tower and weather-cock. The natives seem as if they had just been wakened up by the arrival of the train at the street end, for they gaze out of their door-sockets, rubbing their eyes, though the day has waned into afternoon. The place looks rather empty and very dull—a real old country town, which not even the driving of a railway through their main street can thoroughly waken up. A few men hang about the door of an inn, smoking

their pipes, and two or three old people seem dozing at the door of a building, which has the look of an almshouse. The whistle sounds, but they look up only with an air of dull, sleepy observation, and we pass on, leaving them winking and rubbing their eyes. The only things going there seemed to be the clocks, though they were late.

Off again! over the flats—extensive tracts of country almost as level as a plate—ditches and sluggish streams creeping along—plenty of stagnant water, covered with green—little wooden bridges spanning the water here and there; then a moderate-sized town, with a cathedral, is reached—that of Peterborough, standing on a slight eminence—a beautiful little structure of ornate architecture. The place is quiet, though it is a central point for many railways; but it will take a long shaking thoroughly to rouse this cathedral city into the quick life of the more northern towns. The whole country through which you now pass seems primitive and old-fashioned. The old habits cling about it yet. It is thoroughly rural, devoted to the primitive pursuits of grazing and corn-growing. Trade has not yet penetrated, with its bustle and business, into the still-life of East Anglia. Even Boston, the port of Lincoln, is a sluggish, dull place; the river, which looks like a canal for many miles beyond it, is but a type of the place—inert, lazy, and contented. But a New England American, who occupied the seat beside me, started up when the old town was named. "Ah! Boston!" cried he, "the cradle of the Western Empire!" It might be so. Many of the men who planted the first New England state were Puritans from Boston, who gave to their new settlement the name of the old one, little thinking that ere two hundred years were past, the New World Boston would so vastly surpass its prototype in power, intelligence, population, and wealth.

The train stops, and our destination is at length reached—we have passed from the quiet of the country, with its thousand pictures of rural beauty and repose, into the full life, the fever, the bustle, and the fret of the hard-working manufacturing town. But the pictures which have passed before the eye during our long railway ride still recur to us there; and the quiet beauty of that long panoramas of glorious English landscape will dwell in our happy memory for many years to come.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is possessed by the Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and Abyssinians. The Greeks are the richest, and are under the immediate protection of Russia, and they monopolize all the best places in the church, except the sepulcher itself. The exterior of the building is Byzantine. The interior has no architectural pretension or beauty. The whole middle space is inclosed, forming a church within a church, and the inclosure is the Greek chapel. In front of this is the small temple built around the sepulcher itself, and upon the sides of the Greek chapel are broad passages in which are shown several spots of traditional interest—as that where the Post of Flagellation stood—which post you may see, and that where the

clothing was divided. Finally, you ascend a steep staircase and reach a small upper chapel, which is Calvary, and a circular spot under the altar is the exact site of the cross.

The interior of the church is bare and desolate. The soot and dirty hangings and trappings, the miserable pictures, the soiled artificial flowers, the entire dearth of grace and delicacy are very mournful. There is not a solemn spot in the building, but the tomb itself. A motley crowd is constantly swarming through the passages, and there is the perpetual shuffling of many feet and the hum of hushed voices. The finest figures are the Bedoueen from the desert, who stand in postures of natural grace and dignity, and who, with the flowing robes and brilliant Mecca handkerchiefs, wreathed around their heads, make the only picturesque and pleasing group.

The Greek pilgrims are the most numerous, and entirely surpass the Latin in the fervor of their devotions. I have never seen any thing so abject as their conduct before the altar in the Calvary chapel. You can scarcely recognize them as men, so sunken do they look in degraded ignorance. Their genuflections are remarkable for their magical suppleness. They stand, rapidly repeating prayers before the altar, and then fall to their knees, and upon their faces, touching their foreheads, and kissing the floor. Then up again and down with incredible celerity. This continues sometimes for a half hour, and they then stroll away through the church, buying crosses, beads, and mother-of-pearl shells made at Bethlehem.

Directly under the dome of the church is the sepulcher itself. It is inclosed in a small temple, divided into two parts, of which the first is an anteroom, and the other a small cabinet, in which is the marble tomb. The anteroom is hung with lamps, and a priest stands at the door, shuffling the crowd of worshippers to and fro, and taking snuff in the intervals. But he has great respect for persons; for when we appeared, although he said that we were heretics, he hustled an unwashed company from the door, and greeting us as English, smilingly ushered us in.

The air of the outer room was warm and odorous with incense. The faithful were kneeling on the floor, weeping, kissing the pavement, and muttering prayers. From the interior room the pilgrims were coming out backward and with bent heads. They paid no attention to our Frank costume—they were wrapt in emotion.

We entered the interior cabinet, half of which is occupied by the tomb. It is covered with a marble alab, smooth with the myriad kisses of generations. Over it is a narrow marble shelf, along which are arranged artificial flowers. It is hung with golden lamps, a priest stands silent in the corner forever, and the warm air is faint with perpetual incense.

Before the tomb was a figure which is among the saddest in my memory. It was an old man, a Bulgarian, deformed, and covered with sooty rags. His emotion had passed into idolatrous frenzy. Throwing himself back upon his knees, he contemplated the tomb with streaming eyes—then stretched his arms over it, and laid his face against the marble with idiotic delight. Seized by a delirium of devotion, he poured out a series of aspirations with inconceivable rapidity. He grasped frantically at the

tomb—he touched his forehead to it—his words became a bubbling at the mouth—his head fell to one side, and he sank at full length, motionless, upon the floor. The priest presently touched him. He stared wildly for a moment, then rising to his knees, and clutching at the tomb, he shuffled out backward, still kneeling, still stretching out his hands, covering the threshold with passionate kisses and drenching it with tears.

We withdrew from the sepulcher humiliated by that spectacle. It was not the ecstasy of piety—it was the frenzy of superstition. The spirit which had sent and torn the poor Bulgarian was the same that plunges crowds beneath the car of Juggernaut, and beats drums while children burn in the arms of Moloch.

We turn away. The night advances, and the church rapidly fills. The brain is dizzy with the incessant genuflections, crossings, and kissings on every hand. Wearied and mortified, you long for one sight, one sound that might suggest to you the grave serenity of Jesus—when suddenly the door communicating with the convent opens, and the procession enters.

The superior of the convent, mitered, richly draped, and bearing a candle, is followed by all the monks. The pious pilgrims, crushing toward the priests, seize lighted tapers and swell the train. It winds, a motley and strange multitude, through the dim passage by the Greek chapel. The shuffling of hurrying feet ceases as they gain the procession. The monotonous murmur of low voices dies away. The low responses of the friars end, and a sublime chant peals through the silence.

The vast building is overflowed with music. The solemn chords swell along the church, their majesty and sincerity protesting against the tawdry idolatry of the place. Long unused to music, which is rarely heard in the east, the grandeur of this old Italian chant, which first I heard in St. Peter's, is doubly grand. Proudly it asserts the greatness of God and the dignity of man. Its superb harmonies scorn the superstitions they are evoked to aid: for what thoughtful man can call the spectacle which we now behold worship! This music of Allegri, chanted by these monks, is as a spirit of heaven subject to Gnomes—as Ariel to Caliban. It comes at their bidding, yet in coming it does not serve them, but the ends of its own beauty and nature. Swept up, upon its soaring strains, we float away into the clearest vision of that life of love and duty, and renew to it there the oath of loyalty, which was well nigh lost in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

It melts—it falls—it dies into softer and more exquisite modulations. It wails around Calvary and the sepulcher as once the winds of heaven may have wailed there—softly, more softly—shaming its use by its sweetness, and wooing to the worship in spirit and in truth, not in the spirit of folly and idolatry.

The procession stopped at each of the stations, and the music, pausing, died in long, sweet reverberations through the dark church. At each station a sermon was preached, and at each in a different language, that every pilgrim in the crowd might have a chance of understanding. Then the chorus

swelled again, and with censers swinging incense, the crowd passed to the next station, making altogether seven pauses.

—
THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Through the mold and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river, and through the brake,
O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
On we hie with screech and roar!

Splashing! flashing!
Crashing! dashing!

Over ridges,
Gullies, bridges,
By the babbling rill,
And mill—

Highways,
By-ways,

Hollow hill—

Jumping, bumping,
Rocking, roaring,

Like forty thousand giants snowing!

O'er the aqueduct and bog,
On we fly with ceaseless jog,
Every instant something new,
Every moment lost to view,

Now a tavern—now a steep—

Now a crowd of gaping people—

Now a hollow—now a ridge—

Now a crossway—now a bridge—

Grumble, stumble,

Rumble, tumble,

Fretting, getting in a stew!

Church and steeple, gaping people,

Quick as thought, are lost to view!

Every thing that eye can survey

Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvy.

Glimpse of lonely hut and mansion,

Glimpse of ocean's wide expansion,

Glimpse of foundery and of forge,

Glimpse of plain and mountain gorge.

Dash along!

Slash along!

Crash along!

Flash along!

On, on with a jump,

And a bump.

And a roll—

Hies the fire-hound to its destined goal!

—
THE HEALTH OF TEACHERS.

BY JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

There is a prevailing opinion in the community that the life of a teacher, if not lucrative, is at least very easy. This can never be true of an instructor who does his duty. Much physical exertion, it is true, is not required, but there is a mental employment that is more oppressive than labor of the body. Some persons regard nothing as labor which does not exercise the muscles, not including those of the vocal organs. But such individuals might easily ascertain by trial, that the most severe demands on the physical system are those arising from long-continued mental exertion. But a teacher's labors are really both physical and intellectual. The employment of the voice is not only fatiguing, but really calls into action more muscles of the system than several of the mere physical employments.

To study the subject of health, with some, seems to be giving too much attention to things merely sen-

sual. With them it seems to degenerate merely into an inquiry as to what we shall eat and drink, and wherewith shall we be clothed. But this view is narrow, contracted, and false. Our mental energy, our physical energy, all our capabilities both of mind and body, are largely dependent on the physical condition of the human system. This system is governed by laws, which, though we may not always be able to understand, are fixed and certain in their operation, and are largely under our control.

To every class of society health is important, but pre-eminently so to the instructor. In no other occupation of life is it more important that the individual should possess that choicest of earthly blessings—a sound mind in a sound physical frame. Need it be said, that no school-room can enjoy a healthful, invigorating, moral and intellectual atmosphere, where the mind of the presiding spirit is obscured by the clouds arising from physical ailments!

Again, the teacher who fills the highest measure of the duties of his office, is continually making lasting impressions on the minds of his pupils. To do this properly, ever requires a clear head, an unclouded mind, and that energy of character which can not long exist where health is wanting. To teach successfully, requires that the teacher should not only enjoy the confidence, but also be able to enlist the affections of his pupils. Can this be done by a sour, morose, dyspeptic individual? As soon might we expect to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles.

The school-room should ever be a place where the most perfect order and system prevails; where every thing moves forward in a regular, quiet, and systematic manner; where the power that maintains order exerts its influence so mildly that nothing seems to be done by restraint; where reproof is rarely necessary, and where scolding is never heard. But can a cross, dyspeptic individual exert the influence necessary to maintain this kind of order? Such a phenomenon I have never witnessed. Before we can govern others, we must first learn to govern ourselves. To do this properly, requires that we should become acquainted with the laws of life and health, and, by a conformity thereto, attain to the greatest measure of usefulness of which we are capable.

But I am in danger of not being perfectly understood; there are numerous ills to which flesh is heir that are unavoidable, and which should not, and do not prevent the teacher from pursuing his vocation. I would only make him responsible for that which is within his control, but the greater part of that which affects his usefulness as a teacher, is thus circumstanced. The chief source of all the ills that affect teachers, is derangement of the digestive organs, and this, in their case, is owing to different causes, among which the following may be named as chief:

Living in a vitiated atmosphere. It is surprising how little attention is paid to the ventilation of school-rooms in the winter season of the year. I have repeatedly visited school-rooms occupied by teachers of high intellectual acquirements that were almost exhausted of vital air, and the effect of this exhaustion was manifest in the languid movements and drawing and spiritless recitations of the pupils. In such cases the teacher is apt to be troubled with

headache and loss of appetite. During the winter season, where there is no special method of ventilation, the whole school-room should be renovated at intervals of not more than one hour and a half. This may be done by raising several windows and keeping them up for some ten or fifteen minutes. This should be done even if the thermometer stands at zero, the occupants of the room having a recess during the period of ventilation.

A noisy, disorderly school-room. There is a law of the material world, that action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions. A similar law obtains in regard to a badly governed school-room. As a general rule, a dyspeptic individual will not maintain good order; and the consequent disorder will react, indirectly through the nervous system upon the digestive organs, thus weakening and wearing out him who is so unfortunate as to be thus afflicted.

I have a startling story to relate in reference to a case of this kind. Many years since, a gentleman of highly cultivated intellect, but without the power to govern, received the appointment of tutor of languages in a certain institution. He had, besides, some peculiarities of accent, derived from his parents, though he himself was an American, that rendered him obnoxious to certain thoughtless and evil-disposed students. A plan was laid to give Mr. H. all the trouble possible in the government of his room. He did not make the difficulties he encountered known to his associates, hoping, it is supposed, to overcome them without such a resort. The difficulties of his situation soon prostrated him, and in a few short weeks he was laid in his grave. I never in my own mind had any doubts in regard to the cause of his death, but if I had, they would have been removed by a conversation on this subject, which I held only a few days since with a student of the room at that period, who is now and has been for many years well known as the principal of one of the public schools in Cincinnati. Without my having called his attention to the subject, in a recent conversation, he remarked, "I always thought the boys were the cause of Mr. H.'s death." He was not a participant in the disorder, but he named some of those who were; and the result of the whole conversation was to confirm the opinion which I had entertained, and frequently expressed, that Mr. H.'s death was owing to mental distress caused by the noise and confusion of a badly governed school-room.

Want of exercise. The mental labors of the teacher in the school-room induce an indisposition to exercise. No labor is more exhausting than that of the mind: not because it taxes the physical energies, but because it exhausts the nervous system on which these energies depend. After the labors of the day in the school-room are over, the teacher feels that he needs rest; so he does, so far as the mind is concerned, but not as regards his muscular system. To one not acquainted with the laws of life, it seems strange to be told that the best method of giving rest to the exhausted mental energies is to call into exercise the physical powers. And yet this, in brief, is the philosophy of the whole matter. Let the instructor, after leaving his school-room, engage in something that will bring into exercise his muscular powers, and cause him to forget, for the time being, the

school-room and its associations; and though wearied at first, he will find, contrary to what he might have supposed, that instead of weariness increasing it will gradually disappear. True, exercise should never be taken as a mere task, but yet every teacher should task himself to take not less than a certain amount of moderately active exercise each day, and in such a situation as will give him an opportunity of inhaling a pure atmosphere.

The change that in many cases may be wrought by a systematic course of exercise is worth more than that produced by all the elixirs and panaceas in the world. I recollect a friend, laborious and skillful as a teacher, filling a situation that demanded untiring attention and constant exertion. His health failed, as that of any teacher, sooner or later, must fail, in a similar situation, who entirely neglects exercise. Medicine gave only partial relief, and he was at length induced to try a course of gymnastics. This was all that was needed. He speedily regained his usual health. Though at one time he was about abandoning his situation, he now labors with an energy that he had not previously known for years. He says life now presents to him an aspect to which he was formerly a stranger. What was once gloomy and despondent is now bright and cheerful, and both his happiness and means of usefulness are largely increased.

One of the highest duties of an intelligent, rational being is to acquaint himself with the laws upon which his health, happiness, and usefulness depend. It is the opinion of some of the most intelligent physicians, and those of the most extensive observation, that at least three-fifths—and some say even nine-tenths—of the diseases to which flesh is heir, might be avoided by a knowledge of the laws of life, and obedience to those laws.

I think it is J. Orville Taylor who tells a good story about a garden in which he saw on a conspicuous sign-board, "All dogs found here without their owners will be shot." Now, says he, what is to become of the dogs who have no owners and can not read? The laws of life are as fixed and immovable as the laws of gravitation, and the decree has gone forth from the almighty Creator, "All who violate these laws will be punished." These laws are written, in characters of light, on every page of human experience. Teachers, above all others, should read them and obey them, and teach them to the rising generation, till they become as familiar as household words.

THE SUBMARINE PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

It was a beautiful sunshiny morning, when we started for a pedestrian journey from Dover to the South Foreland, the place where the submarine telegraph begins. The sea was rippling calmly and peacefully upon the beach, the beautiful bay was full of shipping, the castle at our left towered above the cliff, just gilded by the rising mellow autumn sun, the masses of green verdure clung here and there in the clefts of the dazzling white chalk, masses were thrown in shadow by the projecting portions of rock, while a cloud sailed occasionally from landward to the sea, and presently was observed gliding silently and spirit-like, far away to the French shore. But the cloud's swift flight is now far outdone; that

pretty trained pigeon just starting in its rapid flight for the opposite coast, with a small white paper tied to its foot, will be anticipated. Yon almost misty outline of a distant continent is within the compass of the fraction of a second's time, and words are perhaps even now passing under the keel of yonder proud East Indiaman, sailing so majestically toward the broad bosom of the Atlantic. We traversed the shingly beach in high spirits, and presently came to a zigzag path out in the face of the cliff, and leading to the summit. We soon reached the lofty level of the high ground, and the light-house burst freely upon our view. Words were no more spoken, our whole senses were entranced, and the one prevailing thought was, who should reach the building first, and first cast eyes upon the wonder-working instrument, which will soon, it is not too much to say, effect a revolution in the ideas and affinities of nations.

We entered a large room looking out upon the channel, and our eyes were first directed to a thin, snake-like-looking rope led over the window-sill, and connected with a strangely complicated-looking machine, which a gentlemanly person informed us to be "the Printing Telegraph."

"And this," said I, regarding with no little concern a small mahogany box, one foot by ten inches, "and this is the Printing Telegraph! This," and I slightly curled my nether lip, while my companion smiled, "and this—this thing talks; absolutely prints words—real words at Calais!"

"Yes," said the presiding genius, with provoking calmness, "and fired a gun there a day since."

I smiled; this was almost too much, but I had resolved to be calm, and controlling my voice, demanded if Calais could also print at the South Foreland, and would he print a name which I would give him to send over.

The name was taken, the instrument set in motion, we heard a confused, mysterious rattling, and saw a needle indicator perpetually cutting mad capers round a disc, on which the letters of the alphabet were painted; round went the needle, and we thought it pointed at S, back it flew again, then forward; click, click, click, we stared—painfully stared at the disc, and the needle, and the letters, backward and forward—now here, now there. Ah! and we seized a letter; we have it, no, yes; then back again, P, no, O, no, E, yes, K, no; bless me, and bathed with perspiration, our eyes starting from their sockets, and with a confused sense of having spelled the word P-O-R-K, we desisted, and threw ourselves exhausted into a chair.

The manipulator smiled, and told us, "Those movements were not to be followed by embryos in the art."

We thought not; at all events, we had a doubtful impression of our own success, but we timidly asked if he had not spelled p o r k.

He was too compassionate to laugh actually, but his eyes laughed, his cheeks laughed, his whole frame laughed, and still there was that abominable needle leaping madly backward and forward, and here and there, and seeming to give an extra skip and jump, as though expressly rejoiced at our stupidity.

We gave it up; we acknowledge it with deep shame and humiliation; but we looked under the table;

it was small, very small, scarcely large enough to afford shelter to a young kitten; but we did look, we saw nothing but wires, and nothing, no, nothing suspicious.

"Now!" suddenly cried the attendant spirit; and we directed our eyes toward the instrument, but we saw only the same insanity manifested by the little needle. It flew every-where, downward and backward, upward and forward, and we were becoming again very much excited, when a thin slip of paper appeared, and came slowly out from the wood-work of the instrument. We were slightly alarmed, but we set our teeth firmly, and kept together. It came out slowly, and we soon saw little black marks upon it. We darted forward and gave it a strong pull; it gave way, as a little thin piece of paper might be expected, and we had the satisfaction of tearing our daughter's name in half, and blinking and winking in the endeavor to decipher the meaning of the letters, i. e.

We at length laughed. We triumphantly held up the paper. "We did not say anything about ice, what was ice to us." We were told to wait one moment; we did so: again the little slip came forward, and the letters A I, close to the torn portion, revealed themselves; we were wrong, confuted; we hastily swallowed several skeptical words just going to slip blithely from our tongue; we spelled "Alice," and warmly shaking our friend by the hand, confessed that it was wonderful, and that we were enthusiastic converts. "And now," said we, "for the explanation of the mystery, now for the revelation of all these strange and wonderful performances. That little needle!"

"Is only an indicator."

Only an indicator. We were relieved, gratified, at its being only an indicator. We looked at it with some contempt; it seemed shrunken, as though it would hide itself; it knew it was only an indicator, it didn't print. We absolutely caught ourselves laughing at it, and we thought how many other indicators there were in this world which "didn't print."

"This," said we—and we pointed to a maze of wheels, cogged and not cogged, ratcheted and not ratcheted, springs, wires, and machinery in profusion—"this," said we, "is the Printing Telegraph itself."

"Yes; and I will now explain the mode of operation."

"The fluid's task, at each movement I make of this handle, is to attract the little piece of soft iron you see between the coils of wire, the fluid passes through those coils, which are formed of very thin wire, and in so passing, it converts other pieces of iron attached to them into temporary magnets, when they immediately attract the piece of soft iron. Thus to form the letter D, I move this handle to that letter. D is the fourth letter in the alphabet, I therefore successively send four currents to France and back, each time attracting the piece of soft iron, and by that releasing four times the machinery connected with it, which operates upon a perpendicular wheel, on which are the letters of the alphabet raised above its outer circumference; that is also moved round four niches, or to the letter D. I then draw this handle back; at

the moment I do so, a piece of brass presses a slip of paper, which runs horizontally over the perpendicular wheel, downward upon the wheel, and the letter D, being uppermost, is impressed upon the paper; while, at the same time, the paper is caught up, and moved the eighth of an inch onward, ready for the next letter. The wheel has now the letter D uppermost, but the instant the letter is formed upon the paper, the wheel is run back again, by a leaden weight, to the blank before the first letter of the alphabet, and is again ready to be acted upon as before.

"The manner in which the wheel with the letters on its circumference is acted upon, is precisely the same as that in which the pendulum of a clock moves the hands round the disc; every time the piece of soft iron is attracted backward or forward, it moves two arms, which act upon ratchets in the wheel, and allow it to go round one niche at each stroke; and it moves round in this manner from being provided with a spring, wound up just as a common watch-spring. If this spring, therefore, were allowed to run down, the fluid would merely attract the piece of iron backward and forward, without any other effect. As before mentioned, the wheel is brought back by having a heavy weight attached to it, which it winds up at every forward movement it is forced to make, by the fluid setting the machinery in motion.

"But," said our kind informant, "Calais is about to make a communication."

Again the little needle indicator rattled away, again the same strange contortions were gone through, again the wheel was impelled round at each successive stroke, again came the stop, down was pressed the paper upon the letter, the impression received, and the paper moved forward, and the wheel we then saw was pressed against by two little inking rollers so as to keep the letters properly blackened.

Our eyes became tired with following the gyrations of the machinery, and we patiently awaited the conclusion of the communication. It was presented to us to read, and there, in clearly printed letters, we found, "I am going to dinner, shall be back at two."

We were delighted, and much more intensely gratified when this was presented to us, and we comfortably ensconced in our pocket a piece of printing, every letter of which had been impressed by the attraction of a fluid which had traveled underneath the water, by the submarine wire, and again returned through the earth itself, more obedient to the will and superior intelligence of man than even the dumb animal given to him for his use.

We still staid chatting with our intelligent friend, and, indeed, felt irresistibly attracted by the presence of the master-spirit which served us so well.

"And what," said we, "is the total length of the submarine wire?"

"Just twenty-five miles at first, but since then we have added a short piece to it, to enable us to reach quite to the Calais shore. Its weight formerly was two hundred tons, and it would have required about four thousand men to raise it. It is now still more."

"Is it possible!" we exclaimed.

"Not only so, but it would take fourteen or fifteen of the huge anchors outside the Exhibition to lift it

quite from the ground; and yet," said he in continuation, "it would break by its own weight."

"Its own weight!" said we, puzzled.

"Yes; for instance, if only ten miles were cut off, its weight would be so great, if suspended from a given point in the air, that it would separate into pieces."

We began to think this might be true, and we mentally endeavored to compute the aggregate weight of two hundred tons!

"The wire in the center of the cable," said our informant, in continuation, "is composed of copper, about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. We are enabled to have it thus small, as copper is a much better conductor than galvanized iron, of which telegraphic wires are generally composed."

Again we heard the usual prelude to a communication, and fearing to intrude too much upon the time of our friend, we heartily shook hands, and departed upon our way homeward. On arriving at the gate of the light-house, however, we saw the cable snugly ensconced upon the grass, and running toward the cliff. We followed it, till we came nearly to the brink, when we saw that the wire descended into a sort of dell. We ran down, and heard a hollow, long-continued sound, made by a small stone which we had lurched over the brink. We proceeded more cautiously, and came to what is technically termed a "shaft," protected by two folding doors. We raised one, and then from the black, unfathomable depths, came, subdued into a rumbling awfulness of tone, the sound of human voices. We momentarily trembled, and watched the humanly intelligent wire sinuously winding into those gloomy depths. It was with an inexpressible sigh of relief that we withdrew, and looked abroad again upon the bright landscape. The sun was glancing upon the French coast, the picturesque light-houses, surrounded with gardens, surmounted by two opposite heights of the cliff near which we stood, the channel was dotted with vessels proceeding under a smart breeze, the white foam of the sea broke upon the distant Goodwins, the red light, and the white cliffs of Ramsgate, with the beautiful recession of Pegwell Bay, were brightly, and yet sadly lighted in the distance, and it was with a feeling of subdued joy and pardonable pride for our beautiful country, that we retraced our steps to Dover.

OUR IMMORTALITY.

BY REV. J. HASSILOW

If we wholly perish with the body, what an impotence is this whole system of laws, manners, and usages, on which human society is founded! If we wholly perish with the body, these maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude, and friendship, which sages have taught, and good men have practiced, what are they but empty words, possessing no real, binding efficacy? Why should we heed them, if in this life only we have hope? Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all *are*, or *will* be, nothing? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasures—if not our own passions? Speak not of morality. It is a mere chimera, a bugbear of human invention, if retribution terminate with the grave.

If we must wholly perish, what to us are the sweet ties of kindred? what the tender names of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend? The characters of a drama are not more illusive. We have no ancestors, no descendants; since succession can not be predicated of nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence! Would we take thought for posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying—what sanctity have they more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped, of an instrument that is broken?

To sum up all: If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men—an imposition, a usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty, a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties, and the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented and imposed on the credulity of the people.

Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead! Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error, of which they eternally prate, as the fruit of their doctrines! Accept their maxims, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; and all the relations of life are confounded; and all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed; and the most inviolable laws of society vanish; and all moral discipline perishes; and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it; and all the harmony of the body-politic becomes discord; and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self! Such would be the world which impiety would make. Such would be this world were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.

TROPICAL FORESTS.

BY SARAH TAYLOR.

THERE is nothing in the world comparable to the forests of the Chagres river. No description that I have ever read conveys an idea of the splendid overplus of vegetable life within the tropics. The river, broad, and with a soft current of the sweetest waters I ever drank, winds between walls of foliage that rise from its very surface. All the gorgeous growths of an eternal summer are so mingled in one impenetrable mass, that the eye is bewildered. From the rank jungle of canes, and gigantic lilies, and the thickets of strange shrubs that line the water, rise the trunks of the mango, the ceiba, the cocoa, the sycamore, and the superb palm. Plaintains take root in the banks binding the soil, with their leaves shaken

and split into immense plumes by the wind and rain. The zafote, with a fruit the size of a man's head, the gourd-tree, and other vegetable wonders, attract the eye on all sides. Blossoms of crimson, purple, and yellow, of a form and magnitude unknown in the north, are mingled with the leaves; and flocks of paroquets and brilliant butterflies circle through the air like blossoms blown away. Sometimes a spike of scarlet flowers is thrust forth, like the tongue of a serpent, from the heart of some convolution of unfolding leaves, and often creepers and parasites drop trails and streamers of fragrance from boughs that shoot half way across the river. Every turn of the stream only disclosed another and more magnificent vista of leaf, bough, and blossom. All outline of the landscape is lost under this deluge of vegetation. No trace of the soil is to be seen; lowland and highland are the same; a mountain is but a higher swell of the mass of verdure. As on the ocean you have a sense rather than a perception of beauty. The clear sharp lines of our scenery at home are here wanting. What shape the land would be if cleared, you can not tell. You gaze upon the scene before you with a never-sated delight, till your brain aches with the sensation, and you close your eyes, overwhelmed with the thought that all these wonders have been from the beginning—that year after year takes away no leaf or blossom that is not replaced, but the sublime mystery of growth and decay is renewed forever.

LINES.

BY WILLIAM GULLEN BRYANT.

The May sun sheds an amber light
On new-leaved woods and lawns between;
But she who, with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing green,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In groups beside the pathway stand;
But one, the gentle and the good,
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning air
The small birds' mingled notes are sung;
But she whose voice, more sweet than theirs,
Once bade me listen while they sung,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;
My heart aches when the flowers appear,
For then I think of her who lies
Within her grave,
Low in her grave.

TRIUMPH OF PAINTING.

A GENTLEMAN in Massachusetts was once exhibiting certain paintings on glass by means of a magic lantern. Among the objects represented were squirrels, rabbits, and other animals to which his dog had an unconquerable aversion. When these were represented, he would fly at them with as much fierceness as if they had been realities, and it was with great difficulty that he was withheld from injuring, or, rather, tearing to shreds the cloth on which the objects were reflected.

New Books.

THE WORKS OF STEPHEN OLIN, D. D., LL. D. *In Two Volumes.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.—The friends of the lamented author of these volumes will greet most heartily their appearance. They are edited by Rev. Dr. Floy, of New York, and are duodecimos, selling at one dollar each. Volume first consists of sermons and sketches; volume second of lectures and addresses. Dr. Olin was for some twenty-five years a practical teacher of youth; and being brought in contact with almost every variety of human character, he saw the necessity of imbuing the mind with the purest and strongest views of religious culture. Hence, in the second volume, the subject of Christian education is treated with great importance, and deservedly so; for any education destitute of the spirit of true piety is worse than no education at all. A fool with a sword in his hand can not do half the mischief that an educated sinner can. We do not deem it essential to urge the necessity of an early attention to these volumes. They will sell rapidly, and that, too, without our poor feeble word of compliment. Would that in our Church there were more such men as was Stephen Olin!

CLOVERHOOK; or, *Recollections of our Home in the West.* By Alice Carey. New York: J. S. Redfield.—Circumstances unnecessary to detail have prevented any notice of this volume till the present time. Our readers have already become familiar with the style of Miss Carey, and will not demand of us any essay respecting her peculiar power in delineating vividly and with a poet's pencil domestic and natural scenes. Cloverhook is a charming volume, and wherever read will please and profit.

LYRA AND OTHER POEMS. By Alice Carey. New York: J. S. Redfield.—This is a smaller and later issue than the preceding, and gives us a fair view of the poetical skill of the author. We have looked over its pages with delight, albeit we must confess, that here and there are observed picture-transcripts of real life which made our heart beat with less of rapture than of sorrow. Fireside Pictures, the Dying Mother, the Broken Household, and some other minor poems, are sketched from experience, leaving upon the mind the conviction that none could thus write who had not felt sorrow's sting.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; or, *Life among the Lowly.* By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Cleveland: Jewett, Proctor & Worthington. Boston: Jewett & Co.—This work does not pretend to be strictly true as a narrative, though the writer in her preface assures us that the several characters, sketches, and incidents had their foundation in actual occurrence. The merits of the volume must be great, as within a few weeks past about fifty thousand copies have been sold, or one hundred thousand volumes, as the work is in two volumes. It is a picture of American slavery as it now exists, and by its circulation, we doubt not, it will do more to render obnoxious the buying, selling, and keeping of slaves than any publication that has ever emanated from the press. Mrs. Stowe, we are informed, has already reaped a snug fortune from the immense sale of her work. Beside this, most unquestionably she has cause to feel elated at her great popularity as an author.

ROMANISM AT HOME. *Letters to the Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the United States.* By Kirwan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.—Kirwan introduced himself to the American public by his Letters on Romanism, published a few years since. The present work is the result of a hurried visit of the author to Papal Europe, particularly Italy, and embodies what he there witnessed of superstition and priestcraft, and the absence of intelligence, true progress, and piety. In the main, its style is racy, pungent, and bold, though here and there, we think, some improvement might be made by the omission of certain homely and coarse epithets. These epithets, among intelligent readers, will secure the book a condemnation rather than a perusal; and we trust, if it be practicable, that the author will so modify the parts referred to as to allow his book the fullest and freest possible circulation among all classes. As it is, it will accomplish great good; but revised it would accomplish still greater good.

Periodicals.

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE is very prompt in reaching our office. The number for May has a portrait of Rev. James Laycock. The engraving is most perfect. It seems as though if spoken to it would at once enter into conversation with the reader. Among the articles of the number we notice a sketch of the Life and Times of Dr. Lightfoot, Scenes in the Canadian Woods, Sanitary Aspects of Mission Stations, Texts Wrested for Factious Purposes, A Night on Ben Lomond, Conversion and Ordination of a Young Brahmin, etc. The original poetry of the Wesleyan is generally of the first class. Here is a stanza or two from a piece on "The Final Triumph of the Church of Christ:"

"The Gentiles o'er the sounding deep,
To hail thy rising, come;
Thy sons from distant lands draw near;
The daughters of thy home
Arise to bless thy name—they sing,
'Rejoice, thy work is done.'

O, who are these, like gentle doves,
That to thy windows fly,
As swiftly as the fleeting cloud
Which shades a summer sky?
Behold, a great, a glorious band
Proclaim thy victory!

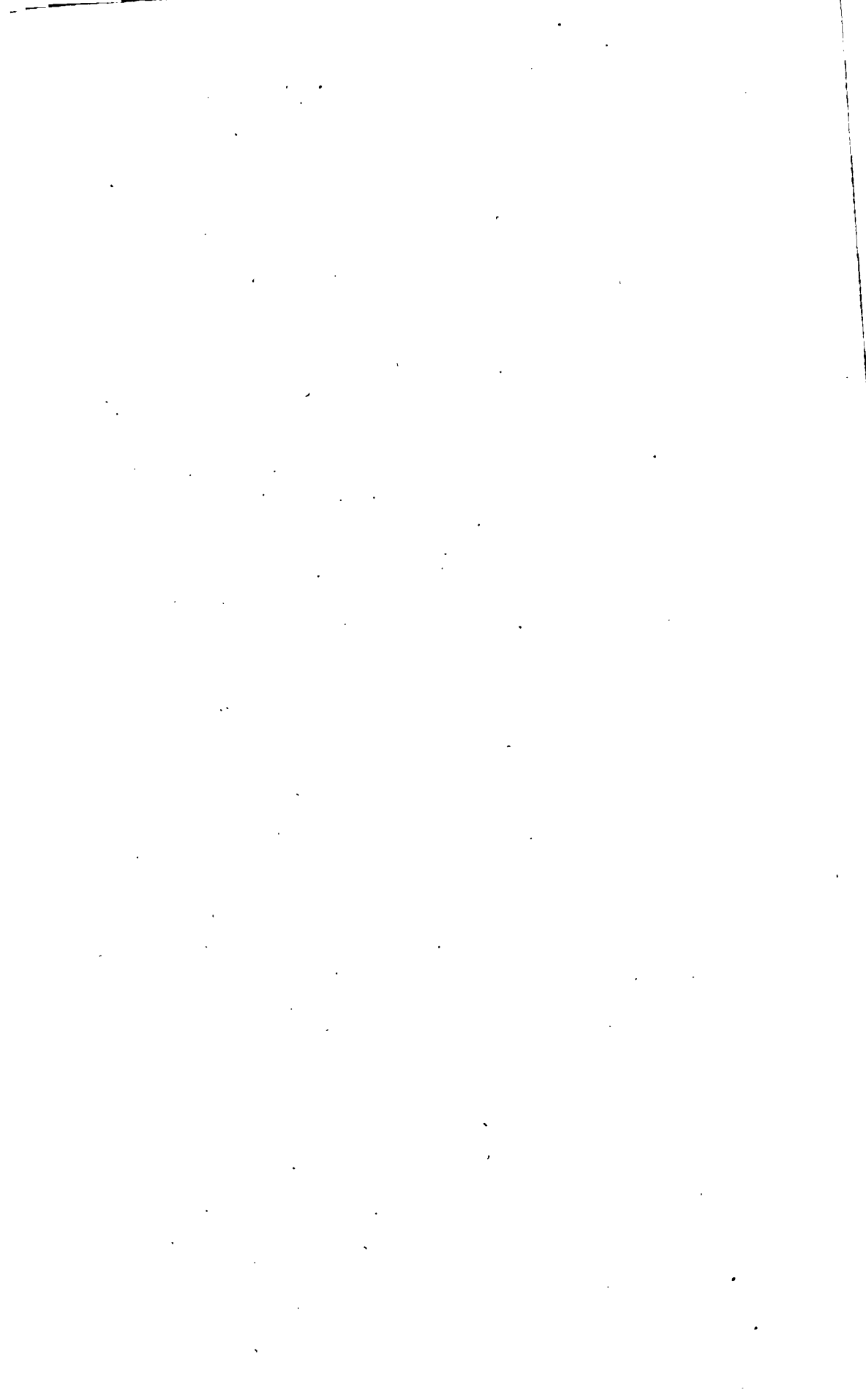
No lamp shall guide thy willing feet,
Jehovah is thy light;
Salvation now shall be thy theme,
And praise thy sole delight;
And all thy blood-wash'd sons shall prove
Faith ends in glorious sight!"

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL, published by Charles Cook, London, continues to maintain its position as one of the very first of English periodicals. It is not embellished with engravings at all, and yet its circulation, both in this country and in Great Britain, is very large. The editor is a strong advocate of woman's rights—not in the offensive sense as used by a certain class, but in the sense of opening for the sex fields of labor which will lead to the greatest mental, moral, and pecuniary improvement. We know of no foreign journal of a general character which we should prefer to Eliza Cook. Persons desirous of the work can order it through Messrs. Post & Co., of this city, for about three dollars per year.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW, in the amount of its miscellaneous and practical articles, can not be surpassed by any monthly in the land. Looking over a recent number we saw an article on the comparative longevity of farmers and merchants and mechanics. Farmers, it was stated, live on an average about twenty years longer than either of the latter classes. The reason assigned was the greater amount of pure air, and regular though often severe exercise which fell to the lot of the outdoor liver.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, OR NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE, in its issue for May, announces that the Messrs. Appleton, of New York, have in press two volumes, entitled "Knick-knacks from an Editor's Table, by L. G. Clark." They will undoubtedly command a very wide sale.

THE OHIO JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, for May, among many other valuable articles, has one on the Boston schools. The writer states that the Quincy School, on Tyler-street, which opened in the year 1848, is the costliest school building in the city. It is four stories high, and is eighty feet long by fifty-eight wide. The original cost was seventy-five thousand dollars. The attic of the building is fitted up as a gymnasium—a most excellent idea, and worthy of universal adoption. About five hundred boys attend the Quincy School. Salary of the principal teacher, fifteen hundred dollars per annum; assistants, eight hundred or one thousand dollars each. The lady assistants, of whom there are several, receive smaller salaries. Their labors, however, are not less arduous than those of their fellow-laborers, the male teachers. Ought this state of affairs so to be?





Edwin H. Underhill, New York



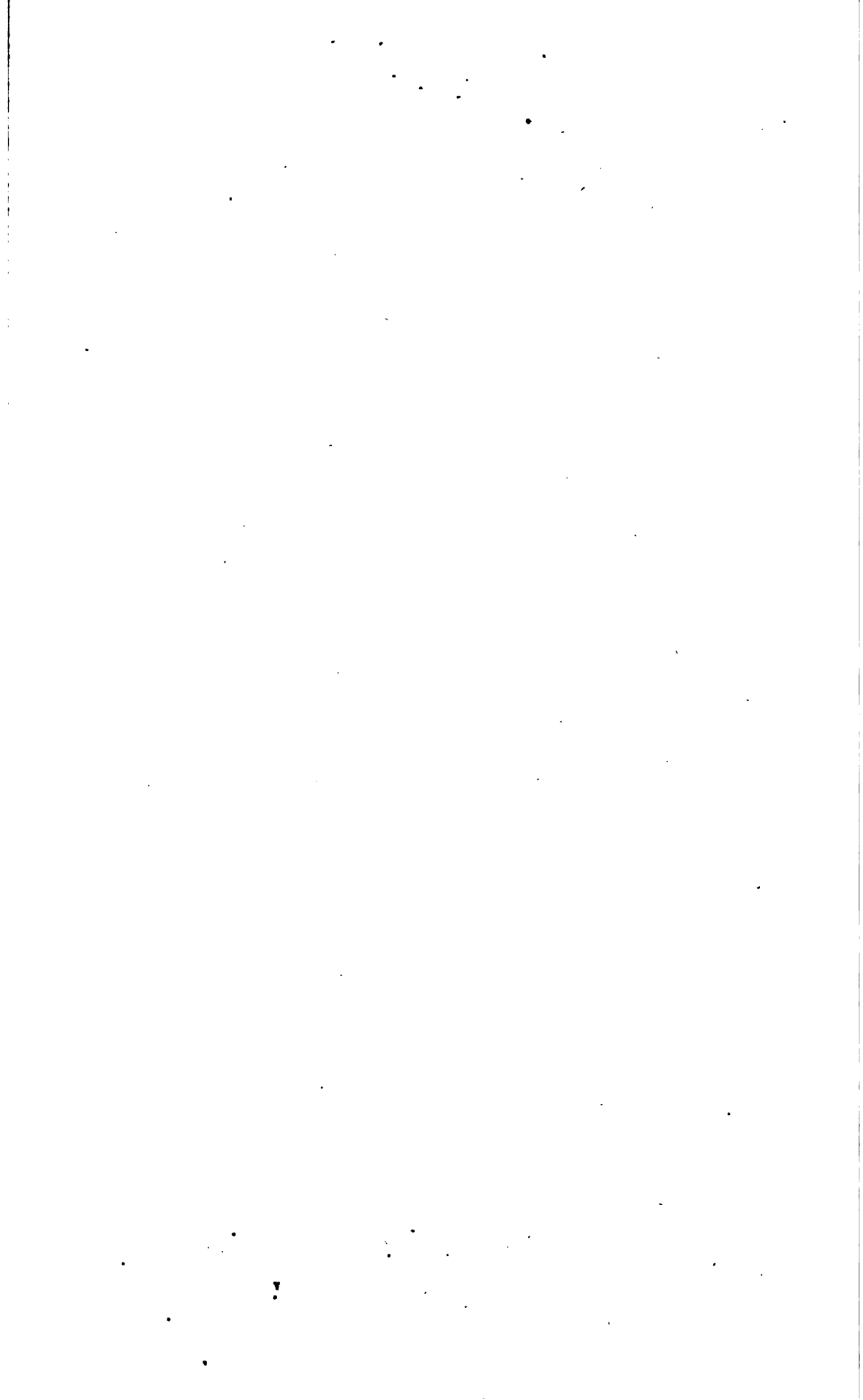
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THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

1887.

Painted by Mrs. J. M. W. Turner, R. A., and exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, 1887.

Reproduced by permission of the National Academy of Design, New York.



The wounded Bird.

BY GEORGE W. DUNN.

Music by FR. WERNER STEINBRECHER.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand.

The second system continues the musical notation. The vocal line has a whole rest followed by several notes. The word "Sweet" is written above the final note of the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic patterns.

The third system includes the following lyrics: "bird, With bro - ken pinion, cease To chant that melancholy strain, Such". The vocal line is aligned with these lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues to provide harmonic support.

The fourth system includes the following lyrics: "mourn - ful mu - sic mars my peace, Such sad notes fill my breast pain Then". The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece.

THE WOUNDED BIRD.—*Continued.*

cease, or sing a song of love, Such as in other days was heard Re-

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a half note 'cease,' followed by a quarter note 'or' and a quarter note 'sing a song of love,' in the first measure. The second measure contains 'Such' and 'as' (split across the bar). The third measure contains 'in other days was' and the fourth measure contains 'heard' and 'Re-'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

sounding through thy native grove, When thou wert blithe and free, Sweet bird.

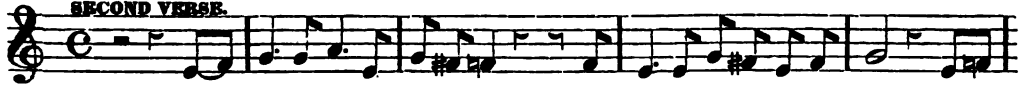
This system contains the next four measures. The vocal line continues with 'sounding through thy native grove,' in the first measure, 'When thou wert' in the second, 'blithe and free, Sweet' in the third, and 'bird.' in the fourth. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

This system contains the next four measures of the piece. The vocal line is silent, indicated by whole rests on the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the previous systems.

This system contains the final four measures of the piece. The vocal line is silent, indicated by whole rests on the staff. The piano accompaniment concludes with the same rhythmic pattern as the previous systems, ending with a double bar line.

THE WOUNDED BIRD.— *Concluded.*

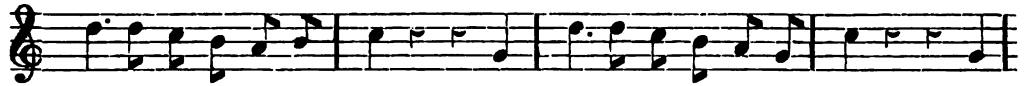
SECOND VERSE.



I know I sang a gayer song When perched upon my favorite bough, Sur-



rounded by a cho - ral throng, Than a - ny I can sing thee now, Gay

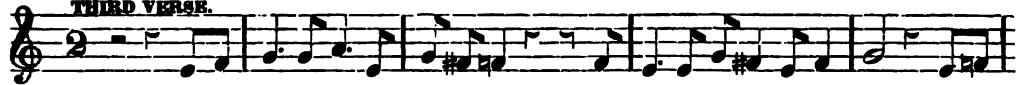


music was my joy and pride, When I could skip from tree to tree, But



now my wing droops at my side I can - not sing that song for thee.

THIRD VERSE.



Spring came once more, the earth again Was robed in verdure, glen and wood Rang



with the songs of birds; each strain Was wafted through the so - li - tude; But



as I stood entranced and heard The minstrels sing their loveliest song, I



wept because the wounded bird Was not a - mong the joyous throng.

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1852.

DRESDEN AND ITS ENVIRONS.

—
A REMINISCENCE OF SAXONY.

—
BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

DRESDEN is truly the Florence of Germany. This is no unmeaning compliment, but an appellation pre-eminently deserved. No capital of the old Father-land more closely resembles "Florence the Beautiful," in every respect, than does the charming, the accomplished Dresden. As Florence throws the shadows of its stately mansions into the bosom of the Arno, so does Dresden reflect its beauties on the smooth surface of the Elbe. As Florence opens her inestimable galleries of ancient and modern art to crowds of admiring strangers, so does Dresden unfold the treasures of her Muses to the throng of travelers that her artistic wealth always draws within her walls.

Dresden is delightfully situated in the valley of the Elbe, and its beauties are heightened by the attractive scenery of the vicinity, that advances to its very walls. Indeed, it is the beau ideal of a "*rus in urbe*;" for the gardens, and promenades, and long rows of stately trees that meet one at every step, give it an appearance so rural that it is not difficult to imagine one's self in an immense villa—the city adorned with all the beauties of the country.

The old fortifications of the city have been razed to the ground, and their place is now occupied by a handsome promenade that encircles the inner city. This is a great place of resort in the summer season on account of its shade and its beauty; and along its borders rise many of the most stately private edifices in Dresden. A number of the public buildings also have very large gardens attached to them. These are kept in the most perfect order, and enriched with a copious collection of indigenous and exotic plants. These gardens are open to all classes, who enjoy them without committing the least impropriety or injuring one of the plants. The public, high and low, seem perfectly aware that these are for the public good and for all, and each individual acts as if the care of these

places of public resort were actually intrusted to him.

At a short distance from the city lies an immense park, known as the "Large Garden." This is also open to the public, and devoted to innocent and healthy amusement. In its midst is an old palace of the seventeenth century, containing a collection of the arms and curiosities of that period; and in the vicinity are several large concert-rooms and places of refreshment for those who resort to its grounds.

Near this spot was fought the terrible battle between the Prussians and the French in which the celebrated hero, Moreau, fell mortally wounded. A plain monument now covers the spot where he received the mortal wound. A cannon-ball carried off both his legs, and they are buried here; his body was taken to St. Petersburg, and there interred with great honors.

Moreau's history and fate was a strange one, indeed. His influence in France was at one period so great, that Napoleon considered him his most formidable rival for the affections of the French people; and he was, without doubt, Napoleon suspected him of conspiring against his own power, and seized the opportunity of banishing him from the country. This so embittered Moreau against his persecutor that he did what few Frenchmen have done: he fought against his countrymen—not against his country—in the ranks of the Allies. He fell on a strange soil, and his grave was watered by strangers' tears. Few visitors to the "Large Garden" neglect to wander a little farther, to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the hero who felt it his duty to contend against the man who swallowed up the liberties of his native land.

During the pleasant seasons for outdoor recreations, few afternoons pass by without musical entertainments in the Large Garden; and these are of the choicest kind. An open building is so constructed that the musicians are favorably situated for musical performances, while the public sit around little tables in the open air, sipping coffee or chocolate, or indulging in ice-cream and other refreshments. The orchestra frequently numbers from thirty to fifty performers, and most of these

are men of merit, and play, in the most scientific style, the favorite airs and overtures from the principal German operas. In front of the orchestra is suspended a sort of sign, into which can be placed a board containing the name of the piece that is being played, so that the audience is never in doubt as to the music; and this custom also serves to impress on the mind the master-pieces of the celebrated composers.

A few cents, seldom more than ten, gives admittance to these concerts, and provide rational and dignified amusement for an afternoon or evening. Here, then, the Dresdeners resort to spend a leisure hour, but never without their wives and children. Around dozens of the tables may be seen family groups, taking tea in the garden instead of taking it at home. Indeed, it is not uncommon for a lady in Dresden to invite a few intimate friends to take tea with her family on a certain afternoon in the Large Garden; and all the arrangements are so perfect, that an invitation of this kind is attended with no inconvenience and no trouble—at most, that of sending out early in the afternoon to secure good tables and favorite places for listening to the music. When seated at table, the lady orders tea or coffee and other refreshments for as many as grace her board, and in a few minutes all is in order, and a corps of faithful servants are ready to do her bidding. The expense is comparatively a mere trifle, and the heart-felt and innocent enjoyment might be envied by a king.

But a still more pleasing spectacle is the quiet and refined pleasure of the poorer classes. High on the banks of the Elbe, on a spot that commands all the beauties in the vicinity of the city, is a public concert-room and garden, known as the Elbe Terrace. The latter borders the river, and forms a promenade of the most attractive character. Go with us, dear reader, to the Elbe Terrace concert, and if you do not sincerely wish that the harmless enjoyment that prevails there might be infused into the same classes at home, we shall be disappointed deeply, and regret having invited you, on the ground that our feelings are so widely different that there is no mutual sympathy. As we approach the concert-hall, the sounds of music greet our ears, and social groups join us on our way to the entrance. At the gate of the garden stands a keeper, who holds out his pewter plate to receive one single groschen—about two cents and a half—and this for the most elevating and refined music from seven o'clock till ten. A father, mother, and bevy of happy children precede us, and seat themselves around a table; and curiosity tempts us to take a seat near them. As we enter, the musicians are playing an overture from Mozart, and quite a large company is collected—all chatting with each other in a low voice, or listening to the music, and expressing satisfaction at certain striking parts of the piece. On looking around the room, we conclude that the company is composed of persons of a humble though comfortable position;

many of them mechanics, and others small tradesmen, whose incomes induce them to seek pleasures that are not expensive. But we have followed our family, and we prefer to tell their story more in detail. The children having been comfortably arranged, the mother opened her rather bulky basket, and began to draw out its contents, composed of bread and butter in slices, generally known as sandwiches, and a variety of tea-cakes. These are laid on a coarse napkin in the middle of the table, and the waiters who are standing near are requested to bring a number of cups of coffee or chocolate, seldom tea. When the latter arrive, a social meal is enjoyed with all the coolness and nonchalance that would reign at home. The reader will, of course, perceive that the object of bringing the eatables along in a basket is the praiseworthy effort of preventing a high bill, which would otherwise hinder the whole family from enjoying a happy evening. The owners of such establishments, for the humbler classes, are so accustomed to this thrifty economy among their married customers and families, that they never raise the least objection, although their only sale is tea, coffee, or chocolate. They make up in numbers what they lose in quantity.

Near us, however, was one case of an incorrigible and avaricious old bachelor, who had come with some bread and cheese wrapped up in a paper. After sitting awhile alone and forlorn, he drew forth his package from his coat-pocket, and, calling for a glass of beer, used his jack-knife to cut his bread and cheese, and thus took his solitary supper at the expense of two cents laid out in the establishment. He was evidently an old customer, as many a leering eye was cast over toward him, and even the waiters indulged in a smile to see him enjoying the outlay of two cents for his own personal welfare and enjoyment.

Our happy family finished their frugal meal with chitchat and merry laughter, heightened by an occasional nod from a friend and neighbor, or a joke from a passer-by who had come too late to secure a table. It will not be forgotten, that all this time the music is playing at intervals, and is enjoyed to its full extent, though one might suppose that these doings would be an obstacle; on the contrary, they only heighten the pleasure by the variety. Supper being over, mother brings out the knitting for herself and eldest daughters, and the latter learn to knit young; and now the needles move apace, seeming to keep time with the music; and thus we have no doubt that all the stockings needed by the family are made during these hours of leisure and enjoyment. But the knitting is no more a barrier to conversation and mirth than is the music; on the contrary, the livelier the conversation, the faster seem to go the needles. In the course of the evening, the happy family may, perchance, indulge in a little sugar water, or the father in a mug of beer, seldom any thing more. And this is the story of nearly all of the several

hundreds nightly gathered in concert-hall to enjoy a little recreation, after the toils and labors of the day are ended. The distinctive character of these reunions is the presence of the mothers and children with the fathers; and this feature makes a world-wide difference in the influence exerted on men and fathers thus assembled and men and fathers as they, of the same class, too frequently assemble among us. Take our workmen, and let us ask ourselves how few of them know of innocent recreations in which their families indulge as well as they, and how many are, therefore, driven to the worm of the still, while innocent women and children are left to pine, sorrow, and starve. Our working classes stand greatly in need of far more recreation of an innocent nature, in which the mind and body can find a genial and wholesome influence; and till this is attained, we may expect to find the evil genius of intemperance boast of armies of victims.

Another and powerful means of elevating the sentiments of the laboring classes, in Dresden especially, is the immense and valuable picture-gallery of old and new masters, which is, on certain days of the week, thrown open to all, without money and without price. We have seen the halls of the gallery crowded with peasants and mechanics, who would wander and wander for hours, maintaining a most respectful demeanor while admiring the works of art, and seldom conversing with each other except in a whisper, showing distinctly the influence exerted on them by those master-pieces of genius. Although far from comprehending the most of them, they were struck with their transcendent beauty, and refined in regarding them.

This picture-gallery of Dresden has, in some respects, no rival in Germany, and but few on the continent. It is the chief among the many attractions which draw strangers to the capital, and the pride of the city which it adorns. It is always accessible to strangers, and always filled with them, and native and foreign artists, engaged in copying the gems of the collection. It contains nearly two thousand pictures, mostly by Dutch and Italian masters. The pride and glory of the gallery is the far-famed *Madonna del Sisto*, by Raphael. Many believe that this precious painting has never been excelled by any other pieces of this master, even in his palmiest days. It was painted in 1520, probably as a picture to beautify a religious festival, the artist himself not being conscious of its incalculable worth. It was finally secured as the altar-piece for the Benedictine Convent at Racenza, and at last found its way to Dresden, where it shines, the jewel of jewels. Its vicinity is always occupied by an admiring crowd that never cease to gaze on it, and admire the sublime and divine inspiration of the master that called it into life. Many visit the Dresden gallery for days, and see little else than the *Madonna del Sisto* of Raphael. To our mind, another exquisitely beautiful piece, that would of itself repay a visit to Dresden, is the

Madonna by the celebrated master Murillo. In short, weeks might be profitably spent in admiring the works of genius that adorn the gallery, although a dry description would be more likely to be productive of *ennui*.

Dresden, we have said, is the city of attractions for the stranger on a sight-seeing tour. One is scarcely safely landed in the hotel before a troop of *valets* show themselves, all eager to offer their services, and make arrangements to show all the wonders that are generally looked upon as lions. By a strange, and, in our opinion, a selfish and suicidal provision, some of the greatest curiosities of the place are only opened on the payment of a fee of two dollars. This sum, however, will admit six as readily as one, and the guides, therefore, generally try to make a party of six, from whom they receive a half a dollar apiece, making three dollars in the aggregate; of this sum they pay two dollars to the doorkeeper of the collection, and retain one for their trouble in making up the company, and conducting it to the place. We joined a party under the guidance of a loquacious old *valet*, and proceeded first to examine the "Green Vault"—a remarkable collection of works of art and curiosities, *precious* and precious stones, worth several millions of dollars; without doubt the richest collection of the kind in Europe, which owes its existence to the romantic spirit of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. To give a feeble idea of this unique collection, we will enumerate a few of the most prominent objects: a little ivory crucifix made by Michael Angelo; an ivory pitcher, with battle scenes cut around it in the most elaborate style, which seems as if it might have been the work of a lifetime for the artist who created it; another pitcher with the foolish virgins, cut in ivory in the same style, and still a group in ivory, representing the fall of Lucifer and the wicked angels, and containing ninety-two figures, cut out of a piece of ivory only sixteen inches high.

Another apartment contains the most remarkable mosaic work; ostrich eggs and various shells ornamented with raised work; to say nothing of the corals, mother-of-pearl, and amber, that are worked into all imaginable shapes and ornaments; a chimney-piece of porcelain inlaid with precious stones; two goblets of cut stone, each valued at six thousand dollars. Cut in wood are the crucifixion, descent from the cross, and resurrection of our Savior, and the combat of the archangel Michael with Satan.

Again, there is the whole court of the Great Mogul, on a large silver plate; there is the beautifully decorated pavilion, with the Mogul himself seated on a golden throne, surrounded by his ministers and guards—one hundred and thirty-two figures executed in gold and silver with consummate skill by celebrated artists. These are but a very few of the thousand things, queer, rare, and comical, which grace the "Green Vault" of Dresden, and make it a place of resort for strangers.

One great drawback to the enjoyment of all such collections on the continent is the provoking manner in which one is led and schooled by those who have them in charge. One is generally forced to join a party, and trot after a crusty, garrulous fellow, who has every word stereotyped, and grumbles if requested to hesitate a moment or leave the beaten track. Indeed, it is a business to put subjects through in a given time, to make room for the next party, which is either close behind or in waiting. This mars the enjoyment a great deal, as it would be far pleasanter to be let alone, in order to guess out half the things and examine them at leisure, than to be informed by such automatons.

The valet now makes another start for the "Historical Museum," and we follow, like sheep to the slaughter. Said Museum is an extensive collection of arms and armor of times gone by in the Fatherland, of old styles of dress, and curious historical souvenirs. Having examined a series of portraits of Saxon princes and princesses, we next come to an old closet or cupboard that used to belong to Luther, together with his goblet, and the sword which he wore on the Wartburg, when living there to avoid the persecution of his enemies, under the disguise of the Junker George. Next in order follows the coat of mail of the intrepid Gustavus Adolphus, with sword and staff of command, which reminded us that some time before we had seen in Vienna the very flannel shirt in which the great defender of the Protestant faith received his death-wound, the ball having perforated back and front. Following these is the magnificent tent of the Turkish Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, which was captured, together with all its collection of Turkish and Oriental arms, on the taking of Vienna. Then come the sword of Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, Napoleon's saddle of red velvet, together with the boots which he wore in the battle of Dresden, and the velvet shoes which bore him on the day of his coronation. These are not a tithe of the historical curiosities there treasured up, but they will give the reader a faint idea of the reverence with which Europeans regard every thing that pertains to their checkered and eventful history. They are also a rich source of reflection and instruction to the American, who has hitherto only learned them from history or romance. Here they stand forth in reality, and seem to transport the beholder to other days and other scenes.

But, perhaps, the most curious and interesting collection of curiosities in Dresden is the celebrated "Porcelain Museum." It contains no less than *six hundred thousand* different pieces, and fills eighteen large rooms. It was in Dresden that the first efforts were made to imitate Chinese porcelain; and the honor of these experiments belongs to the indefatigable Böttcher. These rude but interesting commencements of an art that has now reached such wonderful perfection are the most novel curiosities of the whole collection; they are of a brownish-red color, and wonderfully perfect for

first efforts. They are preserved on the very spot where they were successfully made, and they form the nucleus of the exhibition, as they did of the art. We start with these, and trace the gradual progress of unceasing industry, untiring patience, and unquestionable skill, till we are led to exclaim that the Chinese are not only equaled but surpassed in their favorite art. The Saxons have attained a perfection in the manufacture of porcelain which is truly astonishing, and this collection shows, at a glance, the wonders they have achieved. But they do not disdain to enrich it from other lands; and here are found the most perfect productions from China, Japan, Italy, and France. A part of the Chinese and Japanese porcelain consists of figures of animals of the most singular forms.

At Sevre, six miles from Paris, is a manufactory belonging to the French government, which produces some of the most wonderful specimens of the art that money and skill can create. This establishment has sent to Dresden a delicately wrought bouquet of flowers in porcelain, and some magnificent vases, representing scenes in the life of Napoleon—such as his coronation, marriage, etc. Besides these are some beautiful pieces from the East Indies, and others from Italy, ornamented with designs from Raphael. In short, the whole collection is a Porcelain Museum in the fullest acceptance of the term, and such a treasure as exists no where but in Dresden.

The manufacture of porcelain is still carried on in Saxony to so great an extent as to be a very important branch of industry to the nation. The most celebrated manufactory at the present time in Saxony is at Meissen, on the Elbe, a few miles below Dresden. It was described to us as so well worth a visit that we determined to devote a day to its examination, and we were well repaid for said determination. The passage down the stream is one of great beauty; and Meissen lies on a rocky eminence that commands the river and the valley for a great distance. On the highest pinnacle of these crags is situated the old church, with its belfry and spires; and beside it is an extensive building, which we soon learn is the manufactory. It was once an old monastery connected with the church, and therefore its lofty position. Here is manufactured the finest porcelain and most costly specimens of the art. The visitor first sees the fine clay used in the productions, and traces its changes through a series of transformations, till perfectly astonished at the different processes through which it passes, and the skill displayed in giving it form and fashion. Some of the finer productions are most exquisite works of art, and seem to require all the genius of the sculptor and painter, as they really develop all the beauties which we expect an artist to call into life.

Dresden is favored with the most charming environs of any city on the continent, and, therefore, remarkably well adapted for the residence of those who would live on their incomes, in a city with all

the pleasures and beauties of a romantic country at their very doors. Of favorite places of resort in the vicinity by far the most celebrated is

SAXON SWITZERLAND.

The name at once gives a foretaste of what may be expected there, although its cognomen smacks a little of servility and not a great deal of good taste. Saxon Switzerland lies on the borders of the Elbe, a few miles above Dresden, and is a wild, romantic, mountain land. Its beauties extend some twenty miles up the stream; and within this distance the Elbe unfolds its charms, as does the Rhine in a distance of eighty miles, between Bonn and Bingen. We leave Dresden in a neat little steamer, and pass up the Elbe, and the first that attracts our eye, on its banks, is the summer castle of the King of Saxony—Pillnitz. It is built in Italian and Japanese taste, and surrounded by a great variety of beautiful gardens, that give it a most attractive exterior, which is said not in the least to belie the beauties one might reasonably expect within its walls. Here the beauties of Switzerland in miniature commence; and those who are not too indolent to walk, land for the purpose of commencing their tour. The mountains approach each other, and form a narrow valley; and the mountains themselves are penetrated with gaps and crevices in the most singular manner. Steep walls of rock are separated from each other by very narrow openings; and these very walls appear composed of blocks of stone laid on each other, as if by the design of man, though not by his tiny hand. As we pass through the valley, the eye occasionally shoots into one of these narrow defiles, and is lost in its contortions. There are those who follow up those dells and wild ravines, and spend months in chasing their fanciful and, at times, fearful freaks; but the majority of tourists spend but two or three days in Saxon Switzerland, and follow the beaten track. To these the first object of interest is the *Bastei*—a mass of rock on the right bank of the river, which rises perpendicularly as a wall for more than six hundred feet, but in places rent asunder so as to seem like a group of peaks. On one of these peaks is an immense block which advances over its edge, so that one does not stand on the border of a precipice, but literally over it. This block is accessible to visitors by means of little bridges between it and other peaks; and it is surrounded by iron railings to prevent accident and permit an approach to its very edge, to gaze into the smooth waters of the Elbe below.

A plan of the guides, who demand their pay to a certain extent according to the enthusiasm they succeed in getting up, is to lead the stranger blindfolded to the extreme edge of the precipice; here the film falls from the eyes, and the most surprisingly beautiful landscape lies at the feet of the astonished traveler. Far below the Elbe is winding among rocks, palisades, and natural columns. On the other shore the plain rises gradually to an irregular wreath of mountains, among which now

and then appears one steep and isolated, whose summit is capped by an immense castle, or, at least, the ruins of one of other days. Here a day may be spent in studying the history of every peak, castle, and ruin. In short, Saxon Switzerland should fill at least an article, and we have been so chary of our space as to give it but a sketch. We beg pardon of its beauties for neglecting their merit, and designating them as the environs of Dresden. Who knows but that Dresden may have been created to do them justice and appreciate their worth?

Be this as it may, their worth is fully appreciated by the denizens of the Florence of Germany; for, with the opening of the merry month of May, "man and mouse," as the Germans say, men, women, and children, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, all wend their way to Saxon Switzerland, to engage in May festivals, rural picnics, and seasonable sport.

TEARS.

—
BY MISS E. A. BROOKS.
—

I LOVE a laugh, a merry laugh,
All musical and clear;
But there is more of poetry
In one warm, trembling tear.
O, how I love to see them steal
Down softly o'er the cheek!
They breathe so much of tenderness
As words can never speak.
They speak of hearts all kind and true,
Of feelings warm and deep,
Wherever o'er her passions wild
Sweet love her sway doth keep.
O, there are times when we might doubt
The hearts we dearest love;
But then the tears we've seen them weep
Their pure affection prove.
The tears of love—how eloquent!
How touching is their pow'r!
They come unto the wearied heart
Like dew to thirsty flow'r.
We might forget a mother's love,
In th' strife of after years,
And e'en her warm and tender prayer,
Were it not breathed in tears.
The tears of sorrow, too, I love;
They leave the heart more gay;
The sunshine gleams more brightly far
When th' clouds have pass'd away.
Yes, to the sadden'd soul they bring
A sweet, a heav'nly balm,
And throw around its troubled waves
A soft and soothing calm.
I love a laugh, a merry laugh,
All musical and clear;
But one sweet gush of pearly tears
To me is far more dear.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LYRA," "GLOVERPOOK," ETC.

I HAVE thought, my dear friend, some little account of a recent journey from New York to Cincinnati might not be altogether without interest, as it afforded much to interest myself.

I need not speak of the sorrow of parting with friends, who, though I had known them but a little, had, by their kindnesses of word and deed, endeared themselves to me. How in this world we meet and part, go and come!

Some eager for ambition's strife,
Some to love's banquet hurrying on,
Like pilgrims on the hills of life
We cross each other, and are gone.

After a residence of nearly two years in our great metropolis—New York city—I left on the evening of the 26th of April for Cincinnati, where on the Wednesday night following I arrived, waking out of such sleep as one may indulge in a rail car to the accustomed cry of the conductor. I was expecting a friend and relative to meet me, having sent a dispatch from Cleveland in the morning announcing my approach, and before a single coach or cabman had appeared, and you know what an active and energetic tribe they are, he duly and truly presented himself, and in a moment I was in the old familiar carriage on my way to one of my homes; for be it known to you I have several, which is just about equivalent to saying I have none.

"Tom," the favorite horse, looking just as sleek and black as ever, and not a day older—what a pity we should not retain our best look as well as the lower animals!—as we drew up beneath the lamp-post at the street door, turned and looked at me with almost a human interest. I fancied he knew me, and could not forbear stopping to caress his glossy neck and ask him if he really did recognize my countenance.

What a pleasant thing it is, on arriving in a great city, and while surrounded with a motley crowd, with coachmen and boys jostling, and beckoning, and calling, this hotel, and that, and the other, to see in the midst a familiar face—one in which we can "build an absolute trust!" It comes like a happy surprise, even though we expect it. The burden of self-reliance is removed, as it were, and we walk with a lighter step.

"They is come, mistress, they is come!" called Maria, the colored maid, who was stationed in the walk midway between the house and the gate, and in a moment two little sleepy children and one wide-awake sister—alas! I left two—were giving me their dear welcomes. How delightful it is to come home! No matter what enjoyments or pleasures we have found away, no matter what friends we have met or what aims and objects we have pursued, it is still a delightful thing to come home; and the pleasure next to that of coming home is perhaps coming to the home of one with whom we

are at home. This last was my pleasure on the aforesaid April night.

But I am getting before my story, and must return to the starting-point. The boat on which we took passage—the Hendric Hudson, the night boat between New York and Albany—carried about fifteen hundred passengers, besides being heavily freighted. We had aboard, I think, specimens of all nations, black and white, Jew and Christian. The facilities and the cheap rates of travel have made all the world travelers. The cabin was filled with a class of passengers quite different from that which we have been accustomed to see in former years. German women in short petticoats and coarse muslin caps, together with their thick-set husbands, who smoked long pipes in the gangway, now and then peering through the curtained doors to see after the wife, and that she had the baggage safe. There were also a large number of men and women in faded gowns and patched trowsers, worn-out hats, and bonnets that seemed not to have been *done up* for twenty years; and children in long dresses and with hair disposed after the fashion of women, quite lost in astonishment at the splendor of the furniture and the gayety of some of the ladies. This last matter, indeed, might well have excited the wonderment of older persons. It is a strange fancy some ladies indulge in—that of traveling in full dress. Brocade silks and slippers, laces, ribbons, and jewelry—the more the better—so it would seem they thought. A plain traveling dress, worn without ornaments, is the exception and not the rule. Ladies might save much care and trouble but for a foolish and vulgar vanity.

Shortly after getting under way we went on deck, both for the obtaining of a little fresh air and a parting view of the city, but had little success in either object; for every part of the boat was crowded to its utmost capacity, and so dense a fog prevailed that the city was completely hidden from view a moment after we left the wharf. No alternative was left but to return to the close, unventilated cabin, and make ourselves as comfortable as might be till supper. Every body knows what the close, dark, crowded cabin of a steamboat is—I need not describe it.

The day boats are much more comfortable—handsomely finished and elegantly fitted up. In the day line, too, you have the advantage of the Hudson scenery, beautiful exceedingly, and by one who has not previously seen it not to be forgotten. But the night line allows such sleep as may be obtained in a rocking berth; and having the long railway from Albany to Buffalo to go over the next day, we chose the sleep in preference to the fine scenery and the other advantages. Of the supper I can say nothing, except that the charge was fifty cents, that there was a want of servants, and that most of the eatables were cold. We were in no danger of partaking so heartily as to affect our dreams. Owing to the heavy lading and the fog, which made our passage something hazardous, we came into Albany after

the departure of the first express train, which we should have met.

There was no fear of oversleeping, for long before daylight the hum and bustle began, of women and children unheaping themselves from the sofas, lounges, berths, and rocking chairs, for all had been filled. After due crying, and scolding, and hooking, and pinning, came the rush for the wash-room. And here a scene was presented requiring more graphic powers of description than mine. Combs, soap, pins, and brushes, even tooth-brushes for aught I know, were used by whomever could seize hold of them, without any delicacy of feeling or seeming regard to their being private property. I was both pained and astonished to meet with such coarse notions of propriety—such ill-breeding and positive rudeness, and that where refinement was to be expected.

The boy who drove us from the boat to the depot could not, or said he could not, change the bill which I presented in payment, and I innocently and confidingly gave it to him to exchange, which he presumed he could do in a moment. I need hardly tell the reader he did not come back. I suppose he could not get the change; but I shall be a little more cautious next time.

The boat furnishes no breakfast; and if it chanced to be late, there is no time for procuring it, which was the case with us. This is bad, especially if you have no taste for the chestnuts and sponge cakes which are carried through the cars at every stoppage. Before the dining hour boys from the eating-houses ahead came aboard, distributing commendatory bills of the two rival establishments which accommodate travelers.

On descending from the cars it was really laughable to see the interest to secure custom. Two persons were stationed on either hand, who used their lungs without stint in crying the good qualities of the establishments to which they belonged. The one we had the good fortune to select did not exaggerate. The dinner was excellent and the charge not exorbitant.

Soon after we set forward again a difficulty occurred between an Irishman in our vicinity and the conductor—the man not being able to pay the fare. He had not lost his money, he said, but his wife, and she had the purse. "Why don't you go and find her?" asked a kindly-looking young man sitting immediately before us. I think he added in a moment, "I would know my wife if she were about here." "That young man loves his wife," thought I, from the heartiness of the tone, and I think so still. The Irishman presently left our car in search of the missing wife, and I know not how the affair terminated.

Travelers should be able to do without eating; for small provision is made for them. Arrived at Buffalo, there was no time to obtain supper at a hotel previously to going aboard the Buckeye State, where of course supper was over.

We, however, by dint of a little management,

had a private table prepared in the pantry, which, both because the supper was good and for that it was not in the midst of strangers, we enjoyed vastly. Some ice obstructed our getting out; but that overpast, the voyage could not have been more delightfully pleasant. The lake was smooth as the Hudson, and our boat glided gently forward as a swan. We retired early and slept excellently well, waking not till the morning sun streamed broad and bright through our window. As I stood on deck, and took the view, I thought I had never seen any thing so beautiful. Here and there a sail was visible, and one or two boats, leaving a white wake and a dense cloud of smoke behind them, passed us on the way to Buffalo. The woods on the Ohio shore, with their patches of clearing and rude cottages, were in plain view. Two birds, a species of seagull, I was told, flew after us till I was weary of watching them. I could not choose but watch them—there was a world of poetry in the sight; and I kept repeating such portions of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* as I could remember. Precisely at nine o'clock we came into Cleveland; and I must not fail to mention that we had previously been regaled with a very nice breakfast, and that the servants were numerous and polite. An instance of the general habit of fast eating which our people indulge I noticed here. Happening a little behind the rest when breakfast was announced, the places were taken, and I returned to the cabin, but had scarcely seated myself when the steward appeared, and stated that vacant places awaited us.

Cleveland is a beautiful, and, I should fancy, delightful city in which to reside. It is pleasantly shaded with trees, and fanned in the warmest weather with refreshing breezes. We had only time, however, for a brief survey, as we left at eleven o'clock for Cincinnati. From Cleveland to Columbus the road is new, and for the most part cut through thick woods; but little clearings are met every few miles, and villages, consisting of half a dozen houses, which seem to have sprung up by magic, are there. I supposed if I took the up train next day I should find them cities. Truly, we are a fast people.

At one of these villages, some hundred miles above Columbus, we took in two insane persons, who were being conveyed to the Asylum for Lunatics in Columbus. One, a young man, silent and awfully melancholy. He was just from prison, I was told; and this, I fancy, must have caused his madness, so dejected and gloomy he seemed. The other was a gray-haired woman, and constantly vacillated from mirth to madness. Her husband, a plain, hard-working old man, with a benevolent and kindly countenance, accompanied her, and my heart bled with pity as her behavior made him the object of general remark. All her freaks he bore with the utmost patience, and in her calmer moods treated her with the tenderness of a lover, as I suppose he once was, and she, so haggard, and wild, and revolting now, a fair and interesting girl.

What sorrowful changes there are sometimes in the lapse of a few years! how many I have found after an absence of two!

ANDREWS'S LATIN LEXICON.

—
BY FLORIAN.
—

I WOULD not have it supposed I have attempted to read through a dictionary. Not at all. That would be a task more tedious and profitless than the reading of a newspaper, advertisements and all. But the grand Lexicon of Dr. Andrews having just been received, with the respects of himself and the publishers, I have looked it over, and derived therefrom, as we should from every book we see, some interesting suggestions.

Untiring must be the patience of him who would make such a book. It consists of sixteen hundred and fifty pages, with three columns to a page, and one hundred lines to a column. The work displays extensive and profound learning. It is decidedly the best Latin dictionary in existence. In every department of education the facilities for study have been wondrously increased during the last quarter of a century. Twenty-five years ago we had no "First Lessons" in Latin or Greek, and no Latin dictionary, but the imperfect one of Ainsworth, and no Greek lexicon whatever in the English language. In mathematics and natural science we had few, if any, elementary works. The student had to plunge at once into deep waters, and swim or drown.

In the primary branches of education there were few facilities. I remember the very day when for the first time an atlas was introduced in the study of geography in the New England schools. At that time the study of grammar was deemed altogether too high an attainment for any but him who intended to devote himself to literary pursuits through life. Nor less limited were the means of religious education. The only Sunday school book we had was the "Primer," containing,

"In Adam's fall,
We sinned all,"

the story of John Rogers, and the Westminster Catechism. There were no religious newspapers. I remember seeing at school one day one of the earliest numbers of the Boston Recorder, the first religious newspaper ever published. While the number of books for elementary instruction has so greatly increased, and their adaptation to the wants of the student so improved, the price at which books are sold has been very much reduced. Books cost the purchaser not more than one third as much now as they would thirty years ago.

From the facilities for education, and the low price of books, knowledge is becoming very generally diffused. But it is doubtful whether, with all our facilities, we produce more thorough scholars

than we did fifty years ago. Have we as many, has New England, in proportion to population, as many men profoundly skilled in classical learning as she had fifty or a hundred years ago? Is there any thing in the modern improvements and appliances in the course of academic and collegiate study really unfavorable to thorough, extensive, and profound scholarship?

THE GRAVE OF THE ITINERANT.

—
BY MRS. M. J. KELLEY.
—

LOVELY is the grave of the aged itinerant on the bank of the most lovely of waters. It is already overgrown with the densely tangled but modest moss-pink; and fragrant flowers are flinging their odors around the spot, and young trees are sending their branches toward heaven to cast a friendly shade over his ashes. His brethren—the ministers of the Gospel he loved—placed him in his silent abode, and mute, eloquent, sorrowing tears they dropped to his memory. The beautiful Susquehanna flows gently by his last resting-place. Sweetly the birds carol their rich melodies over him. The zephyrs sigh in sympathy with our hearts as they move the green leaves of the family graveyard. Our hearts are sad as we walk there; but there is one, O, there is one heart sadder and lonelier far than others can be; there is the widowed heart all draped in the darkness of mournful sorrow, though she tells not her loneliness to the gaping multitude by the popular livery of woe. And yet the heart beats as feelingly within as if it were covered by a sable robe, and she is keenly alive to the reality that she is a widow. Who can withhold sympathy from such a one? for it is like dew on the parched herb, the tear of sympathy to the lone one.

But to return to the hallowed graveyard. Winter's snowy mantle rested on the spot when we made the lonely bed of the itinerant in the frozen earth, but no snows whiten the plains of the heavenly country whither he has gone. He saw its golden streets ere yet the spirit had quitted its earthly abode. His eye, growing dim to earthly scenes, rested on the splendors of the better land, and he exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful!" His sense of physical existence faded, but there came in its stead a consciousness of a more glorious world, and he whispered, "I dwell with angels and God." His utterance grew feeble, but the sweet "halleluiah" lingered on the tongue. 'Twas thus our father left us, and his sainted spirit went to join the triumphs of Garretson, Ostrander, Fisk, Emory, and many other glorified ones, with whom he was so sweetly associated here. No ostentatious pillar is reared over his remains; no elaborate inscription of studied eloquence can be read on the fair slab at his head, but simply,

HORACE AGARD: DIED JAN. 8, 1850: AGED 64.

FRANCIS ASBURY.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

For forty-five years Asbury was the leader of American Methodism. Every year he made the tour of the American states, traveling never less than five thousand, and often more than six thousand miles a year. He must, therefore, during his residence in America, have traveled at least two hundred and fifty thousand miles, a distance equal to ten times the circumference of the earth. And this immense amount of journeying he performed under the most unfavorable circumstances. There were no railroads, no steamboats, no stage-coaches. There were hardly roads passable for any wheeled vehicle. The only method of getting over the country was equestrian. During the latter part of his life Asbury was able to get along in a gig, but far the greater part of his two hundred and fifty thousand miles was performed on horseback. In this manner he had to climb steep mountains, descend abrupt declivities, wind along sequestered valleys, cross extended plains, ford rivers, and wade swamps.

He usually preached at least once every week-day, and three times every Sunday. He estimates the number of discourses annually at about five hundred. At any rate, the number of discourses he preached during his ministry in America must exceed twenty thousand. He was accustomed also to pray with every family on whom he called in his daily journeyings; and when remaining in one place for a few days, he would pray every time he ate, every time a visitor called on him, and every time he made a call. He would talk personally on religious experience with every member of every family he visited. He attended seven conferences every year, and an unknown number of quarterly meetings and camp meetings.

In addition to all this he wrote a great deal. His published journals make more than twelve hundred pages. He wrote, as he estimates, nearly one thousand letters a year. He wrote also largely on various matters connected with the affairs of the Church. In the winter of 1796 he says he wrote, while tarrying in Charleston, "more than three hundred pages on subjects interesting to the society and connection."

Much was added to his labor of mind by the duty of stationing the preachers in the several conferences, districts, and circuits. There were on the average, during the last ten or twelve years of his superintendence, seven conferences, between thirty and forty districts, three hundred circuits, and five hundred preachers. It was his duty to apportion every year all these five hundred preachers among the three hundred circuits. In order to do this judiciously, he had to acquire acquaintance personally with the preachers, and to be informed, either by personal observation or by report, of the circumstances and wants of each circuit. He had

not, as have our modern bishops, an informal council of presiding elders to make the appointments for him, requiring only his approval. He only availed himself of such facts as the presiding elders or others might be able to give him concerning the men and the place, and then he made the appointments on his own responsibility, according to his own views of right or expediency. Often he was greatly perplexed to find the right man for some particularly important station. Often by locations from ill-health or family embarrassments, the number of available and effective men was reduced greatly below the demands of the work. Often when he had done the very best in his power, the preachers complained of the appointments, or the people of the preachers he had given them. All these things added greatly to his labor, and sorely distressed him.

For all these services he received not one hundred thousand dollars a year, with the Archbishop of Canterbury; nor twenty-five thousand, with the President of the United States; nor nine thousand, with the American minister plenipotentiary to some foreign court; nor one thousand, with the settled clergyman of New England; but only *sixty-four dollars*. He received in addition to this his *traveling expenses*; that is, what he actually paid out in cash for ferrriage, and toll, and tavern bills, in going from one conference to another, was refunded by the conferences. But with the *sixty-four dollars* he had to provide himself with horse and traveling equipage, and clothing, and books. He received during the latter years of his life some few legacies, amounting to about two thousand dollars, from some of his American friends who died childless, but he spent none of these bequests for his own advantage. In his will he appropriated all he had thus received to the Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

His advantages for early education were very limited; yet he was by no means an unlearned man. We can hardly see how he could find time, or place, or books for study, yet he did become proficient in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He read the Scriptures in their original tongues, and he was capable of critical exposition of difficult passages. He was acquainted with several branches of polite literature, and always kept fully up with the history of the times. We have alluded to the great number of letters, and the large amount of other matter he wrote: where are these letters, and where are the papers he left on various "subjects interesting to the society and connection?" Why have they never been collected and published? or, at least, used in producing a biography worthy of the man and of the Methodist Church? Since he died a whole generation has passed from earth, and the name and the fame of Asbury have been suffered to descend rapidly to the oblivion from which recovery may soon be hopeless. It can not be that the hundreds of letters received by Asbury from persons connected with him in Church fellowship,

the thousands he wrote to his coadjutors and friends, and the papers on "various subjects," of which he often speaks, do not contain facts and suggestions of deep interest in the history of the times and in the illustration of his personal character. He was a writer of no inferior order. His journals, it is true, exhibit no peculiar graces of composition; yet even these daily memoranda contain occasionally passages of beauty, which surprise us, when we consider the circumstances under which he wrote—circumstances the most inconvenient possible; in log-cabins crowded with talkative women, noisy children, and barking dogs; with cold fingers, frozen ink, impracticable pens, and rumpled paper; and suffering from headache, toothache, chills, fever, sore-throat, and every other form of ill that "flesh is heir to" in a new and sickly country. The only specimens of his composition I have found exhibiting a fair view of the qualities of his style as a writer are the obituary notices of the early preachers, inserted in the old Minutes from 1785 to 1808. There is internal evidence that Asbury wrote all, or nearly all, these notices up to 1808. I have some doubt whether he wrote those from 1808 to 1814. But concerning those previous to 1808 I have not the slightest doubt.

These notices are beautiful, many of them surpassingly beautiful specimens of obituary writing. Some of them are very brief, concise, and clear—such as Tacitus might have written. Of this class are the notices of Pedicord, Mair, Gill, and Tunnel. Others are more extended, yet chaste and pertinent. I have never read more appropriately beautiful memoirs than those of Reuben Ellis, Tobias Gibson, Wilson Lee, and Richard Whatcoat.

There are probably those yet living who could give, from personal recollection, a description of his manner, style, and character as a preacher. Unfortunately for me I never saw him. I should have seen him at the New England conference of 1814 had not his health so failed as to prevent his arrival. I was but a child then, but I walked some miles to the conference to hear M'Kendree, and I would have walked a hundred miles to hear Asbury. I can only form some estimate of his preaching talents from the notices of his texts and heads of sermons in his journal. His texts seem always appropriately chosen, and his thoughts presented in a natural order and simple style. He seldom meddled with controversy or metaphysics. He discussed the fundamental doctrines of evangelical religion with clear exposition and forcible logic. He enforced the practical precepts of Christian duty. He denounced sin sometimes in terrible language, while he invited the sinner to Christ in soft and soothing tones.

His manner, as we should infer from his own notices in his journal, was generally pointed and energetic, sometimes boisterous. His voice was deep and powerful, but he could speak in tones of sweetest melody, melting the hardest heart.

In looking over his journals, we can but admire his happy selection of texts appropriate to the circumstances under which he preached. Finding the people at one appointment divided among themselves, he preached from these words: "This is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son, Jesus Christ, and love one another." To a very stupid people he preached from this passage: "The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." Arriving at his preaching-place one summer day, and beginning the services just as a plentiful shower, after a long season of drought, was pouring down from the clouds, he chose this text: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth out of my mouth; it shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it." A very small congregation he encouraged from these words: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Coming unexpectedly on the people at New Rochelle, he preached to as many as could be suddenly collected from these words: "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." A very worldly and avaricious congregation he alarmed from these words: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Before a congregation of careless young people he enforced the words of Solomon: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Having heard a discourse from an Episcopal clergyman against experimental religion, he preached at evening to the same congregation from these words: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." Having heard a Presbyterian minister preach a sermon "too metaphysical and superficial," he preached at evening in the same village from these words: "Ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God." To a new congregation, who seemed to be wholly ignorant of Methodism, and to know little of any thing, he preached from these words: "May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is?" To a people whom he had often visited with little success he applied these words: "I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed labor on you in vain."

He seemed never to choose a text admitting of mere declamation; nor did he make any effort to produce a sensation, and acquire applause by what is usually called a great sermon. His object was not to appear great, but to do good. He seemed to

understand correctly the rule of greatness under the Christian dispensation—the rule that determines the degree of greatness by the amount of good accomplished.

For a superintendent his qualifications were of a very superior order. He was thoroughly acquainted with human nature as developed in every-day life. He understood every part of the work committed to his care, and easily acquired, as by intuition, a thorough knowledge of the men associated with him in the ministry. In his integrity, his prudence, his conscientiousness, and his devotion to the interest of the Church, the preachers and the people had the highest confidence. He was too wise often to err, and too firm ever to be unduly influenced by the officious and designing, in the administration of affairs. Seldom would any attempts be made, and if made, more seldom still would it prove successful, to induce him, by incorrect representations, to overrate or underrate any man in the conference.

It would seem providential, that, in the infancy of the Church, such a man was spared so long to mature and perfect the system of Church government which the Methodists had adopted. For thirty-two years, a period forming a cycle in human life, he presided unquestioned and unrestrained over the destinies of the Church. He lived to see the system, which had been hastily adopted in 1784, amended, modified, and better adapted than it could reasonably be expected to be on first trial to the circumstances and wants of the Church. The Discipline adopted at the organization of the Church in 1784 was substantially the same with that of the English Methodists. It had grown up in England under the Wesleyan regime by custom and usage, forming a kind of common law. The original rules of the Wesleyan conference were few, brief, and general. Others were added, one at a time, as circumstances required. The regulations added at the yearly conferences were published in the Minutes of the conference. After some time all the regulations, which had been from time to time adopted, were collected and published in a pamphlet called the Larger Minutes. The American Methodists, at the General conference of 1784, adopted these regulations in all respects, so far as they were applicable to the circumstances of the Church in this country. Often as a new rule was needed, Asbury would propose it in each of the annual conferences. If sanctioned by all the conferences, it became a rule of the Discipline. In 1787 Bishop Asbury, while confined several weeks by lameness, undertook and completed a thorough revision of the Discipline, arranging its matter under appropriate heads. He did not, however, assume to alter any old or to add any new rule. At the General conferences of 1792, 1796, 1800, and 1804, many alterations in the constitution of the Church were made, in order to render its influence more efficient for the purposes of its existence—the spreading “of Scriptural holiness over

the land.” Far the greater part, if not all, of these modifications were made by the suggestion and sustained by the influence of Asbury. In 1808 an entire change was made in the constitution of the General conference. The conference had been an assembly of all the elders of all the annual conferences. From 1808 it became a representative body, with general powers, under certain limitations and restrictions. This was what Asbury had long desired, and he was happy in seeing it accomplished. He lived till he saw the constitution of the Church modified and amended to meet the wants which experience had developed, and till he saw other men rising up capable of leading on the sacramental host to victory and triumph.

To a careless observer in the history of Asbury, the man might seem lost in the minister and the bishop. But, in truth, he had qualities of mind which might have made him eminent in any station in life. We need not say he was eminent as a *Christian* man. The history of his life, of his labors, his travels, his sacrifices and zeal, prove him a man of most active religious benevolence. No man, unsustained by the hopes and unblest by the joys of pure religion, could or would endure for half a century the physical sufferings and mental anxiety which Asbury voluntarily sustained. He was a purely pious and deeply devoted man. He was a man of faith and of prayer. His notices, however, of his religious emotions and feelings are few and brief. He seems never to have been obtrusive of his own exercises of mind. Nor did he ever fall into a merely contemplative and mystical state of mind, forgetting that the spirit of Christianity is an active, not a quiescent spirit. Like his divine Master, he “went about doing good.” Holiness of heart and sanctification of soul in him produced their natural fruits—zeal and active benevolence.

He was a man of very delicate and highly refined sensibility. He was alive to the impress of the beautiful in nature, in art, and especially in moral phases. His notices of natural scenery, though brief, are often highly poetic. Passing through a southern forest in early spring, he exclaims, “Hail, ye solitary pines! the jessamine! the redbud! the dogwood! how charming in full bloom!” Traveling along the shores of Long Island Sound, he says, “This country is a continuous landscape; the fields in full dress, laden with plenty; a distant view of Long Island and the Sound, and the spires of steeples seen from the distant hills.” Rambling along the sea-beach, on the Atlantic coast, he says, “The sea reminds me of its great Maker, ‘who stayeth the proud waves thereof.’ Look at its innumerable productions; the diversified features of its shores; the pimeta, tall and slender; the sheep and goats friaking in the shade or browsing in the sun. Or let the eye be directed to the waters, and behold the rolling porpoise; the eagles, with hovering wing, watching for their prey; the white sail of the solitary vessel tossed upon the distant wave: how interesting a picture

do all these objects make!" Again he exclaims, while journeying along in New England, "How sweet to me are all the moving and still life scenes, which surround me on every side! The quiet country houses; the fields and orchards, bearing the promises of a fruitful year; the flocks and herds, the hills, and vales, and dewy meads, the gliding streams and murmuring brooks. And thou, too, Solitude, with thy attendants, Silence and Meditation! how dost thou solace my pensive mind after the tempest of fear, and care, and tumult in the noisy, bustling city!"

No man ever had a finer range of beautiful scenery than he. What an endless variety of landscape must have flitted before him—hills crowned with verdure and mountains capped with perpetual snow, valleys blooming with beauty, plains stretching away in evergreen loveliness, brooks leaping and running over their pebbly bed, rivers flowing stately on their oceanward way, and lakes spread out in summer serenity over the earth! The White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Blue Mountains of Virginia, and the magnificent Alleghanies rose in grandeur along his annual path. The evergreen plains of the Saco, the magic cities of the Merrimac, and the lovely interales of the Connecticut; the Highland banks of the Hudson, the fairy glens of the Susquehanna, and the misty mountains of the Potomac; the terraced plains of the Ohio, the luxuriant forests of the Cumberland, and the broad plantations of the Savannah, all lay within the purview of his eye, as he, like the sun, pursued his annual round.

He was keenly sensitive to the proprieties of life. If on calling, in his journeyings, at any house for refreshment and entertainment, he happened to observe any indications of an inhospitable spirit, and if he did not meet a cordial welcome, he could neither eat nor sleep under the roof, but, however hungry and weary he might be, he would ride away for miles to some more congenial quarters. He had often to pass the night at public taverns, where he was usually exceedingly annoyed by the presence of drunken loafers. Whenever it was convenient, he chose in his travels to visit for refreshment and entertainment the house of the widow and the orphan. With them he was ever welcome—with them he ever felt at home.

He met sometimes strange people, and he occasionally makes shrewd remarks on incongruous traits of character he may have observed. Having sat patiently for a long time, while the Virginia conference were discussing some small matter, without coming to any decision, he exclaims, "Strange that such an affair should occupy for so long the time of so many good men. Religion will do great things, but it does not make Solomons." He found one community whom he describes as renowned for two remarkable practices—"talking about religion and stealing horses." One would think a religious horse-thief rather a rare character.

He was often oppressed, as any one in his circumstances must be, with a sense of loneliness, almost of desolation. With as warm a heart as ever beat with the pulse of domestic affection, he found himself in age homeless and utterly alone in the world. His father and his mother were dead; his only sister had died in childhood; and he, for the sake, as he hoped, of being more useful to the Church, had formed no family connections. While seeing in the family of a friend the children playing, he felt sad at the thought that with him "it was the evening of life," and there were no children to climb his knee, to amuse his weary hours, and to perpetuate his name among men. He had none to love, but those whom he had met as strangers, but who proved to be friends. And them he loved intensely.

His love ceased not during the life, and terminated not at the death of his friends. He would, even in his hurried journeys, go often ten or twenty miles out of his way to visit an old friend, or even the surviving family of a friend. Nor could he forget the dead. He never would pass heedless the grave of a friend. He would turn aside from the busy walks of official duty to a solitary walk in the graveyard. He would lean in sorrow over the marble that might mark the resting place of the loved one of his heart. "Within sight of this beautiful mansion," says he, at the residence of General Worthington, in Ohio, "lies the precious dust of Mary Tiffin. It was as much as I could do to forbear weeping over her speaking grave. How mutely eloquent! Ah, the world knows little of my sorrows—little knows how dear to me are my friends, and how deeply I feel their loss." To such bereavements was he often subject. During the forty-five years of his ministry in America he had formed a great many pleasant acquaintances, and had acquired numerous friends in every section of the American Union. But he outlived nearly, if not quite, all his early friends. When weary and sick he now might arrive at some hospitable mansion, whose inmates had long ago bid him a hearty welcome, he misses the familiar faces he had been wont to meet, and he could only look on the grave that had received into its cold and cheerless bosom the friend he had loved. Asbury was not one of those oblivious philosophers who easily forget the dead, nor one of those transcendental religionists who see nothing sacred in the grave of a loved one. He never undertook the hopeless task of reasoning himself out of the spontaneous sentiments of his own nature.

Asbury was a man who might have highly enjoyed the exquisite pleasures of *home*—of home sanctified by the presence of "wife, children, and friends;" yet such a home he never had. It has been generally supposed that he was averse to marriage. This opinion derives some plausibility from several of his remarks, occasionally sarcastic, and indicating impatience, in relation to some of the preachers, who committed matrimony, and

soon after retired from the itinerant connection; yet the public impression on this matter is incorrect. It is not strange that he should sometimes, in the midst of the perplexity he often suffered from the want of men to supply the stations, inveigh against the matrimonial propensity, which had deprived the Church of the "services of more than two hundred of the best men in America." But he was not constitutionally an incorrigible bachelor. The reasons why he never married are given by himself, and are very honorable to his heart. In 1804, when he was nearly sixty years old, he says, "If I should die in celibacy, which I think quite probable, I give the following reasons for what can scarcely be called my *choice*. I was called in my fourteenth year. I began my public exercises between sixteen and seventeen. At twenty-one I traveled. At twenty-six I came to America. Thus far I had reasons enough for a single life. It had been my intention to return to Europe at thirty years of age, but the war continued, and it was ten years before we had a settled, lasting peace. This was no time to marry or be given in marriage. At thirty-nine I was ordained Superintendent Bishop in America. Among the duties imposed on me by my office was that of traveling extensively, and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace to induce her willingly to live but one week out of fifty-two with her husband. Besides, what right has any man to take advantage of the affections of a woman, make her his wife, and by a voluntary absence subvert the whole order and economy of the marriage state, by separating those whom neither God, nature, nor the requirements of civil society permit long to be put asunder? It is neither just nor generous. I may add to this, that I had little money, and with this little I administered to the necessities of a beloved mother till I was fifty-seven. If I have done wrong, I hope God and *the sex* will forgive me. It is my duty now to bestow the pittance I may have to spare upon the widows, and fatherless girls, and poor married men."

Asbury lived to see vast and wonderful changes in the state and the Church. He had seen the people of the American states increase in number from two millions to eight millions. He had seen them victorious in two wars with England. He had seen them rising rapidly in wealth and power, and he had learned to entertain a magnificent conception of the future extent and power of the republic.

When he landed on the American shores, the number of Methodists did not exceed six hundred, with some six or seven preachers. Before his death the number of members had increased to two hundred thousand, and the number of preachers to seven hundred—an increase of one hundred fold of preachers, and of more than three hundred fold of members. And he had faith in the future success and triumph of the cause to which he had devoted his life. He believed the Methodists would yet become a great and a powerful people. In

this faith he lived, in this faith he triumphantly passed away.

It is, however, doubtful whether he had ever conceived of the degree of greatness and of glory to which his adopted country, and the Church to which he had devoted his life, would arrive in the course of one third of a century after his death; yet to such a mind as his there must often have opened prospects of surpassing beauty, extending through all the future. He must have seen, by faith, the embattled hosts of the Lord, marshaled under the bold and fearless leader who had been raised up by his own ministry, marching forth "conquering and to conquer" over all the mountains, and valleys, and plains of the American continent. He had been long anxious to see, before his death, the superintendence of the Church committed to some one of American birth—some Elisha, on whom might fall the mantle of Elijah. The Lord granted him the desire of his heart. In M'Kendree Asbury saw all he could hope, all he could desire. To the hands of such a one was he willing to resign the scepter of ecclesiastical authority over the Methodist Episcopal Church. Nor did he overrate the virtues of that excellent man, the noble, the magnanimous, the chivalrous, the devout, the eloquent M'Kendree. And could he have seen the eloquent George, the amiable Roberts, and the learned Emory, to say nothing of the worthy men yet living, occupying the episcopal chair, he would have said, like the saint of old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

A P P E A L.

BY ALISON CARRUTHERS.

Is sin e'er swept thee from the light
That falls from Jesus' cross—
If thou hast learned in sorrow's night
Earth's nothingness and dross—
Forget not thou the evil day,
But pray, and do not cease to pray
For all thy brethren gone astray.

And if, in childhood's guiltless hours,
The wisdom of the truth
Thy footsteps led through fields of flowers
That brightly stretched to youth,
O, is there not the greater need
That thou shouldst give more earnest heed
To whom that wisdom never freed?

For though thou art with cleanest hands
A follower of the Lord,
In meekness keeping the commands
Found written in the word,
Of God's great household few are they
Who call upon him day by day—
Pray thou for those who never pray!

MY FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

BY ELLEN.

How fast the birthdays come! each successive year shorter than the last. And can it be that more than a half a century has rolled over my father's head? that its wintery storms and summer heats, its spring-time joys and autumn sorrows, have left the heart still green and feelings verdure fresh? How gently have the footprints of Time left their impress on his brow! how lightly left his frost-work on "my father's clustering hair!"

And yet for him earth's struggles and its storms have not been light. He has met the waves of trouble and affliction, and stemmed them nobly. Faith and hope have been to him the beacons whose lambent flames have illuminated his path, guarding him from the rocks and quicksands that have met him on his way.

Can my father realize that he has a daughter who has seen a fourth of a century to greet him with her heart-felt wishes and love?—a love which she brings forth from the inmost shrine of her heart, and lays as a tribute at his feet? Does not this thought make him bow to the weight of years and own the supremacy of Time?

The thought of old age brings with it nothing painful or revolting to my feelings, unless it be a vision of that second childhood which creeps upon us, when pursuing, with faltering footsteps, the declivity of life; and then, alas! we feel that there is a point beyond which we would not wish to live.

Could we but say, let old age come—let Time scatter his hoar-frost on our head, and stamp his furrows on our brow—let the palsied limbs tremble, the aged head quake, and the bright eye lose its brightness, our hearts shall know no fear; youth shall reign forever there; love, friendship, and generous sympathy still own their sway. The dim eye shall kindle as the faint glimpses of the beautiful yet meets it; and in the heart it shall find its counterpart of still deeper emotion, as it lives again in the recollection of by-gone days. The fading vision might not permit us to hold silent and rapt communings with our favorite authors; but the pleasures of a cultivated intellect and stored knowledge should still be ours, as we held sweet converse with our friends. Then would old age lose all its dread.

But O, to think that instead we have the torturing fear of imbecility, as well as infirmity, is a vista drear and dark! Love, joy, hope, memory, and anticipation will not, as now, cause the crimson stream to quicken in our veins; glorious youth's high swelling gives place to the cold tide of age; the beauties of nature and art which now fill us with delight will then only cloud our souls with an inexpressible sadness; we shall know no more the delights of sentiment, never again feel the rush of joyous spirits—even the radiant and cheering

ray of religion forever fled; all, all, in the gloomy vacant past, and we, poor, helpless mortals, with scarce our instincts left! O, can we brook the thought that we shall ever be thus? Let me rather be taken from all I love with thought still clear and a heart yet beating with affection. Let me go from this world before "the days draw nigh in which we have no pleasure in them." Let me give evidence that my soul is strong. Then shall I welcome the grim messenger only as a sure guide to the portals of brighter day.

But mayhap it seems strange on this festive day to sing so sad a strain to the future. And I should be called melancholy, prematurely old, were I to sing of feeling already the fleetingness of youthful joys, or knowing, by experience, the evanescence of earthly pleasure.

My thoughts to-day are busy with the past. My childhood and youth rise before me, and by their side stands my father; his kind eyes are looking on me now; and, as I meet their tender gaze, can I forget the many times when I had the misery of knowing that my errors had wounded his heart? O, yes, my father! and could your child live over again a few, a very few, years of the past, how fondly and faithfully would she strive to impart joy to your heart, and reflect honor on your name!

To me, one of the most beautiful passages of Miss Bremer, and one which vibrated to a sympathetic chord in my heart, was the following: "We talk a great deal about the beauty of maternal love. Paternal love has something perhaps yet more beautiful and affecting in it. It is my opinion, that he who has had the happiness of experiencing the careful culture of a loving yet, at the same time, upright father, can, with fuller feeling and with more inward understanding than any other, lift his heart to Heaven in that universal prayer of the human race, 'Our Father.'" And this happiness, this great blessing, has been bestowed upon me, has been mine, and, from the depths of a grateful heart, I thank my heavenly Father who has vouchsafed to me this great good.

My father to his children has been an example of perfection; and now, with matured judgment, they can find no fault with which to reproach him, save too great tenderness.

Can the child of fond and upright parents look back upon the thousand occurrences of every-day life, and there see plainly the faults which grieved those kind hearts, without deep sadness and regret? Can she trace, in this panorama of the past, the hours of weariness she might have prevented and soothed, the cares she could have lightened, the sorrows alleviated, and thus, by gentle and filial attentions, doubly, ay, trebly, increased the happiness which should have been dear to her as life, without a longing that *can not* be repressed to live over again those years of thoughtlessness? But ah, those days are gone forever! I have left the hearts that loved me in the home of my childhood. I live for others—for other duties; yes, they

are pleasant, and I would not exchange them; but I would that in my memory were the peaceful feeling of life and its duties well and perfectly fulfilled.

I bless my father for his kind instructions—the memory of his words is very pleasant. He has said he would not his children should mourn in gloom and sadness when he is taken away. We should speak of him cheerfully, as having gone a little in advance of them upon a journey. I have not fortitude to ask my heart whether it would stand the test of such an ordeal. I could not probe that heart to answer it; for the idea of separation, even in this world, has *something* of pain in it. I bless my heavenly Father that my earthly parents are spared for me to acknowledge every error past, and ask their forgiveness for every thoughtless pang that wayward youth may have occasioned. I bless him that I may pour forth the full tide of love, and fear no staying hand.

May many, many happy years crown my father's life! And if, in the memory of the past, there come visions which sadden the heart, may they be lost in the joys of the future! May his life glide on peacefully and gently, without a wave of sorrow or misfortune to disturb its serenity! and when called upon to meet its close, may he,

"Sustained and soothed

By an unflinching trust, approach his grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams!"

RAINY DAYS.

BY CRITICUS.

THE following inklings, penned when outdoor locomotion was too disagreeable for an invalid, are at your disposal. If you should deem them of any value, you can insert them in your periodical. Like Lacon, I am fond of essays briefly written, though not like him have I any claim to literary finish or superiority.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The public speaker, above all others, should possess great presence of mind. Rev. George Whitefield, the cotemporary of Wesley, furnishes, in his life and experience, some fine instances of this almost indispensable quality. When in the height of his popularity, one of the English nobility, probably Lord Clare, applied to Mr. Whitefield, requesting his influence in electing his lordship to some particular office at the next general election. Mr. Whitefield, from the vast power of his fame, might have done considerable toward accomplishing the desire of Lord Clare; but he declined totally any interference in the matter, merely replying that in general elections he never interfered, but that he earnestly exhorted his lordship to use diligence to make his particular "calling and election sure."

THE QUEEN OF DAYS.

When the miners first commenced their operations in California, they worked as well on the Sabbath as on any other day. They allowed themselves no cessation to their toils. At last, however, they found that their course was injurious to their health and destructive to their enjoyment. Their policy was the dictation of wisdom. A course of constant labor must prove injurious in more respects than one to every man. The Sabbath is our market-day for heaven, when we take in spiritual provision and physical rest for the week coming upon us. As a fine sky is to the husbandman, as the tide is to the waterman, as a fair wind is to the sailor, so is the Sabbath to the soul. Blot it from the Christian's sky, and all else would be dark and cheerless.

THE SOUND OF THE OCEAN.

Writers on geography speak of a singular distinction between the roar of the Atlantic and that of the Pacific Ocean. On the sea-board of the Atlantic there is a continuous roar of the plunging waves. On that of the Pacific the slow, regular swells of the great ocean's heart roll inward in unbroken lines, and fall with single, grand crashes, with intervals of dead silence between. "They may be heard through the day," says Bayard Taylor, "if one listens, like a solemn undertone to all the shallow noises of the day; but, at midnight, when all else is still, those successive shocks fall upon the ear with a sensation of inexpressible solemnity. Their constant repetition at last produces a feeling something like terror. A spirit worn and weakened by some scathing sorrow could scarcely bear the reverberation."

THE CROWNING GRACE.

To be haughty seems to be the nature of man; and yet how much is haughtiness disliked by all! The humble and the lowly man is the one whom all love. Humility sinks no one in the estimation of the world. It tends to the true elevation of man. There is a little plant called the violet which grows very low, and covers itself with its own leaves. It seems to seek the most sequestered parts of the valley and the woodland. Of all flowers it has the most delicious and fragrant smell. How beautiful an illustration of that grace of all graces, that jewel of the soul—humility of soul!

ENDLESS PLEASURES.

The pleasures of sin, make the most that we can of them, are but for a season. Longer than this short life they can not last; up to its final close they seldom or ever remain. Death calls upon the man of the world to strip and die; and this world can take away what it gave. How different the pleasures of religion! The world did not give the good man his happiness; nor can it take his happiness away. It came from God. It will last while God lives. It will stay with the Christian forever. The joy of the Christian is a joy which death increases and eternity crowns. Then will he drink, and be satisfied; then will he have access to rivers

of pleasure at God's right hand for evermore, where there will be all sunshine and no storm, where there will be a day that shall never be followed by a night, where the sun shall never set, and where "the days of mourning shall be ended"—

"A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss:

Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light."

APPREHENSIONS OF DEATH.

Thousands feel the pangs of death in imagination before the reality reaches them. We sit down and think of the winding-sheet, and the mourning friends, and the funeral service—"the deep, damp vault, the mattock, and the grave." We think we feel the clods rumbling above us, and breaking through our coffin, and worms rioting in our flesh. Mournful have been the feelings and horrible the apprehensions of the sinner in regard to his dying hour. That sensitive and delicate poet of England, poor John Keats, when conversing with a friend in regard to his long sleep in the grave, burst into tears, exclaiming, "Even now I feel the flowers above my grave, and the tread of passers-by in the turf of my tomb!" But different are all the thoughts of those who love Jesus. He has laid in the tomb himself, and "left there a long perfume." To the believer the grave is but the portal to immortality. There it is that he lays aside the habiliments of mortality, and steps into the wide and boundless realms of an endless being.

THE CEMETERY OF THE ALPS.

On the summit of the Grand St. Bernard, Europe, is a building called the Morgue, or receptacle of the dead. Lost travelers, found in snow-drifts, are disinterred and deposited there. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones. Around the walls are groups of poor sufferers in the very position in which they died—rigid as marble, and, in the eternal frost of that region, almost as uncrumbling. There is a mother with an infant child at her breast. "The face of the little one," says a traveler of the Alps, "remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arms—careful in vain, affectionate in vain, to shield her offspring from the elemental wrath of the tempest." There are other groups more indistinct; but this, in connection with one other, can never be forgotten. You look at all this through a grated window, with just enough of light to make it solemnly and distinctly visible, and to read in it a powerful record of mental and physical agony and of maternal love in death. That little child hiding its face in its mother's bosom—that mother frozen in death!—one can never forget the group, nor the *memento mori*, nor the token of deathless love.

INDULGENCE OF THE IMAGINATION.

Silent speculators or thinkers are apt to be great indulgers of the imagination. When we are alone we are not always busy; that is, we are not always employed with external objects. Hence, we en-

deavor to find pleasure in our own thoughts, and must conceive ourselves to be what we are not; for who is what he ought to be, or who is pleased with himself? "We then expatiate," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, "in boundless futurity, and call from all imaginable conditions that which for the present moment we should most desire, and use our desires with impossible enjoyments, and confer upon pride unattainable dominion. The mind dances from scene to scene, unites all pleasures in all combinations, and riots in delights, which nature and fortune, with all their bounty, can not bestow. In time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention; all other intellectual gratifications are rejected; the mind, in weariness or leisure, recurs constantly to the favorite conception, and feasts in the luscious falsehood, whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed. She grows first imperious, and in time despotic. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or of anguish."

POLITENESS OF AMERICAN LADIES.

Ladies in America are more favored than in any other part of the world, and yet they do not seem properly to appreciate the kindnesses frequently showered upon them. Rev. Mr. Headley, writing from Italy to a friend, makes the following very apposite question: "Have you never in Broadway, New York, when the omnibus was full, stepped out into the rain to let a lady take your place, which she most unhesitatingly did, and with an indifference in her manner as if she considered it the merest trifle in the world you had done?" Some English tourists have made remarks equally severe in regard to our ladies. We do not exactly indorse all that they say; and simply because we do not think them altogether just, and because we do not think that men should be bowed to and smiled at by the ladies as a sort of pay for what they may happen to do; yet we do contend that civility should be noticed always, and rewarded sometimes. Men are not usually so polite as they might be; they are not, perhaps, quite as polite as the ladies themselves; but their lack of politeness is no excuse for an omission of the duty in the fair sex. Rudeness, the opposite of politeness, is thus struck off by William Shakspeare:

"Fit for the mountains and the caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd."

THE MISERABLE SLUGGARD.

Up, sluggard, to the field, and work. No person can be healthful or happy without exercise. Misery of body, and next misery of mind, may be produced by idleness. Nothing can be more certain. Do not work yourself to excess. Do not start with the early twilight of morning and chase on till the end of the twilight of evening. That way would end in your injury. But work regularly, work spiritedly, work heartily, work enough. Then will your bread be sweet, and your rest refreshing.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

—
TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.—
BY PLEBSIUS.—
CHAPTER XI.

Preparations to remove to Chillicothe—Embarkation and commencement of voyage—"Log-book" of W.—Farewell calls—Arrival at Point Pleasant—Lodge at Mr. Vanzandt's—Flood all night on the Ohio river—Observations on the state of improvements—Beautiful scenery—Alluvial deposits—Arrival at mouth of Scioto—Mode of propelling boat up stream—Remarks upon the country and its fertility—Hard toiling—Arrival at Chillicothe—Description of Chillicothe—Abrasion of the river bank—Of the low point opposite the town—Early seat of government of the state—Extent and population—Public buildings—Western conference—First Methodist chapel—Early occupants of its pulpit.

THE father of W. having determined upon removing to Chillicothe, in the state of Ohio, sold out his property in Charleston, and commenced making arrangements for the voyage. We say for the voyage; for such was the wretched condition of the roads, especially down the Kanawha river, that no one would think of encountering the perils of traveling on them with loaded wagons where navigable waters led to the place of destination. And as boats were very seldom found running between the Kanawha and Chillicothe, it became necessary for the family to charter a boat for the voyage, or purchase or build one. By consent of their father, young W. and his brother determined upon building a batteau—a kind of boat then much in use, and smaller than the ordinary keel-boat. Employing a boat carpenter to assist them, they built and finished a neat and substantial batteau of about eight tons burden, with oars, setting-poles, and other necessary rigging. On board of this boat were stowed all the household goods, mechanic tools, and stock of materials; and on it the family embarked for the voyage—descending the Kanawha river to its junction with the Ohio; thence down the latter to the mouth of the Scioto river, which they ascended to Chillicothe.

In this age of Macadamized turnpikes, and railroads, and steamboats, the young reader may have a very inadequate idea of the privations and discomforts of traveling, with snail-like speed, in an open boat on the western waters, in the olden time. For the edification, then, of such reader, we have concluded to give an example of that primitive mode of traveling, by copying from the "log-book" of young W. his narrative of the voyage of his father's family, from Charleston, on the Kanawha, to Chillicothe, O., which may show, as Sam Patch used to say, that "some things can be done as well as others." This voyage, it will be seen from the dates noticed, was commenced on the Sabbath. Why that holy day was thus desecrated no excuse nor reason is given in the narrative; and for aught that appears, it could as well—and surely ought to—have been deferred till the next day. But at that time the Sabbath was not very strictly observed on the Kanawha. And it was no uncommon thing to commence a journey on that day,

and to continue a journey on the Sabbath was thought a matter of course. But, thanks be to God! better light has since shone out—upon the moral and religious world, at least; and no one who means to preserve a good conscience and his reputation would now willingly forfeit both by unnecessarily traveling on God's holy Sabbath.

But to the "log-book:"

"*Sunday, May 3, 1807.* All things being ready, about 10 o'clock, A. M., the family went on board, and we shoved off into the stream. We had engaged and taken on board two young men, bound for Chillicothe also, who worked their passage by assisting in the navigation of the boat. In the course of the day, stopped to make farewell calls at Wilson's, at Fowler's, at Hudson's, at Tays's, mouth of Coal river, and at Tackett's. Passed the mouth of Pocatalico creek about two miles, and went ashore and encamped for the night, under the dense foliage of some sycamore-trees.

"*Monday, 4th.* Embarked early, and started. On passing the 'Red House shoals,' we found that the rise in the Ohio had backed up the Kanawha to the foot of this shoal. In the course of the forenoon we encountered very strong head-winds, which by 3 o'clock, P. M., had increased so much, that, at three miles below the mouth of Eighteen Mile creek, we were compelled to go to shore to avoid being swamped by the waves. Here we encamped for the night.

"*Tuesday, 5th.* Started early, but had not proceeded more than three miles when rain set in, and continued without intermission for about four hours. Stopped at Leonard Cooper's and breakfasted, and remained there till the rain ceased. Afterward went out to the hills, and got some hickory poles to make a frame of boughs for a cover over the boat, and shaved and fixed them up while floating down stream. Proceeded to Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Kanawha, which we reached at 2 o'clock, P. M. After getting some provisions, we turned up the Ohio river about a mile, to the house of Mr. Vanzandt, where we remained till next morning. Mr. Vanzandt was from Rockbridge county, Va., and had long been a Methodist local preacher of some note, who used to stop at our house in Charleston, and sometimes preached there.

"*Wednesday, 6th.* After breakfast, Mr. Vanzandt and his family accompanied us on the boat as far as Gallipolis, four miles below the mouth of the Kanawha, where we landed them, and pursued our voyage. Late in the afternoon stopped a short time at Jesse Spurlock's, another old acquaintance, on the Virginia side; and a mile farther on went ashore and cooked supper, and, after showing off, we supped on board, and then fixed up the cover over the boat, and adjusted our berths for sleeping on board, and floating all night, which we did.

"*Thursday, 7th.* Upon inquiry of some person on shore, early in the morning, we found we had floated thirty-seven miles during the night. Below

the mouth of Big Sandy river—which is the boundary between Virginia and Kentucky—there are better houses, and the land is generally in a better state of cultivation, than above that point. From one place on the river there were four shingle-roofed houses in our view! How charming are the views along this beautiful river! The hills which skirt the rich, alluvial bottoms—whether receding with gentle ascent, or rising abruptly with rocky cliffs—lend alike enchantment to the scenery. These wide, alluvial bottom lands are covered with a deep soil of surpassing richness. Indeed, almost the entire state of Ohio, I am told, has a fertile and undulating surface, nearly all capable of a high state of profitable cultivation. And such is the salubrity of its climate and the healthfulness of its inhabitants, with the rapid tide of emigration flowing into it, that it will probably one day exceed any country in the known world of its extent. [Coming out of the wild and mountainous region of the Kanawha, our youthful journalist seems to have been quite enchanted with the better appearance of the country bordering on the Ohio.] Tugging at the oar, we glided along, passing flat-boats occasionally; and in the afternoon passed the mouth of the Little Scioto river, on the right side. Just below it we saw the best house we had seen since we left Gallipolis. Driven by the winds close to the Kentucky shore, I perceived that the bank, which was washed by the river, was composed of alternate strata of sand and leaves—the leaves in a good state of preservation, and closely imbedded together. The bank was a high bluff, and covered with timber. This deposit of leaves—and, indeed, all these alluvial bottom lands—must have been formed by great inundations many centuries ago. In the evening we arrived at Portsmouth, a little village on the narrow peninsula between the Ohio and Scioto, about a mile above the mouth of the latter river. Here we stopped to buy some coffee, but there was none to be had in the place. Descending to the mouth of the Scioto, we entered it, and rowed up to half a mile above the village, where we encamped for the night.

"*Friday, 8th.* After breakfast we regulated the lading so as to clear the walk inside the gunwales, for the operation of poling. My brother and myself, with the two young men, passengers—each with a setting-pole, having a heavy iron socket at the lower end—propelled the boat, while my father acted as helmsman. The Scioto has a rapid current, of pretty uniform velocity; and so crooked is it, that we had to cross and recross almost every half mile. The river meanders through an extensive alluvial bottom of the richest quality of land. In the low, inundated bottoms, the timber is mostly cottonwood and sycamore, some of them very large; in the high bottoms, black walnut, ash, and sugar maple prevail, with pawpaw. Most of the settlers along the river have built their houses at some distance back, on high ground; the better, I suppose, to guard against autumnal diseases, more

common in the low grounds near the river. In the evening we reached the mouth of Brush creek, and encamped on a gravel bar opposite thereto.

"*Saturday, 9th.* After breakfast, resumed our voyage, and, after proceeding some miles, stopped opposite Mr. Lucas's. In passing through the forest to his house for some supplies, I perceived that the ground was covered with a spontaneous and luxuriant growth of buffalo clover and blue grass, which, I am told, are common to the Scioto valley. I am delighted with this beautiful country, particularly the extensive and fertile bottom lands along the river. We continued our voyage, making about ten miles this day, and encamped for the night, opposite the house of a colored man. Here I learn that we have come twenty-one miles from the mouth of the Scioto, and that the distance to Chillicothe is yet twenty-seven miles by land, and of course many miles farther by the river.

"*Sunday, 10th.* Not liking to spend the Sabbath at the place where we encamped last night, we pushed on this morning, about five miles, to the mouth of Peepee creek, where we encamped, and spent the remainder of the day. [Another breach of the sanctity of the Sabbath! No reasons are given why they could not have remained at their Saturday night's encampment during Sabbath.]

"*Monday, 11th.* Started early this morning; and after toiling hard all day, we reached the mouth of Salt creek, where we encamped. Came twenty-two miles this day.

"*Tuesday, 12th.* Made an early start this morning, determined, if practicable, to reach Chillicothe to-day, distant about twenty miles. Early in the forenoon we reached Wilson's mill, at a formidable rapid, at the head of which the mill-dam was built; to reach which we had the rapid to ascend—a very laborious task. Through the stone mill-dam a chute, or sluice, had been constructed, to admit the passage of boats navigating the river. Our utmost efforts were required to pass through this chute; and to accomplish the ascent, we were obliged to get out into the water, and, by great exertion, drag the boat through. Several other hard ripples were passed before reaching the ferry on the Chillicothe and Gallipolis road, at High Bank. Above the ferry we encountered a series of rapids to the mill-dam, two miles below Chillicothe. The chute through it is exceedingly difficult of ascent, and flows over a smooth, solid rock, in which the sharp iron sockets of our setting-poles could find no hold, and we only succeeded in passing the dam by getting hold of a stump of a tree projecting over the water. In an hour afterward we reached the landing at the foot of Walnut-street, *Chillicothe*, which terminated our voyage. Mooring our boat at the landing, we ascended the bank, and put up for the night at the house of W. Daley, at the north-east corner of Walnut and Water streets."

As this town is not situated on any of the present highways of travel, but few of the readers residing at a distance therefrom may have ever visited

the "ancient metropolis," as it has been called. For their information, then, we add a brief description of it, as it was when we first saw it.

Chillicothe is beautifully located on the west side of the Scioto river, on the upper end of a high and rich alluvial bottom, of some four miles in length and two or three in width, lying in the forks of that river and Paint creek. It was laid out by the late Gen. Nathaniel Massie in 1795, when the ground was covered with a dense forest. The streets are wide; those running northerly bear fifteen degrees west of the meridian, and are eight hundred and eight feet apart, crossed by others at right angles, at intervals of four hundred and twelve feet. The western limit of the town is skirted by a range of hills, which come down from the north between the valleys of the Scioto and Paint creek, and terminate at the south-west angle of the town-plat. On the south the town is bounded by that creek, while on the east side lies an extensive plain of great beauty and fertility. The river, approaching from the north-east, strikes the upper part of the town, and turning suddenly to the south, then east, and north-east, it passes along its whole northern front, and, at the distance of two miles below, strikes a range of high hills on the opposite side of the valley, the base of which it washes for a mile or two, and, turning gradually to the south and south-west, it receives Paint creek at the distance of about four miles south-east of the town.

The short bend in the river, at the upper part of the town, brought the current, in flood-time, with destructive force against the high, bluff bank of sand and gravel, which in a few years made serious inroad upon that part of the town, and in 1807 had carried away the bank to the middle of Water-street, although when laid out there was a space of three or four perches between that street and the river. In 1808 the further progress of this abrasion was stopped by facing the bank with loose stone from the adjacent hills, which required many hundreds of wagon-loads to form an effectual protection. In front of the town, on the opposite side of the river, is a low point of land, elevated but a few feet above its surface, and subject to inundation by the floods. Across this point, half a mile from its extremity, the floods of early times had washed out a narrow bayou, through which a small current flowed when there was a rise of a few feet in the river. This small bayou was gradually washed deeper and wider by every successive flood—the current sweeping through it with increasing strength and momentum—till the whole current of the river a few years since, forsaking its old bed, swept through the bayou, and it became, and now is, the channel. The old bed of the river thus forsaken is now a stagnant pool, closed at the upper end by deposits of sand and gravel from the floods, and opening at its lower end into the river. This point, we are informed, has lately been selected for the depot of the Cincinnati, Chillicothe, and Belpre railroad, the track

of which is to be brought across it on an embankment, and the grounds for the depot raised to the proper elevation.

Chillicothe was the seat of government of the North-Western territory; and when, in 1802, Ohio became one of the sovereign states of the Union, this town, being nearly in the geographical center of the settled portion of the state, was continued as the seat of government, and so remained, with the exception of one year, till the accommodations for its permanent location at Columbus were prepared in 1817.

To what we have already said, we add some recollections of the "ancient metropolis" as it was in 1807. Chillicothe was then but a village, with a population, we think, of about eleven hundred, a large majority of which was located on Water-street and the streets immediately adjacent, and a considerable portion of the remainder on Second-street, and out a square or two further on Paint. South of Main and east of Mulberry streets but few houses had been built. The mansion of Governor Tiffin, on the north side of Water-street, and that of W. Creighton, jun., Esq., opposite to it, east of High-street, was then the western limit of the improvements. Col. Wm. M. Sterrett's residence, at the head of Main, was then the only house west of High-street. The "Limestone road" entered the town from the north-west, along Deer Creek street, and near the track of the canal. High-street was opened some years after this period, till which time no houses had been built north of those on Water-street. The commercial part of town was Water-street from Paint to Mulberry; and here nearly all the stores and principal shops were to be found. Of the merchants then in business we remember the following: J. Carlisle, J. Waddle, J. M. Landburg, H. Fullerton, T. James, N. Gregg, D. Kinkead, W. Irwin, I. Evans, E. Doolittle, Brown & M'Court, W. M'Dowell, W. M'Farland, and J. Ferguson. Of these but two or three, we believe, are now living, but none of them in business. No market-house had been yet erected. A very small one was built a year or two after in the north end of Paint-street. This, in a few years, was pulled down, and a larger one put up in the same street, opposite the public square; which, in its turn, gave place to the present erection, in a new street opened for the purpose on the square south of Main and west of Paint streets. The public buildings were the old stone court-house and a square log jail. The court-house served the purpose of a state capitol, in which the Legislature met—the house of representatives occupying the court-room on the ground floor, and the senate the grand jury room on the second floor, the stairway to which was from the court-room. Neither of these halls were in any way adapted to the convenience or comfort of deliberative assemblies. Two churches had just been erected, but neither of them was finished. One of these was built by the Presbyterians, on Second-street, west of Mulberry—a very respectable

brick building for that early day. The other was a one-story brick house, built by the Methodists, on the north side of Second-street, adjoining the alley between Paint and Walnut. It was likewise unfinished. Its size was thirty by forty feet; and small and low as it was, it was provided with a gallery on three sides, the floor of which was level. Of course, none of those seated in it, except such as occupied the front benches, could see the preacher in the pulpit. In this low, hot, unfinished attic gallery we have seen the old Western conference in session, in September, 1807, with Bishop Asbury presiding. The conference held its regular daily sittings in the chapel; but to allow the congregation to assemble for worship, the conference—that no time might be lost—retired to the little gallery half an hour before service commenced, adjourning in time to unite with the worshipping assembly below. This little chapel was finished a short time before the session of the conference just mentioned. Its finish was in the plainest and cheapest style. A small, semi-circular box, full four feet high, was elevated some seven feet from the floor, at one end of the chapel, without platform or seat in its rear, and reached by a narrow flight of steps. This was the pulpit! We have heard Bishop Asbury preach in this pulpit with great power, seated upon a high stool, when unable to stand. We have heard from the same little pulpit many other distinguished and successful ministers of Christ, among whom we may name Bishops M'Kendree and George, Valentine Cook, Samuel Parker, W. Beauchamp, J. Quinn, J. Sale, R. Cloud, J. Collins, M. Ellis, A. Cummins, D. and J. Young, S. Langdon, H. B. Bascom, and the eccentric Lorenzo Dow, seated sometimes on one side of the pulpit and then on the other, with one leg thrown outside, and sometimes both, occasionally leaving the pulpit, and, after passing along the aisle, return again to it, without a moment's intermission in his discourse.

We had intended to say something of the Methodist society in Chillicothe as it was in 1807, with notices of the preachers, and some other prominent members of the Church, then residing there, but must reserve this for the next chapter.

CONSCIENCE AN AVENGER.

It is an eternal fact, that we can not reject the guardian care of conscience, or escape the pains of its avenging lash. In some day of disappointment and trouble, when our vanities and pride are thrown down; in some restless hour, when sleep flies from the pillow, that outraged friend will return; that deified ambassador will come back, no longer to win us with his gentle tones or charm with his loving eye, but to scourge the recreant soul. *Return!* no, it will not return; it is *always* present; and it will lift its avenging hand, and begin and continue in God's name those retributions which alone are felt in hell.

LOVE ME ALWAYS.

—
BY MRS. R. S. FURNOLS.

Love me always! love me ever!
I, with eager passion, cried—
Ever with the depth and fervor
That enchained me to thy side.
Not for dear affection due me;
Not for beauty's fading light;
Nor for starry mental splendor,
Dazzling our weak human sight;
Not for birth, or grace, or goodness,
Were these rich endowments mine,
Would I claim thy fondest worship
At love's pure and holy shrine!
But thou'lt love me with devotion,
Such as crowned the knights of old—
With a steady, pure emotion
Worth a mine of India's gold!
Love me for the dream-like trances,
When we wandered side by side,
Living only for each other,
At the starry even-tide;
For the thousand nameless feelings
Roused unconsciously from rest;
For the angel-joys that hover
Over each enraptured breast;
For the plighted faith unbroken;
For my constancy to thee;
And for this above all other—
That thou art so dear to me!

MY HARP AND FLOWERS.

—
BY M. T. PARKISON.

My harp is hung 'mid fragrant flowers;
Around each string
They're clustering, and lonely bowers
Wake echoing.
Silence no more shall sadly dream,
Or softly sigh,
Around my harp; for hence 'tis tuned
To melody.
'Tis tuned to melody, and I
Shall joyous sing;
No mournful sound shall stir the flowers,
Or touch a string.
Each silent chord anew I'll tune,
And every breeze
Shall sighing waft a rich perfume
Where music is.
Then be my path through life
Howe'er uneven,
My heart, attuned for holier joys,
Shall dwell in heaven.

NIAGARA FROM THE CANADIAN SHORE.

—
BY S. A. LATTIMORE.
—

MUCH had I read in prose and verse of the grandeur of Niagara. Often had I attempted to paint, in fancy, its glory and its greatness. Mountains, with all their wealth of moss-grown rocks, of waving forests, and of shadowy glens—the ocean, too, with its boundless expanse of sky and wave, may be imagined with some degree of satisfaction that the ideal is a true type of the natural, before the eye has beheld either. But to imagine Niagara is impossible. The most graphic efforts of pen or pencil must always fail to give a clearly defined and enduring impression, such as the great original itself indelibly stamps upon the memory of every beholder. Reading may give a vague outline of some of the most prominent features—such as the height and extent of the fall, of the volume of water, and of the geological character of the surrounding region. The impressions of one, however faithfully delineated, can never give any assurance to another of the thoughts which may be suggested or of the feelings which may be inspired by the combination of its thousand nameless elements of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity. Well as we may know how it affects others, we can never know, or even guess, how it will affect ourselves, till we stand in its very presence, and look upon it with our own eyes. Under such impressions, a visit to Niagara, with me, became one of the earliest of boyhood's fondly cherished projects, though its execution was delayed long beyond the promised time.

With no common feelings of delight was that day welcomed, which was to bring the realization of many a youthful hope, and dream, and reverie. Scarcely could one desire circumstances of weather and of scenery more happily disposed than were ours, to induce a congenial mood preparatory to his first introduction to the Great Cataract. All the morning we had rambled about the pleasant city of Toronto; and taking one of the stanch British steamers, we were soon speeding across the beautiful Ontario, with fifty miles of its glassy waters before us. A day of mellow sunshine, of balmy air, of gentler breezes, never gladdened the world. The sky above us wore that deep, transparent tinge of blue so seldom seen save in the calm and silent days of autumn, while beneath us slumbered the quiet lake scarcely less serene, but of a deeper cerulean hue. Delicious was the sight, as we skimmed along, like a bird of the wave, to watch the receding shore, with its many steeped city, its villages of embowered cottages, and its long, undulating range of hills, gradually fading from view, and dissolving in the hazy horizon of the north. Then, for awhile, we seemed to float in the center of a charmed circle that moved as we moved, while all around us the high dome of heaven shut down upon the waters, making a solitude pro-

found as that of the ocean. But soon the low line of the southern shore loomed dimly up, and the spell was broken.

In an hour we were stemming the current of the river Niagara. For seven miles from its mouth its channel is furrowed deep through an unbroken plain, with steep banks densely mantled with verdure, and, in its general appearance, much resembling the lower St. Lawrence, though but half its width. Along this great artery pours a majestic flood, whose dark, sea-green color indicates its vast depth, and whose noiseless current suggests the power of that mighty heart from whose pulsations it receives its resistless momentum. And yet these sparkling waters bear away no mark of the wild tumult through which they have made their way, but glide onward to their rest in the caves of the ocean, serenely as a redeemed spirit passing from earth to the spirit-home.

At Queenston, midway between the Falls and Lake Ontario, the plain already mentioned is terminated by a high bluff, which passes off in an elevated plain of table-land to the south. It is a singular fact, worthy the attention of the young geologist, that while the total descent of the Niagara river, between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, is more than three hundred feet, this lofty plain, through which it flows, makes an inclination of forty feet in the opposite direction; so that in passing up to the Falls, the traveler, paradoxically enough, finds himself going *down* hill all the way.

The Heights of Queenstown are celebrated as the scene of one of those dreadful battles of the border war which raged so fiercely half a century ago. The only monument left to mark the spot is the lofty and desolate-looking pillar erected in memory of General Brock; and it is rent from base to capital, and seems toppling to its fall.

Grand is the view from the heights of Queenstown. The lower plain, with its countless fields of golden grain, its rural, happy homes, and its glorious river sweeping across it like a jeweled girdle, all lies spread beneath your eye like a gigantic map. In the distance roll the blue waters of Ontario, flecked with many a snowy sail. Boats can not ascend above Queenstown, so turbulent is the river; and accordingly we were conveyed the remaining seven miles in cars, to which horses were attached.

At Lundy's Lane—the scene of another bloody conflict, two years subsequent to that of Queenstown—we found carriages in waiting to take us to the hotel. As we turned round the hill near the Clifton House, lo! the whole extent of the Falls burst, like an apparition of magic, suddenly and unexpectedly upon our view, and, at the same instant, we were startled by the loud rushing sound of its waters, as if a storm were bursting over us. We were allowed only time for a single glance, and then were hurried into the hotel, consoling ourselves, however, as we went, with the reflection that we were once more on our own obedient feet,

and no longer to be controlled by the will of hackmen and hack-horses.

From the upper piazza of the Clifton House, which is built on the very brink of the river, there is a fine view of the entire cataract, nearly a mile in the distance. Grateful to our heated brows was the cool spray, which at that moment came drifting before the breeze, crowned with a wreath of rainbow, and fell upon us like a shower of rain. We hailed it as an auspicious omen—a salutation and a baptism from the very heart of the Great Cataract itself.

Long and intently did we gaze on the stupendous scene before us, scarcely able to realize that we were indeed looking upon Niagara. The first impression, after a few moments' observation, was that of positive disappointment. There was not the overwhelming sublimity nor the shock of nerve which we had anticipated, and against which we had fortified ourselves. We looked upon a vast sheet of water as it calmly rolled over the edge of the precipice, as it gleamed like a flood of molten silver in the midday sunlight, and as it descended majestically into a gulf of foam and spray; yet it was not the ocean tumbling over an Alp which we had expected to see. The distance of our point of view, and its elevation above the level of the precipice, as we afterward learned, immeasurably disparaged the effect. On so grand a scale are the surrounding parts of Niagara constructed, that the mind, in adapting itself to the Cyclopean proportions, almost inevitably errs in its judgment, whenever it attempts to estimate magnitude or distance.

Although we trod the consecrated ground, which Nature had chosen, from all the world beside, as the place for her grandest achievement, we were soon made conscious that even here we had not escaped the petty vexations to which all mortals must submit; for no sooner had we crossed the threshold than our tribulations began. At least twenty lean, lank fellows surrounded us, each shouting at the top of his voice, "Have a carriage, sir? have a carriage, sir?" The sunburnt faces, the intent, eager expression of the eye, and the clamorous cries, were, according to our notion, no bad imitation of a horde of Bedouin Arabs; and to complete the picture, the long, slender whip-stock, which each carried as an emblem of his profession, was easily magnified into the formidable spear of the Ishmaelite. In such an uproar it was no difficult matter to fancy one's self attacked in the desert by a tribe of wandering savages. For us there was no alternative but to put on a fierce air, and force a passage through their solid phalanx. After our escape, a walk sufficiently long, and sufficiently pleasant to make us forget our annoyances, brought us to the goal of our journey, and we placed our feet on Table Rock.

This is the favorite place of resort, and, as is generally believed, commands the most impressive view of the Great Cataract. Table Rock is nothing more than a part of the bank, all of which is cal-

careous rock, at the edge of the fall, from under which the softer shale has been worn away, till the harder stratum at the surface remains unsupported, and projects from the main bank somewhat like a shelf or the leaf of a table. Yet this much-frequented spot is slowly yielding to the incessant action of the elements. In the gulf far beneath lie huge piles of shattered fragments fallen from above, which have been accumulating from year to year, till now it scarcely suggests the resemblance from which it derives its name. Still it is, and must be for an age to come, the point from which the Crescent Fall may be seen to best advantage.

The entire precipice over which the Niagara river descends is about three-fourths of a mile in extent, of which distance the Crescent Fall embraces nearly one half, Iris Island, which divides the river into two unequal parts, occupies nearly one third, and the American Fall something more than one fourth. The name of the Crescent Fall is no longer expressive of its form, for the curvature has gradually increased, till the crescent has become an angle. Here the perpendicular descent is one hundred and sixty feet.

While we stood looking upon the hurrying floods, as they leaped from the verge of the precipice, seemingly with a life-inspiring energy—while our eyes followed the semi-circular sheet, building, as it fell, a massive wall of liquid emerald high as the Roman Coliseum—while we listened to the ceaseless roar that seems bursting from the center of the globe itself—while we peered into that fearful abyss far, far below us, and saw the foaming, boiling whirlpool raging there, O, how the soul struggled with the vast conception, even as the tumultuous waters upon which we gazed struggled with the mighty torrents plunged into their bosom! No where else on earth can so much sublimity be concentrated into a single glance as from Table Rock. Sublime motion, sublime force, sublime depth, and sublime sound are all harmoniously blended here into one great and glorious monument of creative Wisdom and Power. In such a presence how high ambition cowers, and how human pride vanishes like the foam upon the waters!

The cloud of mist that hovers in the gulf, mantling the tossing flood, forms a feature of ever-varying beauty and interest, as it sways and undulates before the softest breeze—now gracefully lifting to let you look full upon the unveiled face of terrible Niagara—now enveloping you in its floating, dewy folds—then sweeping away over the hills in some fantastic shape, like the airy vehicle of some "sweet Ariel." When the sun is sinking cloudlessly in the west, such a display of rainbows may be seen in fragments and in circles, glowing, blending, and dissolving with the pearly spray, as the gold-winged Iris herself might envy.

A short distance below the precipice a spiral stairway leads down to the water's edge. A narrow

pathway, worn by many footsteps over the fallen rocks, leads along under Table Rock, and terminates at the very foot of the Cataract. From this spot the view is terrifically sublime. Overhead hangs the towering cliff, from which ever and anon there fall disintegrated fragments of rock. To the right sweeps round that mighty curve of watery wall, that seems advancing, like the reflux tide of a parted ocean, to make you the helpless victim of a fate dreadful as that of Pharaoh. Along the rocks over which the pathway leads beats a fitful and tremendous surf, whose foaming billows every moment seem rising to engulf you. The ear is astounded by the eternal thunder of the flood, and the eye is blinded by the drifting spray produced by the concussion of waters. One feels too much at the mercy of circumstances to enjoy, with even tolerable comfort, the view from under Table Rock.

As day after day we returned to gaze on this great wonder of the world, longer and longer did we linger, more and more fascinating grew the scene, deeper and deeper became its influence over the soul. Only after oft-repeated visits did we feel that we were beginning to realize the greatness and to see the true sublimity of Niagara. Nothing can be more exquisitely delightful than the almost delirious, dreamy sensation with which the beholder is inspired. The secret magnetism of the place operates upon him like a charm, and binds him motionless to the spot for hours together. Yet the tension of mind, which is unavoidable, at last becomes painfully oppressive, and frequent relaxation is absolutely necessary, not only for the preservation of mental elasticity, but, indeed, for the full enjoyment of the scene, to which, on each successive visit, one returns with renewed delight.

MRS. SHERWOOD.

BY MONSIEUR OONWAY.

THE question whether women have souls having been decided, there is another—whether they should write books. Truly, our sphynx proposes hard problems! One man gets up from the perusal of some powerful sentences that fall burning from Madame de Stael, and cries, "There *are* chords that no earthly hand but woman's can touch!" Another, rubbing his eyes and yawning over Lady Bulwer, declares that "writing women should be fit subjects for grand juries!"

"No man e'er felt the balter draw
With good opinion of the law."

It is certain that a woman can write out her genius on all her domestic affairs, no matter how great it be. She will not find limitation there. Napoleon and Shakspeare, with the world for their arena, can make no *truer* display than they. But there seems to be a class of ideas that are important, and which must find their priest in woman.

The sentiments proper, for example, who can speak them out? Not a man, surely; he is too much in the mold of circumstance. But woman, with the eye of fire, can see them, even if her tongue falters in telling them.

Francis Wm. Newman plainly shows that in spiritual growth a man has to become a woman. Channing has also discerned the female element in piety. I know a gentleman who has already appeared before the world in two works of much modest merit, who takes a wider, less spiritual view of this subject, and makes woman the spiritual dispenser of universal beauty. "The qualities of sublime objects are masculine; those of beautiful objects are feminine." "As the fabled Prometheus brought down fire and fertility from heaven to animate and fertilize the earth, so woman brought down beauty and love to warm the heart of man, and make the flowers of bliss bloom along the streams of feeling, as they flow from their spontaneous fountains." This is the way he discourses; and I trust that the world will soon be gratified by a new work from his pen, unfolding the "Theory of the Beautiful." He persists that the poets are on his side, inasmuch as they invariably impersonate natural beauties as females; e. g., "the *blushing rose*," etc. As when Milton says,

"Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime,
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearls."

He pleads eloquently; but we are not yet convinced that subjective beauty is associated with the "ministering angel."

We should rather say she is the priest of the soul's instincts. And to those who believe that these are the point of contact with the Eternal Power, it is a wonderful gift. And it is an indorsement to their pen as strong as the roll in the vision of Ezekiel. What is pure reason to sentiment! "*Que tout notre raisonnement se réduit à céder au Sentiment*," says Pascal.

But we did not design to dwell on this apology so long. Our task was to pay a tribute of affection to one whom we remember as a guide in childhood and the instructor of maturer life. She has now fallen asleep; but her words live in the hearts of many who will plant the evergreen by her tomb. If any one doubts the propriety of female authorship, let him not stop at the humiliating fact that so few have had the rod to blossom and bear fruit in their hands; but let them see the child in the ecstasy of reading "Henry and his Bearer," and let him rise up in emotion from "The Nun," and say if Mrs. Sherwood is not a true priestess.

MARY MARTHA SHERWOOD was born on the 6th of May, 1775, at Stanford, Worcestershire. Her father was Dr. George Butt, chaplain to George III, vicar of Kidderminster, and rector of Stanford, Worcester county. He was of the family of Sir William De Butt, the physician of Henry VIII, and mentioned by Shakspeare.

In 1803 Mary M. Butt married Henry Sherwood, a relative, in the 53d regiment of foot. She went

with her husband to India in that year. It is stated that her labors, religious and charitable, among the soldiers and aboriginals were so incessant that she became much noted there. Henry Martyn and the Right Rev. Daniel Corry, D. D., then Bishop of Madras, made her acquaintance, and they were a friendly society for doing good from that time.

In 1849, December 6th, Mrs. Sherwood lost her husband. Captain Sherwood died, after a painful illness, at Twickenham. A London paper states, that "the fatigues she went through in devoted attention to him, and the bereavement she experienced at the severance by fate of a union of nearly half a century, were the ultimate cause of her own demise." She expired, in the triumphs of faith, at Twickenham, on October 22, 1851. One son—Rev. Henry Martyn Sherwood, rector of Broughton Hacket, and vicar of White Ladies, Aahton, Worcestershire—and two daughters gathered around her death-bed. The eldest of the daughters is a clergyman's wife, and has a large family. The younger daughter has always lived with her parents, and has assisted her mother in her literary labors. She is a person of fine faculties, and, though now young, has been intrusted with papers containing the records of Mrs. Sherwood's life, which is announced to be in preparation for the public. May we have it to say, as Hector prayed for Astynax, that "this one is more powerful than the parent!" It will be even enough if Miss Sherwood will wield her mother's wand.

Mrs. Sherwood has written much that "the world will not willingly let die." The most favorite books are Henry and his Bearer, Lady of the Manor, Church Catechism, The Nun, The Fairchild Family. More lately we have the Golden Garland of Inestimable Delight, and Cimies—the last being the most powerful of her works, in our estimation.

Mrs. Sherwood's stories are not only vehicles of moral truth, but are earnest appeals for spiritual piety and humanity. They are Scriptural, simple, natural representations of the life that is "hid with Christ in God."

"Cimies" is a work written to show the natural inclination of those who interpret too rigidly the expressions of the English Prayer-Book toward Romanism. It is eminently calculated to present the practical effects of Tractarianism. Although loving the forms of the Church, she would even wish that "certain sentences therein were modified." This tendency is represented by the story of two young men who were educated together for the ministry—one of them taking, through influence of friends, the High Church view, and the other the Low Church. The result is, that a year or so finds one in the wiles of Jesuitism, while the other, although he had been opposed with acerbity, is instrumental in his recovery and conversion. The various stages of disaffection toward the plain Gospel of Christ are vividly written down. The book is also a most remarkable and needful review

of the insidious teachings of the Jesuit Catechism. Her views of the Church of Christ—type and anti-type—are truly noble. She announces them fearlessly, and supports them by singularly appropriate Scriptural illustration. The book is very interesting; not a book to be easily put down. We can commend it heartily to all whose eyes may fall on these lines.

Mrs. Sherwood's style is forcible. It is simple, eloquent. There is no prosiness, but always animation. She has the eye "like an angel's to know good and evil." Mere form withers from her spiritual faith. None has more plainly shown the sinfulness of confining the "promise of the Father" to any one Church. Strange as it may appear, there are those in the noon of the nineteenth century who talk of "The Church." Christ could allow one who was casting out devils in his name and yet not following after him, and said, "Let him alone;" but these require more than he, and ask, Is he of the succession? God is love; love is the fulfilling of the law; by this—love—shall all men know ye are his disciples; charity never faileth; yet Christ has left a Church, the first requirement of which is to exclude all other Churches! Such is modern Oxfordism. Now, this would be simply ridiculous, if it were not so lamentable. If a man tries to shut up the sunlight in one room, let him close the blinds quickly as he will to secure it, but, lo! the sunlight is in the street, and in every room with open windows, and this closed room alone is dark! "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" *Τὸ φῶς ἐν σοὶ ἔσθ' ἄσπετος.*

But Mrs. Sherwood is now dead. She died at mature age, and retained her faculties unimpaired to the last breath. There is no heart that has been touched by her magic power which will not drop the tear of affection on her grave. Many will know that such tears of sympathy with the gifted and true are the fruits of a plant that our authoress herself helped to nurture in their breasts. O may the noble thoughts, the offices of love, and holy influences which her pure soul radiated in her earthly mission, and which were the angels that soothed her spirit in the dark valley, return from bearing her home, and hover about our hearts with similar aspirations! Thus may He ever "give his angels charge concerning us!"

COSMOS, King of Persia, in conversation with two philosophers and his vizier, asked, "What situation of man was most to be deplored?" One of them said that it was old age accompanied with extreme poverty; the other, that it was to have the body and the mind worn out, and the heart broken by a heavy series of misfortunes. "I know a condition more to be pitied," said the vizier. "It is that of him who, having done no good, is suddenly called to appear before God."

RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. EZEKIEL COOPER.

BY REV. J. K. ANDERSON.

EZEKIEL COOPER! What Methodist has not heard of him! He was a noted captain among the hosts of our Israel, whose sword never returned from battle empty; and who, when he could fight no more, sat down on the walls of Zion, and looked wishfully on the field. A few years since he was discharged from the war, and now rests gloriously.

"He lives, he greatly lives a life" above,
"Unkiedled, unconceived, and from an eye
Of tenderness lets"—

O, Dr. Young, I can not make a quotation of but half your sentiment! In the fullness of angelic rapture, and with more than angelic joy, he looks back on the field he has left, and sees the vast multitudes now engaged in the conflict. It has been swelling continually. The Methodists are spreading out over the lands. May they spread holiness with them, till the kingdoms of the earth shall become the kingdoms of God and his Christ!

I heard of this great man in my childhood—"the old preacher with a wen, Mr. Cooper"—and the great sermons he had preached at camp meetings, and on other occasions; and his name having been associated with those of Wesley, Asbury, and Garretson, I regarded it with reverence. Aged and useful ministers of Christ, whose lives had been one continued scene of conflict and toil, and whose aims, efforts, and hopes tended toward *salvation*—whose only theme was this sacred, inspiring word—appeared to my fancy as the greatest men on earth. Washington, Lafayette, and Wayne were household names at my father's, and I loved them. I love them yet. The wreath that adorns their memory is glorious. But the other names were more than loved, and around their memory are gathered not only the blossoms of time, but the clusters of immortality. These men sought the honor that cometh from God!

Did I dream then that I should ever see one of these and hear him, sit down with him by the cheerful fire and listen to his conversation, and even speak to him myself, and be occasionally his companion in his pastime hours? How often do we realize more than we anticipate! I have forgotten in what year it was, but certainly it was at least twelve years since, when I was still a youth, that it was noised about that father Cooper would preach at the quarterly meeting, soon to be held at Darby. Expectation was soon on tiptoe. I felt that I must see him; and when the Sabbath came, the carriage was prepared, and my sisters, with a young lady, who was visiting them, and myself, rode nine miles to the meeting. We reached the place during love-feast. When it was over, we pressed our way into the church. I was extremely fortunate in getting a seat, not under the pulpit, nor in the back part of the house, but near the middle of it. I had now but one idea. I remember nothing that did not

concern it, such as who prayed, and what was sung or said before preaching; but all the rest, as though it were but yesterday, is fresh to my mind. The old man rose in the pulpit. His person was spare, and not tall—about five feet and eight or nine inches—but remarkably erect; his head was not large, but round and full; his hairs were gray; a large wen was on his neck—at least it was so called—which he made no effort to conceal, as the most part of it appeared above his white cravat; and his eyes were full of life and fire. There was a fearless, penetrating look about them. Before that day they had often aided, with his philosophic and eloquent discourses, to enchain the attention of thousands. They succeeded then in enchaining mine.

He preached on the parable of the supper. It was a great sermon. I thought if he could preach so as an aged supernumerary, what must he have done when effective! His style was familiar. He made you feel as if he were addressing you personally. He made use of many interrogatories; all of which were natural to his subject. I anticipated correctly his answers to most of them. I know whom the "King," his "Son," and those "bidden" represented; but when he asked why the servants were sent out "at supper-time," I was quite confounded. I had never thought on this matter, and was almost ashamed of my remissness. It was quite a relief to me when he explained his views on this point by saying that "the patriarchal dispensation might be represented by breakfast, the Jewish by dinner, and the Gospel by supper." I then imagined I saw the great beauty of the parable. Having explained the different parts of his text after this mode, he spoke of the great supper—of the table, dishes, preparations, places of festivity, and persons employed in it; and of the King, his Son, and his guests. He compared this with Solomon and Belshazzar's feasts. The contrast was sublime. It enabled him to urge the invitation of his Master, which he did as a faithful minister; and no doubt many felt that day, that they had been greatly honored in having been invited by so aged a servant, to be the guests of so distinguished a King at such a glorious festival. O, the amazing condescension of God to invite us, by his messengers, to become the partakers of his gracious and everlasting bounty! Who could neglect such an invitation?

I carried the image of this great man upon my mind for several years, but saw him no more till I was sent as junior preacher on Dover circuit. This was my first introduction into the state of Delaware, which is so far famed for its small territory, great men, and strong attachment to Methodism. A great many things might be said of it in this last respect. It was Bishop Asbury's place of asylum from the storms of war; many presiding elders, and more than one bishop, have been born in it, and it holds within its bosom a great many "Coopers." There is quite a large circle of them within

a few miles of the little capital; but unfortunately the boundaries of the state are somewhat too limited to allow it the honor of the birth of the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper: Caroline county, Maryland, boasts of this. Still it was in Delaware that much of his time was spent; for while his brother—Judge Cooper, the father of Dr. Ignatius T.—resided in Dover, and afterward, as long as his sons continued in the same homestead, he was always, when he would be, a welcome guest with them. He had retired here some time before I went on this circuit. I soon heard of him, and made him a visit, which I confess I then felt to be the greatest honor I ever enjoyed. I found him cheerful and happy, and in possession of great serenity of mind. We sat down before the fire together, and matured age was soon in social converse with inexperienced youth. I hope I was modest—I know I was. I could not be otherwise. Father Cooper, while he would treat you as a friend, always conversed with the sobriety of a sage, and the wisdom of a philosopher; and such a habit never fails to draw a veil of diffidence over the most forward. They were happy, improving hours I spent with him. I learned something at my first visit. I shall never forget it, though to tell it will appear trifling. I had been accustomed all my life to close stoves, in which you might put your fuel, and feel the heat, without observing its consumption; but odious custom in this country had not then, and has not now, done away with more primitive usage. Our fire was of wood, on an open hearth. I attempted to stir it. I moved the fuel, but did not increase the burning. The old man took the tongs, gave some useful instructions, arranged the wood so as to secure the circulation of the air among it, and resumed his previous position. His sermon, years before, had made me feel my remissness in not thinking on the simple points of a subject; his conduct now made me regret that I had not schooled my mind into the habit of applying to every thing I did the first rules of natural philosophy. It is the mark of a great mind to apply great principles to small and apparently trifling objects.

The recreation in which father Cooper most indulged was fishing. What there is in the amusement so enchanting as to make a man spend a day at it, I could never imagine. It always appeared like cruel pastime to me; and my sympathetic nature will not now allow me to indulge in it. I pity the poor fish. But such a sentiment never entered the mind of this venerable man. Other thoughts employed it. How many of his very best sermons were made while he sat on the banks of the streams which flow through Delaware, the Eastern Shore of Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, eternity only can exhibit. To a mind strictly contemplative, it must be very grateful to have the solitude of the fields and forests, that the interruptions incident to a crowded city, a bustling village, or a noisy household, may not interfere with the quiet operations of intense study. If this be not the

secret of the attachment of many preachers to this amusement, it is at least an *apology* for it. Father Cooper continued to practice it till he was rendered incapable of it. When in Dover he could be seen on every pleasant day, with his staff and rods, walking down the main street, and making his way to Jones creek, and, after many hours, returning wearily, as often without spoil as with it. He made these excursions generally alone. Once only he invited me to accompany him. His activity and perseverance in his favorite sport surprised me, and I intimated, as a poor victim was agonizing on his hook, that it was painful to see its strugglings. He looked at me as though he felt the reproach, and replied, "The apostles were fishermen; and Peter," he continued, "fished with a hook and line." Will the high Church ladies, who may read this, pardon the remark? It was a good argument for the apostolical succession—as good as any.

Perhaps many of your fair readers, out west, who have loved to study the early history of our Church, and have read Mr. Wesley's admirable letter to the Rev. E. Cooper, and his own sermon on the death of Bishop Asbury, as well as become somewhat acquainted from this little sketch, may feel some interest to know if he ever married. They must not be shocked, however, at the truth. It is due to them to say that he was a bachelor; and I suppose not because of any settled intention, but only through *procrestation*. Still, whatever may have caused his celibacy, I am certain the verdict concerning it, both of the present generation and posterity, will be, that it was the *greatest error of his life*.

The thing in his life which has thrown the greatest honor around his name, and ought to, and must embalm it for a thousand generations, was his connection with the origin of the Book Concern. He loaned a thousand dollars for its establishment, and had its business under his charge for a number of years, and these at a time when results could scarcely be anticipated. From that seed a surprising harvest has been already gathered; upon that foundation a wonderful superstructure has been reared; and from that little fountain has already streamed forth an ocean of evangelical knowledge. At first a few books only were published by the Concern; then a few books and a newspaper; soon a multitude of every class of religious publications, from a half-penny tract to the stately Quarterly, made their appearance; and now from this parent establishment others have sprung up every-where. East, west, north, and south, our Book Concerns, like great lights, are radiating evangelical truth around them. California has one and Germany one, both small, indeed, but promising. By and by we shall have others, in China, France, South America, Turkey, and other lands, where, as yet, no American Methodist missionary has set his foot. May God hasten it in his time!

But his work is done! Upward of five years ago he left his mortality and all its weaknesses on

earth, and from the residence of the Rev. I. T. Cooper took his departure for his home in heaven. Like Lybrand, Morrell, and Cookman, he left his mantle for one who, though not a son, is a nephew, and bears his family name. All besides that earth can claim of him, is contained in the burial-ground of St. George's, and in front of this church. Any of your readers, when visiting Philadelphia, as she passes up the east side of Fourth-street, between Race and Callowhill, may pause opposite the oldest Methodist church in the city, and near its door see the tombstone, and read the epitaph of the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper.

THE HIDDEN VALLEY.

BY MISS EMILY S. BROWNE.

VALLEY amid the mountains,
That the stranger passeth by,
Heeding not the gloom or glory
Unseen by mortal eye.

The blue skies touch thy mountains,
And the waters kiss their feet,
As they flow beside the pathways
Untrod by mortal feet.

For he who ofttimes goeth
Into that valley fair,
Sees not with his outward vision
The bloom or blighting there.

And he who softly soweth
Or respecth from that soil,
O, he moveth but as a spirit,
And we reck not of his toil.

Blessed is he who goeth down into that valley at eventide, to talk with its still voices, and dwell with all sweet influences in its solitude. Blessed is he who findeth there a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. And though I speak but of a single valley, thou who readest hast communed there already, if thou readest aright.

Long, long ago, when the shepherds' tents still dappled the green fields, and the tillers of the ground still offered their first-fruits upon the accustomed altars, there was a wise and good king. This king from the beginning sought to make his kingdom "beautiful, the joy of the whole earth;" and as he endeavored continually to promote the best interests of his subjects, his laws were holy, and his commandments just and good. It was his will that violence should not be heard in his land, wasting nor destruction within all its borders; but that his people should "sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, with none to make them afraid."

To insure this end, and to make even the waste places lovely and productive, he gave to each of his subjects a portion of land, with the injunction to cultivate it, to cause it to bring forth rich grain, fragrant flowers, and grateful fruits, that it might appear beautiful and smiling, and be an ornament to the country. Thus should the whole land be

called Heph-sibah; for the king should have delight in her. But as the soil of this land was "deceitful," and cursed with a curse, the people were instructed to ask of their ruler living water, which had power to change whatever it touched, and to make all things new. The ground of those who neglected to obey this command, continued, notwithstanding their most careful labor, to bring forth thorns and briers.

To a youth named Allon, because of his strength, the king allotted a fair and fertile valley, embosomed among green hills, and watered by numerous streams, which, though they could not change the nature of the soil, made the valley a very pleasant heritage.

Now the Spring went singing forth, as with timbrel and harp, and her footsteps thrilled through the silent and undiscovered valleys, as well as the trodden paths of men. Then at morning and at eventide the young man went down into his valley, to fulfill his appointed labor. He wished to sow good seed, and to avail himself of the natural advantages of the place to make it rich and beautiful; but his heart was filled with pride, and he sought not counsel of the king—he asked not for the living water. To those who admonished him of his error he replied, "Are not the waters of my valley better than all the fountains of the king?" And he turned away in anger.

Still he labored awhile with earnestness; but after a time he began to grow weary, for he saw that his work would be long and difficult, and that it would be many months before the harvest would ripen. Rough weeds sprang up here and there, and some of these the youth carelessly broke off, instead of plucking them up by the roots, so that soon they put forth new leaves, and became deeply rooted in the ground. He saw that the soil must be changed, before it could produce any thing good; but instead of seeking that by which alone this change could be effected, he began to murmur against the king, who had bestowed upon him such excellent gifts. By and by he ceased even to look at the valley, but allowed every thing to run wild; and when reproved for his neglect by those who saw its disorder, he would answer, "It is as good and productive as other valleys in the country; and when I have taken my ease a little longer, and enjoyed life without labor, I will pluck up the weeds, and plant good seed. Perhaps, too, the king will never examine its condition." So Allon dreamed on, and his valley was forgotten.

But one night he received a letter from the king. He opened it and read,

"Be not deceived: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

"At my coming I will repay thee."

Then Allon arose: he was startled and troubled, for he had begun to think, within himself, "Where is the promise of his coming?" And he looked out from his watch tower on the hill, and said, "I will go down once more into my neglected

valley." The night was solemn, with its silence and stars, but the youth's glance was earthward, for he feared that the earnest star-eyes would read his soul. Now, the valley lay before him, all hushed and dim, with traces of its former beauty, but it was like beauty in death. There were tender vines without a support, and fair blossoms all trampled to the earth. And as he wandered among the tangled thickets he heard the hiss of serpents, and the cries of unclean birds, which had found harbor there, and he knew not how to expel them.

Faint and athirst, he stooped to taste of the waters which flowed silently at his feet, but found them bitter as the waters of Marah; and the heart of the young man sank like a stone. And now the night, which had been full of beauty, suddenly grew black and fearful. The mournful wind came wailing down the hill, and sobbed along the valley; a dark hand slowly passed over the heaven, and shut all the stars from sight; fierce ravenous birds flapped their shadowy wings about him, and fiery eyes glared upon him from the thickets; a pale, unsteady flame glimmered along the earth, and seemed to betoken danger beneath. And now his only wish was to escape from all this terror, and he began with faltering step to ascend the hill. But though at every step he advanced, still he escaped not from the gloomy valley. He seemed to be in the center of a charmed circle, from which he vainly strove to move. Still he pressed forward with mad endeavor, and still rose the valley, with the ruin, and darkness, and dismay encircling him with their fearful shadow, while at his side the bitter waters flowed perpetually, and the birds of prey hoarsely screamed in his ear, "Thou shalt never escape from all this torture, for thou carriest thyself with thee wherever thou goest."

And now arose a cry, quick and full of agony, which cleft the darkness as the rod of Moses cleft the rock: "Give me of the living water!" Allon spoke in the bitterness of his soul, scarce hoping for what he asked; for he knew not that the king was passing that way. But at that voice the darkness shivered away, and a cold gray twilight discovered the birds of prey rapidly receding. Then, with a faint glimmer of hope in his heart, he shouted yet more loudly, "Give me of the living water!"

And now in a flood of light, radiant and beautiful, Allon beheld the king; and while he fell at his feet as dead, heard his voice, saying, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

There was abundant joy in the courts of the king, when, in the morning sunlight, a new and living fountain sprang up, with its renovating waters, in that valley among the mountains. And when, with eyes full of tears, but hope in his heart, the youth labored upon his shadowy fields, a still, pleasant whisper ran through the waving woods and along the winding rivers, and Allon smiled as he heard, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

SYLVAN STANZAS.

—
BY FERDINAND.

I.

I LOVE to lie me down and dream
The summer hours away,
In some rude forest, where the streams
In love and gladness stray,
And where the birdies sit and sing
Through all the holy day.

II.

There, underneath the shadowing trees,
That breathe a silence round,
I see the glad, industrious bees
Go by with humming sound,
And squirrels run and jump in glee
Along the grassy ground.

III.

There soothing breezes kiss my cheek—
O, happiness to me!—
And whisper comfort to my heart,
With trancing melody;
Or bring rich odors from the flowers,
As if in love for me!

IV.

All things are full of hallowed love
Within the forest dim;
The insect creatures raise to heaven
A never-ending hymn;
And birds and waters sing in joy—
The woodland seraphim!

V.

O, lay me in this quiet spot
When I shall be no more;
Here, underneath this waving beech—
Here, by this mossy shore.
My dust will sleep in quiet near
The creatures I adore.

VI.

The tiny birds will come and sing
Their songs, by nature blest;
The fragrant flowers shall drop their tears,
At eve, above my breast,
And stars shall smile in beauty through
The leaves upon my rest.

VII.

O, then my soul, ye cherished bowers,
A sylvan soul shall be,
Commingle with the voice of birds
In all its harmony,
And wandering by the quiet streams
Through blest eternity.

VIII.

I ask no more, ye fairy streams,
Ye birdies, and ye woods,
Than dwell with you, when time is o'er,
Where never hate intrudes—
To be a spirit and a part
Of holy solitudes.

INEFFICIENCY OF WOMAN.

BY MARTHA H. WHITEHOUSE.

It is a day when much is said of "woman's rights" and "woman's influence." That she has *rights*, and that she *has* influence, is unquestioned. Her rights I will not discuss; but a few thoughts have suggested themselves in relation to the comparative *slight* influence which she really does exert, and the mistaken notion entertained of her capacity for exertion. *As woman*, she is considered unfitted by nature and creation to stand upon a level with man. It is true she has herself tacitly consented to this opinion; and if she ever *has* felt the stirrings of an aroused spirit striving to burst its chains within her bosom, the tameness with which she has hitherto submitted to be called the "weaker vessel" has as invariably quenched her kindling energies.

Who will say, with the same course of treatment and mental discipline, her powers of mind may not be equal to the most gigantic of the other sex? Woman herself is not aware of her own capabilities. From the earliest ages of the world, and from her very infancy, she has been taught that in the culture of her intellect "thus far and no farther" was the gauge by which she was to mete out its treasures and its wealth. The proud waves of the onward tide of ambition have been staid. The vast fields of science and literature which lay outspread before the admiring gaze, and the lofty and sublime sketches of spiritual and intellectual life which had just begun to dawn upon the quickened perceptions of the spiritual eye, have suddenly ceased, and no cheerful hand of the "sterner sex" has been to them the "open sesame" by which to regain their lost position. Man, proud in his boasted strength as "lord of creation," *forgets* that woman, in the strength and capacity of her mind, in its height and depth, its length and breadth, is his *equal*, though this strength is seldom or never reared to its fairest proportions.

Among the many causes which may be assigned for the present weak and debilitated state of female mind and influence, is her very knowledge of this very opinion entertained of her by the other sex. Instead of approaching her as a rational being, and addressing himself to her mind and intellect, he toys with her as a boy would play with a butterfly. When he wishes to relax his own mind from its incessant toil and labor, he seeks the society of a favorite young lady. An instant badinage of coquetry and flirtation is commenced; a course of light conversation may be carried through, and the parties enjoy a good chat and hearty laugh, then separate. What of this? Is the lady once taught that she is expected to exhibit *mind* or *thought*? Has the gentleman once exerted himself to elicit from her that which alone is worth enjoying, and which alone is valuable—the companionship of her mind?

Woman was designed as a *companion* and a "help meet" for man; but in nine cases out of ten she is merely considered as a necessary appendage to his establishment. He does not consider himself "settled" till this important part of his household affairs, this overseer of his "kitchen cabinet," is presiding over his domestic premises. Now, this ought not to be. Let woman be taught to *feel* that she is indeed the companion and fellow-laborer *with* man in the great moral and intellectual world. Let her be taught to put forth her indomitable energies in the attainment of all that is good and great, and her power of perseverance and endurance will accomplish the object. We should soon participate in the benefits such a change would create. Her high and holy purpose and lofty aim would soon produce about us an atmosphere of pure moral excellence.

Another cause which may be assigned for woman's inferiority, is her morbid taste for light reading. Our country, at the present day, is flooded to an unparalleled degree with the vain imaginings of man, and presented to the public for a recompense so slight, that "he who runs may read;" and our young ladies devour with eagerness these books. These are the works to which she has easiest access, and her reading not being judiciously directed or selected, the character of her mind, taking its tone from the books she reads, is formed. Her taste becomes vitiated, and the strength and energy of that image created after the likeness of the Most High becomes prostrated; and the deleterious and enervating effect of this one single passion for light reading shows itself through all her after life. The mind is vacillating, weak, and feeble. Its native power is obscured by the lights and shadows which are ever welling up from the regions of disordered fancy. The stern realities of every-day life come clothed in a garb so coarse and homely, that the delicate and sickly sensibilities of the impoverished spirit shrink with superficial incapacity from their performance. She is ever conjuring up shadows of grandeur and happiness from the ideal world in which she lives, but to be dashed by the *Marah* waters of delusion and disappointment. This, too, ought not to be; and a lady who will thus fail to make herself what she *might* and what she *ought* to be, undervalues herself, and does not take that stand in our moral and intellectual hemisphere for which her very creation was designed. It is true an opinion has gone abroad, and seems to have gained universal credence, that in her very organization she has been so constituted as to render her unable to enter into the deep waters of thinking, reasoning man; that the compass of her mind can not admit or comprehend the grand and weighty ideas which, with ease and facility, flow into his. But let her become accustomed to read such books as require thought and close attention; let her weigh and measure each new idea presented to the mind, which she *is able* to comprehend, and she will soon find that she is

laying up for herself treasures of wealth, which "neither moth or rust can corrupt."

Again: this mistaken notion of the powers and compass of the mind has induced a corresponding system of education—a system tending more to the cultivation of accomplishments, to give grace, ease, and polish to the person, than that of rearing into masculine strength and endurance the gems of native power which God may have given her. Feminine accomplishments are by no means to be struck from the list of acquisitions which sit gracefully upon the female; but the spiritual and intellectual being is not to be made wholly subservient to the attainment of these alone. *These* will last while youth sits fresh upon the brow; while the young step has not given place to the more sober movements of riper age; and while the mind, bent upon its own light and ephemeral pursuits, is as light and buoyant as the objects pursued.

To the vanity and self-love which young ladies have ordinarily in possession, is added the flattery and adulation of young gentlemen. The young lady soon understands she is expected to *shine*; that she is to dazzle the fancy; that for the brilliancy of her wit and the smartness of her repartee she is caressed and applauded. Her natural and commendable desire to please is redoubled, and she bends to the task of gaining for herself the reputation of a "belle." Years flow by, and the spring-time of her youth and season for improvement is no longer the threshold from which she looks out upon life; and what has the caresses and flattery of the trifling and vain amounted to? By the other sex is she more respected—is there more deference for her opinion and a greater regard for her esteem? In his heart of hearts does he love her better? No, no, no! With the passing away of her sunny days passes away, also, the devoirs of frivolity, and the light and heartless attentions which have been paid to the belle. Her heart is left sick and desolate. The yearnings of her true nature resume their long-unheeded power and force; but while the want is *felt* in the heart, the mind has lost its capacity to root out the noxious growth of many years, and refurbish the elements of the soul in their pristine vigor and beauty.

Now, let *man* put forth his helping hand, and the desert of mind shall bud and blossom like the rose. Let the ambition and the vanity which have been exerted to please *him*, by *him* be directed into the opposite channel, and the rumbling of a rose leaf as it falls from its stem shall no longer shake the sensitive nerves of the victim of misguided education. The "feast of reason and flow of soul" shall sweeten social intercourse, and the epithet of "second best," pronounced of woman, shall pass away, and she shall stand by his side his equal in dignity and strength of character. For that good time coming may we in earnestness pray; and soon may its light in full and glorious splendor illumine our pathway through earth's wilderness!

TWO BITS FROM BLACKWOOD.

BY CRITICUS.

IN running over a recent article in Blackwood on Thomas Moore, I found several paragraphs with which I was amused, and many others from which I gained instruction. I will give you one of the former, in which the essayist pictures Moore's opinion and experience respecting the Americans on his visit to our shore:

"He found the Americans, as all have found them, vigorous, active, and persevering in their own objects; men of canals, corduroy roads, and gigantic warehouses; sturdy reclaimers of the swamp and the forest; bold backwoodsmen, and shrewd citizens, as they ought to be; but neither poets nor painters, nor touched with the tenderneases of romance, nor penetrating the profound of philosophy. Even their patriotism startled the mourner over the sufferings of the *Isle of Saints*; and the *Ledger*, more honored than the *Legend*, offended all his reveries of a

'Paradise beyond the main,
Unknown to loere, lash, and chain.'

"Even the habits of republicanism were found too primitive to be pleasing. He had the honor of an interview with Jefferson, then President; and this 'four years' monarch' received him in his nightgown and slippers, and stretched at length on a sofa. Moore recoiled at this display of *nonchalance*, and would have been perfectly justified in turning on his heel, and leaving this vulgarity to the indulgence of 'showing a Britisher' the manners of a 'free and intelligent citizen.' This rough specimen of freedom disgusted him, as well it might; and though republicanism in rhyme might still amuse his fancy, he evidently shrank from the reality ever after."

This is a fair specimen of the spirit in which many foreign writers speak respecting our people and our institutions.

Here is another item, which speaks of the love of poets for great cities:

"We never heard of a great poet living a hundred miles from a metropolis. Contiguity to the world of men and women was essential. All the leaders of the tribe lived as near London as they could. Cowley lived within a walk, Pope within a drive, Milton within sight of the walls—Shakespeare saw London bridge every day of his life—Dryden lived in the Grecian Coffee-house—Byron, with his own good-will, never would have stirred out of Bond-street; and when the newspapers and Doctors' Commons at length drove him abroad, he nestled down in Venice, instead of singing among the slopes of the Apennines, or acting distraction among the pinnacles of the Alps. It is even not altogether improbable that the last few and melancholy years of Moore's life owed some of their depression to the weariness of this unnatural solitude."

The Ladies' Repository.

AUGUST, 1852.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE
BY ERWIN HOOPER.

"No marble marks his couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er his tomb,
Affliction's self deploras his youthful doom."

THESE lines, written on the death of Henry Kirke White, are replete with associations the most tender and pathetic. The biography of but few individuals can be read with deeper and more intrinsic interest than his. From early childhood he evinced the most decided taste for books and reading. It was, indeed, a passion to which every thing else gave way. When scarcely seven years of age, he stole away from his mother into the kitchen to teach the servant how to read and write; and the first composition which he ever framed, a tale of a Swiss emigrant, was given this servant as a specimen of his authorship. When eleven years old, at a school in Nottingham, his native village, he wrote a separate theme for every member in his class, numbering some twelve or fourteen boys. His father, who was a butcher, and no great lover of learning, had determined to bring him up to the hosiery trade, the staple manufacture of the place; but the thought of spending seven long years in shining and folding stockings was more than Henry could endure, and he resolved to follow something that would give better employment to his mind. This, of course, his father deemed the shootings forth of incorrigible obstinacy, and at once prepared himself to defeat his son's schemes. Fortunately, by the pleadings of an affectionate and excellent mother, he succeeded in his wishes, and was placed in the office of Messrs. Enfield and Coldham, then town clerks of Nottingham, with whom he remained for some years.

Ambitious of cultivating his intellectual powers and qualifying himself for a public speaker, he applied for admission as a member of a literary society in Nottingham, but was rejected on the score of extreme youth. Not at all daunted by his failure, he made application again through a friend, and was elected. After some weeks, he proposed to the association to make an address on *genius*. From a desire of amusement rather than out of courtesy, a large majority went to hear the tyro declaim. With such propriety, however, did he speak extempore for more than two hours, that he was subsequently elected their Professor of Literature. At the same time he was a distinguished correspondent of the *Monthly Mirror*, a respectable periodical published in the town.

At seventeen he became an author; but in this he seems to have been unfortunate. His volume fell into the hands of some dull reviewer, who, in an hour of ill-humor, turned over the leaves to look for faults, and finding that all the rhymes were not orthodox, he sat himself down to blast the hopes of a boy, who had, in his preface, confessed all his faults and fears, and thrown himself upon the mercy of the public. Represented as a beggar going about

to gather money to place himself at college, while his book was denounced as a bundle of fooleries and plagiarisms, he resolved at the first opportunity to quit Nottingham. After encountering difficulties which would forever have disheartened a mind of less heroic mold, he obtained a situation in the University at Cambridge, England.

Here he soon distinguished himself, as well by his classical attainments as by his genius. Though at one period troubled with doubts respecting the reality of religion, he was now one of its warmest advocates. Unlike most other young men who enter college with a devotional ardor, and retire with a devotional declension, he maintained the utmost consistency of Christian character, and exhibited to others the beauty and excellence of early piety. Of his general deportment, Mr. Grainger, a clergyman with whom Kirke White resided for some weeks, speaks in the highest terms. He was co-laborer with this gentleman in a Sunday school established in Cambridge, and exerted himself with no inconsiderable success in leading others to Christ. Among other admonitory sentences, he wrote about this time the following: "Death and judgment are at hand. Though thy bodily part be now in health and ease, the dews of death will soon be upon thy forehead."

It would seem from this that he had premonitions of his approaching dissolution. Hence the living, quickening principle of holiness, which sanctified all his hopes and all his affections, which made him keep watch over his heart, and enabled him to correct the few symptoms which it ever displayed of human imperfection. His last letter to his brother Neville, found in his pocket after his decease, dated "St. John's, October 11, 1806," evinces no apprehension respecting his future welfare, but a firm reliance for salvation upon the merits of his Savior. He alludes to his mother as being uneasy about his illness; but little did he dream of being called so soon from labor to reward. One week thereafter, Sunday morning, October 19th, he fell into a sleep, his pulse ceased beating, and the weary wheels of life stood still.

Of the poetical writings of Henry Kirke White it seems unnecessary to remark. Montgomery has told us that his memory has been embalmed rather by the genius of Dr. Southey than by his own; but the observation is unjustly severe and ascetic. There can be no question but that he possessed the inspiration of poetry in a high degree, and that his sun would have shone widely in the concave of literature had it been permitted to reach its meridian height. Even the little that he has left behind will secure to him something more than a transient immortality. Few pieces possess finer fancy, more fervid eloquence, or more affecting simplicity than his *Clifton Grove*, *Incentives to Devotion*, *The Hour of Parting*, and *Hope in the Resurrection*. The following stanzas indicate the pensive melancholy which at times preyed upon his mind, and made him wish for the grave's long sleep:

"When twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my study-window sit,
And, wrapp'd in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions calm and sweet
 Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
 And I am inly glad,
 The tear-drop stands in either eye,
 And yet I can not tell thee why,
 I am pleased, and yet I'm sad.

The silvery rack that flies away
 Like mortal life, or pleasure's ray,
 Does that disturb my breast?
 Nay, what have I, a studious man,
 To do with life's unstable plan,
 Or pleasure's fading vest?

Is it that here I must not stop,
 But o'er yon blue hill's woody top
 Must bend my lonely way?
 No, surely no! for give but me
 My own fireside, and I shall be
 At home where'er I stray.

Then is it that you steeples there,
 With music sweet shall fill the air,
 When thou no more canst hear?
 O, no! O, no! for then forgiven
 I shall be with my God in heaven,
 Released from every fear.

Then whence it is I can not tell,
 But there is some mysterious spell
 That holds me when I'm glad;
 And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
 When yet in truth I know not why,
 Or wherefore I am sad."

It is not pretended that these stanzas, or any other of his effusions are to be taken as faultless specimens in poetic composition. There were penned in hours of sickness and solitude, and amid extreme pressure of college studies. Under such circumstances it would be unreasonable in the extreme to expect his poetry possessed of that finish of execution which bids defiance to criticism, and which, by its brilliancy, constantly dazzles the mind that is captivated by the melody of its numbers.

The contemplation of his brief yet eventful career is, as we have already intimated, replete with reflections the most impressive and melancholy. He commenced the "Christiad," a sacred poem on the death and sufferings of the Savior, but lived only to complete a single canto. In reference to this fragment his biographer observes: "I can not refrain from saying that the last two stanzas greatly affected me, when I discovered them written on the leaf of a different book, and apparently long after the first canto; and greatly shall I be mistaken if they do not affect the reader also." They conclude thus:

"O! Thou, who visitest the sons of men!
 Thou, who dost listen when the humble pray!
 One little space prolong my mortal day;
 One little lapse suspend thy last decree;
 I am a youthful traveler in the way;
 And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
 Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free."

His prayer for the extension of life's little day is exceedingly affecting; but it pleased Heaven to grant him a higher boon than that for which he prayed: "HE ASKED FOR LIFE, AND RECEIVED IMMORTALITY."

ONE is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

CURIOSITIES OF GREAT MEN.

AMONG the curious facts which we find in perusing the biographies of great men are the circumstances connected with the composition of the works which have made them immortal.

For instance, Bossuet composed his grand sermons on his knees; Bulwer wrote his first novels in full dress, scented; Milton, before commencing his great work, invoked the influence of the Holy Spirit, and prayed that his lips might be touched with a live coal from off the altar; Chrysostom meditated and studied while contemplating a painting of St. Paul.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from Heaven. Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

Bentham composed after playing a prelude on the organ, or while taking his "ante-jentacular" and "postprandial" walks in his garden—the same, by the way, that Milton occupied. Saint Bernard composed his Meditations amidst the woods; he delighted in nothing so much as the solitude of the dense forest, finding there, he said, something more profound and suggestive than any thing he could find in books. The storm would sometimes fall upon him there, without for a moment interrupting his meditations. Camoens composed his verses with the roar of battle in his ears; for the Portuguese poet was a soldier, and a brave one though a poet. He composed others of his most beautiful verses at the time when his Indian slave was begging a subsistence for him in the streets. Tasso wrote his finest pieces in the lucid intervals of madness.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage, at midday; Byron, at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night. Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the seaside, in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied, and declaimed.

Luther when studying always had his dog lying at his feet—a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain, he would take his lute or his guitar with him into the porch, and there execute some musical fantasy—for he was a skillful musician—when the ideas would flow upon him again as fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say, that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art, which, like theology, can calm the agitations of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great, gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had books, manuscripts, and papers

carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected any thing. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his outdoor duties for days, weeks, and months together. But so soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Richelieu amused himself in the intervals of his labor with a squadron of cats, of whom he was very fond. He used to go to bed at eleven at night, and after sleeping three hours, rise and write, dictate, or work, till from six to eight o'clock in the morning, when his daily levee was held. This worthy student displayed an extravagance equaling that of Wolsey. His annual expenditure was some four millions of francs, or about \$825,000!

How different the fastidious temperance of Milton! He drank water and lived on the humblest fare. In his youth he studied during the greatest part of the night; but in his more advanced years he went early to bed—by nine o'clock—rising to his studies at four in summer and five in winter. He studied till mid-day; then he took an hour's exercise, and after dinner he sang and played the organ, or listened to others' music. He studied again till six, and from that hour till eight he engaged in conversation with friends who came to see him. Then he supped, smoked a pipe of tobacco, drank a glass of water, and went to bed. Glorious visions came to him in the night, for it was then, while lying on his couch, that he composed in thought the greater part of his sublime poem. Sometimes when the fit of composition came strong upon him, he would summon his daughter to his side, to commit to paper that which he had composed.

Milton was of opinion that the verses composed by him between the autumnal and spring equinoxes were always the best, and he was never satisfied with the verses he had written at any other season. Alfieri, on the contrary, said that the equinoctial winds produced a state of almost "complete stupidity" in him. Like the nightingales, he could only sing in summer. It was his favorite season.

Pierre Corneille, in his loftiest flights of imagination, was often brought to a stand-still for want of words and rhyme. Thoughts were seething in his brain, which he vainly tried to reduce to order, and he would often run to his brother Thomas "for a word." Thomas rarely failed him. Sometimes, in his fits of inspiration, he would bandage his eyes, throw himself on a sofa, and dictate to his wife, who almost worshiped his genius. Thus he would pass whole days, dictating to her his great tragedies; his wife scarcely venturing to speak, almost afraid to breathe. Afterward, when a tragedy was finished, he would call in his sister Martha, and submit it to her judgment; as Moliere used to consult his old housekeeper about the comedies he had newly written.

The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing, and meditation. That was the secret of his pro-

digious knowledge. After an attack of gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair; and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented his walking about, even had he wished to do so.

The chamber in which Montesquieu wrote his *Spirit of the Laws* is still shown at his old ancestral mansion, hung about with its old tapestry and curtains; and the old easy chair in which the philosopher sat is still sacredly preserved there. The chimney-jamb bears the mark of his foot, where he used to rest upon it, his legs crossed, when composing his books. His *Persian Letters* were composed merely for pastime, and were never intended for publication. The principles of laws occupied his life. In the study of these he spent twenty years, losing health and eyesight in the pursuit. As in the case of Milton, his daughter read for him, and acted as his secretary. In his Portrait of himself, he said, "I awake in the morning rejoiced at the sight of day. I see the sun with a kind of ecstasy, and for the rest of the day I am content. I pass the night without waking, and in the evening, when I go to bed, a kind of numbness prevents me indulging in reflections. With me, study has been the sovereign remedy against disgust of life, having never had any vexation which an hour's reading has not dissipated. But I have the disease of making books, and of being ashamed when I have made them."

The summer study of the famous Buffon, at Montbar, is still shown, just as he left it. It is a little room in a pavilion, reached by mounting a ladder, through a green door with two-folds. The place looks simplicity itself. The apartment is vaulted like some old chapel, and the walls are painted green. The floor is paved with tiles. A writing-table of plain wood stands in the center, and before it is an easy chair. That is all! The place was the summer study of Buffon. In winter, he had a warmer room within his house, where he wrote his *Natural History*. There, on his desk, his pen still lies, and by the side of it, on his easy chair, his red dressing-gown and cap of gray silk. On the wall near to where he sat, hangs an engraved portrait of Newton. There, and in his garden cabinet, he spent many years of his life, studying and writing books. He studied his work entitled *Epoques de la Nature* for fifty years, and wrote it over *eighteen times* before publishing it! What would our galloping authors say to that!

Buffon used to work on pages of five distinct columns, like a ledger. In the first column he wrote out the first draught; in the second he corrected, added, pruned, and improved; thus proceeding till he had reached the fifth column, in which he finally wrote out the result of his labor. But this was not all. He would sometimes rewrite a sentence twenty times, and was once fourteen hours in finding the proper word for the turning of a period! Buffon knew nearly all his works by heart.

On the contrary, Cuvier never recopied what he had once written. He composed with great rapidity, correctness, and precision. His mind was always

in complete order, and his memory was exact and extensive.

Some writers have been prodigiously laborious in the composition of their works. Cæsar had, of course, an immense multiplicity of business, as a general, to get through; but he had always a secretary by his side, even when on horseback, to whom he dictated; and often he occupied two or three secretaries at once. His famous *Commentaries* are said to have been composed mostly on horseback.

Seneca was very laborious. "I have not a single idle day," said he, describing his life, "and I give a part of every night to study. I do not give myself up to sleep, but succumb to it. I have separated myself from society, and renounced all the distractions of life." With many of these old heathens, study was their religion.

Bossuet left *fifty volumes* of writings behind him, the result of unintermitting labor. The pen rarely quitted his fingers. Writing became habitual to him, and he even chose it as a relaxation. A night-lamp was constantly lit beside him, and he would rise at all hours to resume his meditations. He rose at about four o'clock in the morning during summer and winter, wrapped himself in his loose dress of bear's skin, and set to work. He worked on for hours, till he felt fatigued, and then went to bed again, falling asleep at once. This life he led for more than twenty years. As he grew older, and became disabled for hard work, he began translating the Psalms into verse, to pass time. In the intervals of fatigue and pain, he read and corrected his former works.

Pascal wrote most of his thoughts on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments of leisure. He produced them with immense rapidity. He wrote in a kind of contracted language—like short hand—impossible to read, except by those who had studied it. It resembled the impatient and fiery scratches of Napoleon; yet, though half formed, the characters have the firmness and precision of the graver. Some one observed to Fagnere—Pascal's editor—"This work [deciphering it] must be very fatiguing to the eyes." "No," said he, "it is not the eyes that are fatigued so much as the brain."

Many authors have been distinguished for the fastidiousness of their composition—never resting satisfied, but correcting and recorrecting to the last moment. Cicero spent his old age in correcting his orations; Massillon, in polishing his sermons; Fenelon corrected his *Telemachus* seven times over.

Of thirty verses which Virgil wrote in the morning, there were only ten left at night. Milton often cut down forty verses to twenty. Buffon would condense six pages into as many paragraphs. Montaigne, instead of cutting down, amplified and added to his first sketch. Boileau had great difficulty in making his verses. He said, "If I write four words, I erase three of them;" and at another time, "I sometimes hunt three hours for a rhyme!"

Some authors were never satisfied with their work. Virgil ordered his *Æneid* to be burnt. Voltaire cast his poem of *The League* into the fire. Racine and Scott could not bear to read their productions again. Michael Angelo was always dissatisfied; he found faults in his greatest and most admired works.

A great deal might be said about the first failures of authors and orators. Demosthenes stammered, and was almost inaudible, when he first tried to speak before Philip. He seemed like a man moribund. Other orators have broken down, like Demosthenes, in their first effort. Curran tried to speak, for the first time, at a meeting of the Irish Historical Society. But the words died on his lips, and he sat down amid titters—an individual present characterizing him as *orator Mum*. Boileau broke down as an advocate, and so did Cowper, the English poet. Montesquieu and Bentham were also failures in the same profession, but mainly through disgust with it. Addison, when a member of the house of commons, once rose to speak, but he could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent.

THERE IS A LAND OF REST!

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH.

There is a land of rest,
And undisturb'd repose,
Where the pure river of the blest
Through flowery pastures flows:
Where all is joyous calm,
And odorous perfume,
And the reclining victor's palm
Is evermore in bloom.

No throbbing breast is there,
Nor agonizing smart;
No forehead wrinkled by despair,
Nor madly aching heart:
No lonely, long-drawn sighs,
Nor sorrow's hopeless tears,
Rolling from dim and languid eyes,
That wept for fourscore years!

No fierce and lawless flash
Of young and headlong sin,
No war-sword leaves its horrid gash,
No battle's awful din!
No death to snap the ties
Of dear unchanging love,
No cloud o'er curtaining the skies
That smile in peace above.

Then let the tempest roar,
And waste its puny strife:
In heaven the thunder rolls no more,
The conflict ends with life!
In prayer and faith each wild wave stem;
Let courage man thy breast:
There is a victor's diadem,
There is a land of rest!

IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

THE living dust that swarms in clusters about our cheeks, the mildew casting its emerald tint over our preserves, the lichen and the moss wearing away the words of grief and honor engraved upon the tombs of our forefathers, have each their appropriate work, and are all important in the great economy of nature. The little moss which so effectually aroused the emotions of Mungo Park when far away from his friends and kin, and when his spirits were almost failing, may teach a moral lesson to us all, and serve to inspire us with some of that perseverance and energy to travel through life, that it did Mungo Park in his journey through the African desert. By the steady and long-continued efforts of this fragile little plant, high mountains have been leveled which no human power could have brought from their towering heights.

Adamantine rocks have been reduced to pebbles; cliffs have moldered in heaps upon the shore; and castles and strongholds raised by the hand of man have proved weak and powerless under the ravages of this tiny agent, and become scenes of ruin and desolation—the habitations of the owl and the bat. Yet who, to look upon the lichen, would think it could do all this!—so modest that we might almost take it for a part of the ground upon which we tread. Can this, we exclaim, be a leveler of mountains and mausoleums? Contemplate its unobtrusive, humble course: endowed by nature with an organization capable of vegetating in the most unpropitious circumstances—requiring, indeed, little more than the mere moisture of the atmosphere to sustain it, the lichen sends forth its small filamentous roots, and clings to the hard, dry rock with a most determined pertinacity. These little fibers, which can scarcely be discerned with the naked eye, find their way into the minute crevices of the stone; now, firmly attached, the rain-drops lodge upon their fronds or membranaceous scales on the surface, and filtering to their roots, moisten the space which they occupy, and the little plant is then enabled to work itself further into the rock; the dimensions of the aperture become enlarged, and the water runs in in greater quantities. This work, carried on by a legion ten thousand strong, soon pierces the stony cliff with innumerable fissures, which, being filled with rain, the frost causes it to split, and large pieces roll down to the levels beneath, reduced to sand, or to become soil for the growth of a more exalted vegetation. This, of course, is a work of time—of generations, perhaps, measured by the span of human life; but, undaunted, the mission of the humble lichen goes on and prospers. Is not this a lesson worth learning from the book of nature? does it not contain much that we might profit by, and set us an example that we should do well to imitate? “Persevere, and despise not little things,” is the lesson we draw from it ourselves, and the poorest and humblest reader of this page will be able to accomplish great things, if he will take the precept to himself, engrave it upon his heart, or hold it constantly before him; depend upon it, you will gain more inspiration from these words than from half the wise sayings of the philosophers of old.

But nature is full of examples to emulate us to perseverance, and beautiful illustrations of how much can be achieved by little things—trifles unheeded by the multitude. The worms that we tread in the dust beneath our feet are the choicest friends of the husbandman. A tract of land rendered barren by the incrustation of stones upon its surface, becomes by their labors a rich and fertile plain; they loosen and throw up in nutritious mealy hillocks the hardest and most unprofitable soil—the stones disappear, and where all was sterility and worthlessness is soon rich with a luxurious vegetation. We may call to mind, too, the worm upon the mulberry-tree, and its miles of fine-spun glistening silk; we may watch the process of its transformation till the choice fabric which its patient industry had produced is dyed by an infusion gained from another little insect—the cochineal—and then, endowed with the glory of tint and softness of texture, it is cut into robes to deck

the beauty of our wives and daughters. Yet, those ignorant of their usefulness would despise these little laborers, as they do others equally valuable. The bee and the ant, again, are instances which we may all observe; but how few will spare five minutes to contemplate them! Yet, where is the man, sluggish though he be, who would not shake off his slothfulness on observing the patient industry and frugal economy of the little ant! or where is the drunkard and spendthrift who could watch the bee, so busy in garnering up a rich store for the coming winter—laboring while the sun shone, to sustain them when the frost and rain, and the flowerless plants shut out all means of gaining their daily bread, and not put his shoulder to the wheel, and think of old age, and the clouds that are gathering in the heavens? The worth of all the delicious sweets we have derived from the industry of the little bee is nothing, when compared with the value of this moral which they teach us.

If we turn from the book of nature and open the annals of discovery and science, many instances of the importance of little things will start up and crowd around us—of events which appear in the lowest degree insignificant, being the cause of vast and stupendous discoveries. “The smallest thing becomes respectable,” says Foster, “when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced or is advancing into magnificence. The first rude settlement of Romulus would have been an insignificant circumstance, and might justly have sunk into oblivion, if Rome had not at length commanded the world. The little rill near the source of one of the great American rivers is an interesting object to the traveler, who is apprised as he steps across it, or walks a few miles along its bank, that this is the stream which runs so far, and gradually swells into so immense a flood.” By the accidental mixing of a little niter and potash, gunpowder was discovered. In ancient times, before the days of Pliny, some merchants traveling across a sandy desert could find no rock at hand on which to kindle a fire to prepare their food; as a substitute, they took a block of alkali from among their heaps of merchandise, and lit a fire thereon. The merchants stared with surprise when they saw the huge block melting beneath the heat, and running down in a glistening stream as it mingled with the sand, and still more so when they discovered into what a hard and shining substance it had been transformed. From this, says Pliny, originated the making of glass. The sunbeams dazzling on a crystal prism unfolded the whole theory of colors. A few rude types carved from a wooden block have been the means of revolutionizing nations, overthrowing dynasties, and rooting out the most hardened despotisms—of driving away a multitude of imps of superstition, which for ages had been the terror of the learned, and of spreading the light of truth and knowledge from the frontiers of civilization to the coasts of darkness and barbarism. “We must destroy the press,” exclaimed the furious Wesley, “or the press will destroy us.” The battle was fought, the press was triumphant, and Popery banished from the shores of Britain. The swinging of a lamp suspended from a ceiling led Galileo to search into the laws of oscillation of the pendulum; and by

the fall of an apple the great Newton was led to unfold what had hitherto been deemed one of the secrets of the Deity—a mystery over which God had thrown a veil, which it would be presumption for man to lift or dare to pry beneath. Had Newton disregarded little things, and failed to profit by gentle hints, we should perhaps have thought so still, and our minds would not have been so filled with the glory of Him who made the heavens; but with these great truths revealed to our understandings, we exclaim from our hearts, "Manifold, O God! are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all."

When the heart of the woolspinner of Genoa was sickening with "hope deferred," and his men, who had long been straining their eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of land, were about to burst into open mutiny, and were shouting fearfully to their leader to steer the vessel back again, Columbus picked up a piece of wood which he found floating upon the waters. The shore must be nigh, he thought, from whence this branch has wafted, and the inference inspired the fainting hearts of his crew to persevere and gain the hoped-for land; had it not been for this trifling occurrence, Columbus would perhaps have returned to Spain an unsuccessful adventurer. But such trifles have often befriended genius. Accidentally observing a red-hot iron become elongated by passing between iron cylinders, suggested the improvements effected by Arkwright in the spinning machinery. A piece of thread and a few small beads were means sufficient in the hands of Fergusson to ascertain the situation of the stars in the heavens. The discovery of Galvani was made by a trifling occurrence; a knife happened to be brought in contact with a dead frog which was lying upon the board of the chemist's laboratory, the muscles of the reptile were seen to be severely convulsed: experiments soon unfolded the whole theory of galvanism. The history of the gas-light is curious, and illustrates our subject. Dr. Clayton distilled some coal in a retort, and confining the vapor in a bladder, amused his friends by burning it as it issued from a pin-hole; little did the worthy doctor think to what purposes the principle of that experiment was capable of being applied. It was left for Murdoch to suggest its adoption as a means of illuminating our streets and adding to the splendor of our shops. Had Clayton not made known his humble experiment, we probably should still be depending on the mercy of a jovial watchman for a light to guide us through the dark thoroughfares of the city, or to the dim glimmer of an oil-lamp to display the luxury of our merchandise.

These facts, which we have gleaned from the fields of nature and from the annals of science, may be useful to us all. If God has instilled the instinct of frugality into the ant, and told us, in his written word, to go learn her ways, and be wise, think you he will be displeased to observe the same habits of economy in us, or deny us the favor of his countenance, because we use with care the talents he has intrusted to our keeping, or the wealth he has placed within our reach? Let not instances of the abuse of this feeling, which spendthrifts in derision will be sure to point out to you, deter you from saving, in times of plenty, a little for a time of need. Avarice is always despicable—the crime of the miser is greater

than that of the spendthrift; both are extremes, both abuse the legitimate purposes of wealth. It is equally revolting to read of two avaricious souls, whose coffers could have disgorged ten times ten thousand guineas, growing angry over a penny, or fretting at the loss of a farthing rushlight; but it is a sight quite as sad and painful to observe the spendthrift squandering in the mire the last shilling of an ample fortune, and reducing his wife and children to beggary forever. Save, then, a little, although the thoughtless and the gay may sneer. Throw nothing away, for there is nothing that is purely worthless; the refuse from your table is worth its price, and if you are not wanting it yourself, remember there are hundreds of your kind, your brethren by the laws of God, who are groaning under a poverty which it would help to mitigate, and pale with a hunger which it might help to satisfy. Where can you find your prescriptive right to squander that which would fill the belly of a hungry brother? A gentleman, some years ago, married the daughter of a public contractor, whose carts carried away the dust from our habitations; he was promised a portion with his bride, and on his nuptial day was referred to a large heap of dust and offal as the promised dowry. He little thought, as he received it with some reluctance, that it would put two thousand pounds into his pocket.

You are desirous of promotion in your worldly position—you are ambitious of rising from indigence to affluence? resist, then, every temptation that may allure you to indolence or every fascination that may lead to prodigality. Think not that the path to wealth or knowledge is all sunshine and honey; look for it only by long years of vigorous and well-directed activity; let no opportunity pass for self-improvement. Keep your mind a total stranger to the *ennui* of the slothful. The dove, recollect, did not return to Noah with the olive branch till the second time of her going forth; why, then, should you despond at the failure of a first attempt? Persevere, and, above all, despise not little things; for, you see, they sometimes lead to great matters in the end.

LETTER FROM BERNE.
BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELER.

At Lucerne we were, for the first time, introduced to the well-known diligence of Switzerland. It is a large, clumsy stage-coach, with three apartments in the body, and one on the top. Woe be to you, if you do not speak in season for your passage. There is no climbing upon the top or the rack, after the stated number have taken seats. You may as well sit down and wait patiently for the next morning's departure. The fare, in accordance with European fashion, is graduated by the seat you select, the *coupee* in front being the highest, and the *cabriolet* on the top being the lowest. The apartments are necessarily small, and entirely separate, as are the apartments in the European railcars. The genius of society as well as the convenience of the traveling public demands this. If a select company wish to be by themselves, to converse on topics they do not care to be made public, and especially in revolutionary times, when they wish to talk up or talk down a political intrigue,

nothing can be more convenient. The usual price of fare is from one and a half to two pence a mile. You pace along with three horses abreast, at the rate of six miles an hour, and at the end of your journey you are dropped with your baggage where the office happens to be, perhaps half a mile from your hotel.

The country between Lucerne and Berne includes the better portions of Switzerland. But there is a great want of energy and taste in the cultivation of the soil. The numerous long and low-roofed dwellings look very much neater in a young lady's drawing-book, well executed in crayon, than with all their heaps of manure, plows and harrows, and nameless rubbish around their doors. There is almost an entire absence of manufactories; I remember to have seen but two small buildings, employed for this purpose, during the whole distance of sixty-four miles, from Lucerne to Berne. It is said that a very perceptible difference in the cultivation can be seen on leaving the canton of Lucerne, which is Catholic, and entering that of Berne, which is Protestant. It wants a little prejudice in the eye, I think, to discover it. There is but little difference here as elsewhere to be seen between *political* Protestants and *political* Catholics. Where the *Gospel* divides them, the change is apparent. Begging is quite a reputable business here among the laboring men and women, as well as children. They will hobble after a diligence as long as they can keep pace with it; holding out their hats or bonnets for money, seeming to imagine that Englishmen's pockets are groaning for want of being eased of their burdens. Sometimes they will toss you a bouquet, or a plum, to sound your charity. The driver, who feels a special responsibility for your comfort, with a flourish of his long whip, frequently relieves your vexation. The commerce and manufactures of the country are so limited that there is little traveling upon the high-ways, except what is done by tourists. It is rare to see a man of business or pleasure in his own carriage.

Fruit is abundant; especially apples. And as little or no cider is made, these are worked up into various sweetmeats and marmalades, on which the people feast during the winter. The fruit is small, especially apples, compared with ours. They seem to be mostly from the natural growth.

Berne is a fine old town, situated on a promontory made by the deep-green Aar, which runs upon three sides of it, and is one of three towns, in connection with Zurich and Lucerne, where the Swiss Diet is alternately held. The main street, being from a half to three-quarters of a mile long, runs upon the back-bone of this promontory, having a stone arcade, eight or ten feet wide, running the whole length of it—in front of which is the market. The morning we left, you could hardly hear yourself speak for the chattering of market-women and the braying of donkeys, as they stood impatient under their loads. Here the old gray-headed matrons were as eloquent over their heaps of vegetables and tubs of butter, as the members of the Diet with the fate of nations upon their shoulders.

The bear is considered by the Bernese as a sort of guardian angel, and some of the gates of the city are surmounted by huge statues of these animals, carved in granite. A menagerie of bears is now kept at the

public expense, near the Aarberg gate. We were sorry not to see their bruinships; but we visited their mansion before they were up in the morning, and saw only their yard, and the barkless trees they were permitted to climb. Splendid apartments, made of hammered granite, are assigned to them, and the fattest of the land is at their command. During the French revolution, these bears went into captivity at Paris, and were for a season made to grace the "Garden of Plants." But they were nearly as much lamented as the thousands who fell in the downfall of the city; and one of the first acts of the Bernese, after the restoration of the Bourbons, and the return of the old order of things, was to demand, and receive their captured bruins. A Kosuth-like jubilee rang through the city as the exiles were welcomed to their former dwelling. Bears figure upon the clock which stands upon the tower in the center of the main street. When the clock strikes, miniature images of these animals come in sight, and a figure upon a throne marks the hour by gaping and by lowering his scepter as they pass. The reverence for this beast is said to have originated from the fact, that on the day Berchtold laid the foundation of the city an enormous bear was slain upon the ground. Their effigy is now on the coins, sign-boards, fountains, and public buildings of the Canton.

From a high terrace behind the Minster, there is one of the finest views of the distant Alps and their immense glaciers, one of which, the largest in Switzerland, contains one hundred and twenty-five square miles. The sunrise upon those lofty summits, which we were careful to see, well paid for the loss of an hour's dozing. The golden current of light ran down the sides of the majestic cones and pyramids with an almost perceptible motion, till the whole chain, with its glaciers, was in a flood of glory.

Berne seemed more like home than any place we had seen in Switzerland. We found at our "Hotel de Couronne" files of New York papers, and many Americans.

THE COLLECTOR.

COLLECTORS of curiosities are a queer race of beings, generally oddities, and sometimes originals. In their way, they are often useful, as the snappers-up of unconsidered trifles, and the patient accumulators of facts and specimens, which the historian or the philosopher works up into a story or a system. They are of many kinds and orders; you will know the geological collector by his hammer and blowpipe, and the botanical collector by his tin-case slung across his shoulders. The collector of moths and butterflies carries with him a lot of little boxes, in which he immures his victims or specimens, and he skewers them through with a pin under his glass case, where, in this impaled state, they wriggle about for weeks together, till they have died and become dried—the collector pronouncing their tenacity of life under such circumstances to be "remarkably curious." Then there is the collector of shells, who ransacks the ends of the earth for specimens, and places friends in India and at the antipodes under contribution. This kind of collector is very often of the female sex. The *Tattler*, however, mentions a remarkable male specimen of this class, citing the will of

one Nicholas Glimeraok, who bequeaths to his "dear wife" one box of butterflies, one drawer of shells, a female skeleton, and a dried cockatrice; cuts off his eldest son with "a single cockle-shell," for his undutiful behavior in laughing at his little sister, whom his father kept preserved in spirits of wine; and bequeaths to another of his relations a collection of grasshoppers, as, in the testator's opinion, an adequate reward and acknowledgment due to his merit.

Some collectors are of the miscellaneous order, and they have a maw for every thing that is "curious;" these are they who chip off the corners of stones in old abbeys, cut bits of wood from Herne's oak and such like, carry away in their pocket a portion of earth from the field of Waterloo, beg for a slice from the timbers of the Royal George, and are thrown into ecstasies by possessing the night-cap in which some great murderer was hanged. They are equally pleased by a hair from the Great Kahn's beard, or a boome-rang from New Holland, or a Hindoo god, or a patch of Rush's trowsers, or a cast-off glove of Jenny Lind. They will treasure a nettle brought from the ruins of Persepolis, or the nose of a recumbent knight chipped off a tombstone in a cathedral. Some collectors are more systematic—they confine themselves to special pursuits; one has bits of the ropes with which every great criminal has been hanged during the last half century; another has whips from Stonehenge, from York Minster, from Westminster, from St. Peter's, from the Pyramids, and from Petræa.

Then there are the real antiquarian collectors, great in old coins, old armor, old spitalas, old "parrich-pats," old pans, old gullies, old armetas, old fibulas, old iron of all sorts. These are generally great at reading old inscriptions, though they are sometimes deceived, like Monkbarne in the *Antiquary*, who, after puzzling his brains about the capital letters, "A. D. L. L.," inscribed on a stone, found that after all they meant no more than "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle."

Then there are the literary collectors: one collects illuminated manuscripts; another, caricatures; a third, homilies and prayer-books; while some, like the late Duke of Sussex, confine themselves to Bibles. The collection of that illustrious prince included a copy of nearly every edition of the Bible that had ever been printed, in all languages. Some collect books in peculiar departments of history; for instance, the late Sir Robert Peel prided himself on his collection of rare books illustrative of Irish history, which was perhaps the finest extant. Others collect works illustrative of the Commonwealth period; and some give themselves up entirely to collecting pamphlets.

The old picture collectors are a distinct class; an antique piece of smoked canvas—all shadow and no picture—provided it is ascertained to be "genuine," and bears on it the mark of some great artist, fetches an inconceivably high price. It is not patronage of art, or love of art, which actuates picture collectors generally, but the desire to accumulate curiosities. Most of them will pass by a picture fresh from the brush of the living artist, and fix their attention on some old smoked daub. The living artist may starve, while the dead artist is "patronized," and his veriest rubbish is largely bought up. Hence many living

artists find it to be their interest to paint "old pictures," and to cook them to suit the taste of the lovers of the rare and curious.

The autograph collector is a mighty hunter-up of curiosities; nothing will turn him aside from his pursuit, and no man is oftener voted a bore. Let a man publish a book or a poem, and he is forthwith written to from all quarters, with the same object. If the live man can be caught hold of, he is at once solicited to write in autograph-books of collectors, or in young ladies' albums.

There are collectors in numerous other departments, so numerous that they could scarcely be recited within a moderate compass. There are florists who collect auriculas, others cape heaths, and others tulips, while some are famous for their collections of leeks, cabbages, or artichokes. We have even known a collector of keys—keys of celebrated gaols, castles, dungeons, scrutoires, pigeon-houses, house-doors, and old iron safes. One man collects and pastes into a book all his tavern-bills for a half century; another collects old bones and pottery, dug out of antique barrows. Collectors of seals rival the collectors of autographs in ubiquity. The wine collector stores up in his cellar specimens of innumerable vintages, and several bishops of the Church pride themselves on their collection of beer. The stock of the late Archbishop of York was considered the most complete in the kingdom, and fetched a very high price at his death.

There are also national tastes for collection. Thus the German collects pipes, the Scotchman snuff-boxes, the Englishman bank-notes, and the Frenchman specimen journals of the revolutionary era. In Italy and Spain they collect bits of the true cross, and remnants of other sacred objects from Palestine.

The inveterate and enthusiastic collector is a man whose honesty is to be suspected. The collector of engravings sometimes leaves an ugly gap in a valuable book, and the collector of old manuscripts not unfrequently leaves a hole in the shelves of a public library which can not be filled up. The collector overleaps all obstacles in his way; what would he not do to get at a Queen Anne's farthing! No stone coffin of defunct Saxon is secure against his intrusive pickax; no church spire is so lofty but he will scale it, no river so deep but he will gravel it, no wall so thick but he will penetrate it, no place so sacred but he will explore it. He grabs letters, skewers moths, pockets Roman tiles, carries off old bones, mutilates books, and apprehends engravings, with consummate *nonchalance*. He wants this, that, and the other thing for his collection. What is conscience to him! Is there not his scrap-book and his dead-house to be filled? For these reasons we suspect the curiosity-collector, believing him to be a person of doubtful moral notions, and not at all to be trusted.

THE road on which ambition travels, the higher it ascends the more difficult it becomes, till at last it terminates on some elevation too steep for safety, too sharp for repose, and where the occupant, above the sympathy of man, and below the friendship of angel, resembles in the solitude, if not the depth of his sufferings, a Prometheus chained to the Caucasian rock.

New Books.

THE ONWARD AGE: an Anniversary Poem, recited before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati, in honor of its Eighteenth Anniversary. By T. Buchanan Read. Cincinnati: Published by the Association.—The Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of this city is one of the most enterprising and useful institutions in America. It is composed of generous-hearted, cheerful-spirited, liberal-minded, whole-souled young men, mostly in commercial business. They have a well-selected reading-room, and decidedly the most valuable library west of the Mountains. Indeed, one of the greatest inducements to a literary man for a residence in Cincinnati, one of the very first charms of the place, is the Mercantile Library. Access to it is of inestimable advantage to any man who desires to devote himself to literary pursuits. During the winter the Association provides for the benefit of its members a course of lectures from men of talent and distinction. These lectures are generally well attended, popular, and useful. At the anniversary of the Association, which is held in May, an address and a poem is usually delivered before the members. The poem of Mr. Read is a choice and beautiful production. The versification is remarkably easy and flowing, and the thought highly poetical. We present one specimen, that the reader may observe, not only the beauty of the conception, but the sweetness and melody of the verse. It is from the vision of the "City of God"—a vision which may often have burst on us in childhood:

"Ere the rose and the roseate hues of the dawn,
With the dews of my youth were all scattered and gone;
Ere the cloud, like the far-reaching wing of the night,
Had shut out the glory of God from my sight,
I saw a wide realm in the azure unfold,
Where the fields nodded toward me their flowers of gold;
And the soft airs sailed o'er them and dropt from above,
As if shed from innumerable plensons of love:
There were trees with broad boles steeped in perfume and dew,
While their full breasts forever leaned up to the blue,
And within their wide bosoms the winds seemed to rest
With a calm like the sleep of a soul that is blest;
Or, if any light rustle stole out from their limbs,
'Twas the murmurous music of delicate hymns—
As if some dear angel sat singing within
To a spirit just won from the regions of sin:
There were streams which seemed born but in slumberous bowers,
Stealing down, like a dream, through the sleep of the flowers—
So pure was the azure they won from the light,
The blue hills seemed melting in rivers of light;
And within this fair realm where but angels have trod,
I beheld, as I thought, the great CITY OF GOD!"

HALF HOURS WITH OLD HUMPHREY. Revised by Daniel P. Kidder. New York: Lane & Scott.—Daniel P. Kidder is a most judicious and indefatigable worker in the cause of Christian instruction. He is the man for the times in which he lives, and for the very place he occupies. He has brought to bear on the Sunday school publications of the Church a spirit of enterprise and of efficiency, whose results must operate powerfully on the interests of the present and of the coming age. Long may he live to do good, and highly as he deserves may he be appreciated! "Half Hours with Old Humphrey" is a very interesting book. The old man talks about every subject in a quiet, good-natured style, never forgetting, when opportunity offers, to make a good moral impression on the mind of the reader.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD AND NUTRITION IN PLANTS AND ANIMALS. By Rev. E. Sidney, M. A. Revised by Daniel P. Kidder. New York: Lane & Scott.—This is one of the most useful of books. It explains, in language easy to read, matters which every human being should understand. If the knowledge communicated in this book, and in others of similar character and tendency, was more generally diffused, men would be more religious and more healthy. Parents would also be better qualified to give proper instruction to their children on matters of deep interest to them.

Periodicals.

FROM LITTLE's LIVING AGE, No. 421, we copy the following beautiful verses to the "Scabious, or Flower of Regret:"

"Sweet, mournful flower, companion mine,
Come to my heart and cherished be;
The darksome hue of grief is thine,
But grief itself abides in me.
Receive my kiss, my cold, sad kiss,
Though melancholy's seal it prove;
It glows not with the warmth of bliss,
But yields the tenderness of love.
Far from the shade where oft to woo
Thee, zephyrs came from genial skies,
Thou feel'st, ah, not the summer dew,
But tears that rain from mourner's eyes."

No. 423 of the same work contains the following choice table of contents: "Five Years' Residence in the West Indies. Campbell and the Danish Professor. Blind Eoas. Starvation of Patagonian Missionaries. Nursery Literature. Tea Districts of China and India. Gretta Green. Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland. The Eclipse of Faith. How to settle Governments and Dynasties—Wait—The Future of Austria—Austrian Officers, and their English Victim—Arrival of an Ex-Dictator—Death of the Grand Duke of Baden. Rustication in a French Village. Poetry: Hope Deferred; The Parting—A Bachelor's Lay of the Olden Time; Allegory; The Violet; These Days were Bright; Summer Days. Short Articles: Manufacture of Pemmanic; Ireland—Unknown Ships—Wild Animals in Confinement; Sources of the Nile; Anecdote of the Dog—Bonpland the Botanist; Pious Dogs—Deceit of Zeal; Shortening of Voyages; Silesia. New Book." We copy the following beautiful gem:

"THE VIOLET.

"No floweret with the lilies vying,
That deck thy chaplet, can I bring;
My life an arid waste is lying,
Where bud or blossom can not spring.
Or if it sprang, the tears of sorrow
Have fed its growth like vernal shower;
But thy young brow must never borrow,
In thy glad days, a tear-washed flower.
Yet when thine hour of grief comes o'er thee—
And who is there it comes not nigh!—
Young mourner, call me to deplore thee,
O, call me to thee with a sigh!
Then I, in sorrow skilled, will sing thee
A strain that shall console thy care,
And one dark flower, a violet, bring thee,
And twine it in thy garland there."

THE second number of the second volume of Dr. Latta's *Chain of Sacred Wonders* lies on our table. This work has been too often noticed and is too well known to need commendation from us.

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS, with its descending dove and holy-opened book, is pointing us upward to the regions of perfect love and exquisite bliss.

THE SOUTHERN METHODIST PULPIT, for May and June, contains a sermon on *God's Right in Man*, by Rev. T. B. Russel, of Alabama, and the discourse delivered by Dr. Coke at the ordination of Bishop Asbury, in 1784.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE abounds in articles on law, banking, commerce, railroads, mining, and manufactures.

THE PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL EXAMINER is full of surgical, and clinical, and medical learning, with a slight sprinkling of the technical language so congenial to medical writers.

THE AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW contains a due supply of politics and current literature.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for May, has, among other articles, a fine one on Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, from which, had we room, we could make some capital extracts.

Editor's Table.

We commend, gentle reader, to your indulgent eye and kind heart the Ladies' Repository for August, 1852. It has now reached, in its onward progress, the eighth month of its twelfth year. Its being was conceived under the influence of strong desire, in noble and generous spirits, to produce a work devoted to literature and religion, that might meet the wants of the times, and be appropriate to the circumstances and congenial to the taste of the mothers, the wives, the sisters, and the daughters of the large, increasing, and widely diffused body of religious people, whose founders, both in Europe and America, were distinguished for the union of deep piety with the love of useful knowledge and the cultivation of good taste. In the hands of the worthy and able men, who have in honorable succession presided over its destinies, the work has not only met, but far excelled the most cheering hopes of its most sanguine friends. Its influence is felt every-where throughout our wide-extended domains. It is found on the prairies of the Wabash, and on the evergreen plains of the Kennebec; on the hills of the north, and in the valleys of the south. It is found in the city and in the country. It is received with equal welcome at the mansion of the rich and at the cottage of the poor. It mingles with equal grace in the society of the exalted or the lowly.

It pays its regular monthly visits to you, gentle reader, with the same well-recognized countenance, whether your own heart be joyful or sad. It has come amid the joyous hopes of love and youth. It has come on your bridal morn. It has come amid the rejoicings that greeted with welcome your first-born. And it has come when your heart was sad. It has entered your dwelling when the light and graceful ornaments of rejoicing were giving place to the somber drapery of mourning. It has listened to the wail of woe that went up from your household at the departure from earth of the bright, the beautiful, the cherished one of your heart. It may have accompanied you, on the bright spring morning, or the pleasant summer evening, to the sacred place, where sleeps beneath the flowers, under the green tree, your loved one. It there speaks to your heart in words of sympathy, of love, and of hope.

We would hope that the Repository may ever continue, as it ever has been, a welcome visitor to the homes and the hearts of the gentle, the pure, and the good. The Editor, as well as all others who have any thing to do with it, can, we are sure, have no interest, but to make it as useful and as acceptable as possible. We would have it the Repository of purity, truth, taste, and virtue. We would have admitted to its columns only articles of sterling merit. We would have the sentiments of its matter virtuous and truthful. We would have the style perspicuous, correct, and beautiful.

We would request our contributors to aid us in our efforts by favoring us with beautiful and well-written articles on subjects of utility and interest. Sketches of biography, of travel, and of various incidents, and descriptions of natural scenery, are usually acceptable. Commonplace essays on commonplace subjects we would not solicit; yet even such may sometimes contain flashes of wit, of thought, and of sentiment, which we may use in the Editor's Table or in some other form. We admire beautiful thoughts or touching sentiment clothed in beautiful language. And the English language contains exhaustless treasures of sublimity and of beauty. We need no foreign importations of words or phrases; no provincial dialects; nothing but pure Saxon, with a few thoroughly naturalized classic idioms. We never could tolerate the using in writings of taste those idioms which many writers use in describing scenes of sectional character or persons of lowly life. Most generally the language imputed to the sectional and the uneducated is an outrageous caricature. No native of New England, or New York, or Kentucky, or Indiana, or North Carolina, whom we have ever met, used the kind of language imputed to him in stories and humorous sketches. We even doubt whether even the most humble and degraded African in the free states of the north or on the plantations of the south uses habitually the language ascribed to him by most writers.

We consider, in fact, the using in writings of general cir-

ulation of words and phrases which can only be deemed corruptions of the English language as of decided evil tendency. It blunts the taste, mars the delicacy, and vitiates the moral sense of the reader. Then give us correct, neat, elegant, beautiful Anglo-Saxon, with such classic additions as may have become fully recognized denizens among us, and you will do good service to the cause of literature and morals.

We hardly need commend to the eye of taste and the lover of beauty the plates for this number. The landscape scene is beautiful. The tourist may look in vain over the wide world for more lovely views than often meet his eye as he roams over our western plains, or rambles along our beautiful valleys, or glides down our noble rivers. We have not in the west the romantic hills of the north, nor the evergreen plains of the east, nor the magnificent mountains of New York and Pennsylvania; nor have we the ocean stretching away illimitable in the calm sunshine, or dashing in stormy fury on the rock-bound coast. But we have scenes of quiet beauty, such as may not be excelled on earth. We have far-extended and lovely plains, waving with the long prairie grass, or the green corn, or the golden wheat. Come, gentle reader, and stand with us on our lovely Wabash plains. See on every side, far as the eye can reach, stretching away in summer beauty, a landscape of diversified prairie, woodland, and streamlet, fertile as was ever shined on by the sun or wet by the dew of heaven. Over all these plains the golden-haired Ceres has showered her choicest gifts.

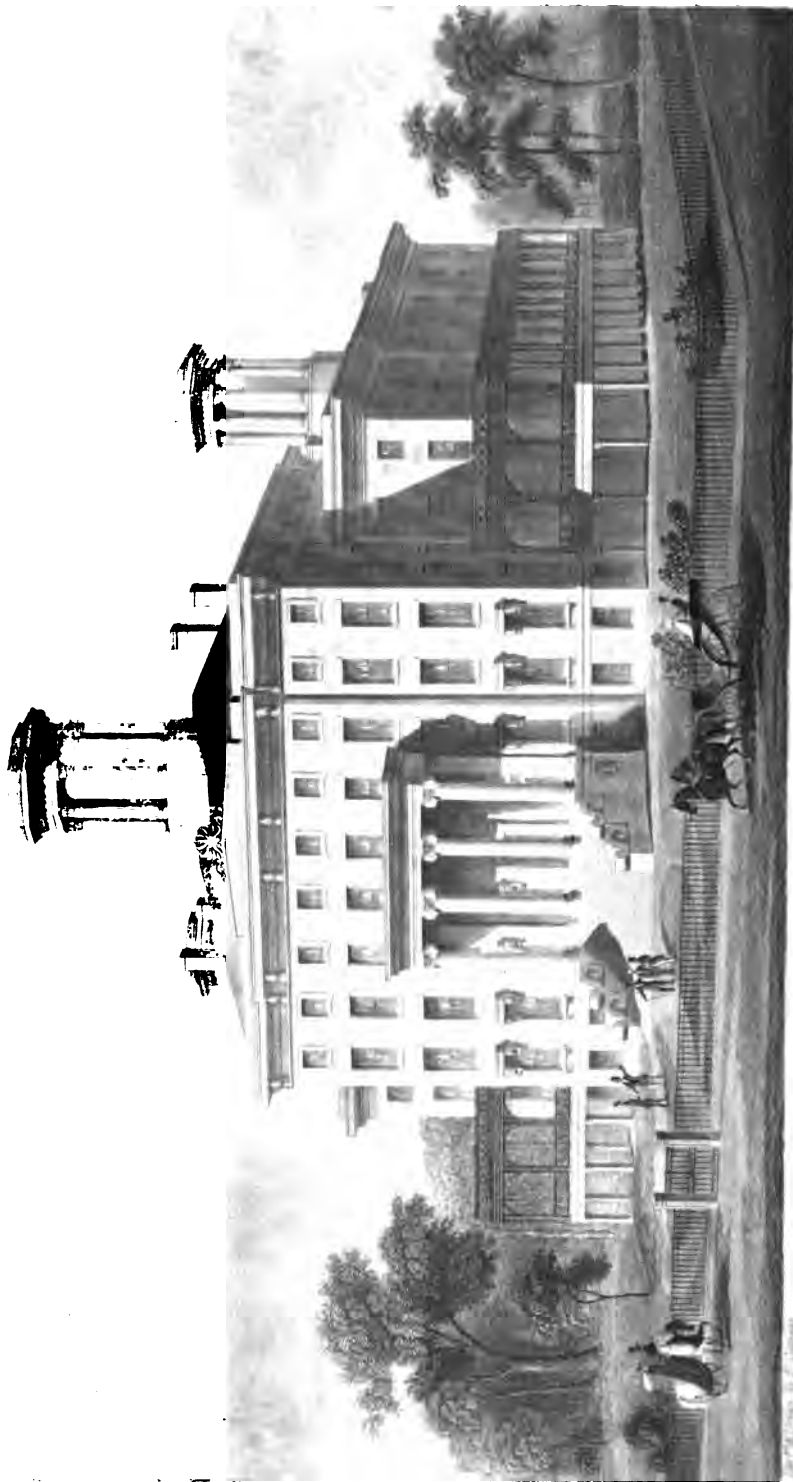
Or stand with us on the elevated bank of the Ohio, or of the Miami, and look down on the thousand acres of corn, with its green leaves now gleaming in the sun. Or come ramble with us among these grand old forest trees. The old oaks seem venerable with years, and remind us of scenes of the past. The youthful beech throws over us its pendent branches, shutting out by its dense foliage the burning sunlight. The graceful elm stands with its long and slender branches drooping, as if in sorrow over the grave of the loved.

Or come and look with us on this more cheerful scene. We stand on the banks of the Ohio: the Ohio, fairest of rivers; the Ohio, whose fountains lie far sequestered among the glens of the Alleghanies; the Ohio, whose waters flow on amid fertile vales; the Ohio, on whose banks rise cities like the magic creations of the lamp of Alladin; the Ohio, on whose surface are moving palaces, such as never crowned the cities of Persia or Hindostan; the Ohio, the scene of our childhood dreams and of our maturer fortunes, and by whose waters we may, when the day of life is over, lie down to sleep in the grave. Behind us is the city, the great, the busy, the magnificent city, the Queen of the West, sitting in grandeur and glory amid her exhaustless resources of enterprise and of wealth. Before us is one of those beautiful streams which pay the tribute of their waters to the Ohio. The Licking flows into the great river between the cities of Newport and Covington, and directly opposite Cincinnati. It is a beautiful stream, with verdant banks, and adorned at its mouth with two most pleasant little cities, perfect gems of places. It will do you good, reader, to look on such a scene.

We have met in days of yore, and held communion of soul with soul. Heart has vibrated to heart, and emotion has responded to emotion. We have met under the green tree, and by the bower, and on the hill-side, and by the streamlet bank. But never before have we met around the Editor's Table. How strange that we should meet here now! To us it is a mystery—a deep, obscure, and at present insolvable mystery. Are we the child of Providence or the victim of destiny? We have followed for long years past the indications of Providence wherever they might lead. We have followed when we could but dimly see through the hazy, misty clouds of hopeless doubt. We have followed when the dark shadows of sorrow were falling sad and heavy on our heart. We have followed when the sunlight of hope was cheering our pathway.

But our space is full, and we must say, for a month at least, farewell. Yes, gentle one, farewell. Perhaps we meet again. Perhaps not. Who knoweth the changes a month, a single month may produce? But it matters not, if only we are found among the tried and faithful devotees of goodness and of truth.





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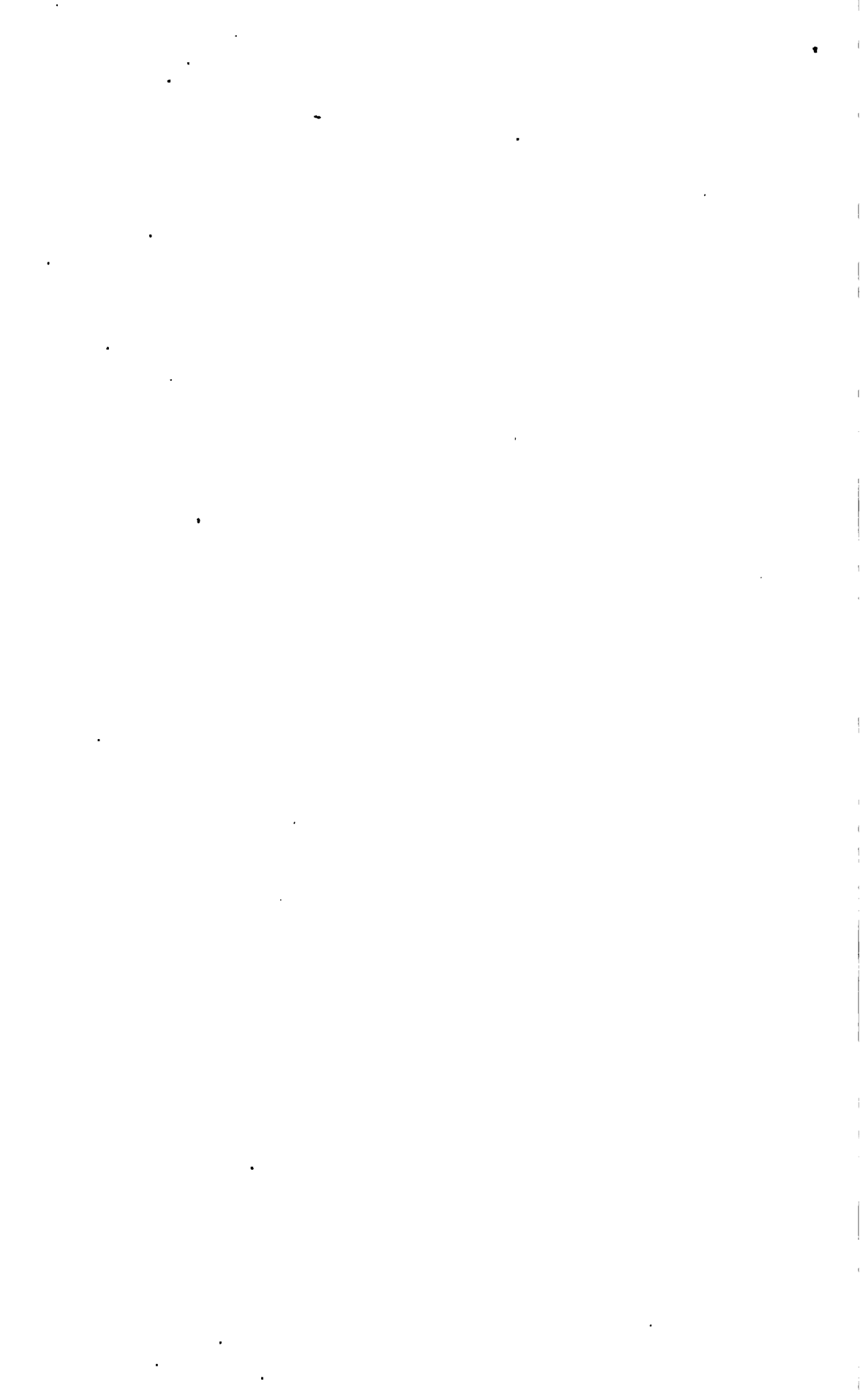
DESIGNED BY F. JONES

ORIGINAL BY R. C. LEITCH

THE SISTERS.

PLATE I.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES DEPARTMENT.



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1852.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES ON MANNERS.

BY REV. J. M'D. MATHEWS.

I ADMIT that kindness and benevolence of heart are much more important than any mere outward expression of these feelings. But how shall we know that the kindness exists if there is no expression of it? You could scarcely feel that your parents loved you if their words and actions never expressed that love. It is true there may be many people in the world who express much kindness and affection when they feel none. But this is no reason why we should not cultivate good manners and use kind expressions in our social intercourse. Counterfeit money may be circulated, but we should not, therefore, refuse all money. There must be some good and genuine, or there would not be that which is spurious.

When you go into company, you pass the time much more agreeably when you meet with polite persons, who strive to make you happy, than when you are with such as are indifferent to your comfort or only intent on their own enjoyment. As the golden rule requires us to treat others as we desire to be treated, we should strive, when in company, and especially when we have company at our own house, to make every one as happy as possible.

It is, therefore, important to avoid all personal habits that are offensive or disagreeable to others. You would be disgusted to see a gentleman picking his teeth at the table, and at the same time you may have some habit that is equally disgusting to others. We very often desire to take the "mote" out of our neighbor's eye when, perhaps, a "beam" is in our own eye. A very good way to ascertain what would be an improper action in company is to notice what you consider improper in others. You will find most of those things pointed out by those who have written on the subject of manners. Miss Beecher in her "Domestic Economy," Mr. Newcomb in "How to be a Lady," and Mrs. Farrar in the "Young Ladies' Friend," have written some of the best things I have seen. Lord Chesterfield and Count D'Orsay have also given many good rules, but most of what they say is not applicable

to American society. Their works apply to an aristocratical community, from which all are excluded who have not the requisite polish of manners, or the requisite wealth, or blood, or standing in society. We should not despise those who have had fewer opportunities of refinement and improvement than ourselves; for many a noble and worthy heart is concealed under a rough exterior. We may some day be among those whose advantages have been far superior to our own, and then we shall wish some indulgence to be extended to our defects.

Human beings are very apt to be puffed up and spoiled by every little circumstance that seems to make them superior to others. The little girl who has been a few months at school is apt to look down upon her playmates who are not so learned as herself. If she can play a few tunes on the piano, she thinks herself much better than one who can not. If her father has a fine, costly carriage, she is altogether superior, in her own estimation, to those who ride in a plain, cheap one. Very amusing anecdotes are told about the girls at boarding-schools, who are eager to ascertain whether every boarder that comes is sufficiently genteel to be entitled to their friendship. The marks by which they judge are not the moral worth, or intelligence, or good sense of the stranger, but her equipage and dress—a very incorrect standard, indeed, by which to choose associates; for the most worthless girl in the world might be rich, and ride in a fine carriage, and wear a costly dress, but the most upright, and amiable, and estimable might be destitute of such things. While, therefore, you strive to be, in all respects, a lady, and to possess the utmost refinement of manners, do not despise those whose manners are defective. This would show that you lacked a kind and generous heart—a much greater defect than unpolished manners. Man looks at the outward appearance; God looks at the heart.

The writers on manners tell you rather what is inappropriate rather than what is appropriate; they point out rather what is to be avoided than what is to be done. We might illustrate by large quotations, but this would occupy too much space. We

shall, therefore, only give a few examples, and refer you to the books before named and similar works. They tell you that you should not whisper, or stare about, or yawn in company; that you should say nothing to wound the feelings of any one present, by unkind remarks about their friends, or the sect or party to which they belong; that you should never contradict any one flatly, nor be inattentive when any one speaks to you; that at table you should not help yourself till others are served, nor select the best articles of food, nor eat greedily, nor leave your plate full of fragments, nor do many other rude things "too tedious to mention." In connection with table manners I would add, that talking at table about what you like or dislike is impolite. Neither should you express any dissatisfaction with the food before you or the manner in which it is prepared. This would wound the feelings of the lady of the house, and be a transgression of the golden rule. I have heard an anecdote of a gentleman, who when he had good coffee usually took one cup for breakfast; but if he was from home, and got indifferent coffee, he always took two cups, lest the lady of the house might think he did not like it. Surely, he was a well-bred gentleman.

If you notice that any article on the table is scarce, as peas, for instance, may be when they first come, be helped very sparingly to that article, and never be helped more than twice to any thing, however abundant. If you have gormandizing propensities, it is certainly indiscreet to exhibit them.

It is impolite to laugh in company when a mistake is made or when an action is awkwardly performed. If any one attempting to sit down should miss the chair and fall to the floor, perhaps half the persons in the room would laugh, instead of offering to help them up and expressing sympathy with their misfortune. Some girls will laugh when a mistake is made in recitation or any action awkwardly performed. To laugh when any thing obscene or immodest is said or occurs in company is not only impolite, but immodest. A young lady must have a very impure imagination when every little occurrence or improper expression suggests impure thoughts; and she must have very little sense of propriety when she betrays the vulgarity and impurity of her thoughts by laughing. I have often been made to blush by immodest girls putting a wrong construction on the most harmless things; or which, if improper, should, at any rate, have passed unnoticed. Not a muscle of the face or motion of the eye should betray that you have taken the slightest notice of any such thing.

To make remarks in a low tone about persons present is exceedingly improper. It is almost impossible to do such a thing without betraying it. The glancing of the eye and the expression of the countenance will show what you are at. It must be very embarrassing to be made the subject of such remarks. How would you like to be so treated by others? Young ladies do not always

seem to be aware how much may be expressed by the eye and countenance. Let any one in company mispronounce a word or make some other blunder; you cast your eye round, and see young ladies exchanging glances and smiles, and you at once understand the ridicule.

We have been speaking thus far of what is ill-bred or impolite; but you wish to hear something of good manners, and what you are to practice. It is difficult to give any such directions. Avoid what is wrong, and you will have made considerable progress in doing what is proper. If you will obey the Bible rule, and love your neighbor as yourself; if you have real kindness of heart toward all, and express that kindness in your actions, you will be polite. You will not wound the feelings of any; you will not laugh at or ridicule them; you will not do what is disgusting or offensive. It is impossible for you to become polite and refined in your manners merely by reading directions in books. You must go into company and act your part in society, to learn how to act appropriately. Endeavor always to be calm and unembarrassed; for if you are confused you will act awkwardly. Qualify yourself by reading and study to take your part in conversation, but make no efforts to display what you know. Be rather modest and reserved than bold and forward. Be yourself, and never try to act another or put on any airs of affectation. All affectation is unnatural, and is sure to be detected. The voice and manner of an affected girl betray effort and constraint. What she says does not appear to come from the heart. Let me entreat you again to be simply, honestly yourself, and avoid all affectation. It will only cause you to be pitied or despised. No one can love an affected girl.

To be able to converse appropriately in company you must practice conversation in your ordinary intercourse with each other. If you talk nothing to each other but idle nonsense, when you go into company, and endeavor to engage in graver conversation, you will feel awkward, and perhaps be disposed to laugh at your own effort. This, I suppose, is the reason why so many children laugh in your face when you attempt to converse with them. They are diverted at the thought that they should be expected to say any thing sensible.

When you attend Church or religious exercises of any kind, show your good-breeding by the most respectful attention to what is going on. It is impolite to be inattentive to any one addressing you any where; but it is sinful to whisper and laugh while the messenger of Christ is delivering to you the Gospel, or while your parents or teachers are offering up prayer or addressing you on religious subjects. Whenever the great Jehovah is worshiped, there should be profound and reverent attention. Any inattention or lightness on such an occasion is worse than ill-breeding—it is disrespect and contempt for the God who is worshiped.

Respect for the aged is an important part of good-breeding. The age must surely be degenerating

when the young treat the aged with disrespect or rudeness. Be polite to them when in their company, and speak of them respectfully when absent. How destitute of proper refinement must the little girl be, who says "Hopkins," or "old Hopkins," when she should say "Mr. Hopkins," or "old Mr. Hopkins!" Give all persons some title of respect when you speak of them; and if you speak of a minister of the Gospel, say the Rev. Mr. H., or whatever his name may be.

There is one point of good manners which few school-girls seem properly to understand. When they can sing or play on the piano, they almost invariably refuse if requested to do so. This is rude. However indifferent your music, you should comply at least once, to show your disposition to gratify the company; then if you are hoarse or otherwise unprepared to perform, you can beg to be excused. To refuse when you might sing or play is mere affectation. On the other hand, it is impolite to insist strongly on any one's singing or playing. If their sense of good-breeding will not induce them to do so when politely requested, the matter should not be pressed.

School-girls should be polite and lady-like in all their intercourse with each other. Some girls are noisy and rude in their laughing and talking, in their plays and amusements. Some, indeed, are so rough that it is exceedingly disagreeable to engage in any amusement with them. They push, and slap, and tear clothes with such unladylike rudeness that one would suppose they had been brought up with the roughest boys. Young ladies must certainly be cheerful, and play and laugh at proper times; but they may do all these like ladies, and not like hoidens. If you are rude and boisterous in your daily habits, you can not act the part of a well-bred lady in company. Such as you are in your every-day intercourse with each other, such will you be in company. If you say yes or no to each other at school, you will feel awkward when you say "Yes, miss," or "No, madam." If you can find no amusement but romping and rude plays, you will be embarrassed when you have to sit still and act like a rational being. Let me entreat you, therefore, always to remember that you are a lady, and try to act like one. All you may read in books will not make you a lady unless you practice what you read. Treat every schoolmate with respect and politeness, and they will treat you so. Never snatch a letter or composition out of another's hand, and run off to read it. Do not look over another's shoulder when writing, nor into her portfolio when absent, if she has accidentally left it open. Such things are indelicate as well as impolite, and should never be practiced by those claiming to be *ladies*.

But it would be impossible to tell you all about manners in one letter. It would require a volume instead of a letter. Read the works to which I have referred and similar ones. To be truly refined and polite is a matter of great importance. It will

add to your own happiness and to the happiness of all with whom you associate.

But remember that purity of heart is a matter of much greater importance. To have the approbation of our fellow-beings is desirable; to have the approbation of God is indispensable. Pray to him, therefore, to pardon your sins, and give you the wedding garment, that you may be prepared to enter into the marriage supper of the Lamb.

A WORD ON MORAL INSTRUCTION.

BY R. B. H.

SUPPOSE in a school two boys are reported as having been engaged in a quarrel. What shall the teacher do? Administer a sound flogging to each, and remand them to their seats, with a threat to double the dose in case the offense is repeated? This is the course most commonly pursued; the effect is just what might be anticipated. If you would teach bull-dogs to fight, bring them together, and rub their ears; if you would make a horse vicious, whip him gratuitously; if you would teach a cow to kick, give her lessons in kicking.

If you would secure gentleness, you must yourself be as gentle and harmless as a dove. I would not be misunderstood. I am not an advocate of the exclusive moral-suasion system. What is more severe than goodness? In the case I have supposed, the skillful disciplinarian may cause the offenders, without subjecting them to any bodily inconvenience, to wish the teacher would whip them, and let them go. "Then," say they, "the affair would be settled. We have offended the teacher, and he has taken his satisfaction: we are even. But this harrowing up the feelings, making the matter so public, I wish I had had nothing to do with it; it will be a long time before I am caught in another scrape of the like." Who can estimate the benefits of such a result? Who can fail to see that, enabling the boy to control his own passions confers a far higher obligation than any amount of mere intellectual culture?

So of all the crimes and misdemeanors which the daily history of the school-room exhibits. Let them be seized upon by the teacher, and turned to account in inculcating moral sentiments. Let the teacher go to the Bible for his code of laws. Let the great law of love, so sedulously inculcated and so beautifully exemplified in the life of Christ, be the law of the school-room. Let the teacher labor and pray that he may be instrumental in qualifying his pupils for the duties of manhood, and we shall have more *educators*, and fewer mere *trainers of the intellect*. Our schools will become what they ought to be—places where children and youth may, *must* learn the principles of "piety, justice, and a sacred regard to truth, love of country, and universal benevolence."

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

BY CAROLINE M. SPRINGER.

How numerous and endearing are the associations clustering round that one little word—home! At its mention alone, what sweet and thrilling emotions animate the breast, awakening fond recollections of childhood's happy hours, and of youth's innocent sports! Memory lends her aid, and on the light wing of fancy we are swiftly conveyed to the bright scenes of home and of youth. Again, with our mirthful companions, do we traverse those green fields over which we were wont to roam, catching the pure breezes, as they danced along, laden with the sweets of many a flower, chasing the gay butterfly, as it flitted in the sun's warm rays, or strolling leisurely along the velvet margin of the clear stream which came bounding over the flowery mead, now murmuring in gentle ripples over its pebbly bed, and now leaping in foamy cascades over the rocky crag. O, those joyous hours, fraught with earth's fairest hopes, and with her sweetest dreams—hours of bliss unalloyed—hours to be enjoyed in memory, but never to be recalled!

Leaving the fairy season of innocence and glee, we glance over the period devoted to the culture of the mind in the pursuit of science—to the time, when, bidding adieu to our childish sports and little playmates, and receiving the parting embrace of the loved ones of home, we cast one farewell, lingering look at the place of our nativity, and were borne away to mingle in other scenes, to frequent new haunts, and to participate in larger and higher enjoyments. To our mind's eye still distinctly appears the old *seminary*, in whose venerated halls we have so often assembled with our schoolmates for the purpose of gathering lessons of wisdom and knowledge, from the counsels and instructions of those revered ones to whose charge we were then committed for mental training. Commanding an elevated position, near the brow of a lofty eminence, the situation of this structure overlooked a broad open expanse of the surrounding country. Its old gray walls and towering cupola might be seen peering far above the objects beneath it. Before it lay spread out a spacious lawn, bedecked with groves of trees, beneath the cooling shade of which we have so oft reposed, inhaling the perfumed zephyrs which gently fanned our brows, listening to the caroling of the feathered songsters as they soared aloft, pouring forth their melodious strains on our enraptured ear, or gazing with ecstasy on the scene of beauty and grandeur displayed abroad. Away in the dim distance, as far as the eye can reach, towers a succession of proud and rugged heights, skirting the horizon with their summits of blue, which mingle with the skies and form the boundary of this interesting landscape. Extensive plains, watered by crystal lakes, whose polished mirrors reflect the golden tints of the sun's departing rays, or glitter in the silvery light of the

moon's pale beams, lay stretched out in all their magnificence, enriched by grove and woodland, and interrupted alone by the alternate succession of forest, stream, hill, and dell, with here and there a farm-house or scattered portions of distant villages peeping out from among the trees in which they were embosomed, all conspiring to enliven the view, and to enhance its variety.

Days, months, and even years have elapsed since last we gazed on those cherished scenes, enshrined within the hallowed temple of memory—since we shed the last tear of sad regret on leaving that consecrated spot, and with mournful reluctance extended the parting hand, and pronounced the lonely farewell to those loved associates with whom, in choice intercourse, we had been accustomed to rove through our favorite haunts of science, culling the wild flowers of imagination, or gleanings the maturer productions of diligence and intellectual toil.

Since that period, so fraught with interest to our hearts, how many changes have we met—some pleasing and some sad! Not only have the valued associations of school been relinquished, but the tenderest cords of nature have been rent asunder by the ruthless hand of Death. The loved of earth have been torn from our side and consigned to the gloom of the grave. A mother dear, whose smile once lighted and whose voice once cheered our peaceful cottage-home, now slumbers in her lowly bed. A brother, too, fond and cherished, once the pride and delight of our happy number, now lies folded in the unyielding embrace of death. Their spirits no longer commune with earth, but, borne on the pinions of immortality, have been wafted away to the blissful realms of the celestial paradise, there to bathe and revel in joy unutterable, and to share the companionship of angels and seraphs, with whom they join in the harmonious notes of endless triumph, and range together the boundless fields of eternity.

Yea, in rapid succession have we resigned school associations to the past, loved ones to the tomb, and home, even home itself, with its barren rocks and winding streams, for the mild breezes and fertile plains of the "far distant west." But naught, however fair, can obliterate from the faithful tablet of recollection those treasured scenes that are left behind. Aided by the swift-winged messengers, Memory and Imagination, how oft shall we be transported to the green hills and shady glens of our own native home! Even now, while fanned by the gentle gales of this balmy region, our ear seems to catch the familiar sound of the wintery blast that used to sweep about our snug retreat when circled with the family group around the blazing hearth. While looking forth on the waving verdure, and entranced with the imposing grandeur of the wide-spread prairie, we almost unconsciously revert to the foaming surge and heaving tide of old ocean's restless bosom. We long again to be rocked on her billows, and view the beautiful green isles that bedeck her surface and ornament her shores.

Although cheered by the rich bounty, and charmed
with the luxuriant vegetation which this generous
soil affords, still, I sigh for the land, the dear land
of my birth, and sing

"Of my home, and the loved ones that mourn my long stay;
Of the grove where I've wandered, the hours of mirth
That I've passed in the land of my birth far away.

Though friends in a strange land I've met, that are dear,
Still I sigh in my exile, and long for the day,
When the voices of kindred shall again greet my ear,
That I've left in the land of my birth far away."

IN MEMORY OF EMMA ROSABELLE LARRABEE

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO HER PARENTS.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

PASS and aient lies your darling,
In her little snowy shroud,
And ye often weep beside her,
But ye never speak aloud;
For there is a holy quiet,
In the sunshine and the air,
And ye know the white-robed angels
Keep their sleepless vigils there.

Never more will dewy daisies
Feel the pressure of her tread;
Never more will her slight fingers
Cull the berries, ripe and red;
Never more will her sweet laughter,
And her artless lisping words,
Be mistaken for the warble
Of the joyous summer birds.

Spring-time flowers have bloomed and perished;
Summer moons have waxed and waned;
Autumn leaves have faded, fallen,
Mourful winter winds complained,
Since ye laid the gentle darling,
That affection could not save,
Very softly, very sadly,
In the shadow of the grave.

Still your home is very lonesome,
In the long bright autumn days,
When the sun sets, blushing crimson,
Through the Indian summer haze.
And when dismal rains are falling,
As the wint'ry nights come on,
O how fondly memory whispers,
Of the lovely cherub gone!

And ye often stop to listen
For her footstep on the floor,
And ye see her shadow passing
In the sunshine by the door.
And ye lead her through the meadow,
By the coppice and the stream;
O sweet phantasies—ye waken
But to find it all a dream.

Where the gentle starlight watches,
Through the balmy summer eves;
Where the violets, in their dreaming,
Listen to the whispering leaves,
In the dim, old, solemn forest,
Where the night-dews softly weep,
And the low-voiced winds keep sighing,
Ye have laid her down to sleep.

Yet, while other little children
Gathered pebbles by the rills,
Laughing, dancing in the sunshine,
And the shadow of the hills;
While they chased the fairy hum-bird,
Or admired a meteor star,
Little Emma has been singing,
Where the blessed angels are.

Would your longing love recall her,
To this world of care and strife?
From the golden streets of heaven,
To the paths of human life?
No, be thankful that our Father
Took her to the glorious goal,
Ere a grief had dimmed her spirit,
Ere a sin had stained her soul.

LOVEST THOU ME!

BY LILIAN.

LOVEST thou me? What searching words!
From whose lips do they fall?
Does mortal question mortal love?
No; 'tis the Lord of all,
Who asks if he still has a part
Within his weak disciple's heart.

LOVEST thou me? What deep unrest
Filled faithless Peter's mind!
Rebuke seemed borne upon those words,
So gentle and so kind;
For O, he knew he had denied
His Master, when his faith was tried.

LOVEST thou me? My Lord, I do,
His faltering lips reply;
And he was ready from that hour,
For him he loved to die;
Faithful through trials fierce he passed,
And gained the martyr's crown at last.

LOVEST thou me? To every one
Who wears the Savior's name
These words now come; dwells in your heart
Love's pure and deathless flame?
Or hast thou basely him denied,
Who for thy sins was crucified?

LOVEST thou me? Let falling tears
Thy deep contrition prove,
If thou hast wandered, and renew
Thy solemn pledge of love;
And thou shalt find forgiveness free;
Find that thy God still loveth thee.

COLOGNE AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE RHINE.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

To hundreds of thousands of the fair sex the name of Cologne, if not a "household word," is at least one of pleasing import and exquisite odor. Few of the fascinating members of the fairer portion of creation pass through the varied life of this sublunary sphere without worshiping at the shrine of "*Eau de Cologne*." As were the *Penates* to those of old, so are the flasks, bottles, and vases, of a thousand variegated shapes and hues, to the *belles* of the present day.

Ladies, listen, therefore, to our story of this famous city! It lies on the borders of the lovely Rhine, and we approach it through the lowlands of Holland. From the deck of the steamer that conveys us up the stream we perceive the immense Cathedral, towering up to the clouds like a city in the air, long before we perceive the houses or city proper. At last the latter loom up in the distance, and a compact mass of houses gives notice that Cologne is before us. The noise and confusion of selecting baggage and approaching the wharf have scarcely ceased, when the "*valets-de-place*" begin to crowd around the passengers, and offer their services in finding the true and original manufacturer of *Eau de Cologne*, as if no one ever thought of going to Cologne for any other purpose than to buy Cologne water. These *valets-de-place* are a race peculiar to European cities. They live on the travelers that are on sight-seeing expeditions, and are ready to take you any where, or show you any thing you wish to see, or tell you any thing you wish to know, provided, of course, they are well paid for their services. In Cologne the manufacturers of *Eau de Cologne* bribe or hire these *valets* to bring all who are in search of the original and genuine article to them. The result is, that one is pounced upon, on landing, by a dozen *valets*, all anxious to take you to his man, that he may get the per centage on the purchase you make. As they are rivals, they are not very friendly with each other, and, in their eagerness to increase their business, do not always observe the rules of conduct laid down by Chesterfield in their intercourse with each other.

The first manufacturer of *Eau de Cologne* bore the cognomen of Jean Marie Farina. He was the *veritable Jean Marie*, as the *valets* express it, and his business was extensive and lucrative. At the present day, however, there are not less than eight or ten firms in Cologne that bear the title of Jean Marie Farina, so that the stranger is sorely puzzled to know who is now the *veritable Jean Marie*. If we believe the *valets*, they always know, and are extremely anxious that a stranger should not come all the way to Cologne to obtain a pure article, from the original manufacturer, and then be basely

deceived. They, therefore, commence their efforts the moment one lands on their shores, and are about as great a nuisance as the hackmen who crowd about the landings of American cities. The only difference is, that instead of "Have a hack, sir?" "Have a hack, sir?" from a hundred mouths, while their whips are stuck into your face and eyes, one hears among the confusion of tongues a dozen shouts of "Jean Marie Farina!" "the veritable Jean Marie Farina!"

The reader may well inquire where all these numerous Jean Marie Farinas come from; and their history is a strange one, and shows the all-powerful influence of gain in developing expedients. A few of them are members of the same family, who have been named in this way on account of the good luck of the original. These have been sought after by speculators, and taken into business, with a share of profits, for the privilege of using their name as that of the firm. In some other cases speculators have taken foundling or orphan children, and had them named and baptised Jean Marie Farina, for the sake of using their cognomen as the title of the business house, with the pretense that they have an interest in it, although some of them are mere children. And thus comes this numerous family, all bearing the same name, and all claiming to be the veritable Jean Marie Farina. It is an undisputed point that cause and effect go together, and it is true of Cologne. A half an hour spent in this old city explains why Cologne water was necessary there—it is a crooked, narrow, and very dirty place, and the streets are so much in the habit of emitting an unbearable stench, that it was a dire necessity to have some pleasant odors to overcome it. And thus *Eau de Cologne* was called into existence, and has become an important article of trade with foreign countries. A great amount is sold to travelers on the Rhine, as few are willing to leave the old city without a memento of its fame.

The immediate environs of Cologne are flat and uninviting; but beyond it rises the mountain lands that entice the traveler onward; and in the blue mist of the distance may be seen the well-known "*Seven Mountains*," which are the portals of the beauties of the Rhine. But what Cologne loses in romance of landscape it gains in its monasteries, churches, and chapels, and, above all, in its immense Cathedral, with its numberless spires, turrets, gables, and projecting roofs, an imposing mass that can be seen for miles and miles from the city, and becomes more and more attractive and wonderful as we approach. There was a time when Cologne counted as many steeples, churches, and convents as the year counts days, but now more than half have disappeared in the vortex of modern civilization and the tendency to spread over large extent of country, instead of crowding all wealth and influence into one single city. It retains, however, many of the characteristics of its palmiest days, as one soon perceives in wandering

through its narrow winding streets, and gazing at the architecture of all periods and all tastes, huddled together in the most singular confusion—the old indented gables; the stories advancing one over the other; the corner projections like little castles, attached to the main house; the fancy turrets of the old castles; the churches in the Carolingian, Byzantine, and Gothic styles; and even the relics of the Roman rulers, for Cologne was once the most powerful Roman colony on the Rhine—"Cœlonia Agrippina"—and thence its present name, Cologne.

Two thousand years have drawn together in Cologne inexhaustible treasures of history, legend, and art; and they do not hover in the air, and lose themselves in the mist of time; they have become stone, and speak in unmistakable tones of their origin and antiquity. Of all the venerable monuments, however, that adorn Cologne, that adorn the entire Father-land in its length and breadth, none equals the great Cathedral. It is looked upon as the pride of the nation; and the latter has built it by contributions collected in all parts of the country. It was commenced in the year 1248—more than six hundred years ago—and is not yet finished! Indeed, the towers do not yet rise above the body of the building, although they are to rise to the enormous height of five hundred feet. In August, of the year 1848, was celebrated the *sixth centennial anniversary* of the building of the Cathedral. It was determined to make this celebration worthy of the immortal work, and, if possible, to decide on measures that would at last lead to its long-delayed completion. Delegates from all parts of Germany were invited to be present, that the feeling might be spread far and near; and for several months before the celebration all was bustle and preparation about the Cathedral and in Cologne. It was even expected that Pope Pius would be present, and announcement was made to that effect; the German Parliament was then in session at Frankfort on the Maine, and the members of that body, together with the newly elected Regent—Archduke John—resolved to be there; and even Frederick William, King of Prussia, sent word that he was coming, too.

We considered such a host of attractions irresistible, and therefore determined to wend our way thither also; and knowing that the passage of the members of the Parliament down the Rhine, from Frankfort to Cologne, would give rise to great demonstrations along the banks of that classic stream, we deemed it advisable to choose the same day, and keep as near the grand cortege as possible. Having got the start as far as Coblenz and the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, we took passage in a steamer some twenty miles ahead of the notabilities, as a sort of advance guard. The captain of said steamer thought he had a perfect right to be as gay and merry as any body on this joyful occasion, and therefore decked his craft, fore and aft, with a profusion of flags and streamers, not forget-

ting to have a plentiful supply of the German republican or revolutionary colors—that flag being a tri-color of black, red, gold—for just at this period all Germany was intoxicated with the prospect of political regeneration, and the Parliament itself had been elected by universal suffrage. "Alas! poor Yorick!"

Our steamer was the first that hove in sight to the towns of the lower Rhine on that eventful day, and, as it threw so many colors to the breeze, the inhabitants of the various towns, gathered by thousands, with regimentals, muskets, and cannons, on the banks, concluded that we bore the Regent and Parliament that they had collected to honor; therefore, as we approached each stopping-place, hats flew in the air, colors waved, muskets cracked, and cannons roared—we were received with regal honors by a grateful people. But when they rushed on board, and eagerly inquired for the Archduke and the members of Parliament—"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"—in the stock of enthusiasm. They had asked for bread, and we had given them stones; they had asked for grapes, and we had given them thorns. Vainglorious, indeed, was our retreat; but it was a merry one to us notwithstanding, for the decks resounded with peals of laughter, till the roaring of cannon announced our approach to another town, and a repetition of the same undeserved ovations. But a few years have intervened between then and now, and we opine that, were we to ask the dwellers on the Rhine to-day, who deserved the most honors, those on the first boat or those on the second, the answer would be, "*The first*;" for sadly have the confiding Germans been deceived in the hopes which they had built on the Parliament of 1848.

Enough said on this point. We arrived safely in the native city of Cologne water, and found it full to overflowing. The dogs had kennels, but we could literally not find a place to lay our heads; even omnibuses were engaged by families or parties to sleep in, and every lamp-post seemed in requisition to lean against. But the next day was to be the grand celebration, and many walked the streets all night rather than go away. We found a room at the *modest* price of eight dollars for the night, for ourself and companion, and as modestly concluded not to occupy it. About midnight fortune favored us at a less expensive rate, and we dozed away a few hours, till the din of the morning preparations announced the commencement of the day.

In the mean while the Archduke and Parliament had arrived, and been escorted to their quarters; and now comes the King of Prussia. Cologne is in his dominions, and he is, therefore, received with all the pomp and magnificence that the city can command; the Archduke and Parliament advance to meet him, the King embraces the Archduke, and the scene is very affecting—to those who read about it—for to those who saw it in a dense crowd, suffocated, squeezed, jammed, and crushed

unmercifully; it was a mixture of the vexatious and ridiculous.

The poor Pope was so busy at home about this time, in keeping things quiet at Rome, and preserving the Vatican and St. Peters from the hands of the republicans, that he sent his regrets instead of honoring the festival with his august presence. But the day broke notwithstanding, and the ceremonies began. They were, of course, all of a religious nature. There were more bishops present in the procession than had ever before been seen in Cologne; they were in their costliest robes, and protected by canopies borne over them; following them were priests of every rank and age, high and low, old and young; then came choristers who chanted, and boys that rang bells, and others that cast the smoke of the incense-chalice on their way; and then came every thing else, beautiful, and strange, and costly, and wonderful, that Cologne has to present—and the name of these things is legion, for the old city overflows with relics of history and religion, and on such occasions the people delight in displaying them.

In the Cathedral itself, at which the procession at last arrives but can not enter, the dignitaries excepted, was performed a grand mass. After which the King did something, and the Archduke did something, and the bishops did something—all of which we were so fortunate as not to be allowed to see, having been so lucky as not to procure a ticket of admission, and thereby avoiding the possibility of being squeezed to death inside for the more airy and pleasant process of being nearly squeezed to death outside. Long live Cologne, and long live its noble Cathedral; but when it has another *centennial* anniversary, may we not be there to see!

But the grand object of the festival was accomplished, and a new impetus was given to its progress by the enthusiasm there fanned into a flame. The King of Prussia gave a large sum to be expended in the work, and promised a large yearly contribution; the Archduke and other dignitaries acted nobly; the King of Bavaria sent a precious window of stained glass, valued at twenty thousand dollars—a magnificent specimen of the present state of the art of staining glass; and the Pope sent—his blessing. The people formed associations, with branches all over Germany, for collecting money for the "*Cathedral Building-Fund*;" and these associations have reaped rich harvests, and the busy hands of the artisans have again been diligent and skillful for years. There are hopes that this magnificent monument of Gothic architecture will now be finished according to the original plan, but we believe these hopes to be fallacious—the work would be incomprehensibly great, and the expense enormous; added to this, the age has gone by when the people can be induced to spend millions on a mere monument, however grand and imposing it may be.

The story of this wonderful Cathedral is so

peculiarly one of olden time that we feel like starting where it started: Cologne has, since time immemorial, been the stronghold of the clergy of the Catholic Church; and at one period the archbishops waged a terrible war against the city for its possession. It is natural that they should here desire to erect an edifice that would be an indication of their power. It was determined to surpass the world, if an architect could be found. At last one Albertus Magnus presented a plan so gigantic and surpassingly beautiful, that the people declared it had not been made by human hands, as it showed superhuman skill. As the legend relates, it was discovered that Magnus had bartered his soul to Satan for the plan. The work commenced, and thousands labored on it daily; but Magnus died, and Satan did not get his soul. Enraged at this disappointment, the evil spirit declared that the work should never be finished, and for six hundred years the declaration has proved true. It will probably prove true for six hundred years longer. The plan was lost, and the people declared that Satan had stolen it. It was found again, and the work went on for awhile, and was then struck by the lightning. Satan had again been busy. Determined to frustrate the intentions of the archenemy, a new architect was engaged. He was nearly as great a genius as the original, and the work went bravely on. But the devil laid a wager with him that a canal would be built from Treves to Cologne before the Cathedral would be finished; and the token would be, that a duck would swim down the canal to the Cathedral to remind him of the wager. Strange to say, the remains of a Roman aqueduct have been found extending from Treves to Cologne, and this fact is no doubt woven into the popular legend; for it is related that a duck did actually swim down to Cologne, and appear before the Cathedral; and this took place at the period when the tower had reached the present height; and was surmounted by an enormous crane for the purpose of hoisting up the large blocks of stone for the work. The moment the architect saw the terrible duck he knew that he had lost the wager, and precipitated himself from the top of the tower in despair, followed by his faithful dog. As this architect left it, so it remained for a very long period; and the old crane is still standing on the tower, as an emblem that the edifice is unfinished.

Cologne, more than any other city of Catholic Germany, retains its peculiarly Catholic characteristics, though surrounded by Protestant influence. A festival that one must see in Rome or in Cologne is the *Carneval*—for Cologne is the German Rome. *Colonia Agrippina* is a daughter of the "Eternal City," founded, it is true, when the Romans worshiped heathen gods, but changing its religion with the mother city, and adopting and retaining the customs, festivals, and celebrations of Rome, even to the present day. Indeed, it is a contested point in which of these two cities the festival of

the Carnival had its origin; many contend that Cologne was the originator of the custom. Be this as it may, there is no doubt of its origin in a heathen festival; either Roman or German. During the Carnival Cologne is a city of pleasures and amusements of all kinds. Indeed, Carnival or no Carnival, wit and humor is sparkling and feasting in the old city. It has nearly as many fairs as there are months in the year; and although these begin in business, they always end in pleasure.

My readers are all aware that the Carnival is a certain season before Lent, and that during the latter no meat is eaten by Catholics who conform strictly to their faith. During Lent they ought to fast and put on sackcloth and ashes, and therefore the season prior to this they make one of feasting and rejoicing. The literal meaning of the word is very significative—it is “flesh, farewell”—“*carne, ade*”—taking various forms in various languages, and assuming that of “Carnival” in the English. This farewell to flesh is made a jolly time, indeed; it is a sort of “eat, drink, and be merry to-day, for to-morrow ye die.” It is a changeable festival, like Easter, and generally commences a little after New-Year and lasts till the latter part of February. The Carnival pre-eminently so called is the grand celebration of the closing days of the season. On the last day there is a grand procession made up of all the nonsense and buffoonery that the crazy heads of the people can concoct and create. To describe this justly would be impossible. Suffice it to say, that every one in the procession tries to make himself as great a fool as possible, and that the whole is composed of an army of clowns. These are attired in the most outlandish costumes imaginable, and no two alike. In one of the Carnival processions we saw a sort of menagerie of strange beasts; they were bipeds, it is true, with the lower extremities of human beings, but said extremities were the only regions in which they resembled humanity. On the shoulders of some were placed, with great propriety, asses’ heads; others, following a different bent of genius, had adorned themselves with calves’ heads; and so it ran on through the range of beasts and fowls—horses, cows, pigs, sheep, dogs, geese, ducks, chickens, etc. These kept up for the amusement of the lookers-on such a braying, bawling, bellowing, neighing, squeaking, grunting, beeing, barking, hissing, quacking, clucking, crowing, that we congratulated ourselves on having seen for the first time a Bedlam of beasts.

The ruling passion of the Carnival procession is to ridicule; for this reason every popular folly or “*ism*,” or even laudable reform, receives due attention. We perceive by the accounts of the last Carnival that Louis Napoleon came in for a just share of ridicule. Nature has favored him with an enormous nose—his friends acknowledge—said nose his enemies magnify into a sort of proboscis, and, with the latter appendage to his countenance, a caricature of Louis Napoleon appeared

in the Carnival. Said proboscis seemed during the festivities to be alarmingly busy in smelling out conspiracies, and wherever there was a little group of talkers, especially if they were well provided with whiskers and mustache, the proboscis was sure to intrude its inquisitive extremity. Its owner seemed to play his part so well as to excite universal attention and admiration; and even the public journals gave him their meed of praise. The genuine proboscis, true to its satire, soon smelled out this conspiracy, and sillily informed the authorities of Cologne that if they permitted another demonstration of like nature, he would call them and the authors of it to account. We can thus easily imagine the thousand and one follies of the day that would be held up to public ridicule, if we had the Carnival procession on this side of the water; and these creations of the imagination will be the most vivid picture of the proceedings, strange, queer, and comical, as they are served up in Cologne. The day having been thus passed, the night begins; and such a night! the whole city is in a blaze of light, and go where you will it is nothing but music and dancing—all the characters of the procession being distributed about among the various social entertainments, or else in the street cutting up all sorts of innocent pranks, for a strong police force would instantly crush any effort to commit improprieties. The night having been thus passed, another day begins—and this day is Ash-Wednesday. The multitudes hasten to the churches, and the priests strew ashes on their foreheads, as a symbol of their repentance of the excesses of the Carnival, and their determination to behave better during Lent—a fit satire to close a season of folly!

As Cologne cherishes an unflinching fidelity to the faith of its fathers, so does it retain with an unrelenting tenacity many of the customs of former days; and these, therefore, attain not only a venerable age, but also one incredibly great. Many of the heathen customs that the Christianity of that day found no occasion to root out survived the middle ages, and approached the threshold of modern times; some still live a precarious life; others have become rejuvenated by taking a new and modern form. The festival of Midsummer was formerly celebrated by the women of Cologne by what was called a washing in the Rhine. This has now disappeared, but Petrarch, who was an astonished witness of this strange ceremony, relates it as a part of his experience while on a visit to Cologne. The sweet singer of *Laura's* charms declares that the entire shore was covered with whole troops of women, beautiful and lovely in countenance, and modest in attire and behavior. He declares that if Laura had not enchained his heart, he would have lost it there, in that crowd pulsating with vivacity and joy. A part of them were entwined with garlands of fragrant flowers, and stood in the flowing stream washing their white arms and hands in the passing current,

while all were talking and amusing themselves in a language which was unintelligible to Petrarch.

His curiosity was piqued to know the origin and signification of this strange custom; and, on inquiry, he was told that it was a time-honored custom of the women of Cologne, who believed that all the evils of the coming year could be washed away on this day by the waters of the Rhine, leaving nothing but joy and good fortune. It was, therefore, a sort of yearly ablution in advance of the ills that flesh is heir to. "How I envy you," exclaimed Petrarch, "you happy frequenters of the Rhine, that the river sweeps away your woes and your complaints! neither the Po nor the Tiber treats us with this maternal care."

Another festival of very early origin was that of St. Martin. In other parts of Germany celebrated with a roast goose, but along the Rhine, from Coblenz to Belgium, it was celebrated with fire, and might with propriety have been called the "Festival of Fire." The children first gathered wood from house to house, and then built up fires on all the hills and mountains; while collecting the wood they sang certain songs in commemoration of the festival, and the shores of the Rhine and the numberless peaks of the "Seven Mountains" presented a magnificent sight when illuminated as far as the eye could reach. Similar songs are still sung in all parts of Germany on St. Martin's day; and although the wood is no longer demanded, we can easily suppose that they formerly had the same object.

In Cologne this custom seems to have made place to another equally curious, which is called the "Judas song" and "Judas fire." In the week after Good Friday the children go round from house to house singing the Judas song, and collecting wood for burning Judas. This is piled up on a public spot, which bears the name of the "Judas Place," from this custom. A figure in effigy is placed upon the pile, and the latter is set on fire; while burning the spectators sing the Judas song.

As remarked in the beginning of this article, one can hardly plant his foot on the streets of Cologne before a crowd of valets importune him to go everywhere and see every thing wonderful, much of which the stranger never heard of before. Some of these, on seeing a stranger near a public building—the Cathedral, for example—begin to converse as gentlemen desiring to be friendly and polite; having imparted all the information they have at command, they modestly and much to the surprise of the traveler demand a fee; if this is refused, they bluster and rave about services accepted and not remunerated, till it is necessary to give them a trifle to buy them off. Among their favorite objects to show are the bones of the three wise men of the East, that are preserved in the Cathedral, and richly adorned with precious stones; and then come the bones of the "Eleven Thousand Virgins."

As the story is told, in the sixth century a daughter of the princely house of Britain was

betrothed to a young prince who resided near the mouth of the Rhine. At the dying bed of his father this prince was forced to promise to marry his step-mother and father's wife. The rejected bride, determined on revenge, fitted out a fleet of four hundred ships, appeared with them at the mouth of the Rhine, conquered her unfaithful lover, and—married him. Her crew and fighting men were composed entirely of virgins like herself, and, having seen their intrepid leader safely moored in the harbor of matrimony, they turned their victorious prows toward home. But they were doomed to perish while battling with the elements. A great storm arose, in which all were lost; and their bodies were brought to Cologne for interment, where the remains of the "eleven thousand virgins" are still shown by the valets.

A modern investigator, however, seems strongly inclined to try his steel with this legend, and denies *in toto* the veracity of its foundation. He declares that the skeletons found in these sarcophagi are, in the first place, in the vicinity of an old Roman place of interment; and, secondly, the strong skulls and frames would indicate Roman warriors much rather than British virgins. Again, he traces another story which began with eleven, then increased to eleven hundred, and finally to eleven thousand maidens. Unfortunately for the romantic, these legends are too often poetry, and need no other than poetic truth.

MOMENTS OF MELODY.

THE following from the pen of William Hazlitt, an English writer of some note, furnish a paragraph of fine writing, and a just characteristic of his style of composition. The death of Mr. Hazlitt took place in the city of London, September 18, 1830. Long will his name stand high among the first literary men of modern times, as one who infused into the most graceful sentences the most delightful and philosophic thoughts:

"I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, in one of those low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little pariah church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from the sight, when, all on a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices, and the willing choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, 'like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes.' The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness: the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world."

SUPPORTING THE CONSTITUTION.

BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

THE day after Governor Boutwell had vetoed the Massachusetts Liquor law, as I was crossing in the ferry-boat from East Boston to the city, I noticed an old inebriate in fierce discussion with a gentleman at my side. His face was bloated and pock-marked, his hands were tremulous, and his knees unsteady; his eye, his attitudes, and his tones all indicative of intense anger. He was not intoxicated, for it was but nine o'clock. His coat was thin and tattered; his vest much the worse of the wear. From one pocket of it protruded a dirty, well-worn spectacle-case, and from the other a large piece of cavendish tobacco. His pantaloons, well drawn up and well saved, had a patch on the left knee and needed a patch on the right. He had an old cloth shoe on one foot and a leather one on the other. He was brandishing, in his right hand, a black crooked walking-stick, and, as I soon found, was applauding the veto. He could not sit for excitement, but walked the cabin every now and then, putting the stick rather near his antagonist. I caught a few sentences, from which I learned that he was a defender of the Constitution. "Yes, sir," said he, "Governor Boutwell has done a glorious deed. General Jackson made a veto and immortalized his name, and the senate of the United States sustained him. Governor Boutwell takes his stand by the hero of New Orleans, the immortal vetoer, and the senate of Massachusetts sustains him by a vote of 21 to 19. Yes, sir, he has saved his country; he is a second Washington, and posterity will encircle his memory." "Well," said the respondent, "I think the law would have done good—whisky does a great deal of harm." "No sin, no sin; it is one of the best things on earth in its place. Don't physicians use it? Don't—— use it? I've seen the time when preachers and deacons used it, and they preached and prayed better than they do now, and were better neighbors. They used to have it in stores and harvest-fields. Why, a farmer could not raise a barn nor cut an acre of grain without it, and a doctor could not prescribe without it; and then, sir, there were not many drunkards; there was not one drunkard then where there are ten now. No, sir, it ain't the whisky, that is good enough. Why, I've tried it; I know it is good for children, and it's good for old people; it's good in the cold, and good in the heat; it is good outside, and it is good inside. I've tried it. When I am agueish I've put it in my hat, and put it in my shoes. Don't these fine ladies wash their faces in it, heh? Why, sir, you haven't been through what I've been, or you would have found it board, and lodging, and washing." The gentleman archly remarked that he had known many to get a night's lodging by it, but as to the board and washing he was not so sure. Then alluding to the evils of intemperance he roused up

the old man again. "Well, sir, it is these youngsters they don't know how to manage, that buy their liquor by the drink. That is not the way. I never could drink a sixpence worth at a time without drinking too much; but I buy it by the pint and take what is good for me, like a reasonable creature. No, no, the liquor don't do harm after all; it is just this *Church and state*. When they joined to break down our liberties the mischief began. That is the way all these drunkards are made; men just drink hard to show them that they don't give up the Constitution, and that is the great question. It ain't the liquor, sir, that we care about, it is the Constitution. There is my whisky, now, sir, take it if you dare. It is founded on the bill of rights—the constitution of eternal rights. What does it say?—'life, liberty, and the pursuit of property.' Sir, I won't let you touch it, but would fight to the last. Look there that side, you see Bunker Hill, don't you? That is a great preacher; it has preached liberty for generations more than all the preachers. Look that side, you see Dorchester lights, where Washington stood. Now, sir, do you understand that? If that law had passed, you would have seen the blood flow faster than it ever did in the days of the Revolution. Yes, sir, and the Governor would have called the Legislature together to repeal the law quicker than the Yankees put the tea overboard. Sir, we in old Massachusetts, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, will support the Constitution." Well, the Governor has signed substantially the same; so the old liquor hero will have a chance to fight for the Constitution. He may lose some liquor in the battle, but he does not appear to have much blood to spare.

But ladies have seal for the Constitution as well as gentlemen; indeed, it seems to be the passion of the American people. While sitting in a barber-shop, some time since, under the razor, a well-dressed portly negro woman opened the door. Her skin was of jet black and shining; her ears were adorned with long earrings of gold; her step and manner indicated great self-confidence; indeed, her air and deportment were imperious, and but for her earrings and bonnet I might have taken her for an Ethiopian eunuch of the Sublime Porte. "Can you tell, boy," said she, "whether there are any houses to rent in this neighborhood?"

The barber replied very dryly, "There are some rooms in this house to be rented."

"Boy," she cried, "do you take me for a country darkie? Do you think I live in a room? No, sir, I asked not for rooms but houses."

The barber becoming agitated, but still keeping razor in hand and pretending to continue his operation, remarked, "You had better ask how to get out of the city than how to get a house in it."

The woman, drawing nearer, and looking vengeance, cried, "Boy, what do you mean by insulting a woman of my quality?"

"Ah," said the barber, trembling like an aspen, "I know you very well."

The woman, stamping with her feet, shouted out, "Sir, I know what you mean. But when we live at Rome we must do as Rome does. The whites have been very kind to me; they have given me my freedom, and I am resolved that I will always be bold and courageous in promulgating the Constitution and the laws."

Now, the poor barber was a small and sickly man, and the woman could have thrown him from the shop as a boy could toss his top. I began to tremble for him. He very wisely made no reply to this eloquent declaration of independence, and the woman, after giving a few admonitions to the youth, took her departure. After she left I inquired of the barber why he should treat so impolitely a woman of so decent an appearance.

"Ah," said he, "if you knew her as well as I do you would not ask. She is," he continued, "a free colored woman, who was owned by a southern planter, of whom she was a favorite mistress. When her master died he liberated her, and made provision for her support. Among other property he gave her a colored girl. Having moved to this city, the woman took her slave to Kentucky and hired her out, and going over weekly to receive her wages, she took a cowhide with her, and, no matter what the girl's conduct had been, she took her aside and gave her a severe beating. When she was asked why she did so, she replied that she was determined to support the Constitution. The people at length informed her that if she repeated the operation they would support the Constitution on her back. Finding that she could not whip her slave, she took her down the river and sold her."

I have often thought of the zeal of this patriotic woman. How often do our demagogues manifest a similar zeal! They pity the poor people. They would gladly relieve them and bless them, but ah, the Constitution! And as they raise the cowhide over the bleeding backs of their constituents, and follow stroke with stroke, if you admonish them to pause; they cry, "Constitution, Constitution!"

TRIFLES.

The words of Joseph Addison ensuing are full of wisdom:

"As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite upon the plucking a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics: a rusty nail or crooked pin shoot up into prodigies."

BE KIND TO THE ERRING.

—
BY HARRIST.
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As we are commanded to imitate the example of Christ, it is evidently our duty to strive to do good to all mankind. The poor have a right to expect aid from the more opulent. Were this not the case they might justly complain of their humble situation. But were all equally wealthy many of the finer feelings of the heart would be unfelt and unknown. The giver could not have the consciousness of having aided a fellow-man, and thus rendering him happy, which would greatly contribute to his own happiness; for it is a source of true pleasure to increase the joys of another.

Kindness and assistance should be bestowed alike on the aged and bereaved. The heart of the one may be ready to sink under the burden of cares which time has heaped upon it: that of the other may be oppressed by the weight of loneliness. Friends, one by one, have departed to the "land of the blest," and now they wander alone, their frail bark rudely tossed on life's stormy ocean. Kindness to these would dispel the clouds of despondency, and shed the sunlight of joy and hope upon their hearts.

There is yet another class which should call forth the sympathy, the attention, and the benevolence of all. Rightly has it been said, "The erring need the dew of gentle words to refresh their weary hearts."

On earth we need not expect perfection. Many times do wayward mortals leave the bright and flowery paths of virtue to wander in the dark desert plains of vice. If we expect forgiveness from Him, who ever deals justly, we must forgive the erring, though they have many times transgressed, and not forsake them and turn them coldly away. Perhaps they have no pious father whose steps they may follow in the path that leads to lasting joy. The voice of a mother which has oft been raised in behalf of her wandering child is hushed in death, yet its influence may still be felt, and that wanderer, affected by its tenderness, and encouraged by friendly advice, seeks forgiveness. Or the mother herself may have been abandoned to vice, and the daughter, perhaps, looking to her for an example, has been led far from the path of virtue; yet look not in contempt upon her. Seek to win that erring child back to right ways by kind words and gentle deeds. Possessing common sense, with mature age, she may see her error, and, sorely repenting of her sins before God, she demands your aid in keeping the right path. Then cease your slanderous tales, O ye of mean intent! Stretch forth a helping hand, O ye who bear Christianity's hallowed name. Let not the repentant, erring one be driven to the abodes of infamy for the want of your encouraging words and approbating smiles, remembering that "they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

DYING HOURS OF THE MOTHER OF THE DR. PECKS.

BY REV. ROBERT M'GONIGAL.

Here is transcribed another page of my recollections—the death-bed scene of one whose whole life was ample proof of her experimental acquaintance with the Christian religion. It was the conclusion of a long and interesting pilgrimage; and, in her departure from this world of vanity and of toil to her celestial possessions, the holy woman of whom we speak was only entering upon the felicitous enjoyment of her eternal home. It was an occasion of solemn interest to me, who never before was privileged with beholding a Christian pass within the domain of death. Many are the emotions under whose control we first enter the chamber where Death has anticipated us—where his potent hand is already busy loosing the ligaments of the human body, binding it with those cold and heavy chains, and soothing it into those profound slumbers, which the resurrection alone can dissolve and interrupt. No other scene in this world of dramatic analogies and contrasts can parallel the exhibitions of the chamber of death. Such did the dying hours of the pious female whose name introduces this paper prove to me, before such dying scenes became familiar.

A brief retrospective glance is necessary. A warm day of summer had drawn toward the close of its fervid part, when an aged pair came to the abode of our Principal—an elderly gentleman, with much of the patriarchal mien about him, and his wife, who had shared the rough and the smooth places of life together for many years. They had journeyed from south-western New York to the extreme northern part of the same state, into a county which borders the river St. Lawrence. The end purposed in this long and fatiguing journey, undertaken amid the fervors of summer, in a private conveyance, was to spend the last days of their life with the youngest son of the family. Both had passed that period of life when action and enterprise are the goal of existence, and had arrived at that part in which contemplation is preferred to new achievements in knowledge, and repose is more grateful than exertion. The rural quiet and simple manners of our little village were a grace and an attraction to the charms of which even youth might yield with scarcely a regret; while the aged would eagerly covet them as prophetic of an unworldly refuge from toil and care, and a retreat in time of infirmity and decay.

The fatigues of such a journey, added to the natural decay of age, were a heavy burden for the remaining strength of the wife. The way was thus prepared for the work of a disease, which was not long in bringing her life to its closing hour. She immediately began to descend the slope of that vale in which are the swellings of Jordan. The descent was painful in the extreme, but the pilgrim was patient; it was rough and precipitous,

but the Christian was all calmness and resignation; it was attended by loved ones, whose every look and act became more significant of attention, and love, and service, the nearer she drew to the brink of the cold stream, but she rather bestowed than received the ministry of consolation, and her deportment threw a hue of Christian dignity over all things. Few persons ever entered the chamber, which was thus the abode of the fiery chariot of God for a brief space, without feeling the pressure of a hand of power, of restraint, of elevation. The failing invalid is now before me, after several years have swept by, as in those hours of furnace-trial. Once more I behold the open countenance, the expanded brow traced with the lines of years, the white, natural drapery of the head, and the lineaments of intense suffering. But above all other things, there again appears the bow of holy promise arching the bed of this child of God, while she was addressing herself to the labors of this last journey.

It was not on account of the absence of the ablest ministry of the medical profession that the decaying strength yielded to the repeated blows of the disease. The inclining fabric was bending from its equilibrium, and this superadded force achieved its fall. There lingered a persuasion in the hearts of all, that this would prove a sickness unto death; and the mental states passed through all of the different degrees which lie between vague fear that it may be so, and final certainty that the time is come for the ebbing tide of life to flow out to its last drop. When all human aid is unblest to our relief, when the vision fails from long watching for a star to gleam on our way, when our fondest hopes assume the attitude and the speech of mockery, then we find no other resource but to fall back on the bare arm of Almighty strength and grace. A wonderful lesson—but how hard to learn! To arrest the fall of that weapon of bereavement which we saw suspended over us, our entire circle of Christian sympathy bent toward its suffering center—the decaying invalid. But I fear there was more of sympathy than of faith, more of self than of resignation, in our approaches to the throne of heavenly grace. The prayers of a united seminary did not avail—the parent and the wife was not spared. The malady progressed rapidly to the achievement of its conquest; and it may not be a profitless pursuit to trace it up to the close of the hour of death.

The last night of the earthly pilgrimage of this pious female finally came; far sooner than we had, even in our fears, placed the hour of her departure. Unreserved submission to the will of God is ever a duty of all persons, specially of those who bear the Christian name; but sometimes the blow which strikes us, or falls on our circle of friends, comes so instantly that it whelms and paralyzes with surprise. So was it in the case of the subject of our narrative; and though we knew the approach of the king of terrors was inevitable, we wished

the hour of his work to be put far away from us. A cloud of sadness, illumined by many beams of grace, stood over our tabernacle, both a symbol of the Divine presence and a pledge of guidance; and we drew the nearer to each other as this mother in Israel was being removed from the wilderness to the land of promise. Yea, a link was about to fall from the social chain of pure gold, which had been so bright and so strong, and which had bound us so tenderly and so affectionately together. Every step upon the floor was light, and as noiseless as affection and awe could make it—as if the mansion of death should be made to resemble as nearly as possible those celestial mansions, from which we verily believed august ministering angels were come to accompany another of the blood-washed saints of earth to heaven. All had done, and still continued to do, what was possible to ease the descent of that last declivity, down which the weary pilgrim goes but once. To all deeds of ministering action in behalf of the sufferer a cessation-point had arrived; intense anxiety and thought for a time reigned predominant; but it was not long before emotion, which often precedes a stroke of bereavement, began to sway a scepter of tears over us. We could now with fearful distinctness hear the chariot of the great King in the distance, and feel most intensely the trembling of its near approach.

During the first part of the time of which we are now taking note, temporal thoughts and feelings of anxiety, that the saint might possibly yet be permitted a longer stay on earth, did what they could to assert dominion over the receding moments; but soon afterward spiritual thoughts and feelings, more appropriate to the Sabbath-like cast of the occasion, more fully distinguished by that submission which Christianity inspires, and more befitting the holy attainments of the person who was swiftly approaching the conclusion of all her toils, took a quiet and a hallowing possession of us. No fears were entertained of her safe passage of the waters of dissolution, nor a doubt of her immediate and triumphant arrival at the open gates of the city of God. The reason of this hope which amounted almost to fruition, the groundwork of this faith almost transmuted to sight, lay in a knowledge of this fact, that she who thus stood on the crumbling verge of this world had served her generation to the utmost of her ability. All of her children had gone forth into life, and had entered upon spheres of usefulness in the visible Church; and all of her sons, to the number of five, the great Shepherd had chosen to the high calling of the ministry of the word of life. With that culturing labor which the pious parent alone understands, she had kept many vigils over their infantile years—had superintended their juvenile period of physical and intellectual education. And, blessed to relate! this wonderful woman had never rested till every child had sworn fealty to the Sovereign of Calvary, and had thereafter been trained up through the immature parts of their

Christian experience, where numerous snares are set for unwary feet, and where great multitudes fearfully apostatize, and never, alas! are recovered to themselves nor to the cause of God. It was a ripe sheaf, therefore, that lay upon that death-bed altar, ready to be borne to the treasure-house above.

The twilight hour had gone by, and the evening was advancing, when it became painfully evident that the strength of the patient was fast yielding to the dissolving pressure of the hand of Death. The physician in attendance announced the hour of dissolution to be drawing near. All who were related to the sufferer, and who were present—for most of the kindred were many miles away—were assembled around the bed of death to consecrate their time and affection to the last hours of the departing one. Many other friends also were present, filling the apartments near the one whence came the sad sound of the laboring breath of the dying, to bear the fraternal part in the bereavement that was so soon to make that house one of tears. The idle spectator and the curious were not there. Each person was possessor of a lot and a part in that close of life.

An oppressive sense or estimate of the distinguishable progress of death in the conquest of life rested upon me. It is sometimes very long, after we know that the king of terrors has laid his dark hand upon his victim, before he finishes his work of wasting, and lays the corrupting flesh and blood in the silence of the grave. In the case which we are narrating, it appeared as if every witness of the dying scene could mark the steps of the destroyer, as they were taken successively—could hear the cut of every tooth in his sickle, as each one sundered its ligament. He touched the extremities, and no bathing and friction could remove the chill from them. His breath moved over the numerous canals of circulation, and suddenly the life-fluid stagnated. An irregular movement characterized the action of the heart—now its efforts were rapid and violent, then slow and labored, then they were intermitted. A colorless hue that was unmistakable moved along over the features, attended by pearls of cold perspiration, which hung in profusion upon the temples and lay in the grooves of age on the forehead. A radiance peculiarly death's own lighted the eyes to an unnatural glow. Finally, it was evident that the tone of the entire outer man was reduced to the very brink of dissolution; nature labored convulsively to continue her usual functions; the fire of life had gone out; the uniform action of real life had departed, and left its devastated domain to the aggressive steps of decay.

A circumstance which made the progress of death more perceptible than it otherwise would have been was, about ten in the evening, an apparent suspension to all outward vision of his functions. It was thought that perhaps the morning would come ere the chariot of God, which stood waiting there, shedding glory over the place, would mount to its

ethereal course. Under this impression most of the friends, save the near relatives, had retired to rest. But they had been absent scarcely seventy minutes from the chamber of suffering, before the intelligence was rapidly spread from one to another that the final hour had come. It was a short time past eleven when all were again present. During our short absence the reaper had wrought with great rapidity. Articulation had ceased; and what remained of sensation was scarcely sufficient to repeat the sign, which her son, the Rev. Jesse T. Peck, late President of Dickinson College, Penn., had proposed, as a testimony of the power of divine grace to support her in death. That gentleman sat leaning against the head of his mother's couch, bearing her head on his bosom. Rev. Erastus Wentworth, late President of M'Kendree College, as if in pledge of that sacred friendship which has for years subsisted between them, stood beside him. Rev. Anson W. Cummins, President of M'Kendree College, was also standing near the bed of the departing. The husband of the dying saint, for many years a very successful class-leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church, stood at the foot of the bed of his expiring wife. Thrice did we hear the long breaths of expiration, with unequal intervals between them. We saw the arms of Death close around his victim in the last gasp, the eye became fixed, the members of the body relaxed, and the pilgrim had passed on through the last struggle to the other shore, which, because of the mortal veil over our eyes, we could not discern. The energies of nature had been consumed, and the ashes lay in the bottom of the urn alone. Yea, the flame in the censer had expired, the column of odor was rising into the temple of God in heaven, and naught but a handful of dust remained to us.

Among the scenes of death of which I have been a witness, not one has possessed the religious, the deeply holy element so completely developed as this one. The world of the invisible had much to do with the exercises and experiences of that awful place and hour, and appeared to address the proofs of its wonderful presence, not alone to the consciousness, but even to the sensation—the outward vision. In a remarkable degree was this true when we all kneeled in worship around the bed of the dying—the almighty grace folded the blood-sprinkled vesture of Jesus sweetly around us. And again the same gracious influence abode upon us at the moment when the last effort of the body at respiration had settled into the quiet and passive attitude of death. A sentiment kindred to that which moved the emotions of Peter at the wonderful revelations of Tabor's transfiguration glory was present, stirring the very fountains of our religious being, and moving us to desire a more intimate fellowship with the Prince of Peace. No one was present there whose eyes did not publish the conquest which the occasion and his emotions had made. A veil of sorrow—not that sorrow which follows its departed one off into the rayless pro-

found with dreadful apprehensions of what the future may reveal, but that sorrow which is like rain amidst the sunshine—was drawn graciously around us. An immovable persuasion took immediate possession of every breast, that the heir of holy promise had passed within the veil of eternal years only to be elevated to the seats of the celestial throng. At the moment when the last agony was over, when the silence and placidity of death had ensued, the husband of the enfranchised one, as if a gust of praise, tinged with the sweet and resigned lament of a bereaved heart, had swept across his soul, burst forth into song, and, joined by others, sang a prayer of submission:

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day."

NOAH'S DOVE.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

THE bark which rode the deluge-storm
Still sailed upon a shoreless sea,
The sport of waves, which threw their crests
Aloft in chainless majesty.

The storm-tossed few on board oft cast
Over that wide waste an anxious look;
But nothing met their wishful gaze,
And hope well-nigh each heart forsook.

A hand put forth a dark-plumed bird,
Which flew like arrow from the string,
And onward sped from morn till eve,
Yet found no place to fold its wing.

But it returned not; then the hand
Put forth a bird of plumage white,
And many voices from within
Said, "Speed, sweet bird, to land thy flight!"

All day she cleft the trackless waste
Of ether, but no wooded height,
Looming above the vast expanse
Of waters, met her longing sight.

Seven days pass by, and, lo! again
She soars from that lone bark away;
But not in vain her mission then
In search of land o'er ocean's spray;

For, ere the eye of day had closed,
A budding olive-tree is seen;
She darts amid the fragrant boughs,
And plucks a leaf of richest green:

Then hastens back with eager joy,
To bear the signal to the hand
Of him who sent her forth to seek
Some traces of the wished-for land.

She brought the reconciling leaf
To man; and men will never cease
To call this white-winged messenger
The type of innocence and peace.

COUNTRY CHURCHES AND CHURCH-YARDS.

BY ALICE GABRY.

THE grave! what a mournful mystery it is—in its darkness and silence eloquent beyond the mighty voices that compass the world! How often, O how often, sick of the turmoil and the nothing of life, I have turned aside, my lost, my unforgotten ones, to sit by your graves, and wrap my soul with the shadow that is also peace! Down to your stony pillows there comes no troubling dream; across your shrouded bosoms no wave of pain. The locks upon which we laid the burial flowers no storm can fade from their beauty; the smile that answered our weeping love at the last no indifference nor harshness may ever unsettle again. Sleep on, my dear ones, sleep on! if our love, wayward, and wandering, and restless ever, were never so strong and so perfect, it could not shelter you so well as you are sheltered now.

Though I mourn, and must mourn always, for the light gone out before me, for the tones that spoke hope and courage, for the arms upon which in fainting and faltering I lean, I would not call you back where pain and passion embitter all the fountains, where

"Vexation, disappointment, and remorse"

mingle with the greatest achievements, and where the best and noblest affections are continually forced back into the heart, till with its own fullness it breaks at last. The brief rapture of partial success; the wild fluttering of the heart that catches of its beating a momentary echo; the glory, the triumph that here and there, in the long lapse of the ages, brighten like stars out of darkness—

"The lights, the landmarks on the cliffs of fame,"

these are not enough to buy us from the weariness of toil, from the fretfulness of baffled and broken hopes.

Our doom is on us, and there is no escape. We must sow the seed though the harvest ripen for another, and plant the orchard in the assurance that the fruit will never drop into our laps. We must work; for in labor is our only rest. In the grave there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device. As the task-field widens before, and I go forward, I may lose sight of the graves of my kindred, and my own may be severed from them by mountains or seas, but Gabriel will find us and bring us together at last. What bodies shall we wear and what manner of spirits shall we be? To me it is a beautiful thought, that we shall be

"Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same."

Since the sod was broken long ago in a quiet country church-yard to make the bed of one dearer to me than my own life, I have loved such places, and enjoyed a sorrowful pleasure in treading among the long grass, and over the red briars and blue thistles that are apt to grow there, which I do not find in the flowery avenues that lead among the stately vaults and elaborate marbles of renowned

cemetaries. And I seldom lose an opportunity of entering the precincts where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep"—of tracing their "names and dates, spelled by the unlettered muse," beneath the green mosses that creep over their low headstones, and of, imagining the course of the lives now "rounded by a sleep."

And this brings me to a little incident, which in the beginning I intended to relate.

Have you ever been startled, reader, by finding in a strange burial-place some familiar name? If not, you can, perhaps, imagine something of the feeling such circumstances would arouse.

The first Sabbath of this leafy June in which I am now writing, lassitude and weariness, the result of close confinement in the pent-up city, induced a short drive into the country. The morning was one of such exceeding beauty as I have no words to describe, and the scenery through which we passed was one continued panorama—through the suburban districts of the Queen City, with the starry summit of Mt. Adams at the right, and the white spire of the Cathedral away across the gray roofs at the left; the bright waters of the Ohio washing the bases of the hills behind us, and the classic shades of Walnut Hills darkening before; while the road continually wound among hedges of flowery shrubs, and between cottages and farm-houses, and elegant mansions of leisure. I can not paint the loveliness of the picture, nor infuse into your heart the sweet Sabbath atmosphere that quietly overspread all.

Here sat an old gray-headed man on the vine-covered porch, reading his Bible; the while, hard by, less austere perhaps, but no less rejoicing, the young maiden trimmed her locks with roses; and on the green lawn the little children, in their tidiest and trimmest array, pulled the yellow dandelions, and pelted each other in playful warfare.

Carriages filled with men and women met us frequently, bound city-ward and church-ward, till we turned aside from the paved road into a more obscure and quiet way.

The scenery presently took a not less pleasing but more rural aspect. Drove of cows stood knee-deep in clover meadows, or, full to repletion, lay in the thick shadows of the maples and walnuts; while flocks of sheep nibbled along scantier pastures, as they always do, as though neither wholly satisfied nor thoroughly hungry, and plump little lambs, in all the glory of unshorn fleeces, skipped playfully about their sheared dams, or set the strength of sprouting horns against each other. The sober work-horses stood in the shade, with the marks of the traces along their sides, and with ears set back as if in sullen defiance. Nevertheless, they will to-morrow

"Mutely labor with the heaviest load."

I could not help thinking what a blessedness, even to the brute creation, the Sabbath is. Man is often a hard task-master, and if it were not for this episode, what a long and weary day of toil their

lives would be—the lives of such, I mean, as man has more especially subjected to his uses.

Fainter and fainter grew the sound of the ringing bells, till the music was quite lost to us, and in deep silence the shadows went and came over the blue greenness of the oat-fields. In a very retired and quiet district, and just in the edge of a thick woods, there stood one of those old-fashioned meeting-houses which are only found in the country—a small wooden building, without belfry or pretensions of any sort. Having never been painted, it looked gray and somber as the head-stones that stood thick all about the yard. A giant oak or two grew by the road fence, and dropped their branches against the low roof; the roses bloomed wild among the graves; and over all there seemed an atmosphere of sanctity and peace.

Standing in the thick woods of the rear were many carriages and horses; for the worshipers were already mostly assembled. Bridle reins were flung over the low boughs, and groups of smart youths, less pious, perhaps, than they should have been, loitered here and there in the ample and grateful shade of beech or elm, with whip in hand, and booted and spurred as though to ride a race.

They conversed in under tones; but from the furtive glances that now and then followed the fluttering robes that demurely disappeared through the narrow church door, the direction of their thoughts might be guessed. Most of them were sweating under warm broadcloth, to which they were not used, and red indentures along their foreheads pleaded against the heavy fur hats that Sundays and holidays brought into requisition.

When we came in sight of the old church, we heard the hymn in wild solemnity ringing across the woods and fields. As we drew nearer, the music, at first a mere wave of harmony, shaped itself into one of those old melodies with which devotional feelings are so closely associated in the minds of most of us; and as we came opposite the gray walls and oaken shadows, we distinctly caught the words:

"The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the prophecies."

How deep, how almost ineffaceable are the impressions of childhood, when the heart is "wax to receive and marble to retain!" It was in an old church neighbored by woods, and in the midst of a ruinous graveyard, that I first heard the Gospel; and in spite of all reasoning to the contrary, I am apt to associate the most devout Christianity with just such rude temples, and with just such people as are likely to be found there; and cushioned pews and carpeted aisles seem to my primitive and simple prejudices—for they are nothing else—exceedingly worldly, to say the least.

The old church where first my young feet were drawn in among the worshipers was not far from "the house where I was born;" and from

"The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn,"

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I could see the dark background of forest wherein it made the chief picture, and just beyond which the blue sky seemed bending to the ground.

One of my goings thither I especially remember; and away across the years that lie dark between, I can go as though it were yesterday, and see again all I then saw—feel again all I then felt.

It was a Sabbath morning and the great day of the feast; for there had been a protracted meeting, or what is generally termed in the country a "big meeting," in course of continuance for a week previous to the day of which I design to speak; and in consequence there had been a general awakening in the country roundabout, till the tabernacle was become too small for the accommodation of the much people.

I had been graciously permitted on the preceding day to go and stay all night with a little rustic friend, who was a little older and a great deal *smarter* and wiser than I, inasmuch as she could milk three cows in the space of time required by myself for the milking of one, and keep house with all the regularity and precision of the most exemplary housewife, when her "ancient mother" chanced to go visiting or to town, or to isolate herself in the lumber-room over the wagon-house a day for the picking of geese, while I could only do imperfectly as I was directed, without any of that admirable forecast which links one thing to another, and makes one thing bring round another, till all the routine is gone through and brought to a close, by making the warm water in which the milk-pails were washed serve as a remedial bath for the chapped hands and feet of the children.

In all these things I was essentially away below my little neighbor, whose example was often held up as my guiding star; and for this reason, as well as for some natural liking for her, I esteemed it a great privilege to be permitted to pass the night with her. Our family discipline admitted not of much visiting, and I believe I could number up every one of these bright episodes in my childhood's history.

The home wherein this scrubby, chubby girl abode and wrought with such remarkable diligence and precocity, was scarcely more than a stone's throw from the old church and church-yard of which I have been speaking, and my attendance of the great meeting was facilitated by the visit.

The trampling of horses and the rumbling of carriages down the hard clay road, beaten and baked by storms and suns, and here and there on the hill-sides polished almost like steel-blue stone with the frequent scraping of the locked wheels, made noisy the otherwise still twilight, as Molly and I sat on the low porch, edged with a row of alternate cats and myrtle pots, listening, and talking, and wishing that we were old enough to go to meeting of nights.

The light of the dozen tallow candles within twinkled among the trees, and over the grass-hidden head-stones and broken palings, and down

the pathway worn deeply in the sod, along which passed group after group of maidens or young men, or of both together, and disappeared from our watching eyes, and where sometimes among their children and children's children tottered the feeble steps of old men and women, who were not much used to going from home of nights, and would not have done so now for any other than a Gospel feast.

After the people were collected, and the noise of wagons and carriages grew still, we could distinctly hear the words of the hymn, and the full-swelling chorus with which it was interlarded. I remember the very air, though in what phrenologists call tune I am quite deficient; but this was the hymn with which the services began:

"Jesus my all to heaven has gone—
I am bound to die in the army;
He whom I fix my hopes upon—
I am bound to die in the army;
His track I see and I'll pursue—
I am bound to die in the army;
The narrow way till him I view—
I am bound to die in the army;
I am bound to live in the service of the Lord,
I am bound to die in the army!"

As we lay awake under the dainty coverlid of the tidiest of all chambers, we could hear the deep tones of the preacher, which, divided into cadences that spoke most pleading earnestness, went flowing far out into the night. "It is Mr. L.," said Molly. "I can always tell his voice. It goes rolling round and round as though he had a fanning-mill in his lungs. I hope he will preach to-morrow when we go."

"Why," said I, "is he a good preacher?" I suspect I had no right apprehension of my meaning, nor she either, though she replied enthusiastically that he was the best preacher she ever heard.

I am inclined to think now that Molly's estimate was based on the general opinion of the preacher's eloquence and talents; for he had brought many souls into the kingdom, and was esteemed by all who knew him as one of the excellent of the earth.

The morning came up bright and clear; and at an early hour the road became crowded with people, who all centered in and about the old church. We were ready betimes; and though Molly kept wishing that Mr. L. might preach that day, she was evidently a little worldly-minded, and could not keep her eyes and hands off the new red dress she wore, nor the yellow glass beads that adorned her neck out of her mouth. Duly provided with hollyhocks and sprigs of "old man's beard," and each having in our pocket some cakes to be eaten at "intermission," we set out. An hour before service began we arrived, and, fearing we should get tired, seated ourselves on a mossy log in the edge of the woods, and amused ourselves by observing the gathering of the congregation.

Young men by twos, and threes, and sixes, came riding on prankish colts, while the soberer work-

horses drew the wagon which held the old people. Upright they sat upon hard wooden chairs; the old ladies in close-fitting silk bonnets of drab or black, and the narrow leventines they had worn upon like occasions from time immemorial; with great fans made of the tails of turkeys, with the quills and wires at their points bound under the green velvet that had once adorned the coat collar of the good man, or been haply a part of his vest. Over the backs of their chairs hung woollen shawls, lest it might prove chilly in the woods; and each bore on her arm a willow basket or a great work-bag, well filled with twisted doughnuts and apple turnovers for luncheon; for, with one brief intermission, such meetings are often continued through the greater part of the day.

Many of the old men wore stout calfskin shoes, tied with leather strings, and without socks, so that a portion of the bare ankle was visible. They wore no neckcloths, but their broad, unstarched collars reversed, and their vests hanging open, revealing a multitudinous studding of buttons. But they were good, honest men; and even the most fastidious of their friends did not object to their going to church "in their shirt sleeves;" so what mattered it? The gray hairs streaming from beneath their broad-brimmed hats were crowns of honor to them; and children and grandchildren hurried to give them greeting, and to lend their services in securing the horses by attaching their check-reins to sapling or fence-rail, and then assisting the old people to alight—a process difficult of accomplishment, and compassed by placing one of the chairs which had served for a seat on the ground, where it served for a step.

Not unfrequently the horses were unharnessed, and with collars hanging loose about their necks, and trace-chains caught up in the breeching, drooped their heads and switched the flies in some shady nook till the "intermission," when they were removed to the tail-end of the wagon, where they regaled themselves on oats and corn, which their masters had providently provided for their benefit, while themselves partook of the contents of the aforementioned bags and willow baskets. The most gorgeous pageant of royalty must fall now of the splendor which then dazzled our eyes, as we sat on the mossy log, and beheld the coming and coming of the people.

Many were the young ladies who came on horse-back; some of them in white muslin dresses, the skirts of which they caught up over the left arm as they rode, while the right hand held the long-fringed green parasols, and the pink and blue scarfs blew back on the wind, giving them a picturesque effect. They were generally accompanied by young men—not brothers, but whose feelings and relations were sufficiently indicated, not only

"By the merriment that sparkled in their eyes,"

but by the flourishing of their red and blue stans, which were now and then playfully brought to bear on the shaggy flanks of the animals ridden

by their fair companions, as also by the hats set jauntily aside. Lightly leaped the ladies to the ground, often before their gallants had time to offer them assistance, and leaving them looking wistfully after, hurried away to the church, for it would have been considered a shame and scandal to be seen entering together.

What a curious paraphernalia was presented—wagons with their empty chairs turned down against the straw that carpeted the wagon-beds—horses, some sober and sullen, others stamping and neighing; some in dangling harness; some "ungeared," but checked with sweaty streaks where the hames had been; some relieved of the old saddles, that hung over stumps or fence-rails here and there; while others were reined smartly up with steel-spangled martingales and two broad girths of flaming colors, the one passing around the breast and the other under the belly, while the silk-quilted diamonds of the buckskin-seated saddles and the bright bossing of the bridles made the wearer arch his neck proudly, or now and then bite the shoulder of the less elegantly trapped filly beside him, that, unmindful of the multitude, nibbled the short grass and beech-leaves just as she would have done in the woods at home.

Here stood a stout, plethoric carriage, with square top, curtains all rolled high, and the red or yellow wheels and other *et ceteras* fresh from the yesterday's washing; and there a muddy old barouche, with the cover shoved back and mildewed together; and through and among all shone the blue and crimson velvet and the black, shining horns of the numberless side-saddles.

Groups of young men sat about under the trees, sharpening pocket-knives on their boots, and talking of the crops or the weather; while others, more seriously disposed, arranged seats about the church-yard of the fallen gravestones, or cracked and shrunken sugar-troughs which they carried out of the woods, that they might hear a part of the sermon; while others again built scaffolding, or drew their buggies beneath the windows, where they could see and hear as well as they within. Children grew tired even before the announcement of the first text, and worn but patient mothers were seen leading them—fretful of the cumbrance of fine hats, and bonnets, and red stockings, and tight shoes, which they were not used to—down the hill toward the spring; which, however, only satisfied them for a little while, and cakes, and threats, and coaxings were brought into requisition, and baffled in turn. Poor little things! they were accustomed to the most unrestrained freedom, and did not like the artificial requirements of a *big meeting*.

Amused by the various picture, we remained sitting on the mossy seat we had chosen till the house was filled to overflowing. At this juncture of affairs we arose, and made our way into the house as we could, for the crowd was dense. We were, however, soon relieved of our embarrassment by an old white-headed gentleman who sat against

the wall; for beckoning us to him, he lifted us on to the window-sill, so that we had the advantage of air as well as of seeing—a no inconsiderable item in our estimation, albeit our feet grew a little weary with dangling so long.

The wall had been plastered roughly, and the slightly arched ceiling was supported by four hickory posts, whose natural coating of bark had never been removed, and against which were hung tin candle-holders, consisting of a long strip of tin, at the bottom of which was a small dish with crimped edges, wherein the candles were set. Along the wall hung some similar conveniences, with smoke clouding the plaster round about and above them. The alips were reduced to the simplest style, being formed of slabs into benches, without backs, cushions, or foot-stools to relieve the tedium of a three hours' sitting.

The floor was of unplanned boards, but nicely swept; and the pulpit was in the form of a high, small, and half-circular box, destitute of every ornament. Its base was some four or five feet above the floor of the church, and its extreme height but a little below the ceiling. A flat board projected from its narrow rim for the accommodation of the Bible and Hymn-Book; and on this occasion it also held a tumbler and a pitcher of water.

During the preliminary singing the ministers, five or six in number, sat in the area round about the pulpit; but when the hour of preaching arrived they ascended into the high and narrow box, where they disappeared, except the officiating clergyman, whose head and shoulders alone were visible.

The day was warm, and the dense crowd tended to make the heat exceedingly oppressive; and the clergyman, not having the fear of fashion before his eyes, preparatory to the service, divested himself of his coat, and hung over the rim of the pulpit a large, red bandana handkerchief, which previously, folded in the form of a rectangular triangle, had been tied over his head. He then imbibed a deep draught of water, and began the service by reading, in a voice so low at first as to be inaudible, a hymn containing some fifteen or twenty stanzas.

He began his sermon also in low, almost whispering tones; but as he proceeded there came out a volume of voice that filled not only the house, but all the woods round about. And all that vast congregation was swayed to and fro in the waves of his simple but true eloquence. One and all they felt,

"How beautiful on the mountains

The feet of the righteous are!

How sweet is the silver singing

Of lips that are used to prayer!

For they heard, as the full tone deepened

To eloquence sublime,

Echoes of muffled footsteps

In the corridors of crime:

And the hearts of a thousand bosoms

Shrank frightened and trembling back,

Like a fawn in a heath of blossoms

With the hunters on its track."

At the conclusion of a sermon two hours in delivery came the intermission. Five persons were to receive the ordinance of baptism by immersion; for the purpose of which nearly all the congregation formed into a procession, and marched along a winding road through the woods and down the hill-side, pausing on the bank of a clear, deep rivulet. What a great cloud of people there hung on either shore! Some of the youths climbed into the trees, and looked down in awe and wonderment; while others came galloping across the uncleared woods, the dry sticks crashing beneath the shod hoofs of their horses, till on some hillock hard by they paused, and remained without dismounting. Old men with uncovered heads leaned tremblingly on their staffs; and young men and women forgot for awhile the frivolous things of time and sense, as the hymn prepared the waiting souls for the most solemn dedication to eternity. Close where the waves washed almost at their feet they stood who were to go down into the water and up out of the water, and close about them their near friends; while already knee-deep within the water he stood whose arm they were presently to take about them, and, in the meekness of hearts leaning on God, go in.

As many as could joined in the hymn. How it rang down the valley, and over the hill-sides, and thrilled through human hearts, as in wild and solemn cadences it rose and fell! Now I hear them sing the verse,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou henceforth my strength shalt be."

A husband and wife, well stricken in years and sorrows, were the first toward whom the Baptist reached forth his hand. Lovely had been the long course of their lives, and now, in turning their faces Zionward, they were not divided. I shuddered, and was half afraid as I saw the faint prints of their descending feet.

Two fair young girls, in white robes and with yellow curls dropping down their necks, waited to go in. It was not the custom of that time to wear a robe especially adapted to the ceremony, and something nearly allied to the terrible joined itself to the solemn, as the loose tresses were wound beneath the cambric kerchief that bound their heads, and the flowing of their draperies confined by the tying of a cincture below the knees. Their faces were very pale, but serene with the calmness of settled conviction, as side by side they divided the baptismal waves.

Afterward another in the fullness and beauty of manhood went down alone. He was a stranger in a strange land, and as he took upon his forehead the crown of consecrating waters, no father nor sister gave him the benediction of their love. I caught the name distinctly as it was pronounced in the formula—Abelard Gilbraith—and laid it away in my bosom, where it has been these many

years, and often, in imagination, my thoughts have been wanderers in search of him.

The minister who performed the rite—Mr. L.—seemed to me then an old man. He could not have been so, however. His hair was iron-gray—thick and closely cut; his eyes deep blue, and of a most spiritual expression. In person he was short and stoutly built; his face and hands bronzed with constant exposure; for he was one of those Johns who still go crying through the wilderness of the west, preaching and baptizing as the Spirit gives them power. The impressions of that day were never forgotten.

But to return to my first recital of a recent Sabbath day's journey into the country.

The house in its finishing and furnishing was not dissimilar to the one already described. There was an adjoining wood the same, but the graveyard that lay under its shadow was in much better repair than that of childish memory; and instead of red running briars, and tall blue thistles, and leaning and broken palings, and long matted grass, and ugly heaps of earth, there were plenty of roses and cedars, the turf was thick and velvety in the spaces between the graves, some of which were inclosed with neat white railings.

"Who preaches here to-day?" I said to a little farmer-boy who was entering the gate, as we drew up beneath the boughs of an oak for the music of the hymn. "Mr. L.," was the reply; and with the name came rushing a thousand memories of long ago.

We joined the people who were entering, slow and calm, and found ourselves presently in the midst of a congregation as rural as though the fashion and gayety of the great city by which it is neighbored were a thousand miles away.

Almost at once my eyes rested on the clergyman, Mr. L. He was seated on a bench at the foot of the pulpit, and singing aloud that "old song, the precious music of the heart," which I before noted. He seemed scarcely to have grown a day older; his hair was no whiter, and his natural faculties had certainly not abated in the least. Since I saw him last I had seen many more cultivated men, and listened to many eloquent sermons, but none of them, while they filled the deep arching of gorgeous temples or fell upon the stony ground of worldly hearts, contained more real power than the rude fashioning and simple paths of this unlettered man. There sat the schoolmaster, as I guessed him to be, on a bench a little elevated above the rest, with note-book and tuning-fork before him, with large, white, freckled hands, made to set copies, and a very extravagant breadth of shirt-collar; and beside him two elderly maidens in slate-colored bonnets and white shawls, while a little lower, but in close proximity, sat a row of rustic youths and girls—all of whom formed the choir.

On one side of the pulpit sat a group of old men, whose Sabbaths were sweet episodes in the days of contented toil; and on the other gathered

the mothers and grandmothers, their little-specked chintzes and close-fitting bombazine bonnets contrasting soberly with the bright artificial flowers and high-colored dresses of the young ladies who nodded and smiled across the church, as they arranged ribbons, gloves, etc., or "hunted the hymn."

Rows of little schoolboys sat near the doors, looking like miniature men in their dress coats and fur hats; while now and then a young baby cried, or a little prattler ran up and down the aisle, eating ginger-cake.

At the conclusion of the service the preacher gave notice that there would be meeting at the widow D.'s, on the cross roads, three o'clock in the afternoon, Providence permitting. And then came a general shaking of hands, congratulations, and inquiries. The old ladies, in turn, removed the pocket handkerchief from the baby's face, and kissed it, debating earnestly whether it looked most like father or mother—whether its eyes would be blue and its nose pug, or the contrary; while the young ladies entered into playful disputations as to who had done the last visiting, each declaring in the kindest manner that she had made the last visit, and that she would never go again as long as she lived till her friend came to her house. The young men slapped each other with their riding-whips by way of salutation, and mounted their horses reluctantly, for the young ladies could not or would not see them. And while all this was doing, I took occasion to "visit the vaults and walk among the tombs." Parting the roses from the head-stone of a grave almost flattened with the earth around, I read, "Abelard Gilbraith. Died 1840, aged 27 years."

"Like pilgrims on the hills of life,
We cross each other, and are gone."

LORD ROBERTSON'S ESTIMATE OF POETRY.

POETRY is the lover's talisman—the warrior's watchword—the hero's reward. It is the solace of the humble—"the balm of hurt minds." It is the scholar's pastime. It offers to the recluse his breviary—to piety her hymn. So sacred and universal is its way that science and statecraft welcome it to their courts; history proudly borrows its legends, and even the dreary routine of barter may not forswear its influence. It is the friend of the philosopher—the comrade of the enthusiast. The cradle and the altar, the temple and the mausoleum, are its dwelling-places. The toil-tossed city owns its presence. It peoples with its varied memories the desolation of the wilderness. It echoes among the mountains—whispers among the woods. It speaks in the tempest. It revels among the flowers, or lingers with the beams of the rainbow. It gilds the meridian sun, counts the fires of heaven, and greets the crescent moon. It is the record of the past—the day-star of the present—the prophet of futurity.

NIAGARA FROM THE AMERICAN SHORE.

BY S. A. LATTIMORE.

A MONTH ago, gentle reader, we took our leave of you at TABLE ROCK on the Canadian shore. For a week we had dwelt on British soil, and the conspicuous V. R. over every governmental threshold had constantly reminded us that Victoria was our Queen. Our very feet seemed to feel conscious that they trod foreign ground, and became impatient to press their native earth once more. Much as John Bull sees of American society, and often as he looks across the water to the hills and plains of America forever in his view, he retains his distinctive peculiarities as a Briton with a wonderful pertinacity. However easily his national characteristics may yield to the influence of Brother Jonathan when once removed from his native soil, yet, like Antæus contending with Hercules, so long as he stands on his mother earth he is invincible. The men, the manners, and the improvements on the Canadian side are as essentially English as if the Atlantic, instead of the Niagara, rolled between them and the American shore.

Two modes of crossing the river are provided to gratify the taste or feelings of the traveling public—the Suspension Bridge, a mile and a half below the Falls, for ladies and gentlemen of delicate nerves, and a skiff that plies immediately at the foot of the Falls for those who are not affected with literal hydrophobia. For the sake of the view it promised we chose the latter.

Near the Clifton House a carriage way, cut in the solid rock, winds down the precipice to the water's edge. Prudent people generally prefer to walk down this mountain-like path, while only their trunks ride in the crazy old omnibus. At the bottom of the cliff we found the boat in waiting for us, drawn far out on the craggy rocks to avoid the fitful and angry surf that lashes the shore. As soon as we were properly seated, and our baggage so arranged as to put the boat in trim, our ferryman, applying his powerful shoulder to the bow, heaved us from off our mooring. As he sprang to his seat a receding wave carried us far out upon the seething waters, as lightly as the wind wafts a feather. Our boat was stanch and buoyant, yet frail enough did it seem to us as we thought of the two hundred feet of turbulent water beneath us. A single pair of lithe ashen oars, worked by a pair of muscular arms, was all our security. Although our Charon pulled vigorously at the bending oars, his efforts seemed almost wholly in vain. Over that watery chaos of confused and tangled currents we were borne seemingly by chance—now standing quite still, then carried sideways, again swinging round in the vortex of some momentary whirlpool, and then gracefully mounting over a foam-crested wave. Thus we floated on like a few insects clinging to a fallen leaf, almost lost amid the foam and waves.

Once out into the gulf, all eyes, heedless of the perils that apparently threatened us, were intently turned to the grand panorama of the Falls that swept round from the right half encircling us. The Crescent Fall, Iris Island, the Cascade, Luna Island, the American Fall, the towering high and the downward, arrowy rush of the gleaming waters, the thundering roar, the masses of drifting spray, the mighty, tumultuous flood on whose heaving bosom we were tossed, the lofty perpendicular cliffs before and behind us, their edges fringed with overhanging trees and shrubs, and the clear blue sky over all, formed an assemblage of sublimities in whose presence the soul is utterly overwhelmed. Sometimes a gust of wind would rend a chasm through the dense bank of mist, revealing many a fairy alcove and hall where Neptune and Triton might be proud to dwell; and anon a counter current would involve us in a vapery cloud, such as that with which Venus veiled her beloved Æneas and Achates entering the gates of Carthage. When half way across, the current bore us up near the foot of the American Fall. Louder and louder grew the thrilling rush of waters; denser and darker grew the humid mantle that enfolded us. Then the oars dipped oftener, and at each pull our powerful boatman put forth his utmost strength. A few minutes carried us beyond the current, and we glided in safety to the landing at the foot of the Stairway on the American shore.

The first object we met was a proof of the superiority of American energy and enterprise. On the other side we had been left to scramble up and down the precipitous bank as best we could; here we had a broad and commodious covered stairway leading from the landing to the top of the bank, or we might take a seat in a small car, and be drawn up the inclined plane with perfect ease and safety in a few moments. An open space in front of the Ferry House, called Prospect Point, commands a beautiful view of the American Fall, of Iris Island, of the Gulf, and of a part of the Crescent Fall in the distance. This seems to be a favorite spot with artists. On any fair day you may find a host of them, with pencil, and portfolio, and camera-box, taking sketches and daguerreotypes of Niagara for after use and enjoyment. But the most impressive features of the scene defy all the capabilities of art. Neither painted canvas nor daguerreian tablet can ever display the striking contrasts of Niagara which most affect the beholder. No art is adequate to the representation of the downward, impetuous plunge of the flood, or of the graceful, free-swaying motion of the snow-white spray into which it descends. The dark, motionless ledges of massive rocks may be faithfully delineated by the painter; but a conception of the thunder with which they seem vocal, as they chant evermore their deep-toned bass in the harmony of the spheres, can be carried away only in the memory of the beholder.

While the points of view on the Canadian side

are comparatively few, and possess but little variety, the numerous islands, which are accessible only from the American shore, present to the ramblor at every step some new phase of scenery, or some novel and unexpected object of interest.

A short distance above the American Fall, an open wooden bridge, elevated but a few feet above the water, forms a safe passage from the shore to Bath Island. Under this bridge the water rushes with a rapidity that is truly terrific. The island at the extremity of the bridge contains but a few acres, and is occupied by the toll-house, a bath-house, and a large paper-mill, which, with its utilitarian clank of machinery, is a grievous offense in the eyes and ears of all lovers of the natural and the beautiful. A narrow bridge connects Bath Island with a smaller one above it, which is romantically called Lover's Island. This is a charming retreat, densely embowered with evergreens, whose drooping boughs dip into the swift-gliding current all along the margin of the island. A rustic seat in that somber shade, a few moss-grown rocks, the delicious breeze from the water, and the deep monotone of the Cataract, are almost irresistibly inviting to a feeling of dreamy reverie. It is a spot in which we remember the absent, the loved, and the lost.

Another bridge conducted us from Bath Island to Iris Island, which is the largest island in the neighborhood, being about half a mile long and a fourth of a mile wide, and containing an area of seventy-five acres. It is covered with a luxuriant growth of native forest-trees, affording delightfully shaded walks and carriage-ways. As we proceeded down the path toward the foot of the island louder and louder grew the din of the Cataract, although the thick foliage completely shut out the view. In a few moments we were leaning over the old beechen tree, which so considerably bends itself into a living, growing balustrade on the very brink of the precipice. Here we had the Gulf fully before and below us. On either hand was a thundering cataract, and in front of us was a yawning chasm, down which we saw the torrent toiling and foaming for miles. The American Fall is divided by a small island called Luna Island, which is reached from Iris Island by a short bridge. Between these two islands is the Cascade, or Central Fall, as it is sometimes termed. This is a beautiful sheet of water, and would be a wonder in itself if it were any where else than between such celebrities as the American and the Crescent Falls. Luna Island, with its miniature forest of dwarfish cedar and arbor-vite, bathed in perpetual dew, is indeed a pleasant place to spend an hour at sunset.

About half way across the foot of Iris Island a spiral stairway descends a hundred and thirty feet, to the debris accumulated at the base of the precipice. A path to the right leads to the Cave of the Winds, which is immediately behind the Cascade. A path to the left leads along the base of the overhanging cliff to the edge of the Crescent Fall, where

a favorable view may be obtained. Detached fragments of rock frequently falling from above render a walk here somewhat perilous. Persons have been killed thus. The mass of broken rock which has been collecting for years at the foot of the stairway offers an interesting field to the geologist. Many beautiful specimens may be gathered there, at the cost, perhaps, of a good sprinkling from the spray, or, it may be, a sound drenching from some unexpected wave that breaks madly over the rock on which he stands.

On the southern side of Iris Island a bridge three hundred feet in length leads to the Stone Tower, which stands only a few feet from the verge of the Cataract. This Tower is forty-five feet high, and is ascended on the inside by spiral steps. At the top is an open gallery, surrounded by an iron balustrade. From this position may be obtained a more comprehensive view than from any other single point. Beneath is the Gulf; behind are the Rapids; on the right is the island, the Cascade, and the American Fall; and on the left is the Great Crescent Fall—all in full view. Standing on that trembling tower, and looking down upon the green flood as it rolled over the brink of the precipice, and descended in sheets of glittering foam, the brain grew dizzy, and an involuntary sensation of horror seized us, as if we had suddenly been plunged into the vortex of the Maelstrom. Then a drift of blinding spray would compel us to take refuge for a moment in the little cell at the top of the Tower, giving us a sufficient time to recover our proper equilibrium of nerve. Toward midday there may be seen in the misty gulf below a maze of floating rainbows, from the smallest segment to the perfect circle, appearing, blending, and vanishing, and forming thus a grand and ever-changing natural kaleidoscope. Far down the chasm the eye can just discern the Wire Suspension Bridge extending its flimsy tissue of metallic threads from cliff to cliff, seemingly as frail as the web of gossamer that floats across the garden walk. Yet it is hard to glorify a triumph of human genius with Niagara roaring at one's feet.

Often did we come, and long did we linger to gaze on the sublime scene from the top of the Stone Tower. Each day we returned with renewed interest, and descended its steps for the last time with a feeling nearly akin to sadness.

On leaving the Tower, a beautiful walk, following round the shore of the island, invited us to prolong our homeward ramble when the day was ended. Fanciful summer-houses and rude benches are placed at convenient intervals along the path, for which one feels truly grateful after his first day's visit to Niagara. The Grand Rapids are seen to best advantage in a stroll along this path. The water dashes along with incredible velocity, descending at the rate of seventy-five feet in a mile. Over the ledges and fragments of rocks it breaks with tremendous violence, tossing huge masses of foam many feet in the air. Half way toward the

upper extremity of the island are the Moss Islands—a cluster, each of which is a gem in itself. Beautifully does the deep shade of the overhanging trees contrast with the labyrinth of bright water that lovingly encircles them, lingering a moment ere it hurries onward.

*"The silvery waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away."*

On the opposite side of the island the road passes near the ruins of the cottage where lived the Hermit of Niagara. His solitary life, his singular fascination with the place, and his tragic fate are all woven into a legend, with which every one who visits the Cataract will be made acquainted.

Although weary and exhausted at the close of the day, we always turned reluctantly to leave the islands of Niagara. Often did we return in the evening to enjoy the scene by moonlight, when the indistinct blendings of the mellow light and shade produce that dreamy obscurity in which the imagination best loves to revel. Till a late hour of the night did we look out from the lofty windows of the Cataract House upon the gleaming waters, whose deep monotone at last lulled us to repose.

In fairy-like appearance the moonlit view is said to be eclipsed only by the winter scenery of the Falls. Then the rocks are incrustated with transparent ice, and the freezing mist settles like an enamel of radiant diamonds on trunk, and branch, and leaf over all the forest. Then the scene is said less to resemble earth than some

*"Fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts,
And crossing arches and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars."*

EXAGGERATION.

If there is any mannerism that is universal among mankind, it is that of coloring too highly the things we describe. We can not be content with a simple relation of truth; we must exaggerate; we must have "a little too much red in the brush." Who ever heard of a dark night that was not "pitch dark," of a strong man that was not "as strong as a horse," or of a miry road that was not several feet deep? We "would walk fifty miles on foot" to see the man who never caricatures any subject on which he speaks. But where is such a man to be found? "From rosy morn to dewy eve," in our conversation we are constantly outraging truth. If somewhat wakeful in the night, "we scarcely had a wink of sleep;" if our sleeves get a little damp in a shower, we are "as wet as if dragged through a brook;" if a breeze blows up while we are "in the chops of the channel," the waves are sure to "run mountain high;" and if a man grows rich, we all say he "rolls in money;" or if we suffer the slightest pang, we say we suffer more than the pangs of death.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF HEAVEN.

BY REV. H. B. BRIDGES.

"WHAT is the most attractive feature of heaven?" was the inquiry once started in a social circle. One of the company, every fiber of whose soul was tremulous with sacred song, exclaimed, with animated voice and gesture, "The principal attraction of heaven! It will be its *grand choir*, composed not only of the hundred and forty and four thousand, but the redeemed of all countries and ages, singing the *new song*, and pouring out such a tide of glorious harmony as to fill all heaven, and melt and subdue all hearts."

"Heaven *seems* with lovely features to me," meekly replied one formed for tender friendships, and who had followed several loved ones to the grave; "but the chief attraction is the prospect it furnishes of reunion with my dear friends from whom I have been separated, and who before me have entered upon its enjoyment."

"Heaven responds to my heart's desire," exclaimed one who loved to sit at the feet of Jesus, and whose heart was a complete flame of Christian love—"heaven responds to my heart's desire just in proportion as it brings me nearer to the side of my blessed Savior, and furnishes more intimate communion with him."

Among the company was a feeble itinerant, with a sickly body and daily sufferings, and whose physical infirmities reminded him that his frail tabernacle would soon be down. And, indeed, he very soon passed away in Christian triumph, to enjoy the attractions of heaven. He listened attentively to those around him, and then said that "his severe and protracted sufferings had endeared heaven to him as a place of *rest*."

Thus it will be seen that of a number of persons who ardently long for heaven, each one will differ in opinion as to what constitutes its principal attraction. This may be owing to a considerable extent to different circumstances, temperaments, degrees of piety, and knowledge.

But it is a pleasing thought, that however various the favorite views of heaven entertained by the truly pious, it will be found to give ample scope for the gratification of every desire and variety of taste. If you wish to study *the mysteries of redemption* when you arrive at heaven, you can employ your enlarged knowledge in the study of that wondrous plan which has transformed so many sinful rebels into burning seraphs. If you wish to look into *the intricacies of the divine government*, and see how every affliction and trial have been taken up, woven into the divine plan, and made to subserve your spiritual interests, the book of providence will be open, and you will find that its lucid pages will amply "justify the ways of God to man." If you love singing and praise, you will find an unnumbered host whose hearts and tongues, attuned to the songs of seraphs, will pour forth anthems of praises,

whose melody and sweetness will steal your heart and cause a blissful forgetfulness of aught beside. If you love to survey the works of God and gaze upon the beautiful and sublime, go and look upon the temple of God, and mark its beauties and survey its fair proportions; and when your eyes have feasted upon the sight, go and traverse the city of our God, whose walls are precious stone, whose gates are set with pearl, whose streets are paved with gold, whose light is the glory of God. When you are satiate with these beauties, then go and wander along the banks of the river of life, mark the sweet flow of its crystal waters, and pluck the fragrant flowers that rejoice upon its banks; then lift your eyes to the tree of life, whose fruit is monthly and whose foliage is so beautiful; then lift your eyes still higher to the glorious heavens above, whose beautiful concave shall never be darkened with angry storms, but where fleecy clouds catch the reflections of divine glory and float in every imaginable form of beauty. If you wish to study *the triumphs of divine grace*, go among that heavenly host, and learn how many drunkards have taken the cup of salvation; how many murderers have been purged from their foul stains by the blood of the crucified; how many swearers have learned to call Jesus Lord, by the Holy Ghost; how many Sabbath-breakers have entered on an eternal Sabbath of rest; how many liars have learned the truth, and by it been made free; how many beggars wear a crown, and many poor have "an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." If you love to dwell in the immediate presence of the blessed Savior, go and bask in his transcendent glory, and gaze upon his glorified humanity and matchless beauty, and, as he smiles upon you, the raptures of your soul will be past utterance, and you will feel that *everywhere there are attractions in heaven*.

WEST'S CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

THE Quakers of Philadelphia requested West to aid them in erecting a hospital for the sick of his native town: he told them his circumstances scarcely admitted of his being generous, but he would aid them after his own way, and paint them a picture, if they would provide a place to receive it in their new building. They were pleased with this, and Christ healing the Sick was painted for Philadelphia.

When exhibited in London, the rush to see it was very great; the praise it obtained was high, and the British Institution offered him three thousand guineas for the work. West accepted the offer, for he was poor, but he was to be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for his native place. He did so; and when the copy went to America, the profits arising from its exhibition enabled the committee of the hospital to enlarge the building and receive more patients.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY FLENNIS.

CHAPTER XII.

First Methodist in Chillicothe—Rev. H. Smith visits it in 1799—He forms Scioto circuit—Extracts from his journal—His notice of Dr. Tiffin and wife—Forms the first Methodist society in Chillicothe—First quarterly meeting held there—Bishop Asbury's visit to it in 1803—His visit in 1806—W.'s notice of the society in 1807—His first class meeting there—His great desire to see the Governor—A mistake—Extract from Bishop Asbury's journal—First sight of the Bishop—Description of his person—His preaching—Anecdotes of him and Rev. Dr. King.

As promised in our last chapter, we come now to say something of the Methodist society in Chillicothe, as it was in 1807, when W. removed to that town. But before we proceed farther, it will be proper, in the first place, to give some account of the origin of Methodism in that place, and to trace its progress down to the time we speak of.

Who the first Methodists were, who settled in Chillicothe, we have now no certain knowledge; but believe that Doctor Edward Tiffin and Everard Harr, both local preachers in the Church, and their wives, were among the earliest. Dr. Tiffin, we learn, settled there in 1796, soon after the town was laid out. Whether any Methodist traveling minister visited and preached there prior to 1799, we are not informed. In the autumn of that year the Rev. Henry Smith, of the Baltimore conference, was instructed by his presiding elder, the Rev. Francis Poythress, of the Kentucky district, to "go up to the Scioto and form a circuit there." In October Mr. Smith reached his new field of labor, and, after exploring it, he formed a three weeks' circuit. This was the Scioto circuit, embracing Chillicothe as one of its appointments, and comprehending the whole valley of the Scioto and its tributary streams. The following extract from Mr. Smith's "Recollections and Reflections of an Old Itinerant," will throw some light on this part of our narrative. We copy from page 326-328:

"Sunday, October 13, 1799, I preached—at Anthony Davenport's, on Deer creek, twelve miles north of Chillicothe—on Acts xvi, 9, and the good Spirit of the Lord attended the word, and many wept, some for joy and others for sorrow, while all were deeply attentive. Here Dr. Tiffin had organized a society, and had his regular appointments. I met the class, and the Lord was present, in love and power, to refresh his dear children. * * *

"Monday, the 14th, I rode down the river to Chillicothe and put up with Dr. Tiffin, with whom I had been long acquainted [in Virginia.] The Doctor had often preached in our neighborhood, and sometimes at my father's. He and his excellent wife received me as a messenger of Christ, and treated me with great kindness. Sister Tiffin was one of the most conscientious and heavenly minded women I ever saw. She was a mother in our Israel indeed. About that time a report was put in circulation that the Doctor had given up his religion; he

laughed at it and said, 'It would not do for me to backslide, for my wife would let me have no peace.' The Doctor, however, refused to take any part in religious exercises in Chillicothe out of his own family: he had his reasons for it.

"Tuesday evening, October 15, 1799, I preached my first sermon in Chillicothe—I think in a school-house—to quite a respectable congregation. It was thought, by some, that half the congregation had never heard a Methodist preacher before; but I never saw a people more orderly and attentive, except one poor drunkard, who came in drunk, and made a little disturbance; but the people were so anxious to hear that they paid very little attention to him. I have reason to believe the Lord was with me, and assisted me in this first effort. From that time I preached in the town once in three weeks, when I could get a place to preach in, and, generally, in a school-house. There was a log-house, called the Presbyterian meeting-house, but I had no access to it. The morals of the people were such as is common in newly settled countries, and religion was despised, particularly Methodism. We had, however, a few faithful souls, who held fast their integrity and adorned their profession.

"Sunday, July 7, 1800, I preached to a large and serious congregation at Davenport's, on Deer creek, at eleven o'clock, and rode twelve miles to Chillicothe, and preached again under the trees, it being a pleasant evening. *There and then I organized the first Methodist society in Chillicothe.* All those who had been members in other places, and brought their certificates with them, did not come forward. I visited several families the next day, and got a few more to join, so that we had *eighteen* to begin with. I wish I could give their names. Doctor Tiffin retained his membership at Davenport's.

"The following March we wished to hold our quarterly meeting in Chillicothe, but we had no house to hold it in. One of the brethren spoke to a Presbyterian elder for the use of their house. He spoke to his pastor, who sent us word that he had no objection. [This was probably the Rev. Robert G. Wilson, D. D., who died there some two years since.] So we published our meeting to begin on the 28th of March, 1801. I rode all the way to Kentucky to prevail on the Rev. William Burke to attend our quarterly meeting. On the 25th we crossed the Ohio river, and I first introduced him into the north-western territory. On Saturday, the 28th, brother Burke preached his first sermon in Chillicothe, from Hebrews xi, 1. On Sunday morning, the 29th, we had a most precious sacrament; the Lord greatly blessed his poor despised disciples. We had a large and interesting congregation, to whom the servant of the Lord preached with power from on high, and the people were not only attentive, but considerably moved under the word. Never did our brother pay a more reasonable and acceptable visit to any people. Perhaps there is no one living that knows more about the difficulties that Methodism had to contend with at

its first introduction into Chillicothe than I do. True, there was not much done during my stay there. But one thing I know, we did not give up the ship, though we had to contend hard with adverse storms."

Mr. Smith remained on the Scioto circuit till the autumn of 1802; but he makes no farther mention of the society in Chillicothe. Bishop Asbury visited the place the following year, and writes thus in his journal—vol. iii, page 116:

"Saturday, September 24, 1803, I rode to Chillicothe [from White Brown's, on Deer creek,] fifteen miles, through lands generally rich. We passed some of those mounds and intrenchments which still astonish all who visit this country, and give rise to many conjectures respecting their origin: 'shadows, clouds, and darkness rest,' and will rest 'upon them.' In the state-house, which also answers for a court-house, [court-house used also for a state-house?] I preached to about five hundred hearers, and would have had more had not the rain prevented. Chillicothe stands upon the point of confluence of the Scioto river and Paint creek. [This is not strictly correct, as the confluence of those streams is about four miles below the town, with several thousand acres of land intervening.] On Monday we came away from Governor Edward Tiffin's across the fat lands of the Paint creek."

Bishop Asbury visited Chillicothe again in 1805, where he arrived on Wednesday, September 4th, and remained till the Saturday following at Governor Tiffin's, where, he says—journal, vol. iii, p. 177—"I was happily employed in reading the Portrait of St. Paul by divine Fletcher. I preached at Chillicothe—we have excessive heat. My mind is in great peace."

This brings us to the period mentioned in the first paragraph of this chapter—May, 1807—from which time till 1829, the history of Methodism in Chillicothe is within the personal knowledge of W., in whose autobiography frequent, and often extended notices thereof are recorded. From these we shall hereafter draw such material as occasion may seem to call for.

The Methodist society in Chillicothe, in 1807, numbered about seventy members. They were mostly Virginians, from the Shenandoah valley, and the remainder from Pennsylvania and Maryland. The society was embraced in the Scioto circuit—Anthony Houston and J. Milton Ladd preachers for that year. This circuit covered the entire valley of the Scioto, and had then a membership of six hundred and seventy. The whole state then contained but seven circuits, fifteen preachers, and about four thousand members. Forty-five years have elapsed since that period, and these seven circuits have grown into three entire and strong conferences, and large portions of two others, with six hundred traveling preachers, and a membership of one hundred and twenty-five thousand! "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed."

On the first Sabbath morning after his arrival in

town, W. repaired, at nine o'clock, to class meeting, with his certificate of membership. The class—which, we think, then embraced all the male members—met in the lower room of the "old barracks," north-west corner of Walnut and Second streets, which room the society used also as a place of public worship. W., who had been brought up in obscurity, and had never seen any thing of the *beau monde*, had a great curiosity to see a governor of a sovereign state; and somehow had imbibed great veneration for the office, so as to almost imagine that the person of the chief magistrate would be invested with some sort of visible distinction or dignity, or some regal, official insignia, by which he could be readily singled out. He had been accustomed to see Methodism despised, ridiculed, and persecuted. And he thought it a strange thing that a member of that "sect, every-where spoken against," should be chosen for governor of a large and flourishing state; and still stranger that the governor should be a Methodist preacher! He had often heard of Governor Tiffin; and although he had never seen him, he loved and respected him because he was a Methodist, and, moreover, a Methodist preacher. Learning that the Governor was punctual in attending his class, W. was much pleased with the expectation of seeing him there. Soon after he entered the class-room, a small, plain-looking man, with a very bald head, a round face and expressive countenance, but nothing else in his person that would attract notice, commenced the exercises with singing and prayer, and then spoke to the class, which he did with much warmth and animation. During the progress of the meeting, the green young brother from the Kanawha had, "with sharpened, aly inspection," scanned the little company of brethren present, to see if he could single out from among them the distinguished brother who was "governor of the state of Ohio, and commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces thereof." But this he found no easy task. He looked in vain for the "visible distinction" or "regal insignia" of office, and had well-nigh come to the conclusion that "his excellency" would have to be marked on the class-book "absent." But after carefully considering the claims of the very few whose personal bearing and appearance seemed to be at all entitled to consideration, he finally settled down upon a stout, muscular, and rather consequential-looking gentleman who sat near the stand used for a pulpit, whose large, bald head, florid complexion, and somewhat stern countenance—as of one "born to command"—seemed to give him prominence above his fellows. This, thought W., must surely be the Governor. But to resolve the doubt, when the meeting was closed, he asked a brother who sat at his elbow:

"Is Governor Tiffin present, brother?"

"Yes," replied he.

"Will you please point him out to me?" said W.

"Why," responded the brother, "that little man who led the class is Governor Tiffin."

"Indeed!" exclaimed W., "I had mistaken that brother who sat next the stand for him."

"That," replied the other, with an arch smile at the blunder of the young stranger, "that is—Scott, the tailor!" [That was the cognomen by which our worthy brother Scott was commonly known, to distinguish him from others of the same name.]

Little did W. think that the "little man who led the class" that morning, should become his most intimate and ardent friend and benefactor; and that the young Kanawha brother should, in after years, become his class-leader!

We recur again to Bishop Asbury's journal, and copy the following passage from vol. iii, page 233:

"Friday, September 4, 1807. We came away to Ohillicothe: O, the mud and the trees in the path! [Occasioned by 'an awful storm of thunder, hail, and rain,' which the Bishop narrowly escaped being caught in the evening before.] Reading closely on Saturday. In our neat, new house I preached on the Sabbath morning to about five hundred hearers, on 1 Peter iv, 17, 18. I spoke about an hour. There are some pleasing and some unpleasing accounts here—some little trouble in the society; but great prospects all around in the country. The sitting of conference will be of God for good to souls: we have been praying the whole year for this. * * * * *

"Monday and Tuesday, closely reading. On Wednesday we rode to Deer creek. [Probably at White Brown's, his old friend.] Thursday, Friday, and Saturday selecting hymns and reading Marshall's *Life of Washington*, nearly three thousand pages in four volumes: only as a *Life of Washington* can I give it the preference to Gordon's *History of the Revolutionary War*. Sabbath 13. At the Deer creek camp-ground I gave them a discourse on 2 Cor. vi, 1. In the evening we returned to Chillocothe.

"On Monday, [September 14,] we opened our conference in great peace and love, and continued sitting, day by day, till Friday noon. A delegation of seven members was chosen to the General conference. There were thirteen preachers added, and we found an addition of two thousand to the society in these bounds; seven deacons were elected and ordained, and ten elders: two preachers only located; sixty-six preachers were stationed."

The conference here spoken of by the Bishop, is that to which allusion was made in our last chapter; and "our neat, new house," in which he preached, was the little chapel therein described, and just then finished.

This was the first time W. had ever seen a Methodist bishop. He had, many years before, read that portion of Bishop Asbury's *Journal* then published, and had heard much of him, and entertained great veneration for his person, his character, and office. When he first saw the good Bishop, he gazed upon him with feelings of profound reverence and respect. His person was tall and slender; his arms long; his face thin and care-worn, with

strongly marked features and wrinkled brow; light blue eyes, which usually seemed about half closed; his complexion pale, indicating infirm health; his countenance grave, solemn, pensive, and deeply thoughtful, but not remarkably expressive; his thin gray locks hung with graceful curl around his collar. His dress was plain and simple, yet very neat: a straight-breasted coat of black cloth, with single collar, and a long vest and small clothes of the same material, with black stockings and shoes, and a drab hat with low, square crown and broad brim, very much like one of his old worn-out hats which is now in the museum of the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware. His step, when he walked, had lost the elasticity of youth, and indicated feebleness, and was supported by a long cane. His whole appearance was unique—dignified, venerable, apostolic. His voice, in the pulpit, was masculine, full, and strong, and he spoke "with all authority." In his sermons he was methodical, presenting every point with great clearness, and his applications were remarkably pointed, awakening, and soul-stirring. He was not eloquent, in the ordinary sense of the term; but he possessed all the important elements constituting an able minister of Christ—"a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," and giving to all their "portion of meat in due season."

But it was not our intention—nor would our limits permit us—to portray the character of this distinguished man of God. That will doubtless be done fully by his biographer, if he should ever have one. But we must ask the reader's indulgence while we relate an anecdote of the good Bishop, which just now occurs to us. It was related to us about fifty years ago by the brother of the young preacher mentioned in it, and may not be known to his biographers.

In the spring of 1802, we think, the Bishop and some eight or ten traveling preachers, on their way to the Baltimore conference, stopped for the night in Shippensburg, Penn. While there, he received a visit from the Rev. Dr. King, a distinguished divine in another branch of the Christian Church, and pastor of the Big Spring congregation in the neighborhood of that town. The Bishop, who was busily engaged in writing when Dr. King was introduced, arose and received him very courteously and seated him. The Doctor immediately, and somewhat abruptly, commenced an attack upon the Bishop and the Methodist preachers generally, for holding and disseminating false and unscriptural doctrines, as he alleged. The Bishop heard him for a few minutes without making any reply, and finding that the object of his visit was controversy, he excused himself to the Rev. Doctor for not engaging in a discussion, as he was then pressed for time, and begged to refer him to one of the preachers present—who were all then in the room—and turning to the youngest one among them, he said to him: "Brother Askins, will you please to hear

what brother King has to say, and attend to him!" and then resumed his writing.

The Rev. George Askins was a small, spare man, of delicate appearance, with one leg about six inches shorter than the other, occasioned by white swelling in his early boyhood. He was aged about twenty years, and possessed intellectual powers, a keen and penetrating mind, and a maturity of judgment rarely met with in one of his years. He was well "posted up" on all the subjects of controversy between Calvinists and Arminians; and in skill and tact in the discussion thereof, either in the pulpit or in debate, he had few equals.

On being turned over to Mr. Askins, Dr. King looked round toward him, and seeing his youthful and crippled appearance, and feeling, perhaps, a little indignant at what he considered an intentional disrespect, abruptly and sneeringly said to Mr. Askins:

"And pray, sir, where did you study divinity?"

"In the school of Christ, sir," replied Mr. A.

"And do you presume," said the Doctor, turning again to the Bishop, "to set up decrepit boys to teach divinity to the people?"

"Examine him, Doctor," quickly replied one of the preachers present; "although not 'of age,' 'he can speak for himself.'"

The Doctor half arose from his chair, apparently with the attention to retire; but seemed to take a second thought, and concluded, before he retired, just to demolish the young theologian, by way of punishment for the seeming disrespect shown him. He then, with magisterial air, propounded to him some interrogatories on polemic divinity, which he doubted not would at once entangle and confound the young tyro. These Mr. Askins promptly and ably replied to; and then in turn catechised the learned Doctor, and proposed difficulties in his creed which the Doctor was put to all he knew to answer, and sometimes attempted to evade; but he was followed up so closely and skillfully by his youthful antagonist, that he became somewhat confused, and losing his temper, he arose and was about retiring abruptly, when the Bishop, who had his eye on him, straightening himself up in his seat, said, in a peculiarly soothing tone, "Brother King, let us have a word of prayer together before you go;" and laying down his pen and rising from his seat, he added, in his solemn and impressive manner, "Let us pray." Down they all went on their knees, except the Doctor, who stood with his hand on the door-latch. The good Bishop prayed very feelingly and fervently for "brother King," by name, that God would graciously open his eyes and awaken him to a sense of his need of a Savior, and convert him, and then divinely call and qualify him to "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ" to his congregation; that he might "take heed unto himself, and unto the doctrine," as taught in God's word, and thereby "both save himself and them that hear him," to all which the preachers responded a fervent "amen!" Prayer ended, the

Doctor hastily opened the door, and silently and unceremoniously withdrew.

Since writing the foregoing, we have seen, in the Ladies' Repository, for August, a graphic sketch of the character of Bishop Asbury, by the new editor. But our brief notice of the Bishop does not embrace any thing contained in that article. We may have occasion to introduce that venerable man again to the readers of the Repository in some future chapter. The sketches of some of the early Methodists in Ohio are, for want of room, laid over for our next chapter, if we shall even then be able to reach them.

THE BROTHERS.

—
BY FRANK CARY.

—
We had no home, we only had
A shelter for our head:
How poor we were, how scantily
We all were clothed and fed!
But though a wretched little child,
I know not why or how,
I did not feel it half so much
As I can feel it now!

When mother sat at night and sewed,
My rest was calm and deep;
I did not know that she was tired,
Or that she needed sleep.
She wrapped the covering round our bed,
In many an ample fold;
She had not half so much herself
To keep her from the cold.

I know it now, I know it all—
They knew it then above—
Her life of patient sacrifice,
And never-tiring love.
I know, for then her tasks seemed done—
We all were grown beside—
How glad she must have been to go
After the baby died!

I do not care to deck me now,
With costly robe or gaud—
My mother dressed so plain at home,
And never went abroad.
I do not ever want a shroud
Of linen, white and pure—
She made our little baby one
That was so coarse and poor.

I had another brother then,
I prayed that God would save;
I knew not that I chose between
The prison and the grave.
I did not know, when o'er the dead
So bitterly I cried,
I'd live to wish a thousand times
The other, too, had died.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

BY REV. S. STEELE.

ONE of the most beautiful and incomparable passages in the history of the divine Redeemer, is recorded in the tenth chapter of the Gospel by St. Mark. It derives its superior claim to merit because of its relation to an interesting portion of society—*infant children*.

The divine conduct here so beautifully portrayed must ever form the true standard of judgment in reference to "these little ones." Indeed, it constitutes the basis of parental hope, when the dreary storms of adversity writhes the tender scion from its paternal stock, and lays its opening petals withering to the ground, never again to glad the vision of those by whom it was beloved.

Obliterate this record from the sacred page, and impenetrable darkness settles down upon the grave of the early dead. No sweet promise, "of such is the kingdom of God," meets the frantic soul of the bereaved parent as inexorable death bears away the sweet babe in its icy arms to the dark domains of irrecoverable captivity; but now "Rama's" wailing "voice" may cease, and "Rachel" wipe the flowing tears from her "weeping" eyes, and no longer refuse to "be comforted." A voice from heaven proclaims, "There angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

With what apparent pleasure does the holy One turn from the learned dignitaries of the renowned Sanhedrim, that press upon him with their wily attacks, to seek society more congenial with his pure spirit in the person of "little children." The vindication of the sacred nature of the marriage relation is worthy of a God, and will ever remain as the divine protest against the doctrine of human divorce for insufficient causes; but with them his work is done, the cause of moral purity is vindicated, a reproof administered, and away he hastens. A little removed from these reputed officials may be seen an interesting group of mothers. The fountains of their affections have been unsealed and flow forth with an abiding maternal tenderness toward their offspring, which they bear in their bosoms.

It is a holy cneclave, more sacred than cardinal conventions, though less secluded; perhaps invoked by Divine appointment. No guarded sentinel paces its entrance, or ponderous keys drive the bolt against admission. Its avenues are open wide to the admission of light, and the soft breezes are gently fanning the graceful ringlets which adorn the brow of childhood. With what anxious solicitude do they scrutinize the countenance of the divine Redeemer, as with his chosen companions he directs his footsteps toward their unpretending circle! Will he smile upon our babes as he passes, and leave for them his blessing? Are the unspoken thoughts that beam visible upon their imploring countenances? A moment and the illustrious per-

sonage is in their midst. What pulsations of joy now swell the hearts of the enraptured parents as they press to his sacred arms the affectionate objects of their solicitude and care! A smile, a word would have filled the measure of their anxiety, and been treasured as the richest legacy of their children; but now behold,

"He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven."

Was there ever a scene in the earthly pilgrimage of the Son of God in which earth bore stronger resemblance to heaven, and in which purer and holier spirits were in communion with his spotless soul? Was it not when the Divine arms encircled "the image of the heavenly," and with the voice and language of unearthly eloquence he spoke of "little children" in heaven?

That a scene of such moral beauty and perfection should have been marred we might deeply deplore, did it not furnish the blessed Jesus an opportunity to vindicate the rights of "little children" by entering his solemn protest against such unauthorized interference. A poignant arrow pierced the bosoms of maternal love as the harsh tones of Christ's disciples interdicted their approach. The countenances which before beamed with unearthly hues, lighted by the Savior's smiles, was now suddenly changed to sadness; yet it was a momentary pang. The precious charge was being reluctantly withdrawn, when an authoritative voice emphatically announced, "*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.*"

Did the disciples of our Lord suppose that this familiarity with children was derogatory to the character of the Son of God, and that it would tend to diminish his importance in the estimation of the world? or was it in their view a loss of holy time that should be better employed, when the multitude were pressing upon him for counsel and instruction? Alas, for their conclusion! it is quite too prevalent, the Divine example to the contrary notwithstanding.

How imperfectly did they understand the objects of his divine mission, and the relation that interview with children bore to the present and eternal happiness of a suffering and dying world! The conduct of our Lord's disciples was never as severely castigated as on this occasion, and never was rebuke more timely administered. "He was much displeased." What an embodiment of unlimited disapproval lies couched in this expression! It stands forth a lamentable instance of human weakness, as well as a divine record against the doctrine of good men's infallibility. Could the tears of penitence have effaced this act of rashness, it would doubtless never have been committed to the sacred page; but these avail not; it is a part of their history faithfully delineated, and descends to posterity a divine caution to all who would invade the sacred inclosure of children's rights to the "*kingdom of God.*"

The Ladies' Repository.

SEPTEMBER, 1852.

A FEW WORDS ON GRASS.

OVER the wide world the grass has no limits; it shoots up sharp and wiry on the dark moorland, that the red deer may bound over it without crushing its sprays, and without wakening the echoes with his footfall. It bends in luxuriant masses over the broad stream, and looks down into the pebbly depths, like Narcissus, at his own shadow; it hides away in the silent glens and nooks of the old forests, and waves its silken tassels in the dreamy light, where the flowers hold carnivals of fragrance, and the hollow trees sing the dirges of their youth; it spreads wide sheets of swelling verdure over thousands of miles in the swamps of the west; it shoots up in the sunny climates of the east to the stately height of forty or sixty feet—the bamboo and sugar-cane are both grasses—and putting forth its pensile sword-like leaves with all the grace and majesty of a palm, it flings around a profusion of fruits, and bestows invaluable medicines upon the grateful children of the soil; and wherever it is seen it makes a velvet carpet of emerald beauty—a carpet on which the heavy heart may sometimes tread, but on which joy mostly wanders, and where childhood, with seraph wings, goes bounding in its pride: and from this universality of growth grass derives its specific name.

How joyously the grass springs forth with its cheerful face after the spring or summer shower; how rich and exuberant it looks, and how it starts before all other vegetation in the growing race of spring! When the February winds are piping, and the old woods are shaken to their very hearts, the grass is the only plant which can dare the nipping blast; and the moment the frost breaks, it comes bristling up through the black earth to refresh us with its heavenly promise! Under its protecting roots the seeds of the last year's flowers are being sheltered, and its tufts soon form a canopy for the pale primrose, and the fairy cowslip, and the violet—

"That morning-star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthening hours,
Which lifts up its dreamy eye of blue
To the younger sky of the self-same hue."

The poets have all chosen it as the broad and universal token of the opening year. Thomson pictures the Spring as tripping over the grassy turf on her mission of fertility and beauty:

"Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot;
Fall of fresh verdure, and unnumbered flowers,
The negligence of nature, wild and wild."

Wordsworth is as happy:

"The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon, anon:
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing—
The rain is over and gone!"

The Ettrick shepherd-boy, how he loved the grassy hills of his native land, and the bonny lark which found shelter amid the tufted sprays! His brother, too—Burns—the undaunted plowman of the north, how has he woven the grassy herbage into his noble songs! Did he shed tears upon the grass when the bitter world mocked him, and stung him to the quick!—the proudest of earth's children have wept upon the turf, and why not he! Homer loved the grass, and Shakspeare none the less. Who can recall to mind the lovely slopes beside the grassy Avon, without thinking of the poet-boy, when he used to lie musing on the green, and holding converse with shapes invisible to mortal eyes—building up his mighty temple of the ideal, weaving the world, and all its joys and sorrows, into one great mesh of magic beauty, with the blue heaven and its sunshine above him, and the green-cushioned grass beneath! The sweetest of his conceits were gathered, like dew-drops, in the green wilderness.

Perhaps there is nothing more lovely in the aspect of the grass, apart from its refreshing verdure and velvety softness, than its appearance at daybreak, when dotted all over with trembling orbs of dew-gems which the Night has let fall from her raven hair, and which the great "eye of the universe" sucks up into his own dazzling region of glory when he wakes and looks down on the world.

These "liquid pearls" upon "the bladed grass" are each little worlds of wonder—globes obedient to the sustaining forces of the universe, and holding within their spheres of rainbow beauty millions of minute creatures, which live out their brief hour of joy and pass upward into higher homes, as the creatures which haunt the cities and forests of the round earth will do when their brief span is finished; for the immortal soul, having fretted out its moments on the grassy world below, will be lifted up into the glory of those dazzling spheres, where the green pastures are watered with silvery singing streams—the pleasant land, where grass waves green in the glory of perpetual summer; where the voice of fame, of meanness, and of scorn is hushed, and where the orbicular songs of seraph souls float in majestic melodies around the throne of the All-Father! It is the story of a dew-drop, a brief life upon the grass, and a passage upward to the skies!

Not the less beautiful is the grass when considered as a garment to hide the rough nakedness of the earth, and veil its rugged face with luster and beauty. No sooner does the black mountain-peak peer up above the ocean's breast, than the grasses hurry there upon the chariot of the wind, and cover it all over with a delicious green. The grim rock that frowns upon the foam is torn asunder by its roots, and its ledges and turrets made lovely by its leaves. The green meadows, swelling like seas of plenty into

waves of verdure, are indebted to it for all their store of green, and for the flowers and feathered flutterers which find a home among its sprays. The old orchards need its velvet mounds and dimpled hollows, in order that the luscious fruits they fling to earth may fall unhurt on its soft pillows; and man, the possessor and monarch of the earth, looks complacently on its merry face, and feels that it links him to his home.

Is it only for its velvet softness, and the round pillow knolls it heaves up in the vistas of the green-wood, that the weary and the dreamer find it so sweet a place of rest? or is it because the wild bee fits around its silvery panicles, and blows his bugle as he goes with a bounding heart to gather sweets; that the hare and the rabbit burrow beneath its smooth sward; that the dear lark cowers amid its sprays, and cherishes the children of his bosom under its brown matted roots; that the daisy, the cowslip, the daffodil, the orchis—these fairies of the flower world, the bird's-foot trefoil—the golden-fingered beauty of the meadows, the little yellow and the large strawberry trefoil, are all sheltered and cherished by it, and that one of its simple children scents the air for miles with the sweetest perfume ever breathed by man!

It is always in rich grassy places that the little springs and water-runnels bubble up into the light, and start off, on their journey of fertility, down in the dark dell of the old wood, where the huge roots of the trees are matted all over with green and golden mosses, which sometimes hang like green beards, and dip into the pebbly waters; where the little squirrel finds a home, and the lizard and the shrew-mice burrow. There it is that, in rich circles of waving grass, the fresh sparkling waters bubble up with a gurgling sound, and go tingling along under the shelving banks, kissing the willows, and chiming their soft songs as they jump over the clumps of timber. The little brooks always make their pathway where the grasses grow, for the little brooks and the grasses love each other, and they creep along together plotting how to bless the world. The harebell and the purple loose-strife, the woodbine and the meadow-sweet, may each peep up here and there, and get refreshing splashes as the waters leap over the stony ledges in their way, but the grass is the streamlet's favorite, and wherever the one is, there is the other to be found. O, what a sweet life hath this grass of ours! his is the true Arcadian transport; the music of the rivulet, the soft bleating of the sheep, the drowsy hum of wild bees, the rich perfume of thymy knolls, and the shadowy beauties of "faerie land."

Then, again, the grass is the play-ground of the dear children, when they make the sky ring with their merry shouts, and bound like fawns upon the mellow turf. Who would not bless the ground whereon the foot of childhood loves to tread, where it loves to gambol and exult in the gushing exuberance of its happy heart! Heaven's smile lie on them! the little angel flutterers, tripping in twos and threes, with their rosy faces and laughing eyes, plucking the daisies which glimmer on the sward, setting no worldly value on their gifts and gatherings, but, like the grass, fresh, fervent, and joyful, and knowing

no other tears but those which vanish with the first ray of sunshine. God's blessing be with the children! and if we would have them supplant the present with a nobler race of men, we must let their hearts expand among the flowers, and their limbs gain strength upon the turf.

If the grass is so beautiful, then, and mingled with so many associations of story and song, why not have it always beside us, and pass our lives among its green! Why pine away in smoky towns in jarring discord, where the heart is bound round with an icy chain of conventionalities, and the soul, stripped of her beauty, is reduced to rage? Let us live beside the grass, under the blue canopy of heaven, where the morning sun may greet us with his fire, and the midnight stars rain down their benedictions of beauty. Let us have the grass for a companion, and the wild bee and butterfly for friends. Let us dwell where the cataract leaps from the rocky height, and the rainbow arch beats down the thunder; in the wide wilderness, where blossoms wave, and leafy trees sing anthems to the moon; on the bleak moor, where the black-cock sails along the heathery steeps; or by the margin of the river, where the otter plunges for his prey, and strange birds anchor themselves beside the islands green; or any where where grass grows and beautifies the earth, for where its leaves rustle there is beauty and solace; where its silken plumes nod in the air, is plenty; and wherever its tender shoots pierce through the clods, there is home, there is society, there is love.

If it be well to live with the grass, then is it well to have it on our graves. It will love to grow there with the golden flowers and the creeping weeds of perfume, making holy the soft mound above us, and beautifying the place of our fragrant rest. It takes something from the sting of death, when the sufferer knows that he will sleep beneath the grass, and the warm sunshine will lie all day upon his grave, and the flowers keep watch when the stars shine. To rot in a black charnel-house, and diffuse poison and pestilence in the corrupted city, is a fearful fate for the body which has been the temple of an immortal soul; but to be pillowed where the grass waves green, and the robin sings the song of summer, has something in it of melancholy sweetness.

Heart! be thou like the grass; welcome man and woman with thy smile: be thou green in winter as in summer; assert thyself with brown bees, and homely things that bless the world, keeping thy blossom by thee to gild the pathway of the future. Thy days are as few as the grass; as the grass that groweth to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. "For even as the flower of the grass shall he vanysh awaye. The sunne ryseth wyth heete, and the grass widereth, and his flower falleth away, and the beaute of the fashion of it perisheth." Heart! be thou like the grass—fragrant, fair, gentle, and fertile in good works; for which God be thanked, for its beauties are beyond description, and its uses beyond enumeration!

FLORENZA, of Madeley, was one of the most conspicuous luminaries of Wesleyan Methodism. As a Christian, he stood in direct line of spiritual descent from St. John. The memory of his apostolic meekness and love is still fresh.

THE NEW SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

Four years and a half since the first Evening School for Women was opened at Birmingham, England. It was planned and opened and has been conducted by ladies, who did not lose time in arguing whether it was a good or a bad thing that women should be employed in manufactures, but offered means of improvement in mind and in ways to such as were so employed. They offered at once to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic; sewing—including the cutting out and mending of clothes; and to give instruction in the contents of the Bible, and of the other great book—the world we live in—as far as means would allow. They hoped, and still hope and intend, to teach the most important of the domestic arts of life—and first, cookery. In time, vocal music, and other softening and sweetening arts, may be attempted. Time will show that. Meanwhile, time has shown that good has been done, which ought to be made known for other reasons than the pleasure of it; that such things may be done elsewhere.

It may not be seen, at a glance, what an undertaking this was. Every body may not know what factory women—some factory women, at least—are. They are women, and not children, in the first place. The class contemplated had grown up in ignorance; they had not lived among home influences, but in the rough independence of factory life. Their prejudices were in proportion to their ignorance; and their pride was in proportion to their ignorance, prejudices, age, habits, and class jealousy, all together. Some who knew of the scheme prophesied that no woman would come: others, that they would be too disreputable to be kept in order, but by policemen: others, again, that it would be impossible to teach them, if they did come, and that there would be an incessant change of scholars. These prophecies were so many warnings to the ladies what to anticipate, and how to act.

The history of the beginning of this enterprise reminds one of the excellent Wilderspin's account of the opening of the first infant school. He and his wife, supported by the promoters of the scheme, agreed, after much hesitation, to try what they could do with a schoolful of infants. They dreaded the day; and they found it truly dreadful. When the mothers were gone, it was arduous work to keep the little things entertained and beguiled at all. At last, one child cried aloud; two or three more caught up the lamentation, which spread, by infection, till every infant of the whole crowd—we forget how many there were—was roaring as loud as it could roar. After vain attempts to pacify them, in utter despair about the children, and horror at the effect upon the whole neighborhood, the worthy couple rushed from the school-room into the next chamber, when the wife sank in tears upon the bed. Her husband was no less wretched: this din of woe was maddening; something must be done—but what? In the freakishness of despair, he seized a pole, and put on the top of it a cap of his wife's which was drying from the wash-tub. He rushed back into the school-room, waving his new apparatus of instruction—giving, as he found, his first lesson on objects. The effect which ensued was *his* lesson. In a minute not a child was crying.

All eyes were fixed upon the cap; all tears stood still and dried up on all cheeks. The wife now joined him; and they kept the children amused, and the neighbors from storming the doors, till the clock struck twelve. A momentary joy entered the hearts of the Wilderspins at the sound; but it died away as they sank down exhausted, and asked each other, with faces of dismay, whether they were to go through this again in the afternoon, and every day.

For something as bad as this, though of a different kind, did the little band of Birmingham ladies prepare themselves. Almost without means, they began one evening in September, 1847. A room was kindly lent them by a merchant. The counter was their table, and for seats they had packing-cases covered with meal-sacks. Much time must be lost at the beginning and end of each evening, from the necessity of putting away every thing, and leaving the room as they found it, for the daily use of the workmen. But to have any room at all was something. Thirty-six women appeared the first night, all unused to be taught, and the teachers were no more familiar with the sort of teaching they had undertaken to give. The first thing done was writing down their names, and their reasons for wishing to learn this and that. The eagerness to learn to write was the most remarkable indication that night; as, perhaps, it has remained since. One young woman undertook to give reasons for another's wish to learn. "Hur wants to write to hur chap." The "chap" was gone "to Australia," how and why there was no occasion to inquire. There were plenty of reasons for others having the same wish; and there is something strange and very impressive, to this day, in the patience with which these women sit at their pot-hook making—sometimes in the knowledge of what they are undertaking, and sometimes in simple faith that they are going through a necessary process. One woman made *O's* in her copy-book for weeks; and then being set to join on an *L*, was delighted to find that she had made a *d*, and could write the first letter of her own name. Some are less humble; and there is more conceit about the reading than about writing. One woman complained that she was treated like a child, in having to learn *o*, *a*, *æ*, and in being asked what it meant; "as if," said she, "every body didn't know that a box is a oow!" Owing to a curious local circumstance, writing is remarkably difficult to one class of the scholars—those who polish papier-mache articles by hand. The palm must be kept perfectly smooth; and, in the act of constantly preserving it from contact with whatever would roughen it, the fingers become stiff, and of an unusual form, which, though favorable to the use of the needle, is much otherwise to that of the pen. Yet the learners stick to their writing, as if nothing could discourage them.

Of the thirty-six who first presented themselves, many were married and had families; yet there were only three—and they were dress-makers—who could cut out or fix any one article of their own clothing. About three-fifths did not know how to hem or seam, when the prepared work was put into their hands. It must be understood, too, that many declare and believe themselves able to sew who can not do it passably. One woman was surprised at being asked to hem a sleeve; a thing which she made very light of.

The sleeve was presented in five minutes—finished. At a single pull, the thread came out from end to end, and she was shown how to do it properly; when she was more surprised than ever to find that her work was unfinished when school was over. It is still difficult to induce them to learn what is most important in the sewing way. They will not bring clothes to mend; and they prefer making gowns to all humbler work. A variety of work is provided through the help of a benevolent draper, who gives his contribution to the school in the form of whole pieces, at the lowest cost price, of calico, flannel, prints, etc. The garments out out and made, for instruction, at the school, are bought by the women at the cost of the material; and this may tend to strengthen the disinclination to bring mending work from home. There can be no question of the good done by the sewing lessons; of the pride and comfort introduced at home by somebody there being dressed in clothes of the wife's or sister's "own making;" and it may be hoped that the same happy consequences may follow from the instruction in cooking, whenever the kitchen is opened; though the women are as certain that they can cook as they ever were that they could sew.

Poor things! Penalties do visit them, from their ignorance of household business, which might open their eyes to their own position, one would think. What a story we heard, the other day, of a first matrimonial quarrel! A young couple married on a Tuesday, all love and gayety. On the next Sunday, the bridegroom was to be introduced to his wife's family. The bride was so anxious that he should look his best, that she spent all Friday and Saturday—to the neglect of her own finery—in making ready his one white shirt—his weekly wear being check. She learned that starched cambric fronts were "all the go," so she starched and starched away, and finished late on Saturday night—tired and happy. On Sunday morning, her husband found his shirt starched all over, stiff enough to stand alone; and, of course, unwearable. He scolded her for a good-for-nothing slattern; terrified her with oaths; and so was broken up, thus early, their matrimonial peace. Neither of them knew how to get the starch out again; and this did not mend the matter. This is but one case in a million. Young men see girls—very respectable, steady workers—with coral necklaces, neat hair, well braided, and with some pretty net or tie upon it, gowns well made, and, on Sundays, a handsome shawl. They marry these girls; find that the shawl is at the pawnbroker's all the week, and redeemed every Saturday night; that the gown is made by the dress-maker; that the head-dress is bought; that all the other clothes are mean and slatternly; that the wife can not make bread; that the broth she attempts to make is bits of hard meat and vegetables floating in warm water, probably smoked; and that her idea of comfort is warm new bread, and an expensive dish of ham from the butcher's; and that she can not keep accounts.

As to the matter of dress. There can be nothing but good in telling the plain fact, that the most earnest and devoted of the ladies have found it their duty to wear no stays, in order to add the force of example to their efforts to save the young women who are

killing themselves with tight lacing. One poor scholar died, almost suddenly, from tight lacing alone. Another was, presently after, so ill, from the same abuse, that she could do nothing. A third could not stoop to her desk, and had to sit at a higher one, which suited the requirements of her self-imposed pillory. In overlooking those who were writing, we were struck by the short-breathing of several of them. We asked what their employments were, supposing them to be of some pernicious nature. It was not so: all were cases of evident tight lacing. The ugly walling-up of the figure is a painful contrast to the supple grace of some of the teachers. The girls see this grace, but will not believe, till convinced by the feel, that there are no stays to account for it.

"And what *have* you got on?" said one of the ladies, feeling in like manner. "Why, you are perfectly walled-up. How can you bear it?"

"Why," answered the girl, "I have got only six-and-twenty whalebones."

The lady obtained some anatomical plates, and formed a class of the older women, apart from the rest, to whom she displayed the consequences, in full, of this fatal practice. At the moment, they appear to disbelieve the facts; but a little time shows that they have taken the alarm—to what extent, the dress of their daughters, as they grow up, will probably indicate.

The number on the books of this school is about one hundred; the average attendance is about fifty. The eagerness to attend is remarkable; and the dread of losing their place through non-attendance is testified in the strongest ways. Many are detained late at their work on Friday evenings; but they come, if only for a quarter of an hour; or if prevented, perhaps send a supplicating note that their place may not be filled up. Some few, who work in overheated rooms all day, really can not give their minds to study at night. These may be expected to go off to parties and balls at the public houses; and the younger ones, perhaps, to take dancing lessons at such houses, at half a crown a quarter, instead of what they can get at these schools for thirteen pence, and a penny for the copy-book. But there is one woman who, too weary to learn much, comes for the solace of seeing cheerful faces in a warm, bright room. She toils to support a sick husband, whom she is always nursing, when not earning his bread. She is welcome here; and she must hear many things interesting and amusing to her mind. The eagerness to learn is beyond description—not only the preliminaries of reading and writing, but the facts of the world. "What is this?" "What is that?" "Tell us this;" "Tell us that," is forever the cry, on the discovery that they are ignorant of the commonest things that are before their eyes; on the belief, too, that their teachers know every thing. What a change from the days when they were saucy and rude, in their inability to conceive of their being treated with respect and politeness by ladies, whom they had supposed to be, somehow, "against" them! While one class is fixed in attention to the superintendent, their eyes moving only from their Bibles to her face, and from her face to their Bibles; while there is a strange sight to be seen—of which more presently—in the

arithmetic class; while a dozen more are writing at the desks with an earnestness perfectly desperate—who are those two—the pair sitting with their backs to the rest, and holding a book between them? They are sisters; workers at the steel pen manufactory. The younger, herself not young, is teaching the elder to read—the one patient, the other humble, over the syllables they have arrived at—both much too earnest to be ashamed. It is a pretty sight.

Here, then, we find ourselves brought round, through our sympathy with one order of observers, into sympathy with the other two. We see what the demand for female workers is, and how it has sprung up; and, when we learn that, owing to this demand, women's wages have risen of late twenty per cent., we are not disposed to try to counteract the natural tendencies of things by declamation. Again, we share the recoil with which others see young girls trooping through the streets to the factories, and wives locking their doors—every morning turning their backs upon their homes. And now, we have a right to claim the sympathy of both, in regard to this new movement, by which, without the slightest interference with the rights of labor, or with the liberty of a single individual, women are led back to their own homes, and the good old-fashioned seat by their own firesides. After sympathy, or with it, comes help. Those who think well of what has been done, should, and will, go and do the same thing. There should, and will, be more evening schools for women employed in manufactures.

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THE PASTOR TO HIS DYING FRIEND.

PERMIT me, my dear friend, to assure you of my warmest sympathy and my fervent prayers on your behalf. But the Man of Sorrows feels for you, intercedes for you, sympathizes with you: his is deep and real sympathy, soothing and sustaining. Fear not to go down into the vale of suffering and death: your Savior was there before you. It is now your honor to be baptized with his baptism, to drink of his cup, to be made like him in sorrow, that ere long you may be made like him in joy. The path along which he is now leading you is not an unfrequented one: all God's saints have trodden it, and he will strengthen and support you. You may feel yourself to be a frail, sinful worm, struggling with the powers of hell without, and the power of sin within; yet, cleaving fast to God, and relying firmly on Christ's atonement, you will be more than conqueror. It will be your glory and your joy to walk where Christ has led the way. Permit me, my dear friend, to urge you to repose all your hope of salvation on the fullness, the freeness, and the all-sufficiency of your atoning Savior. You will be tempted to look back on your past life; you will recall past unfaithfulness, and be ready to despond; but you must look *from yourself* to your atoning and interceding Savior. It is to Jesus, to Jesus, to Jesus himself, you must look: it is with him, with his merits, with his worthiness you have to do. You merit nothing: he merits every thing for you—pardon, holiness, heaven. Let no doubting, despairing thoughts be harbored. Did he undertake the work of our redemption, and humble himself, and become "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," that he might secure our redemption; and,

think you, is he unwilling freely to bestow the pardon which he so painfully purchased? Was his soul "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," that my sins, that your sins, might be forgiven; and, now that he has passed into the heavens, crowned with victory, will he withhold from us the fruits of his triumph? Has he not addressed to us the most tender invitations to come to him? And think you that now, in the hour of your most pressing necessity, you will be coldly received or sternly repulsed, when you come at his bidding with all your guilt and unworthiness, seeking its removal only through him? Little do we know the tenderness of his heart, and the freeness of his grace, if tempted to entertain such dark suspicions of our precious Savior. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Let no recollections of unworthiness intimidate you; for he is willing, as well as "able, to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."

I do not know that such doubts arise in your mind; but I feel a delight in directing you to the cross of Christ. If you keep looking at this, it will be an effectual method of excluding them. If you look too much into your own breast, you will tremble, fear, and doubt; but, if you keep looking into your "Savior's breast," you will find "mercy is all that's written there." I feel persuaded that such are your feelings, and such your trust. You know whom you have believed, and henceforth you need care to know nothing more, except more of Jesus. Your anchor is "sure and steadfast," cast within the veil. Your house is set in order. Your "loins are girded about, and your light" habitually "burning." You are awaiting the return of your great Master; and if he shall come in the second watch, or in the third watch, and find you so, "blessed" shall be "that servant." You have work here to do; and we wish you may live a little longer to do it; but, if the Master says, "Come up higher," we must surrender you; and I am sure you will meekly obey, and say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." . . . The Savior and almighty Friend is with you: I know that he will speak to you "comfortable words and kind." If fears should arise, I know that

"A word of his supporting breath
Will drive them all away!"

and, when you come to the deep dark waters of Jordan—when most you need your Savior—when all your friends stand around you, but can not cross the stream with you—then, when you must go *alone*, will your Savior and friend be with you to guide you safe to the shore, and grant you an "abundant entrance" into the celestial city. I hope you will feel like Dr. Payson, in his last sickness. "Were I," said he, "to adopt the figurative language of John Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah. The celestial city is full in my view: its glories beam upon me; its breezes fan me; its odors are wafted to me; its sounds strike upon my ears; and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as

an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approaches; and now he fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering with unutterable wonder why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm."

And now I must commend you to the care of my heavenly Father, praying that he may spare and restore you; but if he should design otherwise, and if this should be my last letter, my dear friend and brother in Christ, FAREWELL! till we become beloved associates in heaven.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

BY ELISA COOK.

Let the scholar and divine
Tell us how to pray aright;
Let the truths of Gospel shine
With their precious hallowed light;
But the prayer a mother taught
Is to me a matchless one;
Eloquent and spirit-fraught
Are the words—"Thy will be done."

Though not fairly understood,
Still those words, at evening hour,
Imply some Being great and good,
Of mercy, majesty, and power.
Bending low on infant knee,
And gazing on the setting sun,
I thought that orb his home must be,
To whom I said—"Thy will be done."

I have searched the sacred page,
I have heard the godly speech,
But the lore of saint or sage
Nothing holier can teach.
Pain has wrung my spirit sore,
But my soul the triumph won,
When the anguish that I bore
Only breathed—"Thy will be done."

They have served in pressing need,
Have nerved my heart in every task,
And howe'er my breast may bleed,
No other balm of prayer I ask.
When my whitened lips declare
Life's last sands have almost run,
May the dying breath they bear
Murmur forth—"Thy will be done!"

THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY DR. ORALMERE.

CONCEIVE a man to be standing on the margin of this green world, and that, when he looked toward it, he saw abundance swelling every field, and all the blessings which earth can afford, scattered about in profusion through every family, and the light of the sun sweetly resting upon all the pleasant habitations, and the joys of human companionship brightening many a happy circle of society. Conceive this to be the general character of the scene upon one side of his contemplation, and that on the other, beyond the verge of the goodly planet on which he was situated, he could descry nothing but a dark and fathomless unknown. Think you that he would bid a voluntary

adieu to all the brightness and all the beauty that were before him on earth, and commit himself to the frightful solitude away from it? Would he leave its peopled dwelling-places and become a solitary wanderer through the fields of nonentity? If space offered him but a wilderness, would he for it abandon the home-bred scenes of life and of cheerfulness that lay so near, and exercised such a power of urgency to detain him? Would he not cleave to the regions of sense, and of life, and of society, and, shrinking from the desolation that was beyond it, would he not be glad to keep his firm footing on the territory of this world, and take shelter under the silvery canopy that was stretched over it?

But if, during the time of his contemplation, some happy island of the blessed had floated by, and there had burst upon his senses the light of its surpassing glories and its sounds of sweet melody, and he saw clearly that there was a purer beauty rested upon every field, and a more heart-felt glow spread itself among all the families, and he could discern there peace, and piety, and benevolence, which put a moral gladness over every bosom, and united the whole society with one rejoicing sympathy with each other and with the beneficent Father of them all, could he further see that pain and mortality were unknown, and, above all, that signals of welcome were hung out, and an avenue of communication was made for him—perceive you not that what was before the wilderness would become the land of invitation, and that now the world would be the wilderness? What unpeopled space could not do, can be done by space teeming with beautiful scenes and beautiful society. And, let the existing tendencies of the heart be what they may, to the scene that is near and visibly around us, still, if another stood revealed to the prospect of man, either through the channel of faith or through the channel of his senses, then, without violence done to the constitution of his moral nature, may he die to the present world, and that stands in the distance away from it.

TOO LATE.

LET children be left unrestrained, undisciplined, and surrounded by all manner of inducements to bad living; they grow up thus, fall into evil ways, commit criminal acts, and, in course of time, are put into gaol. Then it is that our concern for them begins; and we now put them under training and discipline. But it is all *too late*. The habits have been fixed; the character has been formed; the criminal has been made. It is too late to reform him. We can not make him live his life backward.

How many good resolutions have been formed *too late*! "O, that I had begun earlier!" is the miserable outcry. Every day that has passed by has rendered the chances of amendment more hopeless. But life can not be un-lived, nor can habits once formed be uprooted. The victim is immured in the tomb which he himself has dug.

"Too late! the curse of life! Could we but read
In many a heart the thoughts that only bleed,
How oft were found
Engraven deep, those words of saddest sound—
Curse of our mortal state—
Too late! Too late!"

WANDERINGS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY REV. HENRY M. FIELD.

It was at the close of a beautiful day of spring that I first came in sight of the Mediterranean. I had been riding all day through the ancient province of Languedoc. I had visited the city of Nîmes, where vast and well-preserved ruins mark the period when the mighty hand of Rome ruled in ancient Gaul. This region had too a religious interest to me, as the country of the Albigenes, whose faith it still keeps. Nîmes is to this day the center of Protestantism in the south of France. And now, as the sun was sinking in the west, I was descending the hills at the base of which lies Marseilles. The Mediterranean was at my feet, and around me were France, Spain, Italy, and Africa.

Marseilles is a thriving commercial city, and has an air of activity about it which reminded me of America. Many of the streets are broad and lined with trees, which reminded me of the New Haven elms. Yet how far back into the night of time does its origin carry us! Three hundred years before Christ this city was founded—two thousand years before the world knew that a western continent existed!

Marseilles is seated, like Genoa, in a lap of hills, fronting the sea. It is girdled by a chain of mountains, which slope gradually down to the water. On one side it is flanked by a high promontory, on which are erected signals for telegraphing ships. Here, too, is a little chapel dedicated to Notre Dame de la Garde, which is decked with votive offerings of mariners saved from shipwrecks. I honor the religious feeling which, in being rescued from danger, recognizes the interposition of a superior power, though I could wish that these offerings had been made to God instead of the Virgin Mary.

Here on this promontory we may sit and yield ourselves to the reverie which the scene inspires. We soon forget the beauty of the mountains and the waters in the associations which throng upon us. Over all this beauty streams "the light of other ages." Beneath us are the same waters which bore the legions of Caesar. Not far to the north the elephants of Hannibal crossed the Rhone. The fleets of Rome, and Carthage, and Venice, all have glided here, and left "no furrow from the keel." The very air along these shores seems to resound with "the multitudinous tongues of nations," and the waters of the Mediterranean rippling far below us, seem like the distant ages of history rolling their murmur on the ear.

The ordinary route from the south of France to Italy is by steamer from Marseilles to Genoa. But I preferred to travel more slowly. So I took the diligence along the sea-shore, intending to stop at every place of interest.

My first ride brought me to Toulon. Here passed a day. The town itself is small and uninviting. The streets are narrow, and the city is surrounded by rocky, barren hills. But no traveler can ride through Toulon and see the flags flying in its harbor, and recall the scenes which these hills have witnessed without feeling that it has an interest of its own. This city is memorable as the place so long besieged in the French Revolution, and as being still the first

naval port of France. The first display of the military genius of Napoleon was as a lieutenant of artillery at the siege of Toulon. Out of this port he sailed a few years later with the expedition to Egypt, the same fleet which was destroyed by Nelson in the battle of the Nile.

I walked to the top of a hill which overlooks the city and harbor. On this hill stands a fortress in which at the time of my visit Abdel-Kader was confined. My curiosity to see "lions" is pretty well satiated, as I seldom find they roar quite as loud as I had expected; and often looking at the face of a great man destroys the pleasant illusion with which my imagination had invested him. But I should really have liked to see this lion of the desert. The man, who at the head of a few tribes, with a few squadrons of flying cavalry, has fought upon his sands against the whole power of France, and withstood that power for seventeen years—and that, too, on a neighboring coast, where the French could, and did bring against him a hundred thousand men, must possess extraordinary powers of endurance and of command over others. Now he resigns himself to his fate with the silent submission of a Mussulman. He and his fellow-captives are reserved and shy. As I walked around the fortifications I saw an Arab sunning himself on the top of an inner fortress. As soon as he perceived that I noticed him, he arose and walked away.

In the afternoon I visited the Arsenal and shipping; never before had I any adequate idea of the naval power of France. There are generally lying in this harbor thirty or forty ships of war. I walked under a long row of line-of-battle ships, and went on board of one four-decker, that carried a hundred and twenty guns. The yards were filled with cannon, among which I observed two mortars taken by the Prince de Joinville at the bombardment of San Juan d'Ulloa.

A painful sight to me here was the convicts, who are sentenced to work in the galleys. They are chained two and two; or if separate, are *anchored* by a heavy chain fastened to one leg so that they can not escape. Still they are allowed more liberty than the convicts in our prisons. They brought us little trinkets to sell. One of them amused us with a rat which he had tamed like a squirrel, and taught to come at his whistle, to run over him, and hide in his pocket. Our conductor told me there were five or six thousand convicts in this single navy-yard.

The next morning I left Toulon for Nice. The south of France in the season of spring is everywhere blossoming with the olive and the vine. We had to ride all night, but the mildness of the spring air, and the clearness of the sky, beguiled us of the sense of weariness. At midnight I was lolling in the diligence when I observed something on the horizon which looked like a white cloud. But it remained fixed. I looked again. It was the advanced guard of the Mediterranean Alps. We were climbing slowly up the breast of a mountain, and I got out and walked to the top. The night was beautiful. Not a cloud was to be seen. The moon was at her full, and shed a soft radiance over the earth and heaven. The mountain road up which we were toiling hung over a deep valley, and I paused often to

gaze bewildered on the scene, and to listen to the night wind, which was stirring the pine-trees, and to the waters which were rushing down the sides of the mountain.

Morning brought the Alps and the sea. At Cannes we passed a residence of Lord Brougham.

This great man had for many years an invalid daughter. This residence I presume was built for her, as the sea-air and the mild climate of the south of France are considered favorable to health. A little beyond Lord Brougham's estate we came on to the beach of the little bay, or cove, on which Napoleon, on his return from Elba, landed with a thousand followers, to contend for the crown of France—an attempt which would have been ridiculous, if its results had not made it sublime. It was like Columbus landing in an open boat to take possession of the New World.

I passed a Sunday at Nice, and was glad once more to see respect paid to this day. The shops were all closed. By this I knew that I was out of France. The people, too, were different. The Piedmontese have not the light forms and graceful motions of the French. They are rounder and heavier. Nor have they the same sprightliness and animation. But there is about them a simplicity and sincere kindness, a German heartiness of manner, which pleases me more than the outward polish of the French.

Nice was once a flourishing commercial city. It is at present famous as a watering-place, and is occupied by a colony of English invalids. It lies between the mountains and the sea, presenting a concave of hills to the southern sun. These are covered with orange and lemon orchards, with many a villa peeping out from the dense foliage. Thus by sun and shade the air of this soft climate is wooed to bring back health to the faded, sunken cheek.

At Nice commences the pass of the Maritime Alps. This Riviera Road is one of the most famous high-ways in Europe. It was begun by Napoleon on the same scale as the Simplon, and with the same object, to furnish a passage into Italy for the French armies. This coast road has an advantage over all other routes, in that it is the only pass of the Alps which is never blocked up by snow.

It is also more varied in scenery than the other Alpine passes, because, "like Marathon, it looks at once on the mountains and on the sea." From Nice all the way to Genoa the road hardly loses sight of the Mediterranean. Immediately on leaving Nice, it climbs over a spur of the Alps, and is elevated half a mile above the waves. Then it descends quite to the shore to find a footing. It clings to the side of the rock, where the headlands crowd into the water, and has in many places to be bolstered up by a wall built in the sea. Thus it presents a hundred picturesque points as it courses around the promontories, and curves into the numerous bays. At one moment the road pierces through a niche out high up in the side of the cliff. These long galleries at a distance seem to float away like a white ribbon stretched through the air. Again the road descends and skims along the beach. Thus, as the diligence races on, it seems alternately going up into the clouds and down into the deep.

The hills along this road are girdled with terraces to support orchards and vines. Not an inch of ground is lost. When I passed, it was the time for gathering the fruits. The trees by the roadside hung down heavy with ripe oranges, and laborers were gathering in the olives, which constitute the wealth of the country.

But what "towers" are these "along the steep?" Strange old ruins dot this whole coast, full of warlike legends as the castles on the Rhine. They were once proud fortresses, erected as defenses against the Barbary powers. A strange lesson that, which tells of a time when mighty Europe had to watch and guard against the tide of conquest which rolled from the African coast.

In the little village of Turbia is a ruin of an earlier date, a tower erected by the Romans to commemorate the victory of Augustus over the tribes of the Ligurian Alps. It was in this village, as tradition goes, that Cæsar said he had rather be the first man in that village than the second in Rome.

Alas, what has become of all the hopes and ambitions of Cæsar and of Rome! Let these ruins tell. I turn from such melancholy monuments to the rude wooden crosses that are erected along these mountain passes, and on the cliffs that overhang the sea, as the symbols of an Immortal Power. These are the standards of the only government on earth which has resisted the shocks of time—the only institution over which revolutions have no power.

FACES BY THE FIRE.

I PASS a window in the dusk of the evening. A broad stream of light flows across the darkening street, and shines against the opposite wall. The blaze flashes in my eyes, and, but for an instant, unconsciously I turn aside to meet it. I catch but a glimpse of the interior of a home, but it is enough. Through a screen of green leaves, I see a group of merry faces by the fire, the cheerful blaze making "a sunshine in the shady place." The light flashes upon the features of a beautiful girl, with a laughing child upon her knee; a little ruddy fellow is crouched at her feet, and a cheerful-looking old dame, in spectacles, busy at her knitting, from which for a moment she looks up to watch the gambols of the youngsters, occupies the further side of the hearth. There is another figure, that of a man, with his back toward me, on the opposite side; doubtless the fire brightens his face, too, but the faces of the women and the children are enough. What is a cheerful fireside without them? they are the precious jewels which glitter and shine around the happy hearths, and make light and beauty there even in the saddest hours. Like white flowers in the dusk, they cheer and hallow it—they speak of the thousand hopes and joys which cluster about a home—they are the emblems of virtue, cheerfulness, beauty, and divine comfort.

Burke has said that "to love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the germ of all public affections." Yes, unless the faces shine by the fire, they will shine no where else. If we feel not warmed by the fire which glows about the hearthstone—we mean the affection and love which are its true moral glow—how can we feel affection and sympathy for those

who compass us about in ever-widening circles in the outer world! All genial warmth emanates from the home; it is there the affections are first moved, and there the heart is first attuned to human sympathy. You see that child laughing in the full glow of the firelight—it is drinking in impressions which will last its life out. The little child is formed by love, its character is molded by love, its future is determined by love.

Have you seen the child's face by the fire, half concealed in his mother's lap, while, knelt there, he whispered out the faint accents of prayer which she had first taught him, and which he never after forgets! She it was who first told him of God and heaven, and by her daily example inspired him with love of holiness. And even though the child, when grown up into manhood, has gone astray, and the chain of love which bound him to the home has been snapped, the links still drag at his heels, and he is never happy till they are bound together again.

The bright fire is *the eye of the home*; it bespeaks cheerfulness, peace, cleanliness, comfort. About it the small sweet courtesies of life—in which there is no parade nor affectation, which manifest themselves in kind words and affectionate looks—cluster naturally and gracefully. The seeds of love are fostered by its genial warmth, and the faces by the fire look bright through affection and lively intercourse. The cheerful fire indicates domesticity, love of home, and humanity. Even though the circle be a small one, there are larger circles beyond; and still it is the center of a congeries of rays which extend beyond the home, and warm the world without, even to far outer circles. The root is hid in the home, but the branches extend into the glad daylight of society and public life.

Faces by the fire! how many pictures spring to view at the words! how the poets of England have reveled around the fireside and the home—the great national temple of our race! Longfellow has written his delicious poems of "The Fireside." You remember his "Fire of Drift-wood:"

"We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

Off died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap, and then expire.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were, indeed, too much akin!
The drift-wood fire without that burned—
The thoughts that burned and glowed within!"

Then there are his lines on the "Twilight" by the fireside, certainly the most luxurious point of time which a fireside can present—the time when old recollections are brought forth, and old stories told, and old poetry talked of, and old songs chanted—music at such a time opening the windows of the soul, and letting heaven peep in. At such a time the feeling of *musiness* is delicious; perhaps the wind blows without, but all is warmth and comfort within.

Even the Italian poets, whose skies are in a glow, have been inspired by the home fire, and felt that human faces looked the brighter by its light. Alfieri

makes a commodious fireplace the climax of his wishes with regard to lodging; and old Horace tempts his friends to visit him by the promise of a neat room and a sparkling fire:

"Dissolve figas, Igna super fovee
Large reponens."

Or, as Dryden translates it:

"With well-heaped logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fire."

Then there is this exquisite little cabinet picture, painted by Milton, a master of description, and a true lover of home and home joys:

"Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth."

Of course, as there are children about a family fireside, there will be lively prattle, mirth, and laughter, which comes of freedom. In the glad firelight the young heart rejoices; for the time, merriment suffices. Pleasantry in the home is like the flowers which often float around the margin of deep streams, beautifying the solemn waters of life. The heart will be free and will dance no where if not in the home. Young nature is ever happy:

"The young, they laugh: laughs not the sky?
The winds, they laugh as they pass by;
The sun, he laughs, and Nature's face
Beams with a joyous, laughing grace.
Yes, laughing, ever she renews
The verdant fields her morning dews."

"Yes," exclaims Theophilus Trinal, "we will sing, and we will laugh, and rejoice in the lily-work; but we will also be 'wise of heart' concerning the 'pillars' of the world—the great truths of conscience, the peril and the worth of free beings, the saving and perfecting love—by which truths alone can our well-being and the well-being of our race be secured."

Speaking of the prattle of children about the fireside, reminds us of a touching passage in the life of Dr. Kitto, whom an accident in early life deprived of the faculty of hearing, wherein he says, in language of deep pathos, "*I never heard the voices of any of my children.*" The reader, of course, knows this; but the fact, as stated in plain words, is almost shocking. Is there any thing on earth so engaging to a parent as to catch the first lisplings of his infant's tongue? or so interesting as to listen to its dear prattle, and trace its gradual mastery of speech? If there be any one thing, arising out of my condition, which more than another fills my heart with grief, it is this; it is to see their blessed lips in motion, and to hear them not; and to witness others moved to smiles and kisses by the sweet peculiarities of infantile speech which are incommunicable to me, and which pass by me like the idle wind."

Thus, how many of our richest blessings are unthought of till they have been taken away! Even the light of the sun is scarcely valued, because it comes to us daily, and we regard it as a thing of course. And the sunshine of the heart is unnoticed and scarce felt till, alas! it has gone down in darkness, and then we awake to a sense of the blessing we have lost.

New Books.

WE find on our table this month the following interesting books, all from the press of Robert Carter & Brothers, of New York:

1. **THE LOST SENSES. DEAFNESS AND BLINDNESS.** By Dr. Kütze.—The work is well written, and abounds with interesting anecdotes, and incidents of personal history in the life of the deaf and the blind.

2. **AMERICA AS I FOUND IT.** By Mrs. Duncan.—Mrs. Duncan is a Scotch lady, and has written a work much more complimentary to America than usually emanates from the mind of any foreigner.

3. **INDIAN TRIBES OF GUIANA.** By Rev. W. H. Brett.—Mr. Brett is a British missionary in Guiana, and he has furnished us a very valuable work respecting a country and a people of which little has been heretofore known.

4. **FAR OFF.** By the Author of *Peep of Day*.—This book contains interesting notices, with anecdotes and illustrations of Asia and Australia.

5. **THE RAINBOW IN THE NORTH; a short account of the First Establishment of Christianity in Rupert's Land by the Church Missionary Society.** By S. Tucker.

6. **THE FOLDED LAMB; or, Memorials of an Infant Son.** By his Mother.—This is a beautiful tribute of affection to the memory of an angelic child, who, like every thing of surpassing loveliness, passed early away.

7. **WHEAT OR CHAFF.** By the Rev. J. C. Kyle, Author of *Living or Dead*.—The following is the list of essays in this work: Wheat or Chaff. Watch. Prove all Things. Are you Regenerate? How should a child be trained? Be not slothful, but followers.

8. **THE MYSTERY SOLVED, or Ireland's Miseries: the Grand Cause and Cure.** By the Rev. Edward Marcus Dill.—Mr. Dill is a Presbyterian missionary agent, and he treats the Roman Catholic religion of Ireland in terms no way complimentary.

9. **CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.** By Caroline Fry. With an Autobiography of the Author.—This is a very pious and devout work.

10. **SONGS IN THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE. Selected and Arranged by a Lady.**—This is judicious selection of religious poetry, one extract for every day in the year. The volume is inscribed to the bereaved, the sorrowing, the weary, and the heavy laden.

These volumes are got up in beautiful style. Indeed, we have seldom seen any thing in the book line more neat and tasteful. They are of convenient size, good shape, good paper, clear type, and handsome binding.

A NEW HARMONY OF THE GOSPELS. Illustrated by Maps and Engravings. By James Strong, A. M. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—This work is an octavo volume of near six hundred pages, and as a specimen of typography we have not seen its superior. It consists of a parallel and combined arrangement on a new plan of the narratives of the four Evangelists, according to the authorized translation, and a continuous commentary with brief notes subjoined. A supplement is also furnished, containing extended chronological and topographical dissertations and a complete analytical index. Altogether the volume is a most valuable accession to our Biblical literature. Mr. Strong's character for scholarship is well known, and the religious public will be placed under great obligations to him for the skill and care with which he has marked his present labors. We doubt not the work will command a prompt sale and an extensive circulation. Its beautiful print, in connection with its fine engravings, is not its least attractive feature. On sale by Swormstedt & Poe. Price \$3, with usual discount to wholesale purchasers.

We would say that there is generally on our table a lamentable dearth of books for notice. We like to read, and to notice books; but we can not describe what is not before us. If publishers give us the opportunity, we shall deal by them fairly. But they must not expect us to make "bricks without straw."

Periodicals.

AMONG the most valued of the periodicals on our table is the **NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW**, for July, 1852. This is the oldest of the American quarterlies, and we believe older than any of our monthlies. We remember it among the earliest of our literary recollections. It has always maintained a high character for dignity and talent. The present number contains articles on Mackay's Progress of the Intellect, College Education in England and America, The Works of Daniel Webster, Lord Mahon's History of England, Paul's King Alfred, Taylor's Wesley and Methodism, and Stephen's Lectures on the History of France. The writer of the review of Taylor's Wesley and Methodism speaks thus of Charles Wesley as a poet: "With a rhythmical ear, a clarified taste, and a tender sympathy with every phasis and transition of spiritual experience, an emotional nature always profoundly moved, an intimate conversance with the Scriptures, and a lyric-dramatic power of elaborating all their materials, whether of history, doctrine, precept, or prophecy, he became the life and soul of the new movement; and it is due to him to say, that, however inane the preaching may be, it is impossible that a Methodist congregation should part unimpressed and unedified. In their metrical form, in their musical cadence and mellifluous flow, his hymns occupy the first place, and an almost solitary eminence in the English language. They can hardly be read unmusically, and almost sing themselves. Then, too, it has been well said of them, that they are not written on abstract subjects—such as faith, humility, resignation—but always represent the religious life in one of its concrete states or movements, so that each might be assumed as a leaf of autobiography." While the writer appreciates Wesley, he fails to understand and appreciate American Methodism. But this is nothing unusual with New England men, educated in the doctrines and usages of Puritanism. They can not possibly comprehend the spirit, genius, and economy of Methodism.

THE SOUTHERN REPOSITORY AND COLLEGE REVIEW presents the following table of contents: The Maine Temperance Law. The Two Hills. English Orthodoxy. American Colleges. The Agreeable Useful. Song of the Converted Heathen. Power of Poetry. The True Palladium of American Liberty. The Universe of Mind and of Matter. God Created Man good and happy, and all things to render him happy. Album Poetry. A Voice of Vernal Beauty. Spring. Taste and Neatness in the Door-Yard. Shreds of Science and Art. Editorial Miscellany. Literary Notices. This is a quarterly conducted by the Faculty of Emory and Henry College, among whom we recognize the names of some who have been our associates and pupils many years ago, at the old Seminary, on the beautiful hill, at whose base flow the waters of the Kennebec. To them, fellow-laborers in the cause of education and of periodical literature, we tender the hand of mutual fellowship and brotherly affection.

THE OHIO STATE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, published under the auspices of the Ohio State Teachers' Association, abounds in essays of great interest to teachers and friends of common schools.

THE 440th number of **BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE**, reprinted by Leonard Scott, contains articles, able and interesting, on Policy of the Protectionists, Five Years in the West Indies, Fortune-Hunting Extraordinary, Ferguson and the Plotter, Carmina Lusoria, Thoughts upon Dinners, Fragments of Poetry, and the Great Question. The great question with Blackwood, of course, regards the state of the British nation, whose conservative interests he regards as in imminent danger. Well, it may be so. But what if, among the revolutions of time, the British Constitution should undergo radical changes? Though change be not always improvement, yet any change likely to occur at this day, in England, would most likely be for the better. The people could hardly lose any thing by the change. They are, in England, too intelligent and too brave to suffer their government to fall into the hands of ambitious tyranny. England is not France, and no Napoleon could succeed in the British Isles as he has on the Continent.

Editor's Cable.

A MORNING has past, gentle reader, since last we met—a summer month of bright sunshine and of gorgeous beauty. How have you passed the time? Has your heart been joyous as the sunshine, or has a shadow fallen on it? Has your brow been wreathed with light, or darkened by clouds? Has your home been merry with the cheerful voice of childhood, or has there gone up from your family circle the voice of wailing and of woe at the departing from among you of the beautiful and the lovely? Has Health shed her joyous smiles on your household, or have you stood by the bedside of suffering and of disease during the long summer day, and during mild, still nights, watching the fitting changes which were passing and repassing over the brow of your loved one?

The month has passed, and with it has passed forever many a scene of joy and of sadness, which can never recur again, but which has left its effects marked indelible on the heart and on the destiny of man. To the past there is no return. On the shores of the present we part with the past. It and we sail each on our way, in directions diametrically opposite, into a shoreless, fathomless sea, nor even meet we again. There is no return of the past stages of human life—of childhood with its halcyon joys, of youth with its hope and its love, of manhood with its sober energy. There is no return of the associations, of the feelings, or of the sentiments of the past. We may return, after long years of absence, to the home of our childhood; we may ramble again, as of yore, over the hills, and along the vale, and by the brook; we may listen again to the robin that used to sing to us in the spring-time of the year and of life; we may chase again the butterfly over the plain; we may call again flowers by the wayside, but all will not restore to us the feelings and the sentiments of the past. Gone, forever gone from us is the past. With us is the present, with its duties, its hopes, and anxieties. Before us is the dim and misty future, with its undeveloped influences. To meet it let us go forth, firm in resolve, and confident in Providence.

Fast approaching are the mild and pleasant days of autumn. In the neighborhood of some of the readers of the Repository the landscape already exhibits the somber effects of the falling year. About our own native home the flowers are already touched with frost, and the leaves of the forest-trees are exhibiting in their decay, like the dying dolphin, colors of beauty unknown amid the luxuriance of summer's life. But around our western home there appear yet no marks of change. The grass is green as in May, the leaves on the trees yet dance bright in the sunshine, the flowers yet bloom in beauty, and myriads of tuneful insects make the pleasant night joyous with their song. But on us, too, and on our pleasant home, are coming soon the changes of the year. We may not long escape the biting frost and the chilling winds. The leaves will fall, the flowers fade, and the beauty of earth depart. Winter, with her boisterous step and stern mien, will come, and spread her white winding-sheet over all the beauty and the bloom of earth.

Nor can we ourselves escape the universal law of change. Time will write wrinkles on the brow and tinge the fair hair with gray. The heart, so susceptible to the least touch of emotion in childhood, will become in maturity sedate and quiet amid the commotion around us. There may have occurred in our history events which have so deeply moved the heart, that when it has once again settled in the quiet of resignation, or it may be of despair, no slight occurrence can succeed in affecting it. We learn from disappointment, from sorrow, from bereavement, to bear with patience, with resignation, with philosophy, with the composure of Christian reliance, all the minor ills of life. It may be that it is well for us to suffer early that we may become strong to endure. By suffering more than by joy is the heart prepared for the stern and commanding duties of life.

To the kind affections of our gentle readers we commend the present number of the Repository. You will meet in its pages the well-known name and the familiar face of old contributors, who have been identified with the work from near the beginning of its existence. The presence of these tried old friends will be welcome among your household gods. We would hope, whatever changes the Repository may undergo, it may never

lose the presence and support of its early friends and its ever-welcome contributors. Those who have in other years had charge of its editorial interests have ceased not, when their official connection with it has closed, to calve in its pages by their contributions. Thus may they ever do. May they never, in the more extended circle in which they may move, or the higher sphere in which they may labor, forget to gladden, often as circumstances may allow, the face of the child of their care in other days by their words of encouragement and of counsel! And the contributors, too, who have held through the pages of the Repository their monthly conference with the readers for so many years, would we solicit still to aid in sustaining and rendering useful the enterprise. Some of the most valued of our contributors we miss, alas! from our list. They are gone—gone from among us—forever gone from earth. Their memory would we cherish. Their virtues would we recall. It is our intention, if not as editor, as regular contributor, as we have been for many years, to give brief sketches of the history and the virtues of those whose names, having become familiar to our readers, have been struck from our list, and added to the register in heaven.

The reader will observe among our contributors some new names. We hope yet to obtain the services of others who will render themselves, by their talents and virtues, endeared to our patrons. No changes in the form, style, or manner of conducting the Repository will be made this year. What improvements may be made in the next volume we are not now prepared to promise. There has been as yet no opportunity for consultation. We are assured, however, that whatever improvements may be deemed attainable will be adopted. The Agents are disposed to be liberal of outlay in order to meet all the reasonable expectations of their patrons. The Book Committee will use all their discretion, counsel, wisdom, and experience in deciding all matters which, by the Discipline of the Church, may come before them, to give efficiency and usefulness to the enterprise. The contributors will do their best to add interest to our columns. At an early day the first number of the next volume will be issued, when we may be able more fully than now to give the reader assurances for the future. At present it may be sufficient to say, that all parties interested in the Repository are resolved to spare no pains to make it fully meet the wants, wishes, and hopes of its patrons.

Some improvement is deemed necessary in our plates. We greatly prefer landscape scenes to mere fancy faces, or old ruins, or solitary structures. We can not, however, always easily procure precisely the kind of picture we prefer. Arrangements are making for a good selection of interesting views, which can but please the eye of taste. It is generally thought that the music may be omitted from our pages, and its place supplied, and its cost, which is considerable, appropriated to something of more general interest to our readers. We are ardent admirers, even passionate lovers of music. It has power to elevate the soul to thoughts of purity and of heaven. We advise in all families, where from circumstances it may be possible, the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music. We do not, however, deem it necessary to furnish our readers every month new music, as there is already easily attainable from other sources an exhaustless supply. We propose, however, faithfully to appropriate the expense saved to some desirable improvement.

We would solicit our patrons to renew their subscriptions for the next year, and to use their influence in inducing their friends and neighbors to subscribe. They may rely on the earnest efforts of those to whose care the Repository may be committed to make it ever, as we believe it ever has been, a welcome visitor in your families, bringing on its arrival stores of literary matter, in good taste, agreeable style, and of healthful influence.

And now, kind reader, for the present, good-by. Who knows but ere another number of our magazine is issued some of you who read these paragraphs may be silent! Death is ever waiting at your door. Each autumn leaf that trembles at your feet, seared and blighted, is a monitor which whispers, "Death!" All things around you have the same warning. We would, therefore, recommend a preparation.



OLD BOSTON FROM THE

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, written in cursive script.

OLD BOSTON

OLD BOSTON FROM THE

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1852.

THE INNER WORLD.

BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

AY, there is an inner world, and into it I would invite you. I would not depreciate the outer; it is worthy to be occupied—worthy to be studied, even by angels—worthy, though cursed, of its almighty Maker; its paths—so full of melody, and fragrance, and beauty—are fitted to lead to heaven, and the starry vault which overhangs them is a suitable portico to God's eternal temple. Praised be God for the world of matter, and all its accompaniments!—for the air, which not only fans the lungs and purifies the stream of life, but, at our bidding, wafts our most secret thoughts and feelings to our beloved fellow-minds; for the waters, which not only fertilize and refresh the earth, but bind its continents and islands into one brotherhood; for the light, whose vibrations enable us to touch the most distant planet, and whose rich beams overspread both earth and sky with charms!

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man;
So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die." WORDSWORTH.

Praised be God for the body of mysterious senses and capacities—worthy to be the servant of a rational soul during its earthly pilgrimage, and, after having been purified in the tomb, to become a partaker of her everlasting life!

But there is another world—a world which the "vulture's eye hath not seen and the lion's whelps have not trodden"—a world whence float all those thoughts that flow over the universe and make it a volume of truth—a world in which, scorning the present, we range at will the future or the past, and, heedless of place, we share infinity with God.

When shall we enter into it? Not prematurely: "tarry at Jericho until your beard be grown." Nature designs that the early years of life should be devoted chiefly to the development of the body; hence she entices her new-born man to the green bosom of the earth, and the warm embraces of the

sun, and the full baptism of the fresh and fragrant air; hence, too, she fires him with irresistible longings to see, to taste, to feel, to leap exulting in his new-made powers. Thus she nourishes, and cherishes, and molds him into man; thus she gives him

"A spirit to her rocks skin,
The eye of the hawk and the fire therein."

At the same time she fences up the borders of the inner world. Meanwhile the goodly land of thought is germinating; and about the time of its first ripe grapes, when the outer world loses some of its charms, let the inner open its gates. This opening, however, requires patience, perseverance, retirement. Perceptions being more vivid than conceptions, we can not without effort attend to the latter in exclusion of the former. When we turn the mind's eye inward, we must either resign ourselves to the train of suggested thought from which we awake as from a dream, or we must fix our attention upon some one of the series, in which case we soon become weary, as one listening to the same frequently repeated note. If we attempt to analyze our mental state we become perplexed; for although in the outer world we are familiar with the succession of events, in the inner we find all at first in confusion. No wonder we usually remain in the wilderness of external things till some strong passion, or sense of duty, or accidental circumstance, impels us inward. Alas, how many pass through life without scarce feeling that there is a world within him!

Vancanson, the celebrated mechanic, had his taste for mechanics excited accidentally. In his boyhood he was frequently shut up in a room where there was nothing but a clock; to amuse himself he studied its construction, till, at length, he became acquainted with its parts and their relations and uses. Ever afterward he found his delight in mechanics.

Happy for many a man would it be if he could be shut up where there was not even a clock, so that he might be forced to examine the wonderful machinery of the spiritual time-piece—the immortal soul—till he understood its parts, relations, and uses! How much more likely would he be to set it by the Sun of Righteousness, that its pendulum

might swing in symphony with the spheres, and its hands go round the circle of duty in harmony with the heavens! Habitual inattention to the outer world greatly promotes attention to the inner. The more we live the life of sensation the less we do the life of reflection. "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, for they are contrary to each other." It is said of Democritus that he put out his eyes in order that he might study philosophy. The story is probably untrue; but it is certain that Poesy put out the eyes of Homer and of Milton before she lifted the veil from their glorious spirits. I pity you not, blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle, as you roll in vain your quenched eyeballs to find a ray of light, for so much the more melodious was the epic that you warbled through the listening cities of your native seas! Nor thee, thou second Homer, but greater than the first, do I pity, as you sweep from your well-tuned lyre those plaintive pentameters:

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me."

No; I pity you not, because so much the more didst thou wander "where the Muses haunt"—so much the more did "celestial light shine inward," and raise up things invisible to mortal sight.

The patience, study, and retirement requisite that we may look inward will be well rewarded; for,

1. The inner world is a new one. The youth usually knows as little of it as of foreign land. He has, it is true, vague ideas of it, as he has of orange groves and palm-trees of which he has read but never seen. It were glorious to discover even an unknown island. Columbus, as he was approaching the New World, was accustomed to close each day, in the midst of his assembled sailors, on deck, with a solemn meditation and a hymn of praise to God. On the evening before he saw the land, and while he was gazing at the indications of its near presence, he sat musing at the stern, and as he inquired, "What is the world upon which I am entering? who are its inhabitants? how will they receive me? and what will be the consequences of my landing to myself, to Spain, to the world?" his feelings became overwhelming. But within your breast, immortal man, there is a still more glorious world. Columbus could take possession of America in the name of his sovereign only; he was to leave it almost as soon as he touched it; he could not give so much as his own name to its shores. The undiscovered continents of thought that lie within your breast you may name, and hold, and occupy at will and forever. That country which Columbus discovered was seen by millions of eyes before he saw it, and has been by millions since; but the world within you is

unlike all others, and no eye but yours can behold its scenes or trace its revolutions, except the all-seeing One.

2. This world is one of *beauty*. Lovely as is the outer world, it has no beauty in comparison with the exceeding beauty of the inner. The beauty of material things is but one; that of the mind is threefold—the beauty of the present, of the past, and of the future. I know that not *all* within is beautiful. There are marks even in the soul of dislocation and disorder; there are chaams, and storms, and deserts, often more awful than those of the external world; yet over the whole a grandeur, like to that of archangel ruined, reigns. The heavens and the earth are drawn within us in those forms in which the soul has most delight; the past, too, is there, according to the affinities of our minds. It is prevailing disposition that paints the panorama of remembered thought, and cherished joys that display the figures of the foreground; and as the canvas of memory stretches, the more charming scenes of the foreground acquire greater relative prominence, so that remembrance gives us, with ever-increasing vividness, the scenes of our earlier and happier hours, when Nature presented itself to us with all the freshness, and beauty, and purity of youth to our light and loving hearts. The village green of our boyish gambols, and the oak which first shaded our heads, and the bower where we first told our love, are the first objects on which the inner eye rests when it turns to the past. And then the persons—who are they? Those whom we first loved—and how? in their happiest moods and their sweetest expression. Do they now slumber in the narrow house? We see them not writhing in the agonies of the death-bed, or cold and motionless in the shroud. Memory can say, "O, Death, where is thy sting! O, Grave, where is thy victory!" for she gives us back the dead even in the loveliest forms they wore. The poor, bereaved Irish emigrant, when he forgets the desolation of the present, and looks into the past, sees not the darkness of the tomb. Hark!

"I am sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side."

What does he see? Hark!

"And the springing corn, and the bright May men,
When first you were my bride."

Even though the specters of past sins and the shadows of departed sorrows arise, they come before us with softened and solacing tints, and melt the soul into a salutary tenderness, which is often felt to be luxurious. The future, too, is within. Hope—the busy artist of the mind—runs forward and paints the approaching scenes in light; and though the picture perpetually vanishes or darkens behind him, the mental limner never tires, but rushes onward, ever busy and ever brightening the future. The beauties of nature are *fixed*; not so the beauties of the mind—they are changeable at will. As the genius pores over his mental treasures,

"Anon ten thousand shapes,
 Like specters trooping to the wizard's call,
 Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,
 From ocean's bed they come; the eternal heavens
 Disclose their splendors, and the dark abyss
 Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
 He marks the rising phantoms: now compares
 Their different forms, now blends them, now divides,
 Enlarges, and extenuates by turns,
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
 And infinitely varies."

The beauties of nature are attended with deformities. The mind can present us with thornless roses and unmingled fragrance. Milton's Eden blooms with beauties that can be combined only in the soul.

The beauty of the inner world is an *independent* one. It is only poetically that matter can be said to have beauty at all; philosophically, beauty, like color and fragrance, belongs exclusively to spirit—

"Mind alone. Bear witness earth and heaven,
 The living fountain in itself contains
 Things beautiful and sublime! Here, hand in hand,
 Sit paramount the graces. Here enthroned
 Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
 Invites the soul to never-fading joys."

The outward world, I know, wakes up the beauty alumbering within; but, in return for the favor, the soul throws its own charms over its senseless forms. He who would see a paradise without must first make a paradise within; then as his soul passes out through the senses, she will make ever new discoveries of beauty from the reflected hues of her own fancy, and will give every hill and promontory a new name, and derive from it a new joy, from its resemblance to some picture which the inner eye alone has seen. Hyperides once pleaded for a guilty woman; but finding that his eloquence was vain, he drew the veil from the beautiful bosom of his client, and won his cause. O could I but expose the beauties of your own breasts, I need not add,

3. That the inner world is a *sublime* one. Great extent is sublime. Hence, in part, the sublimity of the sky, the expanded seas. He who is confined within the boundaries of sense dwells in a narrow house; he who abides within occupies a large space. Deprived of all his senses, he may walk abroad, and, even on his couch of straw, enjoy a liberty that tyrants might envy, and a range that sensualists can never know. Is depth sublime? Who has stood upon the verge of the precipice, and looked from cliff to cliff? did not his eyes grow dim and his brain reel? God has said, "The heart is deep." Plummet line may fathom ocean; but who hath sounded the depths of human passion, or human reason, or human will? In thy breast is the whole history of man, past and to come, in epitome; for in it are the fountains whence all human actions flow. Look into the deep well of thy heart, and thou shalt see down into the heart of Adam. From the depths of thy reason thou canst draw up the ladder that raised Newton to the skies. Untutored slave though you may be, within

thee are all the elementary principles of that philosopher's immortal demonstrations. Although thou canst not take the dimensions of the rice-field that limits thy labors, thou hast within thy mind the mathematics that can measure and weigh the most distant planet in space. Is swiftness sublime? Ask the lightning. But thought mocks its laxy foot. It touches all things with a celerity that is nearly equivalent to ubiquity; for it oversteps a space that, for its distance, can scarce be measured, in a time that, for its shortness, can scarce be noted. Is mystery sublime? How mysterious are the faculties of the mind! Imagination is the image of omnipresence. It soars backward, or upward, or downward, as on wings of light; or rushing onward, with the mien and the majesty of an angel, it may cross the boundaries of creation, and having perched on the limits of possibility, may spread its triumphant wing, and proudly perform its gyrations on the clouds beyond. Memory is the image of omniscience. It unrolls a canvas on which earth and skies are outspread; so that though the eye may be closed, the soul, within its little tenement, can examine all the hues and forms of sensible things in its impressions of the past. It sends its telegraphic wires back to the green of our earliest gambols, and, pushing its magnetic lines through the tomb, it brings us messages from eternity—the thousand joys, and kindnesses, and loves of the lost and redeemed ones. Reason is the image of divine wisdom. It gives us a knowledge of relations—in proportion to which our views expand. With nothing but perception, conception, and consciousness, we are fettered in mind as one bound to a stake would be in body. By tracing relations, we break our chains, and extend our walks farther and farther through the universe. Reason often, like the architect, looks along the chain of causes and effects, and sees results of which the agents that are to produce them have no conception. How little progress would men make without its speculations! Say that speculation is a shadow; yet by a shadow Thales learned to measure a pyramid. Say, with Aristophanes, that philosophy is in the clouds; if some one had not been there, who would have calculated eclipses? Say, if you will, that the lines of scientific light are intangible and imaginary; so are the solstices and ecliptic; but the sun observes them, and the heavens are taught by them, and the year is divided by them, and commerce, and history, and law, and love fall into order by their guidance. Say, if you will, that the speculative reason wheels in air; and what shall we say of the earth which spins on nothing yet bears you safely? You rejoice in maps, and dial plates, and steam-engines, and railways, and telegraphs; but all, all, were first drafted in the reasoning soul, as the universe was drafted in the mind of God before it uprose from chaos. Even when the labors of enlightened reason do not result in any material benefit, still they are always improving, always desirable, always grand. How superhuman

appears Pythagoras pointing out that system of the universe which it required twenty centuries of subsequent observation and study to demonstrate! How grand Seneca, when in remote antiquity he predicts the discovery of a new world upon our planet! How angelic Roger Bacon, projecting his mind so far forward of his age that his cotemporaries deemed him an infernal being, and subsequent times, whose discoveries he had anticipated, looked back upon him as a supernatural one!

How grand a movement of mind is generalization! What a wonderful pregnancy does it give to words! Each general term is a swarming city of thoughts—a word may describe a weight which the planet Jupiter could not carry on his bosom, and a few figures, that we play with as a child with its toys, may be made to lift the screen from the immensities of Jehovah's works.

And what shall we say of the will? which says to the wilderness, bloom, and it is as the garden of Eden; which says to the mountain, be open, and the bowels of the rock are blasted out; which makes a path through the sea, and a pillar of cloud and fire, on an iron pathway, through the desert; which tames the tiger, and maketh a plaything of the lion; which grasps the impending thunderbolt, and hides its powerless flash in the bosom of the earth? And O what awful power does the will sometimes exert within the dominions of the soul! See that martyr laid upon the rack! Every limb is stretched, and every nerve thrills with agony. A single word, and the prisoner will be relieved and restored to his friends. How shall he avoid uttering it? Will not his *intellect* rebel? Will not his *heart* cry out? Will not his *tongue*, for an instant, break loose? Wait and see. Hark! the heavy instrument falls, and a bone is broken, and the sharp fragments pierce through the quivering flesh. An interval follows—a dreadful interval—and, in the midst of the agony, the executioner demands the word of recantation; but that tongue which utters forth groans that make a city shudder lips not a syllable. Slowly the instrument descends again, and another bone is broken, and another, till every limb is in fragments, and the whole body lies lacerated and bleeding; and now the executioner approaches, and the dews of death are upon the martyr's brow, and though the tongue speaks sweetly and freely of Jesus, and of the land where the weary rest, it is mute as the grave as to recantation. Zeno, on the rack, lest his tongue should betray him, bit it off, and spit it out in the face of his judge. The human will is, perhaps, the most sublime of all things. That Power which wields the lightning and moves the storm, which scatters worlds through space as the husbandman casts seed into the furrow, which by a look of terror could blast the universe, suffers the will of man to rise up against itself. How terrible looks the fabled Atreus, glutted with his banquet of revenge, when the justice of the gods comes down upon the feast! Bolt after bolt falls on every

side, yet the untamed will of the rebel, as if in triumph, looks up from the sea of fire, and cries, "Thunder, ye powerless gods; I am avenged." And such a scene—yea, and more dreadful—do we see every day enacted in the sinner's breast, where the will sits, amid the ruins of the soul, an outcast from God, and, though on earth, like Satan in the pit, saying, in its desolation, as it approaches the tomb,

"Hail, horrors! hail!
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor."

There is a power behind the will as awful as the will itself—the heart. This is the image of creative energy. To a great extent it shapes the character, molds the words, and directs the actions of men. Give me a perfect knowledge of a man's heart, and I can give you his character and course in general results. The judgment, I know, is the informer of the heart, and the memory, and the fancy, and the will, and the conscience, and the providence of God, are its checks and modifiers; but upon all of these, except the last, it has a reflex and most potent influence: sometimes blinding the judgment, giving tone to the fancy, forcing the will, and perverting the conscience. Hence, it is that part of our nature upon which chiefly the fires of depravity burn, and upon which, too, the dews of grace distill.

We are accustomed to give too much credit to intellect in the works of creative genius. Poetry, eloquence, etc., are the spontaneous results of influences little heeded and little understood. Genius, in its happiest moods, when throwing the hues of sensible things over the regions of the spirit, or the coloring of the soul over the scenery of the earth, is but sweetly yielding to the laws that shape the thoughts of the infant on his hobby. While the poet may think that he is steering his heart, his heart may be directing him, telling him where to stop in his spiritual journey, compelling him to survey the scenery around him, and even pointing him to the very colors in which he should dip his brush. The philosopher who is indignant at the prejudices of others may have his own intellect tinged with unperceived prejudices, expressed in the very words in which he declaims against the errors that he exposes. The revolt of the common mind at what seems artificial, and the great law of criticism which condemns every thing that does not seem natural, shows how little of the achievements of genius are due to his volition. To give the mind such a tone that its spontaneous suggestions shall be worthy to be uttered—this is the labor of the heart.

The heart is the index to the faculty of association. Every hill, and river, and blossom which presents itself to us opens a department of thought, and lets loose a crowd of images, grand or mean, useful or pernicious, according to our previous trains of thought; and these trains of thought depend chiefly upon the heart. To the holy, for example,

every scene brings the animating revelations of Scripture, and awakens the transporting hopes and exalting charities of the child of God; his mind always moves on consecrated ground, and his march is in a triumphal procession of sanctified saints to glory and to God; he communes with the white-robed and pure, and lives rather in the tranquil past or the jubilant future than in the dull and sinful present. For him roses are roses of Sharon, and lilies are fragrant with incense. For him Christ stands and teaches amid his apostolic band, or even in the desert; and angels leave their heavenly bowers to gather round his new-born soul in the hour of sorrow and of trial.

And who does not know the influence of the heart on the judgment? Why do poets sing better and oftener of a lost than a recovered Paradise? Why is it that genius planted in the soil of righteousness and the air of worship produces only a few fading leaves, while in the ashes of sin and the atmosphere of moral death it breaks out into gorgeous luxuriance? Why is it that the Hebrew melodies are sought after by the few, while the Don Juan is craved by millions? Why is it that the works of wickedness are often as impressive as the tempest, while the melting beams of holiness are unheeded as the sun? It is because of the power of the heart to warp the judgment.

The heart is the source of inventive genius. Will can not bring up a single thought; the heart is the wizard that evokes, shapes, and directs them all. I know it does not make thought any more than the mountains make the springs that gush from their grassy sides; but, like the volcano, it heaves up mountains within the mind, and makes a channel which gathers up and whirls the spiritual waters as they fall, and rolls them in deeper and deeper currents to the sea. It does more: it disturbs the electricity of the mental clouds, and opens the sluices of the inner skies. Let the heart be excited, and the mind needs no schoolmaster in order to express itself. What one man feels he can make another feel. I would not despise criticism or rhetoric, but we had Homer and Pericles before either. Love can pour music from its throat without a gamut; can ascend the sky, like the prophet, in its own chariot of fire; can thunder and lighten like unto him that walketh upon the wings of the wind. Don't undertake to instruct it. The eagle in his eyrie needs no anatomy in order to fold his wings around his triumphant heart, no physiology to direct his course to the morning sun. The excited soul thinks of no rules, and requires none; it seizes its figures and arguments without a consciousness of its movements, and hurls them with an energy that is like to supernatural. Sometimes it seizes and drops, builds up and destroys, engages and terrifies, with a confusion that abides no criticism, and heeds none; for it is the confusion of inspiration—an inspiration to which, however wild, common sense and philosophy alike respond in the hour of its triumphant action. Would you see one of the

grandest images of God? See the heart of Milton brooding over the chaos of his mind, and shaping and animating a universe beneath its wings, and filling the heights, the depths, the paradise, with upper, nether, or surrounding fires. Would you bring out *fully* the power of the mind, you must light up a consuming fire in the breast.

Now, in order that I be not thought transcendental, consider that although thought flows on according to the general laws of association—contrast, resemblance, contiguity, and cause and effect—these are modified by coexistent emotion, frequency of renewal, peculiarities of mental constitution, etc., and that these chiefly depend upon the heart; finally, that the stimulus imparted to the mind by intense emotion both determines its affinities and gives the tendency to suggestion by analogy, in which principally consists the charm of genius.

4. The inner world is sublime because of its influences. These extend indefinitely, but immensely, both through space and time: each moral world is related with many others. You see that star high up in the skies; should it leave its orbit, this earth would be shaken—all worlds would feel its erratic movements. Look at your soul. Its movements may be felt in hell, in heaven, raising a new wail in one or a new song in the other. The wandering of a planet affects only matter; the wandering of a soul affects rational and immortal mind. So in *time* the soul is felt afar off; it may pass from earth, yet still live beneath the sun: the oak dies, but the acorn lives. Truth springs from truth as seed from seed; though with this difference, that the crop, while of the same nature as the seed, and much more abundant, is not always its exact copy. The acorn will produce an oak to the end of time; but the Illiad may produce an Æneid in this age and a Paradise Lost in that; while it is bringing forth an epic in one mind, it may be producing an ode in another, a tragedy in a third, and a philosophical oration in a fourth. The history of Thucydides produced the orations of Demosthenes, and the novels of Sir Walter Scott the historical works of Guizot and theirs.

Action is no less prolific than words. He who has no children may, nevertheless, have a numerous and illustrious progeny. His character, like Newton's, or Wesley's, or Washington's, may be a fruitful parent. Marathon was the mother of Thermopylæ, Thermopylæ of Salamis, Salamis of Plataeæ; the battle-fields of Greece begat those of Rome, as Cannæ and Phillipi did those of Gaul and Britain; Bunker Hill and Yorktown have descended lineally from the first mountains and fields of martial glory. The tomb of Leonidas, as long as an oration was annually delivered from its side, produced a yearly crop of heroes. The dead body of Lucretia, planted by the hand of Brutus, brought forth the living liberators of Rome; and the wounds of Cæsar's corpse, touching Plebeian sympathy, as Anthony lifted up his shroud, were the seeds

whence sprung the tyrants of ten centuries. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. Hail, Archimedes! though the sphere and the cylinder have moldered long since from thy tomb, I see thee to-day. Hail, Demosthenes! though thy voice has long since died away over thy native shores, it heaves many a living breast about me. Hail from thy grave! Hail, Paul! though Nero long ago claimed thy head, thy heart beats sacred music in a thousand pulpits to-day.

5. The inner world is eternal. Those seas must dry up and these mountains dissolve, the sun itself shall burn out, and the lamps of this temple of night may drop from their sockets, like autumn's withered leaves, but the soul of that good man shall never die. It is the holy of holies which God's chosen ministers watch over, and which mortal eye may not see; and it shall be removed with reverential care, when the cloths of this tabernacle of the body are folded up, and its boards are taken down in the grave. The faculties of his soul are holy things, which go not into darkness, but shall have an entrance ministered to them by angels of light into the temple not made with hands, where they may abide with God forever.

Such a world, young man, is thy soul; and wilt thou be dependent on external things for thy happiness, so that thou art sad or cheerful according as the wind blows hither or thither? Rather be like him whose soul is his country—his own dear native land—and to whom neither cloudless skies, nor perennial spring, nor double harvests can yield so much delight.

When we drink the bitter waters of life, or loathe the surfeit and the pestilence of its pleasures, or burn with the sting of its fiery serpents, let us go home. O glorious truth! that the mind, shut out from this scene of sensible things, can retire into its own infinite domain, and, as it moves along, arrange all things into order and symmetry by an untaught yet unerring astronomy! Thrice happy he who finds that spiritual immensity a sanctuary, sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, lighted up with the lamps of angels, radiant with the presence of God, and perfumed with his perpetual blessing. To such a one even the dungeon is the vestibule of heaven, and the scaffold a step in the ascent to glory. He can say,

"Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the setting sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beams
Flames o'er Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste or in the city fall."

How grand a sight is the launch of a ship! As she moves from the stocks slowly down the inclined plane, with a few shouting sailors upon her deck—as she booms for the first time into the bosom of the waters, and rises and proudly rights herself upon the waves, you think of the fate that awaits her, the rich cargoes she is to bear, the multitudes

of living men that she is to hold up on her planks from the deep, billowy grave; of the communion she is to establish between distant continents; of the messages of love and the lessons of light that she is to bear to the nations; of the storms she may encounter, and the lightning that may smite her masts and wrap her sides in flame, lighting up the sea as if in mockery of the night; of the many that may plunge down from her burning bowels to rise no more, and the few that may float over the spray upon some half-burnt plank, and you feel a swelling at the heart. But what were this scene compared with one such as God might show you, if he were to convey you beyond the milky way, and point you to a new world which, perhaps, he is at this moment launching into space! Could you see the wide landscape of mountain and lake, and light breaking forth, and creation becoming warm and living; fields turning into flowers, waters floating with birds, lands bringing forth cattle, the very dust, on some fragrant eminence, turning into two human but not immortal beings—their nostrils dilating and their bosoms swelling with the breath of God—the surrounding stars crowded with excited angels, and the new seas and skies becoming vocal with the song of the sons of the morning—how would you feel? Suppose you were informed that the conduct of that new-made pair was to determine the future character of that globe: whether, as its valleys fill up with population, it shall roll onward in deeper and deeper darkness or into higher and higher light; whether it shall float in cursing and groans, or in thanksgiving and the voice of melody—how would you watch and pray over them, as if the blood would rush from your eyes and the soul sob out of your body! But the launch of a single immortal soul into life is a grander and more awful sight than the launch of such a world. The happiness of those millions of successive generations would cease in the grave; then misery, however intense, would terminate in death. Take the most joyous conceivable life of one of its inhabitants, or the most intense agony of another, and multiply it by millions of millions, and you have still but a *limited* joy or sorrow; but that immortal soul carries wrapt up in itself a happiness or woe that shall know no limit. As it sails out in life, it is to determine whether it shall float in the blackness of darkness forever, or circle in eternal light around the throne of God.

FUSALI, a foreign painter of eminence, after sitting perfectly silent for a long time in his own room, during "the bald, disjointed chat" of some idle callers-in, who were gabbling with one another about the weather, and other topics of as interesting a nature, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had pork for dinner to-day!" "Dear Mr. Fusali, what an odd remark!" "Why, it is as good as any thing you have been saying for the last hour."

REMINISCENCES OF MY EARLY SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

BY REV. BENJAMIN ST. JAMES FRI.

There are no recollections that cling to the mind with the same tenacity as those of our early school-days. The events of that dreamy period become engraved on the mind with a pen of iron; and as we unroll the pages of past years, we are compelled to pay them due reverence. I can not well understand why this should be so. Not because of their intrinsic importance, for they had none; nor, indeed, for any permanent effect they produced on our lives, for it is quite impossible for us to conceive they have any connection with our present condition. But they come to us in all the pomp and magnificence with which we arrayed all things in those days of fancy and hope; and as they pass before us, despite the stern reality of our present situation, the old enthusiasm causes quicker pulsations, and the heart forgets its age and sorrows. We can not drive them away from our minds if we would. Time touches them with such an affectionate tenderness—such tenderness as love manifests in the sick chamber—that no decay is visible; and we are thankful for it. They are a heritage of joy—a spring of cooling waters, to which the weary spirit goes every now and then, and comes away young and refreshed.

The lessons we learned in those happy days, the position we occupied in the class, the struggle for promotion, and the hours of triumph—these have a distinctness to which the scenes of our college years can bear no comparison. The games of the school-yard—simple and foolish as they appeared to our elders—little scraps of play-ground wit, smart sayings, and innocent tricks without number, are remembered as well, perhaps better than the multiplication table. All the nameless peculiarities of the old school-room and shaded yard, even the broken panes of glass, and the low places in the fence next the apple orchard—all of these are daguerreotyped on the varied page, and have an astonishing freshness. But why should I strive to present in detail all the panorama passing before me; it is a task beyond my power.

I am particularly pleased, in my vacant hours, to marshal before me all my former school-masters or mistresses, and, as they glide noiselessly along, look into their familiar faces, and see if I can detect the peculiarities by which we knew them, and sometimes in the hight of youthful impudence nicknamed them. For some of these I have a happy smile and a nod of recognition; for others but a passing, unmeaning glance; and for a few some slight remnant of the old feeling of dislike, which in the days of their authority were only whispered in secret, and then in undertones. As some of these old forms are passing before me now, I shall make hasty notes and sketches of them—a somewhat dim and imperfect outline of the very perfect picture present to my own mind.

I was singularly fortunate in having for my first school-master one whom I shall never forget to love, and whose hand I should be happy to grasp once more with the pressure of a glowing affection. He was of medium size, of very gentle manners, and a mild blue eye, large and clear as a little child's, and as true an index of his mind. The warm affection of his nature was manifested in every tone of his voice and touch of his hand; and I recollect that I never once shrank from the tone of commands, nor could feel the pressure of his hand without having a sensation of delight pass over my whole frame. When the summer days came, and in the sultry afternoons drowsiness stole over me in spite of all my efforts, the fall of the dog-eared spelling-book was his signal to come and take me gently in his arms, and lay me down on a little pallet in the corner of the school-room. What refreshing slumbers and whole troops of laughing dreams I have had on that little pallet! Then when I awoke the cool water, as it flowed from the pump and touched my face, gave such sensations of delight as I have for a long time been a stranger to. Who would not be compelled to love such a school-master? It was the star of love that shed its hallowed influence in our studies, and the recollection of its kindly beams has become a source of perpetual delight. After some two years he moved away to the far-west, and has become a politician of note. I wonder sometimes if he loves children as he once did. Once since his departure I saw him; it was a few years after, and he took me in his arms and called me *his* boy.

The next one who darks the path is, in almost all respects, the exact reverse of the loved one. He was a New Englander. I can see him now—tall and lank, with long arms, a slouchy walk, and a hungry look. Our parents said he was a clever man, and apt in the qualifications necessary for a good teacher; but we of the school-room never learned to appreciate his recommendable qualities. With him came the apple sprout, the fantastical fool's-cap, standing on one leg, and exclusion from the play-ground for a whole week at a time. It was the iron rod of tyranny instead of the star of love ruled us, and we made alarming progress in mischief. There was no source of joy under our former master that he did not change into an instrument of terror; and the school-room became a place of dread, and soon truants abounded. Like all misrule, it was of short duration. When the time of his departure came, it was with a seeming satisfaction on his part, and visible demonstrations of joy on ours.

The next face as it comes is beaming with love, and an air of indescribable tenderness surrounds her petit person, which no circumstances, however vexatious, could dispel. The light, active step, which sometimes detected us in mischief; the sweet, soft voice, vibrating like the tones of a rare musical instrument; the gentle nod of recognition which we always bashfully solicited, and always

received, when we met her on the public walks, can not be forgotten by me while Memory performs her faithful task.

One evening she told us we were to have holiday for a whole week. What joyful news to school-boys! But the next morning we heard she was married, and gone on her bridal tour. Something like fear took possession of our hearts; but when she came back at the appointed time, with a face brighter than ever, we shouted for joy. And when one of us, after a long noon-time spent in consultation, and much mustering of courage, crept up to her side, and, with starting tears, asked if she was "going to quit teaching school," she put her arm around his neck, and, with a warm kiss, assured him that she would stay "a long time yet;" we were happy beyond measure, and told our parents with mingled feelings of pride and joy. But the dreaded time came at last; and one Friday evening she took us in her arms and kissed us, and told us to be good boys. We cried, and laughed, and promised faithfully to follow her wishes. I saw her a few days ago, and she is now a staid matron, with sons and daughters about her as large as her former scholars; but she is the same quiet, cheerful, happiness-making little woman that she was when we called her "*our teacher*."

There is one more; and as he approaches with slow and mournful tread, I feel the tears coming into my eyes, and the strange fascination of his eyes and voice is more than I can withstand. From the first moment that I saw him, my heart was strangely drawn toward him; yet I shrank from his touch, and felt uneasy in his presence. It was evident to the most casual observer that some great sorrow was pressing heavily upon him, and crushing his life. I have never seen a face that claimed so much sympathy as his; and I recollect one occasion, when, after sitting a long time with his head buried in his hands, he raised his face heavenward, and there was such pleading in his eyes as I have never seen before or since; then a radiant smile seemed to suffuse his whole person, and he engaged in his daily toil as usual. There was not one in the school who was so hard-hearted as to do otherwise than he commanded; and although we were all young, we knew there was a goodness about him such as this earth rarely saw.

The pale brow grew still paler, the bloom of the cheek still redder and contracted in size; and we heard our parents say he was not long for this world. They wished him to cease his labors, and assured him he should not want; but he taught till he could no longer leave his room. From this time he sank more rapidly; for it was not more than three weeks after that he was released from suffering. One evening, the third or fourth before he died, he requested to see all his scholars, and we went to his room. It was in November—a still, sad day, that seemed to be in fear of the coming storms of wild December. They raised him up when we came in, and he smiled when he saw us,

and said a very few words. There was a bright look about his face, and the old tinge of sorrow had given way to the calm confidence of contentment. It was as if he had commenced to realize the end of his sorrows. When he died the next week, we followed him to the grave; the solemnity of the scene was touching. I can see it all now, and the little knoll on which he was buried.

His was a broken heart. He had a miniature, which he requested them to put in his coffin; and those who saw it say the face was one of super-human beauty. It is more than probable neither were calculated for the stern realities of life, and they both escaped it: she with consumption, and he with a broken heart; but both with faith in the same God.

MY HEART AND HARP.

—
BY ALICE.
—

Too long, my harp, thy gushing strains
Lie hushed upon the air;
Too long thy willing chords have drooped
In bitter, wild despair.

I fain would hear again the notes
That soothed my weary heart;
For O, I love the thrilling tones
Now sighing to depart!

Then linger yet, and wake to life
Thy beauteous minstrelsy;
Sweep o'er the silence of my soul
Wild, echoing melody.

There's sadness stealing o'er me now
That thou can'st bid to flee;
There's sorrow in my spirit hid,
That weeps with all but thee.

What though rude hands have touched thy strings,
And bid harsh discord rise!
I'll love thee still, my own, my harp,
Though hope grows faint and dies.

All, all I loved but thou art fled—
My glittering day-dreams gone;
And thou art changed, thy music ceased,
And all thy gladness flown.

I strive to wake some gentle lay,
As I was wont to do,
When all thy trembling chords will sigh,
And I am weeping, too.

Too long, too long, my harp, thou'st drooped—
Too long, my heart, thou'st bled;
O, we must learn the world's cold sneer,
Ere all our joys are fled!

A shade has come—a blight is felt—
A tear-drop fills mine eye;
I list—bright harp-strings swell with joy;
I gaze—light beams on high.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

BY HARRIET N. NOTES.

A JOURNEY through Vermont in the early summer presents to the traveler a picture of quiet loveliness which goes directly to the heart. Green fields and pleasant woods; spacious farm-houses far up the grassy hill-sides, and cottages nestling at the foot, half buried in shrubbery of lilacs and cinnamon roses—home scenes of content and peace are ye all to me.

On one of these sunny slopes, dismantled and discolored by a half century of sunshine and storm, stands the old church of my native village. The holiest and the dearest picture is it to-day of all that memory has treasured of the scenery around the place I once called home. Strangers have for many years sat by my father's hearth-stone. Merry voices are still ringing in the shadows of the old elm by the doorway, and willing feet go lightly through the fields, where the scarlet berries are nestling in the strawberry vines, and down through the dim aisles of the maple woods; but they are not our children. Bessie and Mary—my bright-eyed sisters—ye have found richer fruits and fairer flowers, and clearer skies are above you now!

Stranger eyes look coldly and forgetfully upon me; for the hearts that yearned toward me and loved me here, the voices that would have given me a glad welcome, are stilled forever. But within that old church I forget, for a time, the years that have gone since I stood here last.

The glory of its time, the glory of the fathers who builded it, was that goodly edifice in its better days. Though it equaled not the richness of that wondrously magnificent former temple, yet it, too, had its curtains of scarlet and fine-twined linen, its chains of wreathen work, its pillars and cherubim, its altar, and its most holy place; and no less certainly were these, to the simple-hearted worshippers, types of the glory that should follow in that city, whose light is the presence of the Lamb.

O, it has made me a child again to stand, of a June morning, within its hallowed precincts. The same childish awe steals over me as when I crossed its threshold then, and clung closer to my mother's side, as we walked up the broad aisle to the square, high-backed pews, and noiselessly seated ourselves to await the solemn service. The breath of the early summer, laden with the fragrance of apple blossoms and clover beds, comes in from the old orchard at the west windows, fresh and dewy as I remember it then; and the brown thrush and the robin sing as merrily—I wondered how they dared of a Sabbath—the same old yet ever-new carols.

Temple where my fathers worshiped—desolate, deserted to other eyes—how art thou thronged to-day! Families, far separated by sea and shore, are gathered again, each in its place, as they sat in their youth and prime. Familiar faces look down

upon me from the quaint, high galleries—faces of the young and old, of the rich and poor, of the loved, the absent, and the dead. And memory brings with these the voice of the gray-haired man, who, for forty years, here fed his flock like a shepherd, gathering the lambs with his arm and carrying them in his bosom. Even childhood forgot in his presence the observance of other objects, and remembers now only the impression left by his impassioned utterance—only its yearnings for an entrance into the better kingdom, with its gates of pearl, its crystal sea, and its innumerable company of angels.

And with the voices of the harpers come to me the voice of one who sat with me then, but since has obeyed the call, "Come up hither." Louis—Mentor of my girlhood—thou, too, art here to-day. Thou hast left me, as another Telemaque, looking earnestly upward toward the better sanctuary, yearning, hoping also to enter, as the light has flashed upon me through the doors unfolding again and again, that some other might pass in before me. Not like him, visibly upward—for even in death my feet may follow every step of thine; but down through the bitter waters agonizingly, and up rejoicingly on the other shore of Jordan.

Twenty years hast thou been a dweller there, and yet this morning those sad, serenely earnest eyes are looking again into mine as kindly as though they had not looked their last upon me—as truly as though the violet-covered turf were not blossoming above your head. In moments of sore temptation, O how many times have those same earnest eyes come between me and wrong! how often has that voice repeated its warning words! how firmly has that hand, already growing cold in the death-struggle, pressed again upon my head, till my worldly heart has grown warm again, and tears have shut away from my eyes the fascinations and follies of my life! Thank God for such memories! they never come without bringing with them a kindlier, a more patient spirit.

Who can estimate the influence of a good life? Who will assert that it lives not forever? To every one within its reach, it is an incontrovertible evidence of the sincerity and truthfulness of the man. In hours of darkness, when I have for a moment deemed religion a fable, and excellence a name, the memory of such a man has flashed upon me like a sunbeam, revealing a radiant path which went upward, shining more and more unto the perfect day. For eight years I spent my happiest hours in his study. He found me an unhappy, because unoccupied, child; shut away, by a constitutional malady, from the amusements and occupations of children of my age, without companionship, without books; for a farmer's house in those days had neither Parley's nor Sherwood's. His library opened to me a new world; he taught me how to find my dearest companionships, my nearest friends, in books and thoughts. He told me, when tired of every thing else, soothing tales of many lands—above all, of

the land which lies only in the spirit-vision, radiant with the light of God! He taught me how to live as though already beholding it; and himself taught me how glorious it is to enter in by the gates into the city.

Blessed memories of the long dead but never forgotten, whom the old church has made alive again, remain with me as I go my way, and the dusty highway of my life will seem fresh and dewy again. The world in which they live seems nearer than ever before; the future wears a serener aspect, since

"I know that each step in the pathway
Their feet have so patiently trod,
Has been bringing me nearer the glory,
Still nearer the city of God;"

and that church shall be to me, as to the dead, the vestibule to the upper and better sanctuary.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

—
BY EFFIE JOHNSON.
—

Who does not love, at the calm, quiet hour of twilight, to live again the happy hours of the past? Our early friends—how they come thronging about us, each dear, familiar face lit up by the same gentle smile as of yore! We feel the warm, thrilling pressure of the hand, which, alas! we may never grasp again. Memory, faithful treasurer, brings from her storehouse gentle looks and words of love—tones which thrill our heart-strings like some strain of half-forgotten melody. We may be cradled in luxury, our friends warm and true, and Pleasure, with her siren voice, ever wooing us onward to some new form of happiness, still there is no spot on earth so fair as the home of our childhood. The mossy dell, where we gathered the violets to adorn our sylvan palaces; the brook with whose smooth, round pebbles we have played; the wood where we sat through the long summer day, and listened to the wild, sad music of the moaning wind in the tree-tops—how dear are they all! And our early friends—never were friends so true. Our social gatherings, too—how different from the stiff, ceremonious affairs of the present!

I well remember one—a picnic party on the banks of a beautiful river, with broad, grassy banks and clustering trees. The sun shone so brightly, and far down by the river-bank the shadows were so deep and cool. Fairy forms were flitting about among the trees, and tossing the grace-hoops, with ever and anon a shout of merry laughter, as some luckless maiden found the grace-hoops about her neck—a *crowning grace* not much esteemed.

There were no fairer forms or happier hearts in that band of youth than Henry B. and his beautiful twin sister. Henry seemed the very perfection of manly beauty, with his broad, clear forehead, flashing eye, and dark chestnut curls. B., too, was a

most lovely creature. With such a clear, rosy face and dark, gentle eyes, she bore away the palm of beauty undisputed; ay, and of gentleness, too, for never was a kinder heart hidden beneath a more charming exterior. There had been a half-fearful whisper among us that consumption was the hereditary foe of the family, yet we never dreamed that H. and B. could die.

It seems but a little while—it was only two short years—when we stood within a darkened chamber, where the air and light stole softly in, as if fearful of disturbing the sleeper. A sweet, heavenly smile rested upon his countenance, as of one resting in the arms of Jesus. Long years before he had given his young heart, with all its rich treasures of affection, to his almighty Friend, and now at the hour of death he was not forsaken. O, I remember "how like a beautiful vision he faded from our sight." Day after day, as the hectic flush set on his cheek, and his eye flashed with that fearful brilliancy, that glorious beauty, "with which consumption robes its victims," how sweetly he would speak of that heaven to which he was going! how grateful he would seem for the kind friends who were about him! That long, last sleep! A fearful awe came over me as I gazed upon the beautiful casket which had held the imprisoned soul so long. Where the green grass waves thickest, and the winds to-night are wailing their saddest requiem, is his grave.

A few years after a stranger came to our village, and bore B. away, a sad but lovely bride. Again the years rolled by. Two more years, with their lights and shadows, their joys and sorrows, and they brought her back to the home of her childhood.

"And on her arms lay a snow-white babe,
And the same long sleep they slept."

The village church where we had so often worshipped together was crowded to overflowing by those who had known and loved her, as the sable hours drew nigh, and tears fell like rain-drops as they laid her down to rest.

The moon rides high in heaven, the stars beam with a gentle, chastened radiance, and a gentle whisper—may it not be the spirit of the lost ones?—tells of a land of fadeless beauty, where the separated of earth shall meet amid the light of heaven.

HINDOO CUSTOM.

It is the custom among the Hindoos when gathering in their harvest, before it is removed from the thrashing-floor, to take out the portion for their god. However poor, however small the crop may be, the god's portion is *first* given. Nor is it a small portion grudgingly bestowed. Would Christians in America give as heartily and abundantly, for the honor and glory of Him who has redeemed them with his precious blood, as do this poor heathen people to their dumb idols, there would be no lack in the Lord's treasury.

THE CASTLED RHINE.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

IN approaching the Castled Rhine, we feel that we enter a field hallowed by history and romance. We gaze on a stream that is the personification of German character, and the recipient of German enthusiasm. A short sojourn on its banks will teach us to pardon the songs sung to its praise and its memory.

The infancy of the nation has been passed among its hills, its crags, and its dells; and as our nursery rhymes teach us to lisp the name of father, and hold it sacred through life, so has the German people, from infancy to manhood, sung its affections for "*Old Father Rhine*," and so will it be till the Rhine ceases to flow and the father-land to exist.

The Rhine is born among the glaciers of the Alps and the eyrie of the eagle; passing through all the vicissitudes of life, it finds its home among the lowlands of Holland, and in the haunt of the herring. It is navigable for six hundred miles, receives the streams from more than a thousand valleys, and divides eleven nations. Its bosom has borne the victorious armies of Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, and its rolling waters tell the history of thirty centuries.

Nature and history have enriched the Rhine with brilliant gifts that the most cruel hand of fate can not blot out; it is rich in myth and fable; it is rich in song and story; it is rich in the bravery and heroism of its people. The borders of the Rhine are the classic soil of the father-land; they are doubly classic; they were once the favorite resort of a classic nation of antiquity, and from the bosom of the soil are daily excavated the monuments deposited by this nation's sons. When the Roman people fell, the region of the Rhine was the scene on which was enacted the bloody drama of early German history; on its fields was decided the fate of the nation; from its bosom sprang the first buds of German culture. These have ripened into fruit that adorn the present age, and proclaim the country watered by the Rhine, the classic ground of modern times.

Its natural beauties would alone secure it this title; its luxurious cultivation enhances their charms, and its host of flourishing cities overflows with treasures of art and industry. Its people are honest-hearted, warm-hearted, and refined—not with the refinement of the head only, but with the far more valuable refinement of the heart. Its name has always been a sweet sound to the German ear; the Minnesingers, who were the German troubadours of other days, sang their sweetest lays to the Rhine. And even to the present day, the "song of the Rhine" is the national song of the father-land.

"On the Rhine, on the Rhine,
There grows the vine,"

is a song which warms every German heart; and more than once, on its being sung, we have seen

tears moistening the eyes and trickling down the cheeks of the German wanderer, who had left his much-loved home to better his material condition or seek his fortune in a foreign land. Go into a company of Germans in our own country, and ask them to strike up the melody of the Rhine, and they do so; the party may be large and brought together by accident, but no sooner do its tones strike the ear than they find their way to the heart, and German shakes the hand of German in the all-absorbing feeling that the Rhine makes them all friends and brothers.

Whence this magic effect on the chords of human sympathy, that the very name will make them vibrate in sweet though sad harmony? Is it the fragrance of the vine-clad hills, or the noble spirit that hovers over them? Is it the deep river, with its clear green waves, or is it the beloved and much-sung shore which is reflected on their surface? Is it the bald rocks and precipices, on whose summits stand mighty castles as testimony of vanished greatness, or is it the powerful genius of the middle ages that speaks in deep, impressive tones from these gigantic ruins to the spirit of modern times? Is it historical recollection, or old familiar legends of by-gone days?—legends that have woven themselves into their spirits, grown up with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. Is it the glory of the past, the beauty of the present, or the smile of the future that steps before the German soul with the name of the Rhine? All these causes, and a thousand others, do not still exhaust the magic of the word; to the German, the Rhine is a holy stream; its shores are his only home; its hearths his only household gods. Religion and justice, civilization, refinement, and the arts have, from its valley, spread over the father-land. This fact, more than any other, throws a ray of light over the mysterious influence of its name.

Germany has no other stream like the Rhine; but an old saw calls the Rhine the king of all rivers, and the Danube his consort. The latter stream rises in the center of Germany, and attains a noble size and vast importance before leaving the country of its birth; but it only glories in its greatness while flowing through the plains of Hungary, and tracing its course, as the "dark rolling Danube," to the Black Sea of the south. We would linger a moment to compare the Rhine, the Danube, and the Hudson.

The Hudson is a glorious stream, not only the pride of the Empire state, but of the Union. The volume of waters that it rolls down past the great metropolis, is far superior to that of the Rhine; in short, European rivers are pigmies, while ours are giants. The Hudson well deserves the appellation of the Rhine of America; its romantic beauties entitle it to this; its historical reminiscences entitle it to this; the few favorite legends of our Dutch ancestors—such as Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle, whose scenes are laid on its banks—entitle it to this. There is something irresistibly attractive in

antiquity, in old age. With what filial fondness do we watch the steps of aged parents, whose tottering limbs are bearing them to their graves! How gladly do we sit and listen to the tales of yore! We extend this love to localities, even to nations. Whose heart would not throb while gazing on the Acropolis of Athens? Whose pulse does not beat with sympathy for the poor, degraded Greeks, miserable as they are now—only saved from the hands of the rapacious Turks by the protection of the combined powers of Europe? And why? There is a charm about their antiquity and early character which causes us to love them, fallen though they may be.

And there is this charm about the Hudson—to us, who, as a nation, know no antiquity, the Hudson is old and venerable—though in reality young and vigorous. As we glide down its deep blue waters, we recall the early history of our nation; we gaze at West Point, and think of the struggle of our Revolution; we look for Anthony's Nose and other well-known spots, and are reminded of many of its heroes. The Hudson is our classic stream—Irving has made it so. He has adorned its banks with classic beauties, as he has the literature of his language.

The picturesque points of the Hudson are, in many respects, not inferior to those of the Rhine. There is, on the latter stream, no spot that we consider more picturesque, more romantic than the view of the Highlands from West Point. The Hudson is, therefore, truly the Rhine of America; but it is the Rhine incomplete. It is the Rhine without giant castles crowning every peak; it is the Rhine without ivy-bound ruins peeping from every dell and vale; it is, in short, the Rhine without its legends, its history, and its time-honored glory.

But the poet hath truly exclaimed:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

There are many rivers in Europe that are beautiful besides the Rhine, and there are many beautiful in America after leaving the Hudson. But we are too apt to give to those that have and take from those that have not. Rivers, like dress, become fashionable, and when they have the vogue, a fig to those that have not.

This has been the fate of the Danube, at least as far as foreign tourists are concerned; and, therefore, we hear little or nothing of it in this country. But the Danube is a majestic stream. It is wild and solitary, its shores are covered with heavy forests, and its castles are few and in ruins. Its waters roll and boil in angry commotion, and the few peasants that reside on its banks are superstitious and boorish. But the scenery is magnificent, sublime; and to the true friend of nature and solitude the Danube is a favorite retreat from the busy haunts of men. We will leave it and return to the vineyards, the castles, the ruins, and the cities of the Rhine.

The Rhine, from Holland to Cologne, is flat and destitute of beauty. Cologne is a dirty, crooked, antique old city—full of foul scents and sweet scents. It is naturally foul, artificially sweet. Its foul scents have a remarkably strong odor of fish, and other equally agreeable perfumes. Its sweet scents, as I need hardly remark, arise from an incomprehensible quantity of Cologne water; for this foul place—listen, ladies—is the home of your "*eau de Cologne*." Every man is dealing in Cologne water, every woman is thinking about it, and every poor, luckless child that has a tender epidemic, has its daily smarts while undergoing daily ablutions. Every window, every nook, every corner is full of bottles of Cologne water. The inhabitants themselves seem, by a secret sympathy, to look very like the bottles, and one might lay a wager that they are about as full of their favorite essence, for the bottles are seldom quite full. This, then, is Cologne—a dirty, fishy place, and out of this evil cometh good; but the unfortunate Rhine is the sufferer; for

"The Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs,
What power divine,
Can henceforth wash
The river Rhine?"

Thus, once sang a poor poet who seems to have been more sensitive to fish than to Cologne water.

At this point a remarkably long bridge of boats crosses the Rhine, and the old bridge itself is sufficiently curious to attract the inquisitive. In this way one is enticed to the center of the stream, and lo! what a glorious panorama presents itself to the enchanted eye! Tempe's vale is seen beyond. There is the entrance to the beauties of the Rhine, and the garden of mountains known as the Sieben-gebirge—or seven mountains—so named because there are seven prominent peaks, although there seem to be hundreds of smaller ones. Rising boldly out of the stream, and almost perpendicularly, is seen the peak of the Drachenfels. It stands there like an immense giant in his coat of mail, with a helmet on his venerable brow, guarding, with a watchful eye, the entrance to the enchanted region above. This is miles beyond Cologne, and we wend our way up the Rhine, keeping an eye on this guardian of its treasures. We pass the city of Bonn, and finally arrive at the spot where

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wild and winding Rhine;
Whose breast of waters broadly swells,
Between the banks which bear the vine."

On the very summit of the gray peak are the ruins of the castle of Drachenfels; and, though towering up into the heavens, they are distinctly seen from below. The word Drachenfels means "dragon's rock;" and with this mountain is connected one of the most interesting legends of the Rhine. A terrific dragon inhabited a deep cavern near the summit of the Drachenfels, and was the

terror of the country far and near. The boatmen of the Rhine dreaded his name, and shuddered as they passed in their frail barks, lest they should become victims to his insatiable desire for blood—ever and anon a boat's crew disappeared in the neighborhood of the Drachenfels, and their fate was but too well known. Even the neighboring castles were not free from the inroads of this dire foe, and fair ladies, when wooed by noble knights, would tell their fears and dangers, and say to those who begged their hearts and hands: "Slay the dragon of the Drachenfels, and heart, and hand, and ardent love are yours." Thus many a brave knight made the terrific jaws of the dragon a cruel grave, and sacrificed his life on the altar of deep attachment. At last one more brave and powerful than a hundred knights appeared as an avenger of these long-continued wrongs. It was the Horned Sigfried, who was as brave as a lion, and even more invulnerable than Achilles. He slew the dragon and took possession of the Drachenfels, on the summit of which he erected his castle, and became the admiration of all the dwellers on the Rhine.

Another version of the legend of the dragon, shows more directly how intimately history is interwoven with story. The dragon was accustomed to attack all the vessels that passed down the Rhine, and did so with impunity, till at last there came one loaded with gunpowder. In his anger he breathed out torrents of fire and flame on his adversaries, and his breath thus exploded the powder in the vessel, and, of course, destroyed him. Here we see a symbolical allusion to the fall of the chivalry of the middle ages on the introduction of gunpowder, as this was evidently a powerful agent in producing this result, for on its introduction personal prowess and bodily strength disappeared before military skill and judgment. And thus many a historical fact wanders in legend through the mouths of the people in such a dress as to fit it to their fancy or comprehension.

The hundreds of castles that now adorn the valley of the Rhine, were little else than the abodes of powerful robbers, who made might their right. They were noble lords by their code of morals, but great brigands by ours. Time has fortunately washed away these stains and scourges, and left the ruins of their strongholds to adorn the romantic region that they once devastated. It is well for the traveler, who would enjoy their beauties, to look only at their sunny side—their romance; and this we will do.

From the summit of the Drachenfels the view is so enchanting, and presents so many different scenes, that one can not withstand the temptation of a journey to the clouds for the pleasure of contemplating things and mortals below. We land and make preparations for an ascent. Nearly every elevated spot along the Rhine, that commands a beautiful prospect, has been made, if possible, accessible by roads. True Germans shun any other mode of ascent than on foot; but the Rhine is

annually inundated with a deluge of foreigners, especially English, with a fair proportion of French and Americans. Many of these are proud, fat, and lazy; some traveling to get rid of the gout, others to wear off the blues. For this numerous body there is always a provision at the base of any of these lofty places. This provision is a large company of donkeys, some of which are always standing saddled and bridled, ready, with their drivers, at a moment's notice, to take any one to the summit.

Go with us, therefore, on a donkey ride to the heights of the Drachenfels. A motley group of all nations, ages, and sizes leave the "King of Prussia" steamer at the landing, and are no sooner on shore than surrounded by a crowd of hungry, importunate guides, all desirous of turning a penny by showing strangers the wonders of their stamping-ground. One knows the very spot where the dragon lived, another where he died; a third will show where some unlucky knight was ground up in his jaws, and a fourth looks like grief personified, while telling the doleful fate of some fair maiden, whose buoyant life and giddy folly led, or, rather, misled her within his fearful domains, from which she returned no more. Thus, amid a Babel of tongues, a jargon of dialects, and all sorts of discussion and argument, we arrive at the domicile of the donkeys. The news of an approaching band has preceded us, and a host of the patient beasts are prepared to receive us, arrayed in best bib and tucker. Some are covered with handsome cloths, and have red velvet saddles and fancy bridles, while others are as plain as pipe-stems, with scarcely a saddle to cover their homely backs—aristocracy and democracy bristled up to each other, even in the quiet and romantic home of the donkeys of the Drachenfels. But, to their gallantry be it said, the beasts with red velvet saddles are destined for the ladies of the party, and the ladies, therefore, are to be seated and arranged in said saddles. This seems quite an every-day affair; true, but is not so easily accomplished after all. All are very desirous of ascending the Drachenfels, but many of the dames have never been on a donkey, and, what renders the matter still more serious, declare, by all that's pretty, they never will get on such a stubborn beast. Several enthusiastic speeches are now delivered to the ladies by sundry members of the bolder sex, who expend a deal of eloquence in lauding the moral character and many virtues of the donkeys. Strange and unusual as it may seem, the dames and damsels all yield their position in this strife of words—they intended to do so from the very beginning—and they are safely seated on the donkeys with red saddles.

But now comes the tug of war. Some of the donkeys won't go at all, others seem amazingly inclined to go backward, a goodly number to go sideways, and the fewest of them to go straight up the hill. Madam peevishly declares she knew it would be so, and Miss laughs so immoderately at the

whole farce that she can express no opinion about the matter. At last a jolly, red-faced John Bull tunes up the favorite ditty of London cockneys:

"If I had a donkey what wouldn't go,
Wouldn't I wollop him?"

This idea is caught up by all the gentlemen, who commence wolloping all the donkeys amidst the screams and remonstrances of all the ladies, and, thanks to the cockney's suggestion, we arrive safely on the summit after a deal of merriment and ludicrous adventure, whose recital would fatigue you.

How quickly the scene changes here! How soon all are mute with astonishment and delight at its surpassing beauty! Below, "broadly swells the breast of waters of the wild and winding Rhine." In the distance rises peak after peak in the "Garden of Mountains." On one side the hilly shore, covered with forests of the deepest green, contrasts strongly with the terraced vineyards that advance, step by step, from the base to the summit of the opposite shore of the stream. Here is a peaceful little valley adorned by a graceful villa and tasty gardens; there is a deep, dark, rocky gorge, which was the favorite retreat of the bloody dragon. On the other shore, and nearly opposite the Drachenfels, rises a graceful peak to about half the elevation of that on which we stand. It is crowned by the remnants of a ruined castle, consisting of a single graceful arch, around which the ivy has woven its tendrils. This is the far-famed ruin of Rolandseck, the home of the brave knight Roland, and the scene of the most touching legend on the Rhine. Directly below lies the little island of Nonnenworth, nestling in the bosom of the Rhine, under the protection of the Drachenfels and Rolandseck. On this island, embosomed in the trees so that it is scarcely visible, is the old convent that is connected with the Roland story, and in which lived and died the lamented Hildegunde.

She was one of the fairest ladies that graced the halls of the proudest castle on the Rhine; and the brave Roland, the pride of this noble stream, sued for her affections, offering her his hand, his heart, his name, his life. The purity of her soul appreciated that of his, and the tendrils of her heart entwined with those of his. Their hearts, their joys, their lives melted into one. Before the silken cords of nuptial bliss had bound them inseparably to each other, and filled the measure of their happiness, the brave Roland was called away to the wars to resist the inroads of the Turks, and fight for the sepulcher of the holy Savior. On departing, he swore eternal constancy and deeds of valor worthy of him, inspired by the holy love of the fair object of his affections. His vows were not stronger than those of Hildegunde; and the matin and the vesper bells found her daily at her altar, breathing ardent prayers for his preservation and his love.

Months rolled on and no tidings of the brave Roland reached the ears of the fair Hildegunde. At last base rivals felt that they might gain so rich

a treasure as her heart. Some told her stories of his death, others of his inconstancy. To her death and inconstancy were the same. Her sorrows were those that the world could not mitigate, and she resolved to forsake it, and devote so tender, so faithful a love to the service of Him to whom she owed her being. She assumed the vail of the nun, and entered the old convent on the island below us, with a solemn vow never to leave it till she entered her tomb and sought refuge in the arms of her Maker. For months her spirit had thus communed with heaven, when the brave Roland, who had performed deeds of daring valor in battle with the Turk, returned to receive his recompense in her love. During his absence he had more than once sent tokens of his deep affections, but they were unconsciously confided to a rival's hand, and never reached the shrine which they were intended to adorn. On learning the sad history of Hildegunde's grief and resolution, his sorrow was as hers; for her vow was too solemn ever to be broken, and the walls of her living tomb she could never leave. The world was to him as to her, no more. He became the Hermit of Rolandseck, and vowed to pass his life in the castle whose ruins now adorn the peak above the island that contained all that was dear to him. From his elevated hermitage he could look down into the convent yard and daily see his Hildegunde go to the altar from which she offered up her prayers. Thus he lived for years. At last a morning came when Hildegunde's altar was left vacant. The hermit said, "She has gone to her Maker;" and the convent bells rang out the solemn peals of death. The funeral train appeared and committed her body to the tomb. The wreck of the once brave and noble Roland sat and gazed on the spot till his soul withered into the spirit-land.

Thus many of the legends of the Rhine convey the most beautiful morals, instill unswerving virtue, and inspire the purest precepts of religion. They exert a deep and lasting influence upon the people who delight in handing them from generation to generation. They are the vehicles of that depth of soul, warmth of nature, and sentimental enthusiasm of character, which so prominently distinguish the German nation. At the present moment we can trace their impress in many of the traits of the people, and even in many of their customs. Constancy, among the Germans, is the watchword of manly and womanly honor. "*German fidelity!*" they will exclaim, if they see the shadow of a doubt lingering in the heart as to the purity of their intentions. This is especially the case in the intercourse between man and woman. It is dishonorable for a gentleman to make a lady the special object of his attentions for an unreasonable amount of time without openly declaring their character and aim. When these have been declared, and are accepted and requited by the lady, they step as openly before the world as they have acted openly and honorably to each other; they

announce that they are betrothed, and by letter invite their nearest friends to the betrothal ceremony; for betrothals in Germany are a regular ceremony. In a large family none but the relatives are present. Before them the parties solemnly declare that they are betrothed in the sight of God and man, and certain papers to that effect are generally drawn up and deposited in the hands of the parents. The lady now takes the title of "bride," and the gentleman that of "bridegroom," and betrothal cards are sent to all friends and acquaintances, just as we send marriage cards; and to fill the measure of publicity, it is announced in the public journals that the parties are betrothed. In a German paper you find a list of the betrothed as regularly as the list of the married. The marriage may not follow for years; it generally does in a few months, and I need scarcely add that these betrothals are looked upon as religiously solemn and binding—they are the marriages in heaven; for you know that the Germans have a proverb which says, "Marriages are made in heaven."

A praiseworthy feature, in our humble opinion, is this frankness with which the parties step before the world; it is honor bright for them and for all. In American society one may mingle for months in a certain circle, without having the remotest idea of the position of the individuals who form that circle, thereby running dangerous risks of wounding feelings, or of having them deeply wounded; or, what is still more painful, of secretly placing affections on objects who have none to bestow in return. In the social circles of Germany a gentleman hastens to introduce a lady as his "bride;" that is, his betrothed; and the lady in turn is quite as ready to introduce a gentleman as her "bridegroom;" indeed, she feels more pride in doing this than introducing a husband; for it is the dawn of her happiness, and early joys are the most enthusiastic. Among us, a lady who would scorn to equivocate on any other occasion, feels bound by the foolish custom of society to utter a downright falsehood in respect to the most solemn relation of life, and too often denies a contract that heaven has already sanctified, as Peter denied his God.

But we have wandered far away from the peak of the Drachenfels, and, in the mean while, our little steamer has passed through the most charming variety of scenery, and arrived in sight of Coblence and the mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

Here we will grant a respite to our pen, and resume the "Castled Rhine" in another article.

LOCKE was asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so extensive and deep. He replied, that he attributed what little he knew to the not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule of conversing with all descriptions of men on those topics that formed their own peculiar professions or pursuits.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

BY REV. JOHN F. MARLAY.

DARK as the far-off, gloomy sky,
Seems the rugged path of life;
Toiling onward—pausing never,
In the long and weary strife;
But above the clouds and shadows,
Is a peaceful resting-place,
When our great life-work is ended,
When our feet have run the race.

All along the darken'd pathway,
Friends are taken from our side;
In the arms of Death, are carried
Over Jordan's fearful tide.
Sorrow here its somber mantle
Casts o'er all we love and prize;
But its gloom can never enter
Our bright home above the skies.

Forms are rising now before me,
Of the lov'd of other years;
And we journey'd on together,
With our common hopes and fears,
Until they at last were gather'd
To the city of the dead,
And the path whereon we travel'd,
Echoed to my lonely tread!

But a "still, small voice" is speaking
Words of comfort to my soul:
And the hand of Faith is reaching
From the long-sought, heavenly goal.
Now, the dark clouds that have shaded
The brief way that lies before,
Vail no more the brilliant sunlight,
Or the living stream's blest shore.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY MISS E. A. BROOKS.

WHEN the night-bird's gentle lay
Floats through the forest wild,
Dost thou think, mother, say,
Think of thy absent child?

And to her own lov'd bower,
O dost thou wander there,
And in that silent hour
Breathe forth for her a prayer?

O, didst thou know e'en then,
Thy girl was sad and lone;
And how she long'd again
To hear thy gentle tone?

And thy soft hand to feel
Upon her young head lay,
And by thy side to kneel,
And hear a mother pray?

A REVERIE.

BY FLORENCE.

It is a Sabbath morning in June, calm and peaceful as the first Sabbath of creation, when God and nature rested from the first labors. The sun casts no shadows, seeming to say, "I have shined out brightly for six days while men were at their toil. I will rest now with them." So he has thrown a cloud-vail over his face, and only peeps out occasionally with a brightening flash, such as comes from the dazzling eyes of the Circassian beauty, when, by chance, her countenance is revealed to the wondering gaze of the traveler. The leaves of the trees do not stir, for say they, "We have rustled our Maker's praises long, and will be silent once in adoration." The swallows fly high in circles and twitter loudly. Now, from the tree under the window, anon from the dark woods yonder, in whose depths we walk so much, come silvery notes, a little hushed though, as if the warblers knew their sprightliest songs would sound strangely on the quiet air. But human beings are not as nature and the unsexed tribes. Merry voices ringing with laughter come from the vine-clad porch of the large building opposite. There are collected a bevy of young girls exulting in the beauty of the day and happy in recounting old scenes and the pleasant sports of the last session. They are school girls, and two of them old students visiting once more their school and companions. One can easily pardon their exuberance of spirits and regardlessness of the Sabbath, for their joy is natural and they are thoughtless.

Let them be careless and joyous while they may. I can even make out their words, so still is the air and distinct the sound of their voices. Their notes will not be always so clear and full of mirth. They will not always shake the ringlets over unruffled foreheads in their gladsome merriment. Their spirits will not ever bound from their confinement with such impetuosity as now. Sorrow will soon enough cloud their brows, and worldly cares—it may be grief for dear ones lost—will school their spirits and let them into another world than that of joy.

Our students sit by their open windows conversing in low tones; not so low but that from your window under them, you can distinguish that the ladies in the porch, and not any thing in the heavens above them, are the subject of their remarks. They talk quietly, because it would be sacrilege for their voices, rough and rude, to go abroad upon the air that vibrates only with finer sounds—the melody of laughing maidens, and twittering swallows, and warbling bluebirds. There is another sound. The church-bell rings for eight o'clock. Its sonorous tones are no discords in our Sabbath harmony. They are a fitting bass in the anthem which nature is singing. Barm, barm, barm. Numerous associations are connected with the heavy strokes of that old bell. We have heard it when it

ring out merry peals—when it called devout worshippers to the house of prayer—when its solemn knell called mourners to the grave of the departed loved one. It has ceased to strike; but the air continues to quiver with a full, rich note—a liquid note it is, now dying, now swelling upon the ear, till gradually fainter and fainter it is lost in the ocean of sounds, which surround us continually, whether we listen or not.

That bell was a signal, and in obedience to its summons you can hear from every part of the old hall quick steps directed toward the chapel. It is the seminary class that meets at eight o'clock, and during the next hour that chapel will be a holy place. Confessions of error are about to be made there, and acknowledgments of Divine mercy's favor. There will be expressions of firm hope and holy, intense love, such as characterizes only the youthful Christian. The tear of penitence will flow, and the tear of joy chase lard after it. The tremors of the soul will creep to the fingers' ends as they are excited by the stirring words of some more than usually devoted one. Joys and sorrows will be mingled and interchanged. Songs will ascend to the praise of the common Father, and prayers will be uttered in unison for each other and godless companions.

Their devotions have commenced. A full chorus of many voices joins in that prayerful hymn,

"Come thou fount of every blessing," etc.,

sung to the air of "Days of Absence." With your door ajar you can hear them kneel to pray now. And fervently those words of supplication are uttered. Can it be doubted that the soul is breathed forth in them? or that the pure Spirit above will hear them? Their ejaculations are earnest and hearty; for what is so genuine as the youth's religion? There is no doubt in his heart while he is bowed there beside his room-mate. His arm clasps instinctively his brother's neck, and as the leader prays, "While we love thee, O Lord, help us to love each other also," a burst of emotion tells the sincerity of his feelings. His soul is transported. Earth and earthly joys are for a time lost in the transcendent bliss which inwraps every sensibility and leads captive every desire. But the voice of prayer ceases, and they sing again. The music this time is fainter. Their words are choked by the emotions which will not down at their bidding. Later in life, when their minds are more disciplined and their hearts fettered, it will not be so. They will kneel to pray and rise to sing, without being disturbed by choking sobs or paralyzed tongues. The fainter praise is not less acceptable to God, though. He hears the *heart-voice*, more melodious far than the tones which fall upon our ears. As they rise in turn to speak, how diversified their feelings and experience! The first one essays as if unmoved, for nature has not been wholly conquered, and he would not be so affected as to appear unmanly. But there is a big tear in each eye, and his words tremble and his lips quiver. There

the fountain has burst forth. Religion has conquered pride. Rapidly does his unloosed tongue articulate, and they are stirring words he utters, though artless and unpretending. He is not ashamed of tears now, and they fall thick and fast. His soul is upheaved and he pours it all forth. No thought is concealed—no weakness or sin unconfessed. He sits down amid sympathetic sobs—his last words, "Pray for me, brethren, that I may be kept faithful;" amen, is the response of every voice, and amen says *our* heart as we sit here listening and writing; nay, we unconsciously uttered it aloud. Heaven keep faithful every one of that devoted band, and make them graving tools in thy hand to cut deep the words of life on the tablet of the world! From that class-room and endeared companions; from seminary scenes and influences they must soon go forth to stem the swift currents of life and battle the enemies of truth.

What victories may they not achieve with the soul-strength they are this hour gaining! How vigorous will be the efforts and potent the influence resulting from spirits nurtured and developed by these holy exercises! Verily will they stand in high places, and sway mighty weapons in the strife of the coming age—impress their seal upon the character of the times, and, departing, leave "foot-prints" never to be effaced. But while we thus muse on their probable destiny and success, the sound of steps in the echoing halls tells us that their devotions are ended, and the church-bell again pealing invites us to public worship.

LUCRETIA.

BY HANCOCK.

LUCRETIA, as we will call the subject of our notice, was the daughter of a highly respectable gentleman who resides in one of the beautiful rural villages of Pennsylvania. She was the oldest of four daughters, and regarded by themselves as the flower of the household. It was my fortune to make her acquaintance in the spring of 1843, and from that time I had abundant opportunity of observing her upright character and unassuming piety. She was quite prepossessing in appearance, of medium height and size, of a beautiful and almost faultless form; and her beaming hazel eye, and the general expression of her regular features betokened a good nature, which rendered her very agreeable. Her hair was of deep auburn, and her voice of a silvery tone, falling musically upon the ear. Though not disposed to talk much ordinarily, and then only allowing herself liberty in the presence of chosen companions, yet, on such occasions she would show a vivacity of thought, a strength of intellect, a correctness of taste and flow of wit which spoke of the possession of a fine and well-disciplined mind. In a word, such were her ac-

complishments, natural and acquired, that she was the subject of general admiration and regard. She was a kindly, affectionate soul; and, as "love begets love," so she was a universal favorite. The children of the village loved her, the youth of both sexes sought her company, and her respect for, and attention to, the aged brought down upon her head their blessings. Nor was this all; she was a Christian, and not a half-hearted, nominal professor only. She loved her Bible, and in it found bread for her hungry spirit—the bread of life. Each Sabbath found her, while in health, in the house of God, and there, not listlessly and thoughtlessly, but engaging with spirit in the acts of devotion, uniting heartily in the song of praise, or fervently in the privilege of prayer. The Sabbath school shared her interest, and it was her delight to instruct the little ones intrusted to her care. At home her Christian deportment was blameless; indeed, she was a living evidence of the truth, the power, and the gracious influence of our holy religion. Of the time and circumstances connected with her conversion I have no knowledge, but that she was of that happy number who surrender themselves to Christ at a period almost coeval with the dawn of their moral accountability, and who suffer the divine principle "to grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength." Happy Lucretia! well would it be for the world if all would imitate thy example!

Such was she spiritually, and it was well; for, though now in the enjoyment of health, and with the promise of years of usefulness and pleasure, a sad change was soon to occur—a change which would bring into requisition all her piety and grace to sustain her. This change we will now briefly narrate.

It was in the winter of 1844, and on one of the coldest nights of that severe season, that the family were gathered close around the warm hearth, mostly engaged in an improving conversation. Suddenly a loud shout was heard; it was the alarm—fire! fire! passing from tongue to tongue, and arousing the inhabitants of the peaceful villages. Almost with the sound shot up to heaven a streaming glare of livid flame, throwing its reflection upon the western sky, and guiding the citizens to the scene of the disaster. Seized with fright and a desire, if possible, to assist in arresting the devouring element, all of the family rushed to the spot, where already a large concourse had gathered. It was a large factory that was burning, and as it was impossible to save it, all that could be done was to stand by and witness the conflagration. It was a fearfully sublime spectacle. From the burning building a pyramid of flame ascended far into the sky. Ever and anon sparks and portions of the burning material were wafted far away, appearing like meandering comets in the distance. A light, as of day, was thrown upon the buildings and people around, while the sky was obscured by dense dark masses of rolling smoke, with here and there, in the horizon, a star shining in its brilliancy, appearing

like the eyes of heaven gazing on the sight. With heavy crashes, at length, the burning walls separated, and fell in blackened ruins. Gradually the flame decreased in magnitude, and the crowd slowly dispersed, seeking warmth and comfort at their homes. Among those who had rushed to the scene was Lucretia. She was but ill prepared for the exposure, having gathered up a shawl, which was the only protection, at once, for her head and shoulders. She had left a warm room, had hurried over the half mile of distance, till she was in a profuse perspiration, and then had stood in the piercing air of January watching those curling flames till she had become completely chilled, and she returned shivering to her home, alas! from that hour to fade and decline. At first it was supposed to be only a cold she had taken, which would soon yield to the prescribed remedies; but the hand of a giant had seized her, and no earthly power could remove the grasp. Her disease baffled all the attempts made to overcome it, and soon the flushed cheek and the hacking cough, the harbingers of her end, told too plainly that the citadel of her life had been invaded and was in imminent danger. All that medical skill or parental love could suggest was done, but to no purpose—the disease was making rapid advances.

It was now spring. The air was bland and refreshing; the fields, meadows, and woods were adorned with new flowers and decked in their vernal drapery, and a visit for change of air was projected and performed; but the balmy breezes refused to invigorate the youthful sufferer. She returned worse and still more rapidly declining, and it was plain that all that could be done was to smooth her pathway to the tomb with kind, assiduous, affectionate attention. She was still able to be up a part of her time, and on one beautiful spring-tide evening she was sitting on a sofa steadily watching the gorgeous sunset, when I entered the room. She looked at me, and I saw that she had been weeping—the large briny drops still glistened on her pale, wan cheek. She strove, however, to repress her emotion, and requested me, after some conversation, to hand her some medicine which was placed on a stand near by, remarking, "I will take it, but I know it will do me no good;" and then, unable to restrain her emotion longer, indulged in a flood of tears. I strove to comfort her—to give her hope, but in vain. "No," said she, "I shall die. I am not afraid to die; but it is hard to die so young. Could I take you all with me—but I must leave you here. Well, I submit to the will of God." O, I admired her affection, embracing, as it did, all her earthly friends, but I more admired that grace which had taught her submission to her Savior's will! It was not long till she was confined to her room, and then, when stretched on a dying couch, it was that religion alone brightest in her character, and that the supports of grace became more sweet and pleasant to her soul. Her young acquaintances who visited her she would solemnly

warn; words of encouragement fell from her lips unto the children of God, and especially did she prize the presence and prayers of the minister of Jesus, from whose lips she had often received the word of life. But we hasten to the closing scene—a scene which can never be effaced from the page of my memory. She now suffered from frequent spasms. It was evening. She had just recovered from one of these fearful attacks, but felt sure that the next one would remove her from earth. "Tell them all," alluding to her family and friends, she said, "tell them all to come," and soon all were gathered at her bedside. There was her aged father, her brothers and sisters, an aged aunt, who had been her faithful attendant, and, among the rest, I was privileged to behold that scene. She first addressed her weeping father, then her brothers and sisters, then her aunt, and then her friends, extending to each her shriveled, emaciated hand, and with appropriate words of comfort and advice, she bade each farewell. I can not here repeat all that she said to each; but I have no doubt that those words are indelibly enstamped upon their memories. When I approached she caught my extended hand, looked expressively in my face—that look of solicitude I can never forget—and said, "Be a good boy." These words were few, but they touched my heart. I have thought of them since, and in subsequent scenes of folly they would come with power to my mind; and I know not but that, as a minister of Christ, I owe my present position, under God, to the simple words of that dying youthful saint—"be a good boy." I am sure that even now they spur me onward in the path of Christian duty.

But to return. We wept, and who could refrain from weeping there? and yet she said, "Weep not for me: I can trust in my Jesus; he will not leave me; he is my friend." Her apprehension of a speedy dissolution was but too well founded, though she lingered with us till the next afternoon, the most part of the time being perfectly prostrated. Her exit after all was sudden. She was seized with a paroxysm, and had just time to say, "Take me to the window, I want air," and then expired. Large was the concourse which followed her, on the succeeding day, to the tomb, and sincere the universal regret expressed at her departure; and while committing her remains to earth's cold bosom, but in the midst of our sorrow, we were consoled by the Christian hope of a joyful resurrection so beautifully expressed by the junior Samuel Wesley:

"Yet these, now rising from the tomb,
In lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline."

I sometimes revisit the village in which occurred the incidents I have related, but never without visiting also Lucretia's grave. It is in the village graveyard, standing upon an eminence overlooking the town, and shaded by some somber pines. It is marked by a neat marble slab, bearing a brief

inscription. I never see it but I shed the tear of affection over her memory, think again of her youthful piety, her dying counsel, and her happy end, and go away resolved to be and to do good, and with renewed hope of meeting her in heaven.

Fair reader, may not you, like Lucretia, be quickly withered and early die? Attend to the description of her life, and resolve to imitate her example. Be sure that unless you also enjoy divine consolation and divine grace, you must die miserable and wretched. You can not, without it, meet death with composure. You can not conquer, as she conquered, unless you enjoy the same precious influences of that religion which supported her. Read, then, these lines with thoughtfulness, and, turning aside from the vain frivolities of this vain world, seek, as did she, the paths of virtue and of holiness. Have you friends from whom you would not think of being eternally severed? Do you desire eternal life and happiness, and the enjoyment of perpetual affection? Then imitate Lucretia by giving your heart to God, and influencing your companions to do the same. Then shall you be brought to the realization of your desire; for

"Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire."

In that clime my friend Lucretia now is; there I expect erelong to go, and there, fair reader, though strangers in the flesh, may not I expect to meet you? That you may be persuaded to live as she lived, and that, when you die, your death may be peaceful and triumphant as was hers, is the writer's sincere prayer.

SONG.

—
BY WILLIAM BAXTER.
—

In creating man with a nature susceptible of so many and varied emotions, and the world with so many sources of delight, God has displayed more than wisdom. The object in view must have been the happiness of his creatures, and must have sprung from a benevolence coextensive with the wisdom that designed and the power that executed. The eye looks upon nature's vast domain, and derives pleasure from every object on which it rests; but a being equal to God in power, and wanting in that love which is so conspicuous in the character of our heavenly Father, might have made this sense the source of unceasing misery, by creating every object so shapeless, loathsome, and repulsive, that sight would have been a curse from which man would have prayed to be delivered, rather than a blessing, so deservedly prized. An omniscient and omnipotent, yet malevolent being would have made

the former attributes subservient to the latter, and the creation of such a being would have been a universe of gloomy horror, bitter wailing, and hopeless despair. But love rules the wisdom and power of Jehovah; hence, the eye luxuriates in scenes of gorgeous splendor and quiet beauty; hill and dale, mountain and stream, forest shade and flowery mead have each a varied and peculiar charm; and when we look from earth to the mild evening sky, we there behold a revelation of deep and strange beauty traced in characters of flame.

Our world, too, is redolent of fragrant perfumes; and wafted on every soft gale sweet odors minister to our gratification. But it is through the ear, the charmed portal of the soul's dwelling-place, that emanations the most exquisite are excited.

The soft sigh of the evening zephyr, the swelling song of the storm, the glad notes of birds, and the silvery song of the stream find entrance there; and never do these sweet voices of nature come on a fruitless or thankless mission; their message is ever a welcome one, and at their voice the soul is glad. Music was born in heaven; for at creation's dawn the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God, in loud and melodious peals, shouted aloud for joy; and never does the human soul ascend so near that heaven, where music had its birth, as when it soars upward on the wings of song.

The world is full of music; it is heard in the rush of the river, the flow of the fountain, and the solemn swell of the sea; the wind sways the forest trees and leaves unnumbered lift up their tuneful tongues; the moan of the lofty pines is an elegiac strain, and the tangled vines are natural harp-strings on which soft winds play.

From the hour that Jubal first woke his burning shell, music has performed a glad or solemn ministry among the children of men; childhood's happy hours sped by in gay carols, and in youth love was awakened in the heart by notes soft and sweet as the wind harp's sigh; the warrior's courage has been roused by the clarion's blast, and his dying eye has lighted up at the swelling note of victory; the soul of the departing saint has been cheered by strains which seemed like the songs of waiting angels; and over graves unnumbered have its notes, in wild and solemn requiems, rolled.

Music gladdens earth, brings sleep and sweet dreams to infancy, lightens the burdens of the sons of toil, adds new charms to joy, soothes in sickness, gives wings to our devotion, sweetens even our sorrows, and hallows our tears.

All earthly scenes will close with the startling clangor of the archangel's trumpet, a new scene will burst upon our eyes, and the ceaseless melodies of the skies will begin. Let us, then, while on earth attune our hearts and voices to glad yet solemn melody, even the high praises of our God, that we may be prepared in heaven to mingle with the harper-train and join in the everlasting song. Yes, the everlasting song! for while God lives shall we too live to sound forth the praises of his name.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR LATTIMORE.

FAR as star-eyed Science has wandered abroad through illimitable space, and high as Imagination has soared in its towering flight, no production of creative Power has ever been found more enigmatical, more paradoxical, more truly wonderful than mortal man. We have acquired ideas of matter and ideas of spirit, and consider them as principles mutually antithetical and incompatible as light and darkness, or heat and cold. And yet, what are we ourselves but a combination of the material and the immaterial? Between the laws which govern matter and the laws which govern spirit human intellect has never yet detected an analogy. That there is an analogy, and that these two systems of laws are not only not at variance, but absolutely harmonious, is a fact proved by the very existence of every living human being. In what that affinity consists, or what the mysterious link that so firmly binds together principles so totally dissimilar, is not yet revealed to man. We know its existence only by its effects and phenomena, and call it by the vague and strangely indefinite terms of vitality and life.

Life—its origin, its changes, and its end—has been, since life began, a theme on which the poets of the classic and of all successive ages have woven the tissue of their richest song. Philosophers, too, whether on the starlit plains of Chaldea, or reposing under the Egyptian palm and gazing upon the pyramids yet newly built, or wandering by the shady banks of the Ganges or the Indus, or walking at morning and twilight amid the green gloom of the olive groves of Academus, all alike have found in life the fascinating topic of their most profound discourses. The knowledge of the world, like that of an individual, is a work of slow and gradual accumulation. As observation renders man wiser in his age than in his youth, so is the world wiser to-day than in those distant ages before were born those olden bards, who have perpetually embalmed for us, in the pure amber of their own majestic verse, or scarce less poetic prose, the richest acquisitions their brief antiquity could afford. The individual man is a type of the race to which he belongs. To the memory of the individual there must be a correspondent element in the race, and that is history—more properly, literature or written thought, whether fact or fable. It is pleasing, and often highly instructive, to go back to those ancient sages, whose dimly distant future has been for centuries our long, long passed antiquity, and enter into their thoughts and feelings. In those days of old the mind of man was not so overgrown as now with the stifling mantle of precedent and established usage, which so obscure the divine light and the quickening consciousness of the present. Then, in the vigor of its youthful strength and simplicity, the mind was alive to all

the varied influences of the natural world. The few great truths that then, like

"The sun, now risen,
Looks through the horizontal, misty air,
Shorn of his beams,"

fell within the range of their limited sphere of investigation, met with a generous and cordial reception which truth finds not now in all. They stopped not to solve the problem of expediency, nor did they bow to what men now call authority; but, in the guilelessness of honest hearts, like the Ulysses of Homer,

"What they greatly thought they nobly dared."

To such an age, then, untaught, unsophisticated, it is refreshing to return, and note how men were impressed by their conceptions of human life. They lived nearer the confines of the unknown than we do now. Investigation and science had not then made the conquest of the world and of the universe, bounding its realms by the orbit of the farthest star that twinkles on the brow of night. Their cloud-land was nearer to them than ours is to us. Their Jupiter held his celestial court on the cloudy top of high Olympus. The Heavens, with all their starry host, rested on the towering heights of Atlas. Helicon, with its moss-grown rocks and shades of venerable trees, was the haunt of Apollo and the Muses; while cold and barren Citharon was the abode of the Furies, where resounded nightly the frantic orgies of Bacchanalian revelry. At the base of Parnassus was the far-famed Delphic oracle, and hard by the Castalian Fount, fed by the perpetual snows above, and issuing from the ivied rocks, where the oracular priesthood assembled to drink draughts which might reveal to them futurity. Far on the western verge of the world, beyond the stream of Oceanus, were the Elysian Fields—the blissful home of the departed good, where the clime is eternal spring, where dark night never comes, where the blessed wander forever among bright flowers, shady groves, and murmuring fountains in perfect felicity and communion with kindred spirits. For the wicked there was the under world—gloomy Tartarus, where reign Pluto and Proserpina, where never comes the light of day or the pure breeze of heaven, but where departed souls dwell evermore in sepulchral darkness and in unbroken, sullen silence.

Equally fanciful were their legendary myths concerning the origin of man. Three thousand years ago Hesiod sang of the *Golden race*—the first created by the Olympic gods—good, perfect, and happy men, who lived on the spontaneous abundance of the earth, in ease and tranquillity, like the gods themselves. They suffered neither disease nor old age, and their death was like a gentle sleep. Afterward they became guardian spirits, watching over the living. Next came the *Silver race*—inferior to the former both in mind and body. Reckless and mischievous toward each other, they were disdainful to the immortal gods, whom they would neither serve nor respect. Jupiter, in his

wrath, buried them under the earth. The third was the *Bronze race*—warlike and terrible, of immense strength and adamant soul. They all perished by each other's hands, and descended, nameless and forgotten, to Hades. To them succeeded the *Heroic race*—far better and more just than the last preceding. But this splendid stock became extinct—some perished in the wars of Thebes and of Troy; others were removed to a happier state in the Islands of the Blessed, where they dwell in peace and happiness, reaping thrice in the year the spontaneous productions of the earth. The last was the *Iron race*—to which the old bard himself belonged, and bitterly does he lament it. The men of that age were unjust, ungrateful, and cruel; doomed to continual care and suffering, and to final extinction.

These, and such as these, were the articles of belief on which was based the religious sentiments of the classic ages. Fairy-like and dream-like as are these fantasies and fictions, they contained a hidden mine of the profoundest wisdom for those who are willing to toil manfully for the pure gold. Look through this gorgeous, airy veil of fiction, and you will read the earnest convictions, the ardent aspirations, the conflicting hopes and fears of true human hearts, upon which never beamed the clear light of revelation. Here you may observe the spontaneous and universal belief in the existence of beings superior to man. Here also may you find described the most exalted attributes with which unaided, uninspired fancy can clothe such beings. Here is a recognition of right as eternally opposed to wrong. Here is the sublime spectacle of man, unenlightened by the historic page of the sacred Scriptures in regard to the past, and uninstructed by prophetic vision in regard to the future, struggling with toil and care in the darkness which surrounds him, yet confidently asserting, from his own internal, intuitive consciousness, the divinity of his origin and the glories of his ultimate destiny in an immortal state.

In the early literature of all nations we find the claim of descent from the gods. Tacitus declares that the Germans of his day celebrated in their poetic legends the god Tuisto, and his descendant Mannus, who became the founder of their race. According to this myth, Mannus, or, in simple English, Man, was the son of the god Tuisto, whose offspring compose the great Teutonic race, a branch of which is the Anglo-Saxon.

Whether these legends originated purely in the imaginations of the early poets, whether they resulted from some deep, innate conviction and consciousness of the heart in their reality, or whether they are the faint and indistinct re-echo of some inspired voice that once came from the green hills of Palestine, where dwelt in peaceful quietude the chosen people of God, are questions that concern us not. Whatever their origin, they indicate the exalted conception which all men possess of the nobility, dignity, and value of human life. God has implanted within us a love of life, to which

but seldom does any other affection of the mind become equal or paramount. And as if this were not sufficient, the strongest of all our instincts stands as a sleepless sentinel over us to prevent us from flinging away our life in some rash moment of disappointment or despair.

Christian and savage nations place a very different estimate on the value of life. None but a Christian can understand its inviolable sanctity. Its importance as a part of our endless existence can be learned only from an intimate acquaintance with the precepts of the Bible. While the man, who is blind to the hopes and promises of revelation, becomes wholly absorbed in the concerns of the present life, deeming death the greatest evil that can befall him, and the cruel doom of an envious fate, the Christian is liable to err in the opposite extreme. Often does he undervalue the present life in his attempt to place a value sufficiently high on that which is to come. Looking constantly to a future state as the only legitimate place of happiness, he too often underrates his mortal existence, regarding it as a kind of expiatory penance, full of unmingled trouble and sorrow.

Life was given us to be loved, to be enjoyed, but not to be overrated. And though it may have much of gloom, of disappointment, and of sorrow, we are to enter upon it cheerfully, hopefully, and manfully; for if our hearts are right, we shall find even more of sunshine, of encouragement, and of happiness. The world is teeming full of happiness for us all, if we will but have it. It meets us at every step, and throngs every avenue of sensation.

The universe is constructed on the principle of compensation—force counteracts force, passion counteracts passion, good counteracts evil, and pleasure counteracts pain, in each case, however, giving the preponderance to that side which will promote the general concord and harmony of nature. Inequalities of life are oftener fanciful than real. Blessings are distributed by a more impartial hand than is generally supposed. The heart that men call smitten of God tastes many a secret pleasure unknown to the world; and he who is deemed the favored child of fortune smarts with many a secret pang of which none but himself can tell.

Are we not too frequently taught to look upon the three-score and ten years allotted us here as a state of preparation previous to the commencement of our endless life, instead of the very beginning of that life itself? The moment of birth is, in fact, the beginning of our eternal life. Indeed, death is a condition absolutely essential to our endless existence.

“The mystery of decay

Is but the promise of the coming life.
 Each towering oak that lifts its living head
 To the broad sunlight, in eternal strength,
 Glories to tell thee that the acorn died.
 The flowers that spring above their last year's grave
 Are eloquent with the voice of life and hope;
 And the green trees clap their rejoicing hands,
 Waving in triumph o'er the earth's decay.

Yet not alone shall flowers and forests raise
 The voice of triumph and the hymn of life.
 The insect brood are there!—each painted wing
 That flutters in the sunshine, broke but now
 From the close coverments of a worm's own shroud,
 Is telling, as it flies, how life may spring
 In its glad beauty from the gloom of death.
 Where the crushed mold beneath the sunken foot
 Seems but the sepulcher of old decay,
 Turn thou a keener glance, and thou shalt find
 The gathered myriads of a mimic world.
 The breath of evening and the sultry morn
 Bears on its wing a cloud of witnesses,
 That earth from her unnumbered caves of death
 Sends forth a mightier tide of teeming life."

How beautiful is the economy of life! How eloquent in the praise of Him who gave it! In infancy compensation is made for our helplessness and dependency by the watchful and tender assiduity of parental love. Our instruction was deemed not a task, but a privilege, by those who watched with affectionate solicitude for the first unfoldings of thought and of intelligence, and whose changeless love drew forth the first warm outgoings of filial attachment from our guileless hearts, as they taught our lisping infancy to pray to that great and good Being who dwells in heaven. Next comes hopeful, joyous, elastic youth, with all its indomitable perseverance and its strength of iron will, its high ambition, its insatiable longings, and its shadowy, delicious dreams of the future. What incentives save such as these could stimulate a youthful being to the performance of his herculean task? Without experience, ignorant of what may befall him in the future, he rushes on to his unseen goal, obedient to the native impulse of his own heart, in which he trusts with a confiding reliance of faith that is truly sublime. He sighs not for the heaven that lay about him in his infancy, as it fades from his view in the receding distance of the past. For him the golden hours of the present pass but too slowly, while

"Time in advance behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, descript with his age."

When the sparkle and effervescence of youth is past, and the cup of life grows clear and calm, then come the days, the years, of patient, intense, and unremitting, though not unhappy toil. Life becomes something earnest—something real. Many an air-built castle of our youthful dreams, though brave, and strong, and high, unexpectedly tumbles in ruins about our pathway, to obstruct our onward march. The balmy, ethereal May-day of life is gone, and the heat and glow of the long, long summer is upon us. There is no rest—no cessation—no return. Next life falls "into the sear, the yellow leaf"—the calm, reflective autumn of man's existence—the time to garner up the fruits of a peaceful, well-spent life, and

"Walk thoughtful on the solemn, silent shore
 Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon."

Such are the natural changes incident to our mortal life. To us some of them are sure, and all are possible. Shrink not from them; they are in

the order of providence. Experience is the chief object of our existence on earth. Without it, life passes over us in vain, and we are unprepared for heaven when that dark-winged angel calls us, to whose stern command there can be no refusal or delay.

Though harsh and bitter for the present may seem our trials—though our hearts be wrung with anguish, with disappointment, or bereavement, there comes a time when we shall see and know the object of all our suffering here—when we shall trace backward, through the long, long past, the inexplicable designs of Providence at which we so blindly repined. Then shall we joyfully acknowledge Him good and merciful in all his dealings, "and justify the ways of God to man."

The idea is abroad in the world that the different periods of life are naturally uncongenial to each other. Accordingly a broad line of division separates society into two great classes—the young and the old. The young carefully avoid the society of the old, and the old are too dignified to mingle in the society of the young. Such a distinction is not nature's arrangement. The family circle is the true type of nature's plan, where youth relies upon the judgment, wisdom, and discretion of age, while age lives over its life again in the joyful, exultant, sinless happiness of childhood and youth. There naturally is a congeniality between the old and the young. Who so sincerely as the child reveres the man of venerable age? Who can so fully appreciate the happiness and innocence of youth as he from whose heart the vigor of earlier years has departed to return no more? Alas, for the young man in whose bosom glows no generous sentiment of respect for the white-haired patriarch who dwells on the confines of the invisible world! Alas, for the old man in whose heart the sanguine hopes, the high resolves, the joyful outbursts of young and exuberant life find no kind response of sympathy! Woe to the man who grows old in heart! He is recreant to the duty which he owes society.

The social relations of life conform to the great law of compensation. The young excel in energy, tireless and undaunted by frequent disappointment, while they lack the sober wisdom of experience; while the old, in whom the fires of life burn low, lack the vigor and perseverance of youth, they are able to supply its defect of prudence from the observations of many years. The world has always loved a cheerful old man, from the days of Anacreon, who sung,

"How I love the hoary sage,
 Smiling through the veil of age!
 Snows may o'er his head be flung,
 But his heart—his heart is young."

Then live, loving life as nature bids you—neither clinging to it with the unrelaxing grasp of the beast that knows no hereafter, nor peevishly repining at its fancied afflictions, nor mourning your long exile from your home in heaven. Whether

it is best to live long or die soon we know not,
neither can we know.

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

So live that in the spiritual life you will recall the thoughts, the words, the actions of your earthly life with unalloyed pleasure; for they will all, all, be vividly remembered. To such a life death, which receives far the greater part of its terrible and dreadful surroundings from a distempered fancy than from the Bible or from reason, succeeds as beautifully and naturally as the starlit summer night to the toilsome summer day. Death is but a transition of our endless being—a birth into the life of bliss. There we shall find all we lost on earth restored again, compensation a hundred-fold for all our slightest sufferings on earth, and the rich experience of a mortal life which angels and seraphs shall never know:

"The dear departed that have passed away
To the still house of death, leaving thine own,
The gray-haired sire that died in blessing thee,
Mother or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave
Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise—
They shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass,
At God's appointment, thro' the shadowy vale,
To reach the sunlight of the IMMORTAL HILLS.
And thou that gloriest to lie down with kings,
Thine uncrowned head now lowlier than theirs,
Seek thou the loftier glory to be known
A king and priest to God, when thou shalt pass
Forth from these silent halls to take thy place
With patriarchs and prophets, and the blest
Gone up from every land to people heaven.
So live, that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the vale of Death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal Hills,
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed
Like the strong eagle's for the upward fight!"

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

Those who think that in order to dress well it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its true effect by being overdressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloading beauty. The stern simplicity of the classic taste is seen in the old statues and pictures painted by men of superior artistic genius. In Athens the ladies were not gaudily, but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies have ever excited more admiration. So also the noble Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightfully by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the hues of the butterfly, but Fashion is not a classic goddess. Most ridiculous in the eyes of all sensible people are they who forever wish to be seen in flaunting folds and colors.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY MRS. E. C. GARDINER.

THE noiseless step of time
Steals on—steals on in its course unknown,
And the old year's plaintive, dying tone
Is drowned by the new year's chime.
There were bright spots left in the distance dim,
Ere the blushing morn
Of life was gone;
And the joys of youth,
Its trust, its truth,

Come back as we chant the vesper hymn.
There are other scenes, where the joyous song
And the merry laugh was heard;
They come to the eye with their tinsel'd glare;
The proud and the lovely are thronging there;
And the jest, the idle word,
Falls again on my ear; but not as then,
Ere the shade of grief on my path had been.

But memories sad to my heart belong,
Of th' darkened rooms, and the funeral throng,
And the half-unspeken word
That the fountain of grief hath stirred;
The tolling bell, and the lone, lone grave,
The dark and narrow bed,
Where the drooping willows and cypress wave
O'er the loved and early dead.
O, these are scenes that for aye will last,
That again and again will come,
To darken the light of the fading past
With the shadows of the tomb!

But on, still on, fly the golden hours,
And the sands of life all readily
Run hand in hand with time;
They pause not to glance at the icy bowers
Of winter, among the summer flowers
They tarry not, but steadily
Pursue their course sublime:
With ceaseless glide
O'er the silent tide,
Hurrying evermore,
Stealing on, stealing on,
Like a specter wan,
Never glancing back
O'er the viewless track,
But on to the untried shore,
Where death comes not—where the spirit's powers
From the dlogs of sin are forever free—
Where day and night, and the circling hours,
Are lost in the lapse of eternity.

MOURN on Contemplation's wings,
And mark the causes and the ends of things;
Learn what we are, and for what purpose born,
What station here 'tis given us to adorn;
How best to blend security with ease,
And win our way thro' life's tempestuous seas.

INKLINGS FROM MEMORY.

BY ORGATIUS.

"Bright, blessed memories! how fair
 And cloudless are the hues ye wear!
 The joys of life ye guard with care,
 Its griefs aside ye cast;
 And golden tints of light ye bear,
 Sweet memories of the past."

MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"BRIGHT, blessed memories!" Yes, it is blessed to call the mind away from the busy cares of the present, and to once more gaze upon Memory's pleasing picture of the past. It is strange what treasures Memory has accumulated, and how freely she exhibits them to us. How numerous and vivid the sights that Memory presents to our vision! How various and familiar the sounds and voices which, like sweet, enchanting music, she causes to fall upon our enraptured ears! There, portrayed upon her faithful canvas, is the home of our childhood—the home we loved; there is the neighboring village, the ancient church, the old log school-house, and the fields, and meadows, and woods, and lanes through which we frolicked and gambled with childish glee—we can see them all! Persons, once daily companions, but long since gone—some to distant parts, as have we, to battle with the rough world, others to the still sleep of death; persons who have been by us for years forgotten, stand up before us as they appeared of yore, and those whose memory we have cherished in our "heart of hearts" are present. Yonder stands the father and the mother of our infancy. It makes us weep while we survey their loved forms as Memory paints them. There is the brother—the sister death early snatched from our side. There is the village squire—a consequential personage, large and round-faced, and of magisterial air. We almost tremble before his image, as we used to before himself. There is the preacher, the schoolmaster, the men and the women, the boys and the girls, just as they were of old; and so familiar do they seem, that we almost feel like speaking to them, or giving them a hearty shake of the hand, to show them that we still remember them. But home! that is the spot about which we love to linger. See there is the building, with its low walls, its pointed gables, its antique windows, and its heavy door shaded by twining vines and honeysuckles! In that chamber we enjoyed our peaceful slumbers. There is the fireplace around which we gathered on the long winter nights, while the blazing, crackling fire afforded us its generous warmth. On that stand lies the old family Bible, whose big pictures first attracted our childish interest, whose wondrous incidents and histories next filled us with astonishment and delight, and whose heaven-given rays of truth, bright beams shed forth by the great central orb—the Sun of righteousness—have been, through life's pilgrimage, "a light to our feet, and a lamp

to our path." Here we kneeled at morn and even, and invoked the blessing of "the God of the families of the whole earth" to rest upon our abode. Look out from the porch! There lies the watchful "Carlo," the terror of the swinish herd. Look, he bounds to welcome our approaching footsteps! There also in the yard is "Jenny," who used to trot to market on a summer morning, bearing her mistress and her load of marketings, or would suffer us, a merry throng of chuckling youngsters, to crowd upon her back, and practice our juvenile feats of horsemanship. There is the garden whose generous soil furnished us its annual tribute of flowers, and fruits, and vegetables. With what willing industry we, in early spring, cultivated its mellow soil, cast in the seed! and then with what impatience we awaited the appearance of the tender plant, and counted the long months to intervene before we should gather the ripe and plenteous produce! There is the barn and the orchard; and yonder, under the shade of those old oaks in the meadow, are the panting cows we loved to drive at morn and eve to and from their verdant pasture. Hark! What is that? the breakfast horn. And that? the Sabbath bell. And that?—but we must stop these pleasing reminiscences, for these sights and sounds come too fast to be recorded.

With these pleasing reminiscences come memories that grieve us. The fault, the error, the childish sin, the birth of habits that have caused us years of pain, are here revealed. We would they were not here; but as they are, we are glad that Memory tells us of them. There is something so satisfactory in our grief on their account, and they are beacons of warning to our manhood. Childish errors are the beginnings of manhood's crimes; and we have a better knowledge of the nature of evil as we appreciate the nature, and especially the effects of "the sins of our youth." The lights and shadows fall of the past improvingly upon us. Memory makes us better. We here find much that serves to unravel the deep mystery of life, and we can mark the wise hand of an overruling Providence. Memory fetches the sigh and forces the tear when we look upon life's withered hours; but yet we feel that childhood's happiness and innocence, that early love and devotion, that so much that is dear to the heart is associated with memory, that, after all, we say, "Bright, blessed memories!"

Such were my thoughts the other evening, as, while leisurely riding along a forest road, with naught around to disturb the current of my thought, I reviewed some of the incidents of a yet short but changeful life. Memory led me back to the land of my birth; and I thought of its peculiar customs and characteristics, so different from those of this land of my adoption. Some of these thoughts of Memory I have penned in my hours of leisure; they are pleasing to me—they may be interesting to you, indulgent reader, as illustrative of rural life in England.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.—
BY FLEBRIUS.—
CHAPTER XIII.

The early pioneer preachers in the Western conference—Their remembrance passing away—Western Methodist Historical Society—Brief notice of Rev. William M'Kendree—Rev. James Axley—Two anecdotes of him—Rev. Peter Cartwright—Two anecdotes of him—Rev. Samuel Parker—Rev. James Quinn—Rev. John Collins—Rev. Jesse Walker—Rev. George Askins—Rev. John Sale—Rev. Benjamin Lakin—Rev. Solomon Langdon—Rev. David Young—Rev. Jacob Young—Rev. William Burke—Rev. Joseph Oglesby—Rev. James Ward.

HAVING, in our last chapter, in connection with our notice of the session of the old Western conference at Chillicothe, in 1807, introduced some reminiscences of the venerable Bishop Asbury, the readers, we hope, will not be displeased if we bring to their notice some of the prominent members of that conference then in attendance. Many of these were men of renown, able and successful laborers in the Lord's vineyard, "whose praise is in all the Churches." Not counting their own lives dear unto them, they had relinquished all the comforts and enjoyments of their own pleasant homes, and braved the toils and sufferings, the privations and perils, of the itinerant ministry in the then sparsely settled backwoods, to plant and water the Church in the wilderness. A very few only of these pioneer heralds of the cross remain among us. Far the largest number have finished their course, and gone to receive the crown of righteousness. For their extraordinary labors and sufferings they should "be had in everlasting remembrance." Yet their memory is fast fading away, and the history of their deeds is rapidly passing into oblivion, and ere long nothing will be known of them but their names, and the obituary notices of them in the Minutes of the annual conferences, the bound volumes of which are to be found in but few hands. It is much to be regretted that no effective measures have been adopted by the Church for collecting and preserving the materials for the memoirs of her ministers. It is true, the "Western Methodist Historical Society," formed in Cincinnati in 1839, made a very good beginning, and made a valuable collection of materials for the future historian of Methodism, most of which was then published in the Western Christian Advocate. But for want of zeal in this important work, or from some other cause, the Society has languished for several years past, and has now only a nominal existence. We earnestly hope it may soon be revived, and placed again in active and effective operation. But it was not our intention to read a homily to the Church for her neglect in this matter, and we pass on to the notices proposed.

William M'Kendree was then the most prominent member of the Western conference. His eloquence and power in the pulpit drew out large congregations of deeply attentive and delighted hearers. When warmed and animated by his subject in the

pulpit, his was one of the most expressive countenances we have ever looked upon. Lighted up with a benignant and heavenly glow, and his own peculiarly sweet and fascinating smile, its charm was irresistible, and all eyes were involuntarily riveted upon him. An instance of the fascination of his heaven-illuminated countenance occurred at the time we are speaking of—the conference of 1807. Mr. M'Kendree preached on Sabbath morning previous to the session, and among the hearers was our esteemed friend Judge Orr, of Chillicothe, at that time an irreligious young man, but for many years past an active and influential member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On coming out of the meeting-house on that occasion, Mr. Orr, stepping up to us, inquired:

"Who is that minister that preached?"

"Mr. M'Kendree," we replied.

"Well," said he, "I would rather see that man look an hour from the pulpit, even if he spoke not a word, than hear a sermon of an hour long from any other minister I ever saw."

But there was a charm also in the rich and mellifluous tones of his voice, which fell like sweetest music on the ear, and sent a thrill to the heart. His preaching was in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.

Mr. M'Kendree was then in the meridian and vigor of life. In person he was about the medium stature, well proportioned, and finely formed, with a remarkably dignified mien. In his person and dress he was a pattern of neatness and good taste; polished in his manners, gentle in his disposition, easy and affable in his intercourse with others—the perfect gentleman. We well remember that he was freely spoken of by the members of the Western conference as their choice for Bishop in place of Bishop Whatcoat, deceased, and to which office he was chosen by the General conference in May following.

Bishop M'Kendree died March 5, 1835, aged seventy-eight years. His last words were, "All is well!" It is much to be regretted that up to this day, although seventeen years have elapsed since his death, no memoir of his life has been produced. At the General conference in 1836 that body requested Bishop Soule to prepare for publication a life of his deceased colleague. Why it has not been done, is a question we have many times asked and heard asked. If the venerable Bishop to whom the task was committed has not been able to execute it himself, why, we would respectfully ask, has it not been committed to other hands?

The name of James Axley was rendered familiar to us by being carved by himself, during the sitting of the conference of 1807, on the back of the seat in front of the one in which we usually sat, in the little, old brick chapel. Our recollection of his person is rather indistinct; but we think he was tall and raw-boned, and a little awkward in his manners and movements. In the matter and delivery of his discourses there was a marked originality,

a vein of humor, and even drollery, which, while it interested and frequently amused his hearers, often gave severe point and directness to his rebukes. He was, nevertheless, a preacher of very respectable talents and undoubted piety. And if he was not a "polished shaft" in the quiver of the Almighty, yet the arrow was none the less sharp and keen. We have heard many anecdotes of his sayings and doings. The following, related to us about thirty years ago by the Rev. John Collins, we give the reader as a specimen:

In one of his discourses Mr. Axley was descending upon conformity to the world among Christians, particularly in fashionable dress and manners. To meet the pleas and excuses usually set up in behalf of these departures from the good old way, he held a sort of colloquy with an imaginary apologist, seated at the further end of the congregation, whose supposed pleas and excuses he would state on behalf of his man of straw, in an altered tone; then resuming his natural voice, he would reply and demolish the arguments of his opponent. After thus discussing the subject for some time, the opponent was made to say,

"But, sir, some of your Methodist preachers themselves dress in fashionable style, and in air and manner enact the dandy."

"O no, my friend, that can not be. Methodist preachers know their calling better. They are men of more sense than that, and would not stoop so low as to disgrace themselves and the sacred office they hold by such gross inconsistency of character."

"Well, sir, if you won't take my word for it, just look at those young preachers in the pulpit, behind you."

Mr. Axley, turning immediately around, with seeming surprise, and facing two or three rather fashionably dressed junior preachers seated in the rear of the pulpit, he surveyed each of them from head to foot for two or three minutes, while they quailed under the withering glance of his keen and penetrating eye; then turning again to the congregation, and leaning a little forward over the front of the desk, with his arm extended, and his eyes as if fixed on the apologist at the farther end of the church, he said, in a subdued tone, yet distinctly enough to be heard by all present:

"If you please, sir, we'll drop the subject!"

Although the following additional anecdote of Mr. Axley may be familiar to many of our readers, we hope they will pardon us for inserting it, as it is worthy of a more durable record than the columns of a newspaper, from which we clip it. The late Judge Hugh L. White, who relates it, was a learned and able jurist and distinguished statesman, and for many years a conspicuous member of the United States senate from the state of Tennessee.

"On a certain day a number of lawyers and literary men were together in the town of Knoxville, Tenn., and the conversation turned on preachers and preaching. One and another had expressed

his opinion of the performances of this and that pulpit orator, when at length Judge White spoke up:

"Well, gentlemen, on this subject each man is, of course, entitled to his own opinion; but I must confess that father Axley brought me to a sense of my evil deeds, at least a portion of them, more effectually than any preacher I ever heard."

"At this, every eye and ear was turned, for Judge White was never known to speak lightly on religious subjects, and, moreover, was habitually cautious and respectful in his remarks about religious men. The company now expressed the most urgent desire that the Judge should give the particulars, and expectation stood on tiptoe.

"I went up," said the Judge, "one evening to the Methodist church. A sermon was preached by a clergyman with whom I was not acquainted, but father Axley was in the pulpit. At the close of the sermon he arose and said to the congregation, 'I am not going to detain you by delivering an exhortation; I have risen merely to administer a rebuke for improper conduct, which I have observed here to-night.' This, of course, waked up the entire assembly, and the stillness was profound, while Axley stood and looked for several seconds over the congregation. Then stretching out his large, long arm, and pointing with his finger steadily in one direction, he said, 'Now, I calculate that those two young men, who were talking in that corner of the house while the brother was preaching, think that I am going to talk about them. Well, it is true, it looks very bad, when well-dressed young men, who you would suppose, from their appearance, belonged to some respectable family, come to the house of God, and instead of reverencing the majesty of Him that dwelleth therein, or attending to the message of his everlasting love, get together in one corner of the house'—his finger all the time pointing as steady and straight as the aim of a rifleman—"and there, during the whole solemn service, keep talking, tittering, laughing, and giggling, thus annoying the minister, disturbing the congregation, and sinning against God. I'm sorry for the young men. I'm sorry for their parents. I'm sorry they have done so to-night. I hope they will never do so again. But, however, that's not the thing I was going to talk about. It is another matter, so important that I thought it would be wrong to suffer the congregation to depart without administering a suitable rebuke. Now," said he, stretching out his huge arm, and pointing in another direction, "perhaps that man who was asleep on the bench out there, while the brother was preaching, thinks that I am going to talk about him. Well, I must confess it looks very bad for a man to come into a worshipping assembly, and, instead of taking a seat like others, and listening to the blessed Gospel, carelessly stretching himself out on a bench, and going to sleep. It is not only a proof of great insensibility with regard to the obligations which we owe to our Creator and Redeemer, but it shows a want of genteel breeding. It shows

that the poor man has been so unfortunate in his bringing up as not to have been taught good manners. He don't know what is polite and respectful in a worshipping assembly, among whom he comes to mingle. I'm sorry for the poor man. I'm sorry for the family to which he belongs. I'm sorry he did not know better. I hope he will never do so again. But, however, this is not what I was going to talk about." Thus father Axley went on, for some time, "boxing the compass," hitting a number of persons and things that he was not going to talk about, and hitting *hard*, till the attention and curiosity of the audience were raised to their highest pitch, when finally he remarked:

"The thing of which I was going to talk was *chewing tobacco*. Now, I do hope, when any gentleman comes to church who can't keep from using tobacco during the hours of worship, that he will just take his hat and use it for a spit-box. You all know we are Methodists. You all know that our custom is to kneel when we pray. Now, any gentleman may see, in a moment, how exceedingly inconvenient it must be for a well-dressed Methodist lady to be compelled to kneel down in a puddle of tobacco spit."

"Now," said Judge White, "at this time I had in my mouth an uncommonly large quid of tobacco. Axley's singular manner and train of remark strongly arrested my attention. While he was stirring to the right and left, hitting those "things" that he was not going to talk about, my curiosity was busy to find out what he could be aiming at. I was chewing and spitting my large quid with uncommon rapidity, and looking up at the preacher to catch every word and every gesture—when at last he pounced upon the tobacco, behold, there I had a *great puddle* of tobacco spit! I quietly slipped the quid out of my mouth, and dashed it as far as I could under the seats, resolved never again to be found chewing tobacco in the Methodist church."

Peter Cartwright was yet in the morning of life. He had been in the itinerant ranks only about three years, and had not acquired the celebrity as a popular preacher and polemic which he attained in after years. Our recollection of him at that conference is but indistinct; but in subsequent years his name and person became familiar to us. Many characteristic anecdotes have we heard of him in the course of the last forty years, which, did our limits in these sketches permit, we would lay before the readers. One or two of these, however, we will give as specimens:

Somewhere in Kentucky—at Bardstown, perhaps, where there is a Roman Catholic college—Mr. Cartwright was called upon one day by a Catholic priest, who took him to task for assuming the office of a minister of the Gospel without a knowledge of the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written, the contents of which, for want of that knowledge, he, of course, could neither understand nor explain. Mr. Cartwright, assuming an air

of sorrow and embarrassment on account of his alleged incapacity to unravel all the great mysteries contained in the good book, acknowledged that some things therein were hard to understand.

"But you profess, I suppose," said he, "to understand all these."

"Certainly; there is nothing in it dark or mysterious to me."

"Well, I am always happy to avail myself of every opportunity of acquiring knowledge, especially concerning the more difficult parts of the good book; and I was reading a passage in it not long ago at which I was somewhat puzzled, and would have been pleased to have had some learned gentleman like yourself at my elbow to explain it."

"What was that?" said the priest, with a contemptuous air.

"It is this: St. John—Rev. xiii, 1—says, 'And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns;' and I tried to cipher it out, but for the life of me I was unable to tell exactly how many horns belonged to each head, and doubtless your reverence can tell me."

The priest, without making any reply, put on his beaver and walked.

At another time Mr. Cartwright was waited upon by a worthy clergyman of another Church, who likewise lectured him for his alleged ignorance of Greek and Hebrew.

"And pray, sir, who informed you," said Mr. Cartwright, "that I was unacquainted with the Greek and Hebrew languages?"

"Well, I do not remember that I have been told so by any one; but presumed it was so, as Methodist preachers generally, I believe, are without classical education."

"Ah, well, sir, you should not take things on presumption, without having good grounds therefor, especially in so grave a charge as that which you have uttered against me. You, I suppose, understand these languages?"

"Yes; I profess to know something of them."

"Well, for aught I know, I have as good a right to doubt your knowledge of Greek and Hebrew as you have to call in question my acquaintance with them. Allow me, sir, to examine you concerning your knowledge of the Greek." Then taking up from the table by which he was seated a book about the size of a Testament, opening it, and appearing to read therefrom, he uttered a few words in Dutch, of which he had a little smattering, and continued, "Will you be good enough to translate into English that verse from the Greek of the Gospel of St. John?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the clergyman, a little embarrassed by this unexpected turn to the conversation, "my time has been so much occupied, for many years, with professional duties, that I have no time to look into the Greek Testament, and have probably got a little rusty in the language."

"Very probable. Well, I suppose we must excuse

you, as I know something of the laborious nature of the pastoral office. But, doubtless, you have been more careful of preserving your knowledge of the Hebrew;" and taking up and opening another book about as large as a Bible, he continued, "and if you please, sir, I will thank you to translate a passage from the Hebrew Pentateuch," uttering another sentence in Dutch.

The reverend gentleman by this time became quite confused, and seeming to think he had "got into the wrong box," he abruptly arose and retired.

Mr. Cartwright has been an able and effective laborer in his Lord's vineyard for nearly half a century, and has traveled over nearly all parts of the great west, preaching Christ and him crucified. He is now presiding elder of the Quincy district, Illinois conference, of which he has been a member for several years; and was a delegate therefrom in the late General conference at Boston, of which body he has long been an active and influential member.

The name of *Samuel Parker* is well known and cherished by thousands of our Israel throughout the west. He embraced religion at a very early age; and after laboring as a local preacher for four years, he entered the traveling connection in 1804. He was in stature a little above the medium height, but quite slender, with thin face and prominent, aquiline nose. The law of kindness and benevolence was strongly written in every lineament of his bland, open countenance. His suavity and gracefulness of manners, his childlike simplicity and gentleness, his holy conversation and fervid piety, made a most favorable impression upon all with whom he had intercourse, and he seemed to diffuse his own sweet and amiable spirit all around him wherever he went. He was an eminent example of holy living, and of the transforming and soul-refining power of the grace of God.

His preaching was of a high order, and drew out large congregations wherever he went. His sermons were carefully prepared, methodically arranged, and delivered with great unction, and were usually attended with power from on high. He was thoroughly skilled in the science of music, and was passionately fond of singing; and when joined by a few good singers, he would often spend half the night or more in cultivating sacred music. In this art he excelled all others we have ever heard. The rich and mellifluous tones of his soft yet full and silvery voice could not fail to charm all who heard it. We have often been in the family or social circle, and heard him sing the songs of Zion, while every one present were moved to tears. He continued his labors with distinguished usefulness till the autumn of 1819, when he was transferred to the Mississippi conference, where he died, December 20th of that year, in the full assurance of eternal blessedness.

We might extend these notices, and embrace therein several other prominent ministers, who were members of the old Western conference. But we

have room for little more than the names of a few of them.

James Quinn had located the previous year, but rejoined the itinerant ranks in 1808, and continued therein an able and faithful minister, till his death in 1847. A well-written memoir of his life and labors, by Rev. J. F. Wright, has been published. *John Collins* was one of the most useful and successful preachers in the west. He finished his course in 1845. A brief memoir of his life, by Hon. John M'Lean, has been published by the Western Book Concern. *Jesse Walker* was an indefatigable and laborious pioneer preacher, and died in 1835. Bishop Morris, in his "Miscellany," gives a good sketch of his life. *George Axtias*, the young preacher whom we noticed in the anecdotes of Bishop Asbury in our last chapter, was distinguished for his great zeal, and his laborious and successful but short career. He died in 1816. *John Sale* was methodical, lucid, and often very animated in his preaching. He died in 1827. *Benjamin Laska*, an able minister, plain and pointed in his discourses, died in 1849, aged eighty-two years, and in the fifty-fourth of his ministry. *Solomon Langdon* entered the traveling connection in 1800, in one of the New England States, and afterward removed to the west. He was an amiable man, of a grave countenance, dignified, but courteous and affable in his manners, and a very good preacher. He located in 1813, and died, we think, soon after.

The following are still among the living: *David Young*, a preacher of great ability, and long a prominent leader in the ranks of the itinerancy. He has been for several years superannuated, and resides in Zanesville. *Jacob Young*, a sound preacher, of good abilities, and greatly esteemed. He is still effective, although now about seventy-six years old, and has labored in the ministry uninterruptedly over fifty years. *William Burke* entered the traveling connection in 1792, and continued an effective, laborious, and able minister about twenty years, when his health, or rather his voice, failed, and he settled in Cincinnati. In 1814 he was appointed postmaster of that city, which office he held about twenty-seven years. In 1821 or 1822 he was separated from the Church, and organized a distinct religious society, which continued its existence but a few years. In 1832 Mr. Burke reunited with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was placed again on the superannuated list; and in 1844, when the Southern conferences seceded and formed the Methodist Episcopal Church South, he united with them. He still lives, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. *Joseph Oglesby* resides in Madison, Ia., and is an experienced and skillful physician. *James Ward*, we learn, is one of those who still survive; but of his residence we are not informed. Others of their co-laborers at that early day are probably still living, but where, we know not.

Our next will contain the promised notices of the preachers resident in Chillicothe in 1807.

OUR COUSIN ELLIE.

BY ALIDA.

WE loved her, and we looked upon her pale, sweet face, till the warm tears of affection would swell, and the deep, glad fountain of the heart would pour out its joyous gratitude for such a boon. Too well we loved her; too cruel seemed the stroke of death; and O, too chill the cold, dark grave for such a gentle, cherished one!

Often, very often, in our childish plays, would she steal away to dream about the little flowers; and we would find them wreathed about her head, strewn at her feet, and pressed with almost religious fervor to the little heart that loved them so fondly. She fancied the angels dwelt among them, and would tell of strange, wild tales they had whispered in her ear—how they were soon to take her away, and carry her beyond the clouds—how the soft, low tones would swell around her, till she felt all changed, like a bird—and every thing was so beautiful, she wished it was her home.

Then we knew why the calm, blue eye was so dreamy, and whence came the light of unearthly luster—why the little, childish voice was so eloquent with music; and we almost thought to see her borne away. While others slumbered, and we thought her at rest, Ellie would steal from her couch, and, with her head resting upon the window, gaze up into the sky, long and fervently, as though the outgushings of her whole soul were lingering in that gaze. Then we would see the lips moving, and the tiny hand raised, as though beckoning the bright stars from their homes. She had read how the "stars sang together," and thought to bring their music near; and then we knew why Ellie's quiet smile was so different from others, and why it lingered so long and lovingly upon her lips. Bright seraphs left their impress there. Short years passed quickly by, and our darling still lived—the idol almost of our heart—the beautiful image of affection enshrined within our spirit's depths; and we lingered in the sunlight of her path, thoughtless of the shadows that were soon to intervene, and dim the radiance that beamed upon us. We loved too deeply for the vestige of a fear, and dreamed not that a vision so beautiful could ever fade away. O, how the heart-strings cling around the object of their love! and how prone we are to fancy our joys undying, our warm affections too pure to feel the blight of earthly decay!

Ellie was always pale, and we saw no change, save that a soft shadow of thought seemed to linger more visibly upon the brow and lips, and the eye grew more intensely beautiful. Thoughts glowing with heavenly light, too glorious for utterance, seemed ever wandering through her spirit, and leading it from out its clay tenement—and why did we never read the impress of a loftier, purer being entamped upon each speaking lineament?

Why dreamed we that our Ellie might remain in this dark world?

Gently she sank away from our yearning hearts and tearful gaze. Ere the last sunbeam fled from the features it would never lighten more, the lips had ceased to murmur words of hope and love, the soft eye had lost its beaming tenderness, and our darling slumbered.

Years have flown, but the memory of that hour, enshrouded as it were in the gloom of death, seems like a ray of light left to stream athwart life's varying pathway—a living hope left by the departed; and the last cheering tones of one who trembles on the verge of the tomb, mingled with the ushering of heavenly bliss—O, are they not sweet incense from the deep fountain of the soul, wafting upward to its God? enough to rob death of its terror and the grave of its fearful gloom?

LAST WORDS.

BY MRS. E. S. NICHOLS.

Come kneel beside me, for my heart throbs faint,
And I would look my last look in those eyes;
By their soft light my lingering soul would paint
The dawning glories of yon opening skies!

Ay, kneel beside her who hast knelt to thee
In spirit long—who hast so often flung
The buds and blossoms of wild poesy
Around that brow where her pale lips have clung!

I'll not affright thee with that dark word—death!
But, with thy hands thus closely clasped in mine,
Will strive to murmur with my latest breath
The love that chains my panting heart to thine.

Canst thou forget me, when this form is laid,
Among the things that perish, in the ground?
When Spring a grassy coverlet has made
To hide away that lonely, earthy mound?

When Summer comes with all its roses wild,
And flings them down exulting at thy side,
Canst thou forget how she once brightly smiled
On their fair sisters, that like her have died?

Can Autumn tread among the ripened mast,
And plow deep furrows in the withered leaves,
Without one thought on those dear autumns cast,
When we played childlike with the yellow sheaves?

Shall Winter pierce thee with no sharp regret,
As slowly move its leaden hours along?
And Time but teach thee quickly to forget
The love that breathed and burned for thee in song?

Farewell! true heart—this life is ebbing fast—
The tide sets swiftly toward that other shore;
E'en now the bitterness of death is past—
The sleep is ended—the brief dream is o'er!

The Ladies' Repository.

OCTOBER, 1852.

A MODEL FEMALE PHILANTHROPIST.

AMONG the distinguished women in the humble ranks of society, who have pursued a loving, hopeful, benevolent, and beautiful way through life, the name of Sarah Martin will long be remembered. Not many of such women come into the full light of the world's eye. Quiet and silence befit their lot. The best of their labors are done in secret, and are never noised abroad. Often the most beautiful traits of a woman's character are confided but to one dear breast, and lie treasured there. There are comparatively few women who display the sparkling brilliancy of a Margaret Fuller, and whose names are noised abroad like hers on the wings of fame. But the number of women is very great who silently pursue their duty in thankfulness, who labor on—each in their little home circle—training the minds of growing youth for active life, molding future men and women for society and for each other, imbuing them with right principles, impenetrating their hearts with the spirit of love, and thus actively helping to carry forward the whole world toward good. But we hear comparatively little of the labors of true-hearted women in this quiet sphere. The genuine mother, wife, or daughter, is good, but not famous. And she can dispense with the fame, for the doing of the good is its own exceeding great reward.

Very few women step beyond the boundaries of home and seek a larger sphere of usefulness. Indeed, the home is a sufficient sphere for the woman who would do her work nobly and truly there. Still, there are the helpless to be helped, and when generous women have been found among the helpers, are we not ready to praise them, and to cherish their memory? Sarah Martin was one of such—a kind of Elizabeth Fry, in a humbler sphere. She was born at Caister, a village about three miles from Yarmouth, in the year 1791. Both her parents, who were very poor people, died when she was but a child; and the little orphan was left to be brought up under the care of her poor grandmother. The girl obtained such education as the village school could afford her—which was not much—and then she was sent to Yarmouth for a year, to learn sewing and dress-making in a very small way. She afterward used to walk from Caister to Yarmouth and back again daily, which she continued for many years, earning a slender livelihood by going out to families as an assistant dress-maker at a shilling a day.

It happened that, in the year 1819, a woman was committed to the Yarmouth jail for the unnatural crime of cruelly beating and ill using her own child. Sarah Martin was at this time eight and twenty years of age, and the report of the above crime, which was the subject of talk about the town, made a strong impression on her mind. She had often, before this, on passing the gloomy walls of the borough jail, felt an urgent desire to visit the inmates pent up there, without sympathy, and often without hope. She wished to read the Scriptures to them, and bring them back lovingly—were it yet possible—to the society

against whose laws they had offended. Think of this gentle, unlovely, ungifted, poor, young woman taking up with such an ideal! Yet it took root in her and grew within her. At length she could not resist the impulse to visit the wretched inmates of the Yarmouth jail. So, one day she passed into the dark porch, with a throbbing heart, and knocked for admission. The keeper of the jail appeared. In her gentle, low voice, she mentioned the cruel mother's name, and asked permission to see her. The jailer refused. There was "a lion in the way"—some excuse or other, as is usual in such cases. But Sarah Martin persisted. She returned; and at the second application she was admitted.

Sarah Martin afterward related the manner of her reception in the jail. The culprit mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, etc., she burst into tears, and thanked me." Those tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's subsequent life.

A year or two before this time Mrs. Fry had visited the prisoners in Newgate, and possibly the rumor of her labors in this field may have in some measure influenced Sarah Martin's mind; but of this we are not certain. Sarah Martin herself stated that, as early as the year 1810—several years before Mrs. Fry's visits to Newgate—her mind had been turned to the subject of prison visitation, and she had then felt a strong desire to visit the poor prisoners in Yarmouth jail, to read the Scriptures to them. These two tender-hearted women may, therefore, have been working at the same time, in the same sphere of Christian work, entirely unconscious of each other's labors. However this may be, the merit of Sarah Martin can not be detracted from. She labored alone, without any aid from influential quarters; she had no persuasive eloquence, and had scarcely received any education; she was a poor seamstress, maintaining herself by her needle, and she carried on her visitation of the prisoners in secret, without any one vaunting her praises; indeed, this was the last thing she dreamt of. Is there not, in this simple picture of a humble woman thus devoting her leisure hours to the comfort and improvement of outcasts, much that is truly noble and heroic?

Sarah Martin continued her visits to the Yarmouth jail. From one she went to another prisoner, reading to them and conversing with them, from which she went on to instructing them in reading and writing. She constituted herself a schoolmistress for the criminals, giving up a day in the week for this purpose, and thus trenching on her slender means of living. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dress-making to serve the prisoners. This, regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

She next formed a Sunday service in the jail, for reading of the Scriptures, joining in the worship as a hearer. For three years she went on in this quiet course of visitation, till, as her views enlarged, she introduced other ameliorative plans for the benefit of the prisoners. One week in 1828, she received from

two gentlemen donations of ten shillings each, for prison charity. With this she bought materials for baby-clothes, cut them out, and set the females to work. The work, when sold, enabled her to buy other materials, and thus the industrial education of the prisoners was secured; Sarah Martin teaching those to sew and knit, who had not before learnt to do so. The profits derived from the sale of the articles were placed together in a fund, and divided among the prisoners on their leaving the jail to commence life again in the outer world. She, in the same way, taught the men to make straw hats, mens' and boys' caps, gray cotton shirts, and even patch-work—any thing to keep them out of idleness and from preying upon their own thoughts. Some, also, she taught to copy little pictures, with the same object, in which several of the prisoners took great delight. A little later on, she formed a fund out of the prisoners' earnings, which she applied to the furnishing of work to prisoners upon their discharge; "affording me," she says, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

Thus did humble Sarah Martin, long before the attention of public men had been directed to the subject of prison discipline, bring a complete system to maturity in the jail of Yarmouth. It will be observed that she had thus included visitation, moral and religious instruction, intellectual culture, industrial training, employment during prison hours, and employment after discharge. While learned men, at a distance, were philosophically discussing these knotty points, here was a poor seamstress at Yarmouth, who, in a quiet, simple, and unostentatious manner, had practically settled them all!

In 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and left her an annual income of ten or twelve pounds. She now removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in an obscure part of the town; and from that time devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labors in the jail. A benevolent lady in Yarmouth, in order to allow her some rest from her sewing, gave her one day in the week to herself, by paying her the same on that day as if she had been engaged in dress-making. With that assistance, and a few quarterly subscriptions of 2s. 6d. each, for Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and books for distribution, she went on, devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But her dress-making business—always a very fickle trade, and at best a very poor one—now began to fall off, and at length almost entirely disappeared. The question arose, was she to suspend her benevolent labors, in order to devote herself singly to the recovery of her business? She never wavered for a moment in her decision. In her own words—"I had counted the cost and my mind was made up. If, while imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others." Therefore did this noble, self-sacrificing woman, go straightforward on her road of persevering usefulness.

She now devoted six or seven hours in every day to her superintendence over the prisoners, converting what would otherwise have been a scene of dissolute

idleness into a hive of industry and order. Newly-admitted prisoners were sometimes refractory and unmanageable, and refused to take advantage of Sarah Martin's instructions. But her persistent gentleness invariably won their acquiescence, and they would come to her and beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Men, old in years and in crime, pert London pickpockets, depraved boys and dissolute sailors, profligate women, smugglers, poachers, the promiscuous horde of criminals which usually fill the jail of a seaport and county town—all bent themselves under the benign influence of this good woman, and under her eyes they might be seen striving, for the first time in their lives, to hold a pen, or master the characters in a penny primer. She entered into their confidences—watched, wept, prayed, and felt for all by turns—she strengthened their good resolutions, encouraged the hopeless, and sedulously endeavored to put all, and hold all, in the right road of amendment.

What was the nature of the religious instruction given by her to the prisoners, may be gathered from Captain Williams's account of it, as given in the "Second Report of the Inspector of Prisons" for the year 1836:

"*Sunday, November 29, 1835.*—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female resident in the town officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the Liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners—and extremely well—much better than I have frequently heard in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention and the most marked respect; and, as far as it was possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her, afterward, to the female prisoners."

Afterward, in 1837, she gave up the labor of writing out her addresses, and addressed the prisoners extemporaneously, in a simple, feeling manner, on the duties of life, on the connection between sin and sorrow on the one hand, and between goodness and happiness on the other, and inviting her fallen auditors to enter the great door of mercy which was ever wide opened to receive them. These simple, but earnest addresses were attended, it is said, by very beneficial results; and many of the prisoners were wont to thank her, with tears, for the new views of life, its duties and responsibilities, which she had opened up to them.

But Sarah Martin was not satisfied merely with laboring among the prisoners in the jail at Yarmouth. She also attended in the evenings at the workhouse, where she formed and superintended a large school; and afterward, when that school had been handed over to proper teachers, she devoted the hours so released to the formation and superintendence of a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. And after the labors connected with the class were over,

she would remain among the girls for the purpose of friendly intercourse with them, which was often worth more than all the class lessons. There were personal communications with this one and with that; private advice to one, some kindly inquiry to make of another, some domestic history to be imparted by a third; for she was looked up to by these girls as a counselor and friend, as well as schoolmistress. She had often visits also to pay to their homes; in one there would be sickness, in another misfortune or bereavement; and every-where was the good, benevolent creature made welcome. Then, lastly, she would return to her own poor solitary apartments, late at night, after her long day's labor of love. There was no cheerful, ready-lit fire to greet her there, but only an empty, looked-up house, to which she merely returned to sleep. She did all her own work, kindled her own fires, made her own bed, cooked her own meals. For she went on living upon her miserable pittance, in a state of almost absolute poverty, and yet of total unconcern as to her temporal support. Friends supplied her occasionally with the necessaries of life, but she usually gave away a considerable portion of these to people more destitute than herself.

She was now growing old; and the borough authorities at Yarmouth, who knew very well that her self-imposed labors saved them the expense of a schoolmaster and chaplain—which they were now bound by law to appoint—made a proposal of an annual salary of £12, or less than \$60 a year! This miserable remuneration was, moreover, made in a manner coarsely offensive to the shrinkingly sensitive woman; for she had preserved a delicacy and pure-mindedness throughout her life-long labors, which, very probably, these Yarmouth boasters could not comprehend. She shrank from becoming the salaried official of the corporation, and bartering for money those labors which had, throughout, been labors of love.

"Here lies the objection," she said, "which oppresses me: I have found voluntary instruction, on my part, to have been attended with great advantage; and I am apprehensive that, in receiving payment, my labors may be less acceptable. I fear, also, that my mind would be fettered by pecuniary payment, and the whole work upset. To try the experiment, which might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat to know if it will cut." . . . "Were you so angry [she is writing in answer to the wife of one of the magistrates, who said she and her husband would "feel angry and hurt" if Sarah Martin did not accept the proposal.] Were you so angry as that I could not meet you, a merciful God and a good conscience would preserve my peace; when, if I ventured on what I believed would be prejudicial to the prisoners, God would frown upon me, and my conscience too, and these would follow me every-where. As for my circumstances, I have not a wish ungratified, and am more than content."

But the jail committee savagely intimated to the high-souled woman, "*If we permit you to visit the prison, you must submit to our terms;*" so she had no alternative but to give up her noble labors altogether, which she would not do, or receive the miserable pittance of a "salary" which they proffered her. And

for two more years she lived on, in the receipt of her official salary of £12 per annum—the acknowledgment of the Yarmouth corporation for her services as jail chaplain and schoolmaster!

In the winter of 1842, when she had reached her fifty-second year, her health began seriously to fail, but she nevertheless continued her daily visits to the jail—"the home," she says, "of my first interest and pleasure"—till the 17th of April, 1843, when she ceased her visits. She was now thoroughly disabled; but her mind beamed out with unusual brilliancy, like the flickering taper before it finally expires. She resumed the exercise of a talent which she had occasionally practiced during her few moments of leisure—that of writing sacred poetry. In one of these, speaking of herself on her sick-bed, she says:

"I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From eternity's own light."

Her song was always full of praise and gratitude. As artistic creations, they may not excite admiration in this highly critical age; but never were verses written truer in spirit, or fuller of Christian love. Her whole life was a noble poem—full also of true practical wisdom. Her life was a glorious comment upon her own words:

"The high desire that others may be blest
Savors of heaven."

She struggled against fatal disease for many months, suffering great agony, which was partially relieved by opiates. Her end drew nigh. She asked her nurse for an opiate to still her racking torture. The nurse told her that she thought the time of her departure had come. Claspng her hands, she exclaimed, "Thank God! Thank God!" And these were her last words. She died on the 15th of October, 1843, and was buried at Caister, by the side of her grandmother. A small tombstone, bearing a simple inscription, written by herself, marks her resting-place; and, though the tablet is silent as to her virtues, they will not be forgotten:

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

THE CHRISTIAN TIME-VIEW.

BY REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

THAT Christianity did really give an infinite enlargement to the scale of human life, and that this is one of its greatest features, is conspicuous enough on comparing it with the religions it supplanted. It was not indeed that Pagan societies were without the conception of a future; but Christianity first got it cordially believed. Even the meditative philosophy of Greece can present no clear instances of hearty and deep conviction, except in Plato and his master; and, whatever we may think of the rhetorical leanings of Cicero in the same direction, the practical earnestness of Rome was wholly given up, for the want of higher thoughts, to material interests and outward magnificence. The faint and spectral fancies of a possible future, that floated before the mind of the people, scared away no crime, tranquilized no passion, disenchanted no instant pleasure. They lay fevered and restless beneath the broad, burning orb of this immediate life, drunk with hot indulgence,

and asleep to the midnight hemisphere of faith open to the vigils of the purer soul. Throughout Christendom, on the other hand, the boundless night-scene of existence has been the great object of contemplation; has swallowed up the day; has reduced the meridian glare of life to an exaggerated star-light, truly seen as such from more central positions where the appearance does not distort the real. The difference between the ancient and modern world is this; that in the one the great reality of being was now; in the other, it is yet to come.

If you would witness a scene characteristic of the popular life of old, you must go to the amphitheater of Rome, mingle with its 80,000 spectators, and watch the eager faces of senators and people; observe how the masters of the world spend the wealth of conquest, and indulge the pride of power; see every wild creature that God has made to dwell from the jungles of India to the mountains of Wales, from the forests of Germany to the deserts of Nubia, brought hither to be hunted down in artificial groves by thousands in an hour; behold the captives of war, noble perhaps and wise in their own land, turned loose amid yells of insult more terrible for their tongue, to contend with brutal gladiators trained to make death the favorite amusement, and present the most solemn of individual realities as a wholesale public sport; mark the light look by which the multitude, by uplifted finger, demands that the wounded combatant be slain before their eyes; notice the troop of Christian martyrs awaiting, hand in hand, the leap from the tiger's den, and when the day's spectacle is over, and the blood of two thousand victims stains the ring, follow the giddy crowd as it streams from the dormitories into the streets, trace its lazy course into the forum, and hear it there scrambling for the bread of private indolence doled out by the purse of public corruption; and see how it suns itself to sleep in the open ways, or crowds into foul dens, till morning brings the hope of games and merry blood; and you have an idea of the imperial people, and their passionate living for the moment, which the Gospel found in occupation of the world.

And if you would fix in your thought an image of the popular mind of Christendom, I know not what you could do better than to go at sunrise with the throng of toiling men to the hill-side where Whitefield or Wesley is about to preach. Hear what a great heart of reality in that hymn that swells upon the morning air—a prophet's strain upon a people's lips! See the rugged hands of labor, clasped and trembling, wrestling with the Unseen in prayer! Observe the uplifted faces, deep-lined with hardship, and with guilt, streaming now with honest tears, and flushed with earnest shame, as the man of God awakes the life within, and tells of him that bore for us the stripe and the cross, and the holiest spirit to the humblest lot, and tears away the vale of sense from the glad and awful gates of heaven and hell. Go to these people's homes, and observe the decent tastes, the sense of domestic obligations, the care for childhood, the desire of instruction, the neighborly kindness, the conscientious self-respect; and say, whether the sacred image of duty does not live within those minds; whether holiness has not taken the place of pleasure in their idea of life; whether for

them too the toils of nature are not lightened by some eternal hope, and their burden carried by some angel of love, and the strife of necessity turned into the service of God. The present tyrannizes over their character no more, subdued by a future infinitely great; and hardly, though they lie upon the rock of this world, they can live the life of faith; and while the hand plies the tools of earth, keep a spirit open to the skies.

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THE DYING WIFE.

BY D. G. MITCHELL.

THAT wife over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading; that, now that your heart is wrapped up in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eye your drawing apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centered your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, wide spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They can not shoot out tendrils into barren world soil and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing glass and the home roof, they will not now bear the exposure.

You do not look men in the face as if a heart-bond was linking you—as if a community of feelings lay between. There is a heart-bond that absolves all other; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown up and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects—alas for you! are falling.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear—the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even when from the din you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects—when you had such sweet escapes when evening drew near.

How it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care! They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly across the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street-goers were all undertakers.

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house; is he wise, you ask yourself? is he prudent? is he the best? Did he ever fail? Is he never forgetful?

You are early home—mid-afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy; terrible.

They have sent for you.

She is lying down; her eyes half closed; her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you; her eyes are open; you put your hand in hers; yours trembles—hers does not. Her lips move; it is your name.

"Be strong," she says, "God will help you."

She presses harder your hand. "Adieu!"

A long breath—another; you are alone again. No tears now; poor man! You can not find them!

Again, home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave-clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping around on tiptoe. Does he fear to waken her?

He asks you a single question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat-cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door, you dare not speak.

He takes his hat, and glides out stealthily like a cat.

The man has done his work well for all that. It is a nice coffin—a very nice coffin! Pass your hand over it—how smooth!

Some sprigs of mignonnette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonnette.

It is a good staunch table that the coffin rests on—it is your table; you are a housekeeper—a man of a family!

Ay; of family—keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features; it is all that is left of her! And where is your heart now! Now don't press your hands nor mingle your lips, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep.

Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart has gone.

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now!

Go into your parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blazing sticks.

Sit down in your chair; there is another velvet-cushioned one over against yours—empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs, as if you would press out something that burns the brains; but you can not. Your head leans upon your hand; your eyes rest upon the flashing blaze.

Ashes always come after blaze.

Go now into your room where she was sick—softly, lest the prim housekeeper comes after.

They have put new dimity upon her chair; they have removed from the stand its vials and silver bell; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have opened the window that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be cold. She is not there now.

OVERTASKING THE MENTAL POWERS.

BY A. BRIGHAM.

MUCH of the thoughtlessness of parents, regarding the injury they may do their children by too early cultivating their minds, has arisen from the *mystery* in which the *science of mind* has been involved, and ignorance of the connection between the mind and body; for we find them exceedingly anxious and careful about the health of their children in other respects. Entirely forgetful of the brain, they know there is danger in exercising many other parts of the body too much, when they are but partially developed. They know that caution is necessary with children in respect to their food, lest their delicate digestive organs should be injured by a too exciting and stimulating regimen.

A parent would be greatly alarmed if his little child, by continued encouragement and training, had learned to eat as much food as a healthy adult. Such a prodigy of gluttony might undoubtedly be formed. The method of effecting it, would be somewhat like that of enabling a child to remember, and reason, and study, with the ability and constancy of an adult. Each method is dangerous, but probably the latter is the more so, because the brain is a more delicate organ than the stomach.

The activity of most of the organs of the body can be very greatly increased; they can be made to perform their functions for a while with unusual facility and power. I will dwell upon this fact a little. A child, for instance, may be gradually accustomed to eat and digest large quantities of stimulating animal food. I have seen an instance of this kind, and when I remonstrated with the parents on the impropriety and danger of allowing a child, but two years old, such diet constantly, I was told that he was uncommonly robust; and indeed he appeared to be in vigorous health; but soon after this he had a long inflammatory fever, of an unusual character for children, which I attributed at the time, to the stimulating diet allowed him. This diet appeared also to have an effect upon his disposition, and confirmed the observation of Hufeland, that "infants who are accustomed to eat much animal food become robust, but at the same time passionate, violent, and brutal."

A child may also be made to execute surprising muscular movements, such as walking on a rope, and other feats; but these are learned only by long practice, which greatly develops the muscles by which the movements are executed. From frequent and powerful action, the muscles of the arms of blacksmiths, and boxers, and boatmen, those of the lower limbs of dancers, and those of the faces of buffoons, become strikingly enlarged when compared with the muscles in other parts of the body. Every employment in which men engage brings into relatively greater action particular parts of the system; some organs are constantly and actively exercised, while others are condemned to inactivity. To make, therefore, one organ superior to another in power, it is necessary not only to exercise it frequently, but to render other organs inactive, so as not to draw away from it that vital energy which it requires in order to be made perfect.

The important truth resulting from these facts, that *the more any part of the human system is exercised, the more it is enlarged, and its powers increased*, applies equally to all organs of the body; it applies to the brain as well as the muscles. The heads of great thinkers, as has been stated, are wonderfully large; and it has been ascertained by admeasurement, that they frequently continue to increase till the subjects are fifty years of age, and long after the other portions of the system have ceased to enlarge. "This phenomenon," says Itard, "is not very rare, even in the adult, especially among men given to study, or profound meditation, or who devote themselves, without relaxation, to the agitations of an unquiet and enterprising spirit. The head of Bonaparte, for instance, was small in youth, but acquired, in after life, a development nearly enormous."

I would have the parent, therefore, understand, that his child may be made to excel in almost any thing; that by increasing the power of certain organs through exercise, he can be made a prodigy of early mental or muscular activity. But I would have him, at the same time, understand the conditions upon which this can be effected, and its consequences. I would have him fully aware, that in each case, unusual activity and power are produced by extraordinary development of an organ; and especially that in early life, no one organ of the body can be disproportionately exercised, without the risk of most injurious consequences. Either the overexcited and overtasked organ itself will be injured for life, or the development of other and essential parts of the system will be arrested forever.

From what has been said hitherto, we gather the following facts, which should be made the basis of all instruction; facts which I wish often to repeat. *The brain is the material organ by which all the mental faculties are manifested; it is exceedingly delicate, and but partially developed in childhood; overexcitement of it when in this state, is extremely hazardous.*

THE NEW ENGLAND WIDOW.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY TRAVELLER.

THERE is poverty every-where in the world. In the United States there is enough of it, but it is emigrant poverty, or poverty among the depressed colored race. One heard marvels about the comfortable condition of the native people. In one small town in New England, a society of ladies, who met for devotional purposes, agreed to form a fund for the help of the poor. Having raised their means they began to look about for their objects, but they were no where to be found, or only found in the persons of one colored family. After the humane ladies had new-rigged all the children, and got them roused and sent to school, they added various comforts in the way of furniture, then they sent one man to repair the dripping roof, another to fill-up the boards in the broken floor and—their work was done! They were obliged to turn the flow of their contributions into the wide bed of the Home Mission, for they had no poor! The gentleman who told me this was personally cognizant of it. It seems to realize the saying I have heard in my childhood, that there is but one beggar in America, and he rides on horseback. That New England village must have been happy in the absence of inebriates, "of Gin Palaces," and intoxicating drinks, for where they are found it is in vain that industry plies her diligence and the earth pours forth her stores—there will be poverty, misery, wickedness, and degradation in their vicinity.

I had sometimes wished to see some native poor besides those to be found so comfortably provided for in the institutions, and at last I was gratified. It seems almost necessary to premise, that our visit to widow R. was entirely unpremeditated on our part, and unexpected on hers, otherwise an incident or two which occurred, might wear the air of acting in the poor woman, when it was not so. She was lonely, borne down with grief, and nearly blinded by tears with which no one sympathized.

We found, in a neat orderly room, a tall wasted figure beside a very small table, on which lay ink

and paper, and two or three bright little books, very like school prizes. She was dressed in rusty black, with a cap, whose former pretensions to smartness, made its faded black lace add to the desolate appearance of the wearer.

She was writing when we entered, but on seeing strangers she laid down her pen, took out a poor muslin rag to wipe tears which were flowing fast, and without taking heed at all to who her guests might be, she began her lament, "I had one bright spot in my gloom, but God has taken it away from me. My dear R—is gone, and I don't know where she is gone to," looking round the roof with an indescribable vague expectancy, as if she might learn from the ceiling where her daughter was. "Don't you believe in a state of happiness for those who love the Lord?" "O yes, I was brought up in true religion. I am a New Englander; my parents taught me about the fall of man, and salvation by Jesus Christ, about the resurrection, and the judgment, and I taught it all to my child. R—believed in all that, but I can't see her now. I don't know where she is gone to." "If she believed in Jesus you do know, and if she is with Jesus where he is, you know she is happy." "You talk, but you never lost your one bright spot as I have done." "I have lost children, and have had very bright spots darkened. It is not because I do not feel for you that I speak, but because I know that there is consolation for those who weep." My companion hoping to turn the current of her thoughts said, "Perhaps you have heard of Mary Lundie. This is her mother." "Is it?" hardly turning her streaming eyes to me. "I have read her life many a time, and sold hundreds of it here in the streets of New York." "You sold books! how was that?" "I was born to affluence. I married and lived well with my husband, but somehow he died, and left me four children and not a dollar. I could work with my head, but not with my hands, so I wrote political articles, and tales for magazines. I wrote whatever I could get paid for, till neuralgic pains put me almost distracted, and the doctor said if I went on writing I should go out of my head." "And what did you do then?" "Then my R—had learnt to embroider, and I sold her work, and Mr. C—let me have books, and I hawked them from house to house, and at last, when I could not pay my rent, God sent a good spirit to help me. I never saw him, but he has paid my rent for years." "Do you not know that this lady is the wife of your good spirit?" "Is she?" looking slightly round. "No, I did not; but now she never sits on that chair at her work and talks to me, nor even lies on that bed sick. She is gone, my bright spot, and I don't know where she is gone to," again searching the ceiling with her restless and misty eye.

Poor thing, she had employed herself in patching a pretty cushion of bits of silk during the long nights, while she watched her sick child, "to keep her poor eyes open," as she said, and was ministered to by two young ladies, real sisters of charity, without the garb and badge, and without the vow.

At last consumption, which annually nips its hundreds of the budding and blossoming, finished its work, and the widow's "one bright spot" was darkened. R—died in her lonely arms, which clasped

her an hour and a half before the poor mourner could admit the belief that she was dead; and in the morning, when the two friends came to visit her, they attended to the last claims of the departed, and left the mourner alone with her sorrow. She told us she sat alone two nights by the shell of her child, and persuaded herself when she perused her countenance at four in the morning, that she had again become rosy. Indeed her monomania turned on the idea that she had not died, but that *her spirit had just slipped away, and she didn't know where it had gone to.* Her eye invariably wandered vaguely upward, and her voice fell into the same plaintive cadence when this afflictive thought returned in its force. She read to us some rather poetical verses, which she called "a voice from the Spirits' land," in which the daughter addresses the mourner, "Weep not for me, mother, weep not for me," and describes her present state of perfect happiness as the reason. "Who told you all those sweet things, Mrs. R.?" "My dear R—. She just came and stood by me there, and dictated it all." "Well, then, you do know where she is, for she says she is in heaven, with angels and saints, and in the presence of her Savior. So you do know." Poor woman, she was caught by her own showing, and put to silence. Yet in a few minutes her beamless eye sought the roof, and she was repeating, "I don't know where she is gone to." I have read poetical descriptions of similar hallucinations, but never met with such before.

When we had arisen to depart, after a long visit, she said some old friends had forsaken her, because of a report that she encouraged the Romanists to come about her, but she never did. She could not protect herself from them. Sisters of Mercy had come, and after them a lady, who gave her name, and forced a book upon her poor girl, who would have avoided them, and was disturbed in mind by their talk. At last, one day, she desired this lady to go and not come again. A considerable time after she had shut the door, she was surprised to find her still lingering on the stair, and asked her why she staid. She prolonged talk, and still seemed to have more and more to say, and by and by the secret reason for her stay was explained. She had made an appointment with the priest, who joined them on the staircase, and offered to see the sick. The mother "honored his zeal," but politely declined. That proposal failing, he had another. He knew of a medicine that he was sure would cure the invalid. She had a regular medical attendant, and did not require to trouble his reverence. Ah, but he was so sure of the efficacy of his medicine, if he might *just go into the room,* and write the prescription. The mother said, if he was so sure, he might write it on the fly-leaf of the lady's book. This he did, and the lady undertook to procure and pay for it. It was to cost half a dollar. Again the priest tried to enter the sick-room, and he and the lady said, if the girl died without extreme unction, she would burn in hell-fire forever, with all heretics.

It was striking to mark, as indignation took the place of woe in the widow's heart, how her attenuated and bending form returned to its natural height; how her voice rose, and her eyes brightened even in relating their conversation. The dignity of becoming

indignation suddenly kindled her whole frame, and you could scarcely identify the drooping creature, dying under the misery of eating grief, who had but just risen from the side of her writing-table.

"I am Protestant," she said, "I don't believe in what you say, and my daughter does not wish for your services." "Then I won't get her this medicine that would cure her." "I would not give her any thing you prescribe till I saw it analyzed. If I ever wish for you I will send—for the present, go away." "Then I will call again to-morrow," said the pertinacious persecutor. "You need not—I will not admit you;" and so, at last, the pair departed, having done what they could, in their view, to save the dying girl from eternal misery.

How unprotected are the poor from these bold impostors—and how unprotected are the rich from the more insidious and insnaring measures which they adopt in their advances to them! Their perseverance in trying to compass one dying proselyte, is a rebuke to the more supine plans of Protestants. Yet this is the sect against which Protestant America can see no cause to be on its guard—the planters of which are artists, musicians, teachers, domestics, Sisters of Charity, politicians, who unweariedly put in their seed and leave it to grow while we are asleep in erroneous security.

At last, then, I had seen a really poor native. But it was not squalid—it was respectable poverty—and in the woe of a wandering mind, independence and gratitude were visible. She uttered no thanks to the "good spirit" who paid her rent—but she sent the silken pillow which she sewed by the couch of her dying child, as a gift to the "good spirit's" wife.

GOSSIP ABOUT GREAT MEN.

ONE can not help taking an interest in great men. Even their pettiest foibles—their most ordinary actions—their by-play—their jokes—are eagerly commemorated. Their haunts—their homes—the apartments in which they have studied—their style of dress—and, above all, their familiar conversation, are treasured up in books, and fascinate all readers. Trifles help to decipher the character of a man, often more than his greatest actions. What is a man's daily life—his private conversation—his familiar deportment? These, though they make but a small figure in his history, are often the most characteristic and genuine things in a man's life.

The appetites, tastes, idiosyncracies, prejudices, foibles, and follies of great men, are well known. Perhaps we think too much of them; but we take interest in all that concerns them, even the pettiest details. It is often these that give an interest to their written life. What were Boswell's *Johnson*, that best of biographies, were it wanting in its gossip and small talk?

An interesting chapter might be written about the weaknesses of great men. For instance, they have been very notorious for their strange fits of abstraction. The anecdotes of Archimedes will be remembered, who rushed through the streets of Syracuse *à fresco*, crying, *Eureka!* and at the taking of the city, was killed by a soldier, while tracing geometrical lines on sand. Socrates, when filled with some idea, would stand for hours fixed like a statue. It is

recorded of him that he stood amidst the soldiers in the camp at Potidea, in rooted abstraction, listening to his "prophetic or supernatural voice." Democritus shut himself up for days together in a little apartment in his garden. Dante was subject to fits of abstraction, in which he often quite forgot himself. One day he found an interesting book, which he had long sought for, in a druggist's shop at Sienna, and sat reading there till night came on.

Bude, whom Erasmus called the wonder of France, was a thoroughly absent man. One day his domestic broke into his study with the intelligence that his house was on fire. "Go inform my wife," said he; "you know I do not interfere in household affairs!" Scaliger only slept for a few hours at a time, and passed whole days without thinking of food. Sully, when his mind was occupied with plans of reform, displayed extraordinary fits of forgetfulness. One day, in winter, when on his way to church, he observed, "How very cold it is to-day!" "Not more cold than usual," said one of his attendants. "Then I must have the ague," said Sully. "Is it not more probable that you are too scantily dressed?" he was asked. On lifting his tunic the secret was at once discovered! He had forgotten all his under clothing but his pantaloons!

Mrs. Bray tells a somewhat familiar story of the painter Stothard. When invited on one occasion to dine with the poet, Rogers, on reaching the house in St. James's Place, he complained of cold, and, chancing to place his hand on his neck, he found he had forgotten to put on his cravat, when he hastily returned home to complete his attire.

Buffon was very fond of dress. He assumed the air of the grand seigneur; sported jewels and finery; wore rich lace and velvets; and was curled and scented to excess—wearing his hair *en papillote* while at his studies. Pope, too, was a little dandy in a bag-wig and a sword; and his crooked figure enveloped in fashionable garments, gave him the look of an overdressed monkey. Diderot once traveled from St. Petersburg to Paris in his morning gown and nightcap; and in this guise promenaded the streets and public places of the towns on his route. He was often taken for a madman. While composing his works, he used to walk about at a rapid pace, making huge strides, and sometimes throwing his wig in the air when he had struck out a happy idea. One day a friend found him in tears—"Dear me!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" "I am weeping," answered Diderot, "at a story that I have just composed!"

Young, the poet, composed his *Night Thoughts* with a skull before him, in which he would sometimes place a lighted candle; and he occasionally sought his sepulchral inspiration by wandering among the tombs at midnight. Mrs. Radcliffe courted the horrors with which she filled her gloomy romances, by supping on half-raw beefsteaks, plentifully garnished with onions. Dryden used to take physic before setting himself to compose a new piece. Kant, the German philosopher, while lecturing, had the habit of fixing his attention upon one of his auditors who wore a garment without a button in a particular place. One day the student had the button sewed on. Kant, on commencing his lecture, fixed his eyes on

the usual place. The button was there! Fancy the consternation of the philosopher, whose ideas had become associated with that buttonless garment. His lecture that day was detestable: he was quite unhinged by the circumstance.

Too many authors have been fond of the bottle. Rabelais said, "Eating and drinking are my true sources of inspiration. See this bottle! It is my true and only Helicon, my cabalistic fountain, my sole enthusiasm. Drinking, I deliberate; and deliberating, I drink." Ennius, Eechylus, and Cato, all got their inspiration while drinking. Mezerai had always a large bottle of wine beside him, among his books. He drank of it at each page that he wrote. He turned the night into day; and never composed except by lamp-light, even in the day-time. All his windows were darkened; and it was no unusual thing for him to show a friend to the door with a lamp, though outside it was broad daylight! On the contrary, Varillas, the historian, never wrote except at full mid-day. His ideas, he imagined, grew and declined with the sun's light.

Sir William Blackstone is said to have composed his *Commentaries* with a bottle of wine on the table, from which he drank largely at intervals: and Addison, while composing, used to pace to and fro the long drawing-room of Holland House, with a glass of sherry at each end, and rewarded himself by drinking one in case of a felicitous inspiration.

While Goldsmith wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, he kept drinking at Madeira "to drown care," for the Duns were upon him. When Johnson called to relieve him, he sent away the bottle, and took the manuscript to the bookseller, bringing back some money to the author. Goldsmith's first use of the money was, to call in the landlady to have a glass of punch with him.

The intemperance of poets is but too painfully illustrated in the lives of Parnell, Otway, Sheffield, Savage, Churchill, Prior, Dryden, Cowley, Burns, Coleridge, Lamb, and others. There is nothing more painful in Burns's letters, than those in which he confesses his contrition after his drunken bouts, and vows amendment for the future.

Charles Lamb was a great smoker at one period of his life. But he determined to give it up, as he found it led to drinking—to "drinking egg-flip hot, at the Salutation"—so he wrote his "Farewell to Tobacco," and gave it up—returning to it again, but finally abandoning it. In a letter to Wordsworth, he said, "Tobacco has been my evening comfort and my morning curse for these five years; and you know how difficult it is from refraining to pick one's lips even, when it has become a habit. I have had it in my head to write this poem [Farewell to Tobacco] these two years; but tobacco stood in its own light, when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises."

Once, in the height of Lamb's smoking fever, he was puffing the smoke of strong coarse tobacco from a clay pipe, in the company of Dr. Parr, who whiffed only the finest weed, when the latter, addressing Lamb, asked, "Dear me, sir, how is it that you have acquired so prodigious a smoking power?" "I have acquired it," answered Lamb, "by toiling after it, as some men toil after virtue."

It was from frequenting the society of Dr. Parr, that Robert Hall, the famous preacher, when at Cambridge, acquired the habit of smoking. He smoked in self-defense. Some one asked him why he had commenced such an odious habit. "O," said Hall, "I am qualifying myself for the society of a Doctor of Divinity; and this [holding up the pipe] is the test of my admission." A friend found him busy with his pipe one day, blowing huge clouds of smoke. "Ah," said the new-comer, "I find you again at your old idol." "Yes," said Hall, "*burning it!*" But his friends were anxious that he should give up the practice, and one of them presented him with Adam Clarke's pamphlet on *The Use and Abuse of Tobacco*, to read. He read the pamphlet, and returned it to the lender, saying, as if to preclude discussion, "Thank you, sir, for Adam Clarke's pamphlet. I can't refute his arguments, and I can't give up smoking."

Among other smokers of distinction may be named the poet Milton, whose nightcap was a pipe of tobacco and a glass of pure water. But he was exceedingly moderate in the indulgence of this "vice." Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced the use of this weed into England, smoked frequently; and the anecdote of his servant, who emptied a bucket of water on him, thinking he was on fire, because he saw the smoke issuing from his mouth, is very well known. Many other poets and literary men have smoked. Carlyle, at this day, blows a tremendous cloud.

Southey's indulgence at bedtime, was a glass of hot rum punch, enriched with a little black currant jelly. Byron wrote under the influence of gin and water. Coleridge took immoderate quantities of opium. Gluck, the musical composer, wrote with a bottle of Champagne beside him—Sacchini, when his wife was by his side, and his numerous cats gamboling about him.

Other authors have found relaxation in other ways. Thus Daguesseau, when he wanted relaxation from the study of jurisprudence and history, betook himself to a pair of compasses and a book of mathematics. Richelieu amused himself by playing with cats, and studying their tricks. Cowper had his tame hares. Sir Walter Scott was always attended by his favorite dogs. Professor Wilson, at this day, is famous for his terriers.

Alfieri, like Luther and Milton, found the greatest solace and inspiration in music. "Nothing," said he, so moves my heart, and soul, and intellect, and rouses my very faculties, like music—and especially the music of woman's voice. Almost all my tragedies have been conceived under the immediate emotion caused by music." Voltaire took pleasure in the opera—not so Thomas Carlyle, as you may have seen—and there dictated some of his most brilliant letters.

But the foibles of men of genius are endless; and would be a curious subject for some D'Israeli, in a future volume of the *Curiosities of Literature*, to depict at length, if the subject be indeed worth the required amount of pains and labor.

It is oftentimes the case that men learn from the follies and failures of others to keep a clear course themselves. Hence it might be a book of profit

which would detail great men's weaknesses, and thus plant a beacon-light for future voyagers on the sea of letters and the sea of life. Such a light would never be found amiss. Why not have it?

THE BURNING SHIP AT SEA
BY SERA SMITH.

The night was clear and mild,
And the breeze went softly by,
And the stars of heaven smil'd
As their lamps lit up the sky;
And there rode a gallant ship on the wave—
But many a hapless wight
Slept the sleep of death that night,
And before the morning light
Found a grave.

All were sunk in soft repose,
Save the watch upon the deck;
Not a boding dream arose
Of the horrors of the wreck,
To the mother, or the child, or the sire;
Till a shriek of woe profound,
Like a death-knell echo'd round,
With a wild and dismal sound,
Crying "fire!"

Now the flames are spreading fast—
With restless rage they fly,
Up the shrouds and up the mast,
And are flickering to the sky;
Now the deck is all a blaze; now the rails—
There's no place to rest their feet;
Fore and aft the torches meet,
And a winged lightning sheet
Are the sails.

No one heard the cry of woe
But the sea-bird that flew by,
There was hurrying to and fro,
But no hand to save was nigh;
Still before the burning foe they were driven—
Last farewells were uttered there,
With a wild and frenzied stare,
And a short and broken prayer
Sent to heaven.

Some leap over in the flood
To the death that waits them there;
Others quench the flames with blood,
And expire in open air;
Some a moment to escape from the grave,
On the bowsprit take a stand;
But their death is near at hand—
Soon they hug the burning brand
On the wave.

From this briny ocean-bed,
When the morning sun awoke,
Lo, that gallant ship had fled!
And a sable cloud of smoke
Was the monumental pyre that remained;
But the sea-gulls round it fly
With a quick and fearful cry,
And the brands that floated by
Blood had stained.

LONG SERMONS.

As a general thing a sermon which exceeds forty minutes in length exceeds all bounds of propriety, and all sensible men acknowledge this. John Wesley thought that a discourse of over twenty or thirty minutes long was a profitless thing. Why, then, is it that we still have sermons of fifty, sixty, and even a hundred to a hundred and fifty minutes in length!

New Books.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN AS IT IS. By W. L. G. Smith. *Buffalo: Derby & Co. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co.*—This work, of over five hundred pages, which we have read with some care, is intended as a counterpart, or rather as an antidote, to Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly." Honestly, we must say the work is written in an indifferent, slovenly manner. Its sole end seems to be to show how well satisfied one poor slave in the far south was with his degraded condition, and how well satisfied another might be if surrounded by certain circumstances. We regret the time wasted in its perusal, and hope that we may not be induced soon again to perpetrate such folly. Who buys and reads this book, will buy and read it to his pocket's hurt and his mind's sorrow.

NEW RHETORICAL READER AND ELOCUTIONIST. By W. H. Gilder, A. M. *New York: J. C. Riker.* 1852.—The compiler of this work is well known to the public, especially the Methodist public. The work contains numerous pieces for reading and declamation, selected from the choicest writings of British and American authors, and designed for the use of schools and colleges. In the introduction we have the essential principles of elocution simplified and explained in accordance with the instructions of the best modern elocutionists. In our judgment, the compilation is one of the very best of its kind now before the American or literary public. We should be glad to see our instructors give it a fair examination and trial.

THE NORTHERN HARP: containing Songs from the St. Lawrence and the Forest Melodies. By Marion Albina Bigelow. *Derby & Miller: Auburn, N. Y.* 1852.—To the readers of the Repository Mrs. Bigelow is well, and we believe very favorably known. The Harp is edited by Mrs. Bigelow's husband, Rev. A. F. Bigelow, of western New York. In the words of the closing paragraph of the preface, "We believe that these poems, so true to nature, and so free from obscure allusions, will find an echoing chord in the hearts of thousands. They are offered to the public without apologies. The reader will be able to find here a few bad rhymes, some faults in metre, and some prosaic sentences; so he could in the best volume of poetry now extant."

THE LIVES OF BISHOPS WHATCOAT, M'KENDEEE, AND GEORGE. By Rev. Benjamin St. James Fry. *New York: Carlton & Phillips.* 1852.—Though written for the Sunday school department of our Church, this little volume will be welcomed very generally as a fireside companion by persons of mature growth. It is a memorial of the lives of three of the earliest and most devoted and distinguished laborers in the field of American Methodism. The volume is marked by a gracefulness of style and a truthfulness of narrative which can not fail to recommend it to the favorable consideration of the reader.

MY FIRST SEVEN YEARS IN AMERICA. By Rev. George Coles. *New York: Carlton & Phillips.* 1852.—Mr. Coles, it will be remembered, was formerly assistant editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal. He writes with a graceful, facile pen, and we have in the volume before us ordinary events described with extraordinary felicity.

LOTUS EATING. By G. W. Curtis. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This book, with its strange title, is not at all a book of strange narrative or a picture of foreign travel. It is descriptive of jaunts up and down the Hudson river, among the heights and glens of the Catskill Mountains, to Niagara, Saratoga, etc. Its style is highly captivating and poetical, full of vivacity and interest, and in typographical neatness is unsurpassed. For a leisure hour it will afford fine reading, indeed. Mr. Curtis, it may be proper to remark, has traveled extensively at home and abroad, and what he furnishes his reader is furnished in no second-rate style.

THE WIDOW'S SOUVENIR. By A. C. Ross. *New York: Carlton & Phillips.* 1852.—This is a neat miniature volume of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, containing matter suitable to the feelings of those who are left in that peculiarly lonely condition expressed by the word *widow*.

Periodicals.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for July, is a most capital and instructive number. The article on Birds, and that on Methodist Preaching, by Rev. Abel Stevens, to the popular reader will prove a great treat. Than the latter paper we have rarely ever read any thing more brilliant or captivating. It sketches with a master hand the lives of Summerfield, Cookman, Bascom, Fisk, and Olin. We should pity, indeed, the man or the woman who after its perusal did not feel a holier emotion and a more ardent desire to promote Christ's kingdom in the earth. Dr. McClinton is winning laurels, not only in our own connection, but throughout the land, by his able and successful editorial management of the Quarterly.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, devoted to Religion, Literature, and Art, is the name of the new monthly ordered to be published at New York by the last General conference. It is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the periodical to state, that Rev. Abel Stevens, the editor, maintains undiminished his usual skill, tact, and taste in his new sphere of labor. The typography of the work is almost faultless, its wood-cuts good, and its general appearance every way attractive. We shall refer to it again soon.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE, for August, among numerous other articles, has a couple of paragraphs on the adulteration of coffee in Paris, from which we learn that a paste is prepared by a manufactory there of about the consistency of dough for bread. This paste, made of valueless flour, is molded into shape like the coffee bean, and then baked till it takes the color of parched coffee. Being mixed with the genuine article, it sells at a fine advance, is seldom or never detected, and helps to make plausible the story that coffee prepared after the French fashion, if not exactly of the ordinary, has at least a very peculiar flavor!

THE KNICKERBOCKER, for September, sustains its wonted high character, and is replete with articles, grave and gay, from the editor and his contributors.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for July, in its list of twelve articles, contains one entitled the Restoration of Belief, which we have glanced over, and which, we regret to add, only confirms our previous view of the gradual but certain sliding of this quarterly into the lowest depths of skepticism.

THE LIVING AGE, No. 431, among a large variety of well-selected articles, has a poetical fragment called Life, from which we take two stanzas:

"If the tiny stream be dry,
Trickling no more merrily
The green fields and woodlands over,
But lies beneath its cover—
Then the river, sluggish, weary,
Scarce moves on its pathway dreary.
Thus if each swift day no more
Yield its tribute to life's store,
If each little act be slighted,
And at night, its torch unlighted,
Beam not with truth and glory,
Life will be an idle story."

ELIZA COOK, for July, is, as usual, filled with good things. Here is a paragraph on how happiness may be attained: "There is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter at least mortal happiness—it is this, a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unanswerable in truth. In that pursuit we have all scope for whatever is excellent in our hearts, and none for the petty passions which our nature is heir to. Thus engaged, whatever be our errors, there will be nobility, not weakness, in our remorse; whatever our failures, virtue not selfishness in our regret; and, in success, vanity itself will become holy and triumph eternal."

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, published monthly at London, can be furnished to subscribers at Cincinnati or the vicinity at three dollars per year.

Editor's Table.

THE printer says he must have our Table—not the veritable, scratched-up, venerable old piece of pine which holds up our sand-box and inkstand, but the full sum, and the sum total of one hundred and forty-eight lines of matter, with which to eke out the last page of this number that now, considerate lady, lies before you. "Must have copy?" well, of course, we must write some then, albeit we feel very little in the mood. "Of course"—whose hobby, except our own, are these words? How many men there are, specially public speakers, who are forever using the words "of course," "therefore," "wherefore," etc.? Every body has a hobby—some have it in words, some in one thing, and some in another. Of the philosophical Paley it is said that angling was his hobby. He could impale an antagonist on the horns of a dilemma, although he much preferred impaling a minnow or fish on his hook. Of another excellent though less distinguished English clergyman, Rev. George Harvey, it is recorded that on his marriage morning, when he ought to have been at the altar in the gay trim of a bridegroom, he was found sitting in a state of dishabille, crowned with a worried wig and a red night-cap, and his pockets crammed with pieces of bacon and fish-worms, by the side of a small brook, he having utterly forgotten the trifling engagement he had made with the lady, who from that time forth resigned her claims on George, and told him that, as he loved fish and fishing better than her, she should not trouble him, or in the least interrupt his devotions toward his finny friends.

Various as men and the tastes of men are the hobbies in this world. One man's hobby is his books. Every thing new or rare in the publishing line must be purchased and placed on his shelves, though the purchaser may never have time for any thing but a hasty perusal of the title-page. Another man's hobby is his pictures. Every nook and corner of his house has a painting or engraving in it. Every book and box is crammed with some rare, antique, or singular picture. He is learned, ay, extremely learned, in oils and paints, in brushes and canvas. His reverence for the old masters is profound; but if a modern painting have dust or cobwebs over it, it is possible his consideration for his hobby may even suffer him to be taken in. A third believes in autographs. Every man he meets he pesters for his handwriting. His old copy-book is full of lines, marks, and signatures. He is always alive to his subject—always wishing an introduction to some great man—always a bore. A fourth has music as his hobby. Nothing but sound suits him. Literature, love, the arts, nothing except his own selected art, has any attractions for him. But without swelling our list of hobbies to an unreasonable extent, are they of any use at all? Who will answer? Perhaps they answer some good end. For what would become of the printers and authors if no man bought more books than he could read? What would become of the multitude of pictures and paintings in the world if none but amateurs or good judges bought them?

Appropos to this subject, a correspondent asks why it is that there are so many men in these modern days who are seeking after large and beautifully sounding titles. "For instance in the use of the title D. D., Mr. Editor, I am just now in great perplexity. I am strongly desirous of honoring all men in the best way I know, and to the full extent of their merits. But how am I to proceed? What am I to do when two or more of our time-honored universities, in the superabundance of their good-will, confer the second pair of D. D.'s upon gifted clergymen? How am I to act when I write to a great and good man, and I know several such, who flourish under the advantage of two sets of D. D.'s? Shall I, for example, in addressing a clergyman by the name of Theophilus Smith, write his name thus, 'Rev. Theophilus Smith, D. D., D. D.,' or 'Rev. Theophilus Smith, 4 D.,' or 'Rev. Dr. Theophilus Smith, D. D.,' or 'D. D. Theophilus Smith, D. D.?' What is to be done? I am at a loss to know what to do. I see by some of the newspapers that this same subject which now puzzles me is also puzzling and distressing others. As you, Mr. Editor, are a man of sagacity—pardon any personal allusions or compliments—I thought I would write you, so as in some measure to unburden my mind, though I confess that your time, in my estimation, is

too much taken up to discuss the subject to that extent which its great magnitude demands."

Our correspondent is right in his guesses, and we must leave to less occupied pens and better heads the true development of the two topics just briefly alluded to in the foregoing paragraphs. So plenty and so cheap are titles nowadays, that a man with no title will, of necessity, have to be considered the honorable exception, and treated with that deference which his isolated position demands.

Our engravings for the month must proclaim their own merit. Cincinnati is entirely new, having been engraved from a drawing gotten up by our enterprising friend Middleton, Walnut-street. It presents our city just as it now is, and will improve upon close inspection, although at first glance it does not make a bad impression at all.

When will parents learn the folly of frightening children in order to the proper management of them? In a recent number of a foreign monthly we find a long article on Child Fear, in which the writer cites several instances of the awful effects of using fright as a corrective of disobedience and the like. An incident is given of a small child being frightened to death by having an old white bag stuffed and placed at the foot of its bed. Its mother had gone out to spend the evening, and the servant-girl, wishing also to spend the evening with some of her friends who had called upon her, determined she would not be teased with the restlessness of the sleepy little child. So taking it into its mother's bed-room, the innocent thing was placed at the head of the bed, and the bag or apparition at the foot. At the return of the mother early in the evening, she hurried to embrace her infant, when what was her horror in beholding its hands outstretched, its eyes wide open and still and glassy, and life entirely fled! That servant-girl would have been served right had a death-warrant been issued on her, or had she been arrested and imprisoned for life. Nothing looks so absurd and contemptible as the practice common with many parents of telling their children when disobedient or troublesome that the black man will come and take them off. On the part of the child it excites a groundless fear, and on the part of the parent it is the commission of a deliberate falsehood, as no black man will come whatever the conduct of the child. Out upon the father or mother who, to purchase a temporary peace, or to stop a little peevishness or fretfulness in a child, will resort to such pernicious and ruinous measures of discipline!

Two numbers more and we complete the twelfth volume of our periodical. With regard to the future, or in reference to any particular circumstances surrounding us, we do not deem it necessary to speak at large. Competition, it is said in mercantile circles, is the life of trade. We hope, whatever of this we may have, to afford as heretofore to our readers the very best that we may be able to procure, and to make due recompense of all that we receive. We shall spare no effort to render the Repository instructive and attractive. In order to success, however, we must have the hearty co-operation of our patrons and friends. We trust that all such will lend us a prompt helping hand. Now more than ever we need their co-operation, and most cordially will we thank them for it. Friends and brethren, unite with us in making the Repository all that such a periodical should be, and all that our wives and daughters demand of us. It can be done. Nothing is wanting but a vigorous, united effort to place it in the front rank of American periodical literature. Let us not see it fail for want of proper exertion on the part of the members and ministry of our Church. Let us do what we can do and what we ought to do, and not yield ourselves to supineness or indolence in this good cause.

Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly," has surpassed in its circulation any other American work with whose title we are familiar. Several editions have been gotten up in England and Canada, and over one hundred thousand copies, or more than two hundred thousand volumes, as the work is two-volumed, have been disposed of. She has netted some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars cash herself already, and the end is not yet. Mrs. Stowe is a daughter of the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher.





Man on Horse and Dog



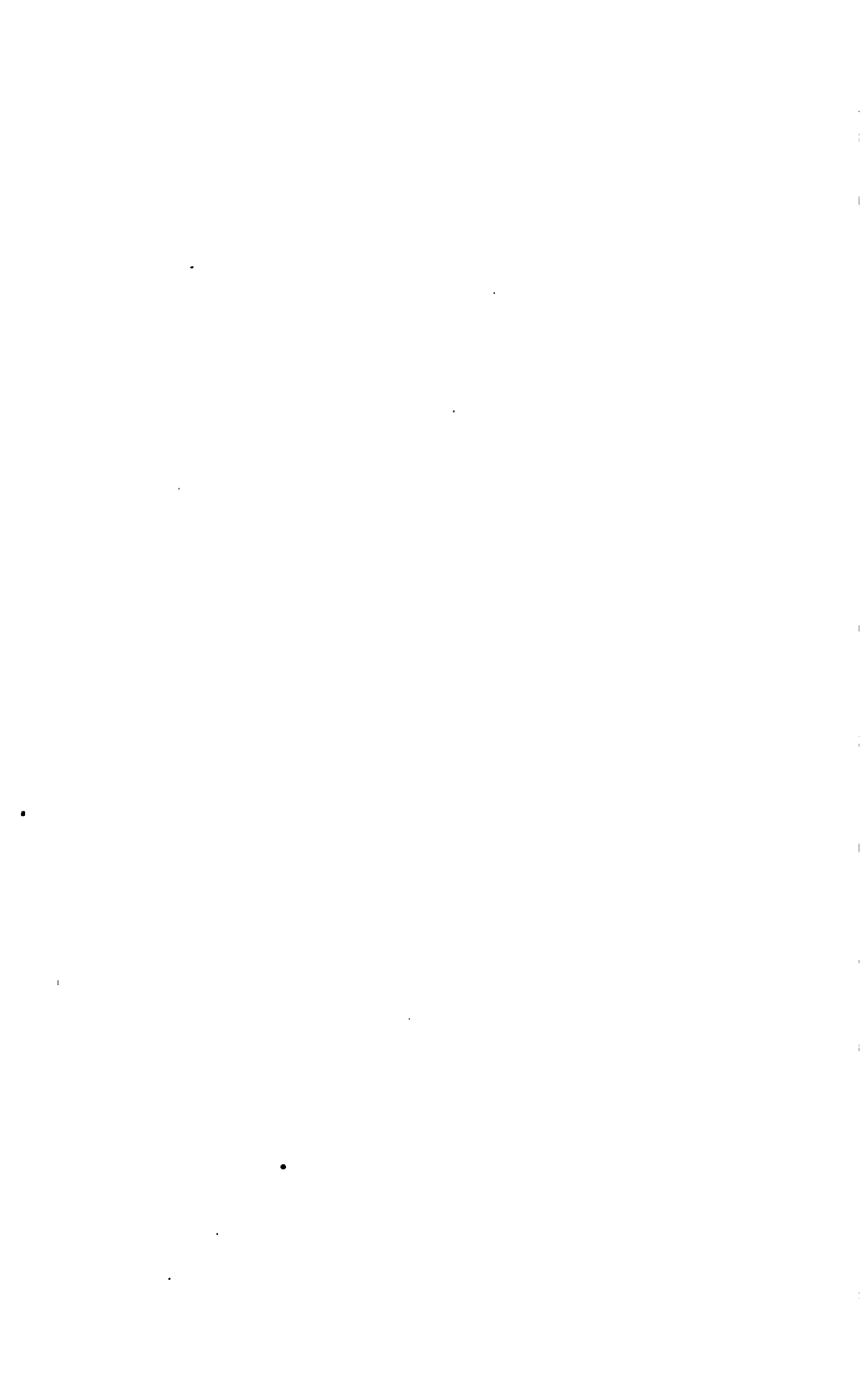


Whispering Willows



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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1852.

JOHN EMORY.

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BY THE EDITOR.
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JOHN EMORY was born in Maryland, on the 11th of April, 1789. His father and mother were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The father was a class-leader in the Church. The mother was a woman of noble heart, of generous spirit, of strong mind, and of sincere piety. Their house had long been the home of the early coadjutors in their itinerant visits to the eastern shore of Maryland. The children were accustomed from infancy to the company and conversation of these holy men of God, and to the hallowing exercises of family devotion.

Thus early trained in the doctrines and usages, and subjected to the influences of the Church, they were easily susceptible of religious impressions, and exhibited early an affinity for Methodism. They were accustomed to attend, with their parents, class meetings, love-feasts, quarterly meetings, and camp meetings. Two of the children were converted at home during family prayer, and others at very early ages were converted at social and public meetings, and became excellent and exemplary Christians.

The father it seems had some notions very common, but altogether erroneous, respecting the education of children. Instead of giving his children a thorough and general education, qualifying them for any business or profession in life, and then leaving them, when they should become of age, to choose for themselves a profession, according to their own taste, inclination, or judgment, he classified his children, when at a very early age, for different pursuits and professions, and then educated each one for the specific department of business to which he had appointed him. One was to be a farmer, one a merchant, one a doctor, one a statesman, and one a lawyer. In this capricious allotment John was set apart for the lawyer. His education, therefore, was directed to this specific end. At the early age of ten years he was sent from home to attend a classical school. Fortunately, though designed for a specific profession, his edu-

cation was conducted by his teachers on a classical and very liberal scale.

He spent four years at a classical academy at Easton, Md.; one year at an academy in Strasburg, Penn.; and two years at Washington College, eastern shore of Maryland. During these seven years he was thoroughly trained in a liberal course of study. At the close of his academic course he entered as a student of law in the office of Richard Tilghman Earle, Esq., of Centerville, Md. Having pursued diligently and thoroughly the study of law for three years, he was, at the age of nineteen, admitted to the bar. Immediately he opened an office, business flowed rapidly on him, and he had every prospect of rising to wealth and fame in the profession which his father had chosen for him. But a change came over his spirit, and his whole plan of life was modified.

He had not in his attention to the classics abandoned the Bible, nor in his devotion to the law forgotten the Gospel. His mother at the time of his birth had consecrated him to the Lord. She had hoped he might become a minister at the sanctuary of God. She had constantly prayed for him. The influence of the religious impressions he had received in his childhood had not departed from him. While at school at Easton, when not more than eleven or twelve years old, during a religious excitement, he had become seriously disposed, and had joined a Methodist class, consisting of small boys, led by a faithful and pious man. He might have continued in the path of early piety, without deviation or retardation, had he not been seduced by a classmate to do an act which wounded his tender conscience. The act itself was wholly harmless, merely climbing a tree, in a retired wood, to see a distant horse-race. But he thought it wrong. He, however, did it, and thereby violated the dictates of his conscience. The injury, therefore, to him was as great as though he had committed some act in itself criminal. The effect on his mind was unfortunate. He became discouraged, neglected his class, gave up his religious profession, and returned to a life of worldly ambition.

The good Spirit did not, however, give him up. It followed him still, nor could he forget the prayers

and instructions of his pious mother. In August, 1806, while a student at law, he attended a quarterly meeting in the neighborhood of his family home. It was a season of gracious revival. His brother and sister had shared in the heavenly visitation. He had been for some time unusually serious, though he had concealed his feelings from the family. The evening before the commencement of the meeting there was a social gathering of several members of the family at the house of an elder brother. The evening was spent in singing, in religious conversation, and in prayer. John took no part in the exercises; but remained a quiet, serious, and respectful spectator. Early on the ensuing Sabbath the family proceeded to love-feast. John, though not yet a member of the Church, accompanied them by invitation, and took a seat in the crowded assembly. In the course of the exercises, Emory, to the surprise of the people, arose from his seat, and in the most solemn manner called God, and angels, and the people there present, to witness that he had that day determined to seek the salvation of his soul. He then fell upon his knees, and remained during the love-feast, silently praying the Lord to pardon his sins. Much interest was excited among the people by the unexpected and interesting circumstances of the occasion. His sisters, who sat near the door, when they heard his voice, and knew it was their brother, were nearly overcome with emotion and joy. A circle of pious, devoted, and praying Christians was formed about him. While they were praying for him, he suddenly arose from his knees, and with indescribable composure declared that he felt peace and comfort. A smile of angelic loveliness was lighted up on his countenance. He was the very personification of peaceful, tranquil bliss. From this happy moment his course was onward and upward. He led ever after a life of piety and of active Christian zeal. He was always in the way of duty, never deviating from the path of righteousness.

Soon after his conversion he was appointed class-leader, an office for which he was peculiarly qualified. Believing it to be his duty to labor still more extensively for the salvation of the people, he obtained license to preach in a local capacity. While yet a student at law, he preached every Sunday, either in the town where he resided or some place in the neighboring country. Continuing his practice of preaching Sunday after he commenced the practice of law, he began soon to feel a desire to devote himself wholly to the work of the Christian ministry. But his course in this direction was encompassed by difficulties. To abandon his legal profession and lucrative practice would subject him to great personal sacrifices. He was in the line of safe precedents, and on the direct road to honor, fame, and fortune. His talents were of the highest order, his reputation unsullied, his popularity rapidly increasing, and his success certain. To become an itinerant Methodist preacher he must aban-

don his position, with all its advantages and prospects.

All these sacrifices, however, he could cheerfully make. All the privations and inconveniences of an itinerant life he could with fortitude endure. But there was in his way another difficulty of formidable import. His father flatly and plumply refused consent to his becoming a traveling preacher. What could he do? No man held in higher respect than did John Emory parental authority; yet he acknowledged a law higher still—a law emanating from the authority that is over all, and made known to him by the Spirit of God operating on his heart. He had the witness of the divine Spirit testifying through his conscience that he was called to preach. While he conceded, according to the established order of civilized society, the right of his father to control his business pursuits during his minority, he could not acknowledge any such right to form for him any engagements to extend beyond the age of twenty-one years, or to dictate his course of life after he had passed to the age of independent manhood. During his twenty-first year he suffered most intensely from conflicting emotions. He would most willingly do all in his power to gratify the feelings and meet the wishes of his father; but he could not refrain from giving up himself to the work of the ministry. After much "reading, prayer, and meditation, he made a covenant on his knees, wrote and signed it, to give up the law," and become a preacher. His father was sorely displeased at the decision to which his son had come. He well-nigh for a time disowned him. He would neither hear him preach nor allow him to write to him. The day of reconciliation, however, at last came. Some three years after the son had entered the ministry the father fell sick. No sooner had he ascertained that his end was nigh, than he dispatched a messenger for that son whom he had so obstinately discarded. The son hastened home, sat down by the bed of his dying father, watched assiduously over him, administered to him the consolations of the Gospel, received his last blessing, and saw him depart in peace and in hope of eternal life.

In the spring of 1810, on the very week of his twenty-first birthday, Emory joined the Philadelphia conference. The first two years of his ministry he traveled on the circuits called Caroline and Cambridge, on the eastern shore of Maryland. For the next twelve years he occupied stations at Philadelphia, Wilmington, Washington City, Annapolis, and Hagerstown. Of the incidents of his life during the fourteen years he spent on circuits and stations we have no account; for he kept no journal. The fact that he remained uniformly in each station he occupied the second term allowed by the law of itinerancy, is evidence that he sustained himself well in the work to which he had devoted his life. The fact of his being elected by the Philadelphia conference, when he was barely eligible from age, a member of the General conference of 1816, and

of his being appointed by authority of the General conference of 1820 the delegate of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America to the British Wesleyan conference, would seem to exhibit the high rank he held among the preachers.

The mission to England was a work of much importance and great delicacy. Originally Methodism had been one in England and in America. The early American conferences placed the name of Wesley on their Minutes, and acknowledged him as their ecclesiastical head, and willingly obeyed his wishes in all matters of Church organization and government. After some few years, conceiving that Mr. Wesley, from his great distance from America, and his want of personal knowledge of the ever-changing circumstances of a new world, like America, could not be qualified to make wise and prudent decisions on various matters relating to American matters, and fearing lest, should they continue to acknowledge his jurisdiction, he might claim the right to recal Mr. Asbury, and appoint to the superintendency some one not agreeable to the American conference, they dropped his name from their Minutes, and so, in effect, dissolved all ecclesiastical connection with the British Methodists. No official intercourse had been held between the British and American connections for many years. In the mean time serious difficulties had occurred between the preachers of the American and those of the British connection in Canada. As early as 1791 missionaries had been sent from the conferences in the United States to Canada. Success had attended their labors, societies had been organized, and circuits and districts formed. In 1820 there were in Upper and Lower Canada two districts, about twenty circuits and stations, nearly thirty preachers, and upward of five thousand members. Yet there was still room in the Canadian provinces for a greater number of laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, and the Missionary Society of the British connection had, with the best intentions in the world, began, about 1812, to send missionaries to Canada. Unfortunately difficulties soon sprung up between the British missionaries and the American preachers in Canada. The parties often came in ecclesiastical collision. The British missionaries, instead of entering on unoccupied ground, began to interfere with the societies already formed, and occupy the churches already built by the American connection. Each party had its adherents among the people. Some of the Canadians adhered to the British missionaries on account of political sympathies. Others adhered to the American connection on account of old associations, of gratitude, and of sincere affection. Soon, therefore, a condition of things peculiarly unfortunate, and utterly destructive of all religious prosperity, and uncongenial to Christian feeling, began to exist. To effect a settlement of these difficulties, and to renew the friendly intercourse between the two great sections of the Methodist community, the General conference of 1820 resolved to send a delegate to the British

conference, with instructions "to endeavor, by all prudent and practicable means, to effect an amicable and permanent adjustment of the unpleasant difficulties existing in Canada," and to propose, in order to restore and preserve friendly and harmonious relations between the British and American connections, a mutual interchange of delegates every four years. The Board of Bishops were authorized to appoint the man who, in their judgment, would be most likely to succeed in accomplishing the objects of this mission. They unanimously selected Emory; and never was a selection more fortunate. He was yet but a young man, hardly passed the age of thirty, yet his talents, his prudence, his learning, and his urbanity marked him as the one most likely of all men in the Methodist Episcopal Church to make a favorable impression on the British conference, and to effect the object of the General conference.

Mr. Emory on his arrival in England held an interview with the Missionary Committee at London, and then proceeded to meet the British conference at Liverpool. His success was triumphant. He obtained of the Missionary Committee and of the conference all he could reasonably ask, and accomplished all the American conference could hope. A settlement of the Canadian difficulties, on the basis proposed by the General conference in their instructions to Mr. Emory, was readily effected. The Canadian territory was divided. The British took Lower and the Americans Upper Canada, and the ministers of each connection devoted their services to their own province.

The impression made by Mr. Emory on the British conference was most favorable to himself and to the American Church, whose minister he was. He was treated with uncommon attention and with great consideration. His address before the conference, explaining the objects of his mission, was a masterly exhibition of the origin, progress, success, and prospects of American Methodism. His sermon before the conference, preached and afterward published at their request, was one of the finest specimens of pulpit oratory ever exhibited in England or America. It received the highest encomiums from Clarke, Watson, Benson, and others, whose names stand highest among the illustrious successors of Wesley.

At the General conference of 1824 Mr. Emory was elected Assistant Agent of the Methodist Book Concern, and in 1828 he was promoted to the place of Principal Agent. In the office of book agent he exhibited a comprehensiveness of plan and an energy of execution which have never been equaled by any of his predecessors or successors. When he entered the Concern, a common store, with a counting-room in the rear, sufficed for the transaction of all the business in the establishment. The books were printed at other offices, on contract. They were bound in the basement of the Wesleyan Seminary, in Crosby-street, and then conveyed in a wheelbarrow to the Book-Room, in Fulton-street.

How many persons were employed about the establishment at that time I know not. There could not, however, have been a very large force; for the Rev. Joshua Soule, on retiring from the office in 1820, reports to the General conference that he and his associate had not only performed the editorial labor and various branches of clerkship, but had actually, with their own hands, did the packing, hooping, and shipping of the boxes. When Mr. Emory retired from the Concern in 1832, it had become the largest book establishment in the United States, employing nearly two hundred persons, and a capital of more than four hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Emory introduced an entire new and efficient system of operations. He infused into the Concern an energy which has made it, notwithstanding the immense loss it suffered by the destructive fire in 1836, second to few, if any, publishing establishments in the world.

His literary duties in the Book Concern were discharged with great ability and satisfaction. He selected the books for publication with great care and much discrimination. The Methodist Magazine, which had been commenced in 1818, and had been usually made up of extracts from other works, and of miscellaneous articles, he elevated to the dignity of a quarterly review, and occupied its pages with subjects of general and permanent interest. He employed, so far as could be expected from his multifarious engagements and feeble health, his own pen to enrich its pages. Many of the articles extant from his pen, either in the pages of the Review or in other forms, partake of the character of controversy more largely than is agreeable to most readers. Controversy, however, was not the passion of Emory. He entered the field only to avert or repel the attacks of enemies on the Church, to whose doctrines and Discipline he was most ardently attached. It was his lot to live during the evil days, when excitement in relation to Church government was highly intense. In the contest known in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church as the Radical controversy, which culminated in 1828, and resulted in a large secession from the Church, Emory stood forth in the front ranks as one of the master-spirits in vindication of "our fathers," and in defense of the system of Church government bequeathed to their sons by Asbury and his early coadjutors. The war was waged on the part of the "Reformers," as they chose to style themselves, with the most intense bitterness. The most desperate assaults were made on the Church, and the most violent attacks on the good and great men who had founded it, and who had devoted their all to its edification.

Manfully, boldly, chivalrously stepped forward Emory in defense. He brought to bear in the contest talents of the highest order, and a temper of the smoothest yet keenest edge. Gallantly did he sustain the cause—successfully did he conduct the defense. When the battle was over, he retired from the contest crowned with laurels, and laden

with the blessings of those who respect the memory of Asbury, and love the institutions of the Methodist Church. He did not, however, idly repose on his laurels. He was constantly on the watch against either assault or surprise. He was preparing at the time of his death for the defense of the Church against attacks from those who, in their arrogance, please to assume for themselves only the right by "uninterrupted succession from the apostles" to administer the ordinances of God. But his sudden death left this work unfinished.

According to the usage at that time, Mr. Emory could remain in the Book Concern only eight years. As the time of his retiring from the establishment grew near, the reputation he had acquired for talents and energy caused numerous and vigorous efforts to be made to secure his services in other departments of Christian enterprise. He was offered the Presidency of Madison College at Uniontown, of Alleghany College at Meadville, and of Randolph Macon College in Virginia. But fearing the confinement to the duties of the presidency of a literary institution might utterly prostrate his health, already precarious, he declined to accept any of the positions offered him, with the intention of enjoying a respite from care and labor, till he could recruit his energies, exhausted by too close application to business and to study. But he was not allowed to carry out his purpose of relaxation. At the General conference of 1832 he was elected bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was an office neither to be sought nor declined. An office of so great dignity and of so efficient means of extensive usefulness could only be accepted, and its responsible duties discharged to the best of his physical, moral, and intellectual ability.

It must be conceded that he came into the office of bishop with very superior qualifications. In literary acquirements he was greatly in advance of all his predecessors and colleagues. He had had the inestimable advantage of thorough training in a full and judicious course of academic education. By classical study he had acquired habits of accuracy, taste, and discrimination. By legal study he had acquired critical and logical acumen. By general reading he had become acquainted with the whole range of science, literature and art. By his position in the Book Concern he had acquired habits of application to all the details of business. By his controversy with the Radicals he had become acquainted, more fully than any other man in America, with the theory of Church government. He was, therefore, deficient in no branch of knowledge available in his important position. He excelled in compass and comprehensiveness of mind. Standing at the center, he could comprehend at one view all the interests of the Church, diversified by physical and moral circumstances. He could bring his varied acquisitions and his indomitable energy to bear on the cause of missions, of Sunday schools, of education, of the Book Concern, on the best means to secure the property of the Church in

meeting-houses and parsonages, and on the efficient administration of Discipline.

He was a man of progressive mind, a movement man, a true reformer. He believed Methodism the "child of Providence," and under obligation to follow wherever Providence might lead. He would not hesitate to change a rule of Church discipline whenever, from a change of circumstances, it might become imperative or expedient. He would advocate such occasional modifications in our economy and usages as would enable us to keep fully up with the spirit of the age and the demands of the times.

While, however, he was for progress, he was also the least possibly disposed to rash, hasty, and ill-advised movements. He was no Utopian theorist, no visionary fanatic, no restless innovator, no random experimenter. All his plans were well matured, feasible, and of evident utility.

He was eminently calculated to become the leading champion of the Church, the master-spirit of the Episcopacy. His positions were so well chosen, his measures so judicious, his expositions so clear, and his reasons so cogent, that he was sure to bring all who would listen to him into coincidence with his views and to the support of his measures. He would, therefore, have succeeded in stamping all the measures of the Church with the impress of his own power and energy.

Whatever influence he might acquire, he would not fail to maintain. He never would be caught at surprise, and thereby suffer his reputation to be impaired. He was ever ready for any emergency, ever prepared for any exigency. He never would commit blunders, and thereby weaken the confidence others might have in his decisions.

He had the independence, the moral courage to dare where others would recoil, and to decide where others would hesitate. He would not, therefore, like some, suffer the season of successful action to pass while he was hesitating and deliberating. Promptitude, energy, and perseverance were characteristic traits in his mind.

His influence was greatly increased by the confidence which all who knew him entertained in his piety, his sincerity, his devotion to the interest of the Church, and in the purity of his motives. None could suspect him of selfishness in any of his views, or of sinister designs in any of his measures.

My personal acquaintance with him was limited. I had, however, the pleasure of meeting him on a few occasions, among which were two affording me an opportunity to observe the nature and extent of his peculiar talents. One was in 1830, at the organization of the Wesleyan University, of whose Board of Trustees he was a member; and the other was in 1835, at the session of the Maine conference, at which he presided.

In the debate on the organization of the University he took an active part, exhibiting very intimate acquaintance with the theory of educational enterprises, but betraying some want of experience

in the practical details of college instruction and discipline. At the conference at Bangor, in 1835, he presided in a most masterly manner. Never have I seen the presiding officer of any deliberative body render himself so useful and agreeable. During the proceedings of the conference he gave, on several questions of ecclesiastical law, opinions which, for clearness, accuracy, and precision of application, might stand, with honor, comparison with the matured and carefully written opinions of Marshall or Story on questions of civil and common law. By the request of the conference, he preached a sermon in memory of his friend and coadjutor, the beloved and venerated M'Kendree. The sermon was one of the best I ever heard. It was a model—a specimen of a chaste, eloquent, evangelical sermon.

In power of analysis Bishop Emory excelled all men whom I ever heard, either in debate or in the pulpit. He would examine a subject in all its parts, bearings, and tendencies. He would hold it up before the mind in every possible light. He would turn it around and around, so as to exhibit every possible face. He would cleave it down, as the geologist would a mineral, to its primitive form. He would melt it in the crucible; he would detect all the elements of its composition, and determine their proportions by weight and by measure. Truth and error could not long remain intertwined in his hand. He would find the thread, disentangle the snarl, and present before you the skein clear, straight, and smooth. The Gordian knot would yield to him without the application of the knife.

While, however, his power of analysis was extraordinary, he did not excel in synthesis. His arguments were not deficient in point; but they had too many points. He was not skilled in plain, direct, precise, cogent reasoning to a single point. He introduced too many subjects but indirectly bearing on his main position. Though a fine classical scholar, he was not well trained in mathematics. He had never been drilled in precise and rigid demonstration. His mind had never been molded in the forms of Euclidian geometry. Though, therefore, his arguments were, when taken by parts, fine specimens of analysis, accuracy, and discrimination, yet, as a whole, they were often long, tedious, complicated, and inconclusive. Had his early teachers understood the character of his mind, and trained him as thoroughly and extensively in mathematics as they did in languages, he would have wielded a sword of fewer edges, but heavier and much more effective for execution.

In person, Bishop Emory was interesting in appearance. He was small, but straight, neat, and perfectly well proportioned. His features were regular and handsome. His voice was pleasant, but feeble. He could not be heard amid noise and confusion; yet so distinct was his enunciation, and so correct were his sentences, that he could easily be heard and understood by an audience very large, if quiet. His manner of preaching was energetic and forcible. His sermons and speeches

though wholly extemporaneous, were sufficiently accurate to be taken down by the stenographer, and published just as they were delivered.

He was a man of slender constitution and feeble health. While in circuits and stations he had occasionally to desist from preaching in order to recruit. While in the Book Agency he had occasionally to retire for relaxation. While traveling on his Episcopal visitation he was often troubled with absolute inability to sleep. On stopping for the night, he would, before retiring, go about his room, and fasten every loose shutter, and rattling window, and creaking door, and even then, perhaps, some slight noise in another room would entail on him for the night hopeless wakefulness. Yet, sick or well, he would keep up, so far as possible, his regular habits, rising, and retiring, and eating, and riding, and walking, and studying, at the same hours, day after day.

He was distinguished for purity and consistency of character. The man who, being acquainted with him, could suspect him of selfish or sinister motive must be deplorably jealous, or very badly depraved. He was firm, persevering, and always reliable. To what he deemed right he would adhere; nor could you coax, buy, or drive him, though you might reason him from his position.

Though decided in opinion, firm in purpose, and persevering in execution, yet he was kind, charitable, and benevolent to others. He would rather convert than defeat an opponent. If he must overthrow his adversary, he would never triumph over him. He was too magnanimous to insult the fallen.

He was a man of surpassing dignity. It would seem that he had never been a child, never enjoyed a child's sports, never knew a child's feelings. He would appear to have been in heart and mind a man from his birth. His letters written to his own wife and to his children are as precise, and formal, and dignified, as are his arguments on the constitutional organization of the Church. He seemed the same every-where—in the counting-room, in the pulpit, on the conference floor, in the Bishop's chair, and at the fireside. Yet with all this dignity, which he never for a moment laid aside, or in any way compromised, he was a most affectionate husband, provident father, and constantly reliable friend.

Amid his multifarious studies, plans, and enterprises, he constantly maintained a high degree of even-tempered, consistent, sincere piety. His letters to his friends and family breathe a spirit of devotion scarcely inferior to that of the pastoral letters of the saintly Fletcher. His sermons were always spiritual and evangelical. His writings, even when controversial, diffuse through the soul of the reader a spirit of elevated piety.

Take him for all in all, he was the very man for the times in which he lived. During the period of his ascendancy, from 1820 to 1835, the Church was passing a crisis in many respects. The old order of things was giving place to a new and improved

system. The Methodists were becoming a great people—great in numbers, in wealth, in intelligence, and in influence. A new system of operations, involving the enterprises of missions, Sunday schools, Bible societies, the publishing of periodicals and of books, the founding academies, seminaries, and colleges, had become as necessary as was the itinerant ministry itself. All these enterprises had been projected, and most of them commenced by Asbury and his early coadjutors, and they were in operation, most of them, however, on a small scale, before Emory's day. Yet just such a mind as his, so comprehensive, so versatile, so discriminating, so liberal, so highly improved by education, was necessary, at that particular time, to mature, perfect, and vivify the plans which the Church was forming. Though he died young, yet he accomplished much, very much during the twenty-five years of his ministry, and particularly during the ten or eleven years of his services in the Book Agency and in the Episcopacy.

Soon after the close of the General conference of 1832, Bishop Emory, having settled his family in Baltimore, proceeded on his first tour of episcopal visitation. He attended, during the summer and autumn of 1832, the conferences of Pittsburg, Ohio, Kentucky, and Holstein. He traveled always on horseback, in a very plain and primitive manner. Whenever he had a day or two of leisure, in any village along his route, he would spend the time in organizing a Sunday school, a missionary society, or in some other way useful to the people and the Church.

The latter part of the year 1833 he started on his second tour. He rode on horseback from Baltimore to the seat of his first conference, at Natchez, a distance of twelve hundred miles, in fifty days. During this tour, which continued six months, and compassed about three thousand miles, he attended the Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina conferences, and made several excursions to places of interest along the line of his regular route.

During the autumn of 1834 he made a pastoral excursion through the peninsula between the Chesapeake and the Atlantic, and through the lower counties of the western shore of Maryland.

In 1835, from February till September, he was employed in attending the Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, New England, New Hampshire, Maine, Troy, Onseida, and Genesee conferences.

In the autumn he returned to the residence he had prepared for his family at Reisterstown, a few miles west of Baltimore. On the 16th of December, 1835, he left home early in the morning, in a light, open carriage, for Baltimore. About two miles from his residence he had to descend a hill, nearly a mile in length. The carriage was seen, as it was said, about daylight, passing rapidly by a tavern near the top of the hill. In about twenty minutes a waggoner, passing down the hill, found, about two hundred yards below the tavern, the Bishop, lying bleeding and insensible by the roadside. It

appears that his horse had run away with him, and that he had been thrown from his carriage, and had fallen with the back of his head on a stone, which had fractured his skull. He was taken up and carried to the tavern. Medical aid was called, his family and friends gathered around him, but the injury proved fatal. Lingered insensible till evening, he expired. On the ensuing Sabbath his funeral was attended at the Eutaw-Street Church in Baltimore, and he was laid to rest in the vault beneath the pulpit, where he yet sleeps by the side of the great and good Asbury.

Bishop Emory was married in 1813 to Miss Caroline Sellers, of Hillsboro, Md. In 1815 she died, leaving an infant son. In 1818 he was united in marriage to his second wife, Miss Ann Wright, of Queen Ann's county, Md. Five children, the eldest about twenty-one years, and the youngest only a few weeks old, were left orphans at his death. That eldest—Robert Emory, afterward President of Dickinson College—was a young man of rare promise, fully equal, perhaps superior to his father. After a very brief but most brilliant career, he died, leaving the world wondering why two such men, father and son, so distinguished, so great, so good, should die so soon.

THE DYING ORPHAN.

BY W. COWPER WILLIAMS.

"Kiss me, sister, for I'm dying!
Death's cold hand is on my brow;
Soon my spirit will be flying
From this world of pain and woe.
I would gladly tarry with thee,
Sister mine, and share thy lot;
But Heaven calls me now to leave thee
For a home where pain comes not.
There I'll meet our dearest mother,
Waiting for her ransom'd boy;
There I'll kiss our little brother
With the wildest pulse of joy.
Sister, tho' thou wilt be lonely,
There is One who'll watch thee still;
And if in him thou wilt only
Trust, he will shield thee from all ill.
Dimmer grows the ling'ring glory
Of the sun on yonder steep,
And e'er nightfall mantles o'er me,
Sister mine, I'll be asleep.
I am going! my spirit's moving
Out this sickly house of clay;
Farewell, sister, kind and loving!
Heaven beckons me away."
Calm and peaceful fled the spirit
Of the little orphan boy,
Borne to climes of brightness, where it
Drinks from ceaseless springs of joy.

MY BLESSINGS.

BY PETER CARRY.

GREAT waves of plenty rolling up
Their golden billows to our feet,
Fields where the ungathered rye is white,
Or heavy with the yellow wheat;
Wealth surging inward from the sea,
And plenty through our land abroad;
With sunshine resting over all,
That everlasting smile of God!
For these, yet not for these alone,
My tongue its gratitude would say:
All the great blessings of my life
Are present in my thought to-day;
For more than all my mortal wants
Have been, O God, thy full supplies—
Health, shelter, and my daily bread,
For these my grateful thanks arise.
For ties of faith, whose wondrous strength
Time nor eternity can part;
For all the words of love that fall
Like living waters on my heart;
For even that fearful strife, where sin
Was conquered and subdued at length,
Temptations met and overcome,
Whereby my soul has gathered strength;
For all the warnings that have come
From mortal agony or death;
For even that bitterest storm of life
Which drove me on the rock of faith.
For all the past I thank thee, God!
And for the future trust in thee,
Whate'er of trial or blessing yet,
Asked or unasked, thou hast for me.
Yet only this one boon I crave—
After life's brief and fleeting hour,
Make my beloved thy beloved,
And keep us in thy day of power!

LIGHT AND LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLOVERHOOK."

Light waits for us in heaven—inspiring thought,
That when the darkness all is overpast,
That beauty which the Lamb of God has bought
Shall flow about our saved souls at last,
And wrap them from all night-time and all woe;
The Spirit and the word assure us so.
Love lives for us in heaven—O not so sweet
Is the May-dew which mountain flowers inclose,
Nor golden raining of the winnowed wheat,
Nor blushing out of the brown earth of rose,
Or whitest lily, as, beyond time's wars,
The silvery rising of these two twin stars!

BURIED IN THE OCEAN ISLE.

—
BY AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN.—
"When Death's dark mystery is unsealed."

HASKINS.

The roughness of our billow life had for a time given place to the welcome quietness and repose of port. Our sea-homes lay floating in their oaken strength and majesty on the bosom of a harbor where all nations stop in their highway over the mighty Atlantic. St. Helena cast up her hights, smiling in their very ruggedness and desolation, and, in the style of caress to the deep, threw her arms of land about the anchorage-spot on which, as if the seamen of many nations were brothers, veritable and true, our vessels lay. On this pile of rocks heaved up out of the sea the English genius of war has come from the bruises and batterings of many a field of blood, and brought his greatest spoil, and laid it down in a lone grave-site; while France comes to the tomb of her greatest hero and her bloody shame, and drops her tears of impotent regret.

It was in such an hour of quiet and enjoyment that another ship appeared among us. We immediately knew the stranger to be in distress; for her colors were carried at half-mast. These tokens sent the wail of a silent eloquence to the heart of every one who looked upon them; for they spoke either of danger or of death, which solicited the attention and sympathy of others. Nor were we long in suspense. As soon as the stranger had come to anchor, a messenger urgently dispatched ashore announced that the new arrival was a Dutch ship, bound home to Holland, and had put into port for the purpose of burying her dead, accompanied with a polite invitation to all shipmasters in port to attend the solemnity.

It is a circumstance of grave import, at any time, on the deep, for a sailor to be suddenly summoned to the side of the plank or the bier, to aid in the burial of the dead; but specially so when he is resting from the toils of his sea-life of ardors, with his canvas furled, and his vessel riding safely at anchor in some friendly harbor. It is then that his sailor-heart is profoundly moved, as a paralysis comes, as if cast by the hand of magic, over his hour devoted to gayety or repose, and he is commanded, as by the imperative mandate of irresistible Providence, to pause and drop his anchor beside the bier of the dead. The grave comes near to him then, and he holds reluctant communion with its innumerable hosts, and hears its measured tones addressed to him, in warning of his last voyage among its slumbering myriads.

There was an air of sad, romantic interest thrown over the entire event of the stranger's advent among us; and it was highly proper it should be so. He had come from the regions of the east, bound home to Holland, bringing a governor and his family

from the East India possessions of the Dutch, whither they had been absent for several years. The Governor's family had consisted of four persons—himself and his wife, a maiden attendant of about eighteen years, and an only daughter of the same age. They were now on their return to the bosom of their native land, to enjoy once more the society of that dear and early home of which they had been so long denied. High hopes moved them as a brief lapse of days would fulfill their largest anticipation; and the beautiful daughter was far from being the smallest sharer in these visions of future felicity. About three days before they raised the Island of St. Helena, this only daughter had been taken away, in the highest bloom of youth, by the all-conquering sword of Death, and the parents had come to lay their earthly treasure to rest on British soil.

The shipmasters all repaired by their several ways to the shore, and there met the funeral array of the stranger ship. Four strong sons of the ocean took up the bier, as if it had contained a weary invalid sleeper, embraced in a sweet slumber which they feared to disturb, and bore it up the declivity; but there was a veil of sadness on their weather-traced features, and a tear in their eyes. It was nine in the morning, and the Island City was profoundly moved by this sudden and magic appearance of the tokens of bereavement in their streets. The procession moved from the pier up the ascent to the edifice of the Church of England, which stood some distance from the margin of the harbor. Many an eye looked on that funeral pageant, as it passed up to the house of God, with mournful interest, and the stanch English sentinel turned his weapon in sign of sad reverence.

Large numbers entered the place of worship together, who had come from many different nations, and bowed lowly at a common shrine of the dead. The spectator who looked in upon those worshipers, did he not know the true record of history, would scarcely divine that the diverse nations represented there had, within two hundred years, pointed the murderous cannon at each other, or strove fiercely and bloodily on the field of battle affray with sword in hand, or shattered and destroyed each other's fleets, or wasted each other's fair and peaceful cottage glebes, or sought, amid the mysterious labyrinths of diplomacy, to wrest from each other the scepter of empire, or take the palm of commercial supremacy. But here they stood and knelt in the name of universal manhood. All felt as men should feel when, in fraternal sympathy, they drink of that cup of tears which is yet, by an irreversible decree of our being, to bathe the lips of the proudest, and the gayest, and the strongest. The soldier, the sailor, the citizen, and the civil functionary alike gave an obedient ear to that touching burial service for which the ritual of the Church of England is distinguished.

While this sad office was being performed over the dust of the young and the beautiful, we all felt

the yearning of the heart for help beyond that of the strongest created arm. The spirit hovers near to an invisible something, struggles like the bird of Jove with the might of the tempest, but is satisfied with nothing short of the arm of Omnipotence. The chant and voice of sacred song, the accents of plaintive prayer, the speech of submissive counsel and admonition, commingled with the muffled notes of bereavement, and gently prepared us to lay away one of the fairest of flowers in the damp mansion of the grave.

When this duty at the temple of God had been performed, we again formed in procession to carry one more trust of clay to the silent place of urns and of monuments. Four young ladies, among whom was the disconsolate playfellow of the departed, shining in her beauty and her tears, and attired in the drapery of death, walked at the four corners of the bier, each holding a tassel, which tipped a cord of black coming down in a graceful curve from the pall. Close in the rear of these came the parents of that fair blossom which had been so rudely shaken from its place, bent in drops of anguish and in unassuaged sorrow for their blighted hope. Many came from their island-homes to look on the woe of these strangers of rank and fortune, and to shed their tribute of sympathy with the bereaved, and, when other years have rolled along their tides of events and fortunes, when native lands have taken back their own, to narrate to the eager listener the burial in their ocean isle of the fair Holland daughter. Then followed the captains of the vessels of different nations then in port, among whom were several Americans—all forming a line of interesting and worthy men, thinking, doubtless, as they walked along, of homes far away, in which, during their months and years of absence from thence, what the hand of the destroyer might have wrought—how fathomless desolation might, perhaps, reign where household comforts abode when last at home.

We came to the place for the burial of the dead. We beheld the open cell, where the young and beautiful must be laid away from the human eye, to molder and waste away to ultimate atoms. The bier was lowered to the ground, and the earth took its treasure home. The captain of the Holland ship laid off his hat, took up a spade, and cast in three spadefuls of earth on the coffin-lid; the mate, after his example, threw in two spadefuls; and the second mate one—and the work was done. The father bared his head, and gave utterance to his gratitude to those strangers who had so kindly assisted him to bury his cherished one. Once more those parents leaned over the narrow earth-bed of their child, they uttered low and plaintive words of farewell to her, and left her alone, far from the graves of her kindred. A multitude of forms stood waiting on that elevation, in solemn quiet, while their eye traced the path of the departed procession as it descended to the pier, and followed the watery way of the boats to the stranger ship, and

ceased not their gaze till she bore away on her sad voyage homeward, still bearing her colors at half-mast.

Many years have now gone over my head since the event of which I speak; but the scenes are as fresh as if they had transpired but a season since. I still think of the gentle sleeper, so early laid in the ever-keeping mansion of the grave, and that, too, in the very highest hopes which that daughter had ever entertained; again I look on that parental woe, still unrelieved, save by the kind attentions of the stranger; and then my mind is busy with its own reflections upon the visitations of death among the circle most dear of earth to me; but I wake to find all of mine yet spared by such a profusion of providential mercies as rarely fall to the lot of veteran sons of the ocean.

GENIUS AND WORK.

If you would rise, *work*. Don't trust genius, nor wish for and wait on fortune. Take hold of labor with strong heart and steady hand. God shapes his providence to help those that help themselves. A modern lecturer has some pertinent and forcible illustrations of this sentiment, as follows: "Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. There may be epics in men's brains just as there are oaks in acorns, but the tree and the book must come out before we can measure them. We very naturally recall here that class of grumblers and wishers who spend their time in longing to be higher than they are, while they should have been employed in advancing themselves. These bitterly moralize upon the injustice of society. Do they want a change? Let them change: who prevents them? If you are as high as your faculties will permit you to rise in the scale of society, why should you complain of men? It is God that arranged the law of precedence. Implead him, or be silent! If you have capacity for a higher station, take it: what hinders you? How many men would love to go to sleep and wake up Rothschilds or Astors! How many men would fain go to bed dunces to be waked up Solomons! You reap what you have sown. Those who sow dunce-seed, vice-seed, laziness-seed, usually get a crop. They that sow the wind, reap a whirlwind. A man of mere 'capacity undeveloped' is only an organized day-dream with the skin on it. A flint and a genius that will not strike fire are no better than wet junk-wood. We have Scripture for it that a 'living dog is better than a dead lion.' If you would go up, go; if you would be seen, shine. At the present day, eminent position in any profession is the result of hard, unwearied labor. Men can no longer fly at one dash into eminent position. They have got to hammer it out by steady and rugged blows. The world is no longer clay, but rather iron, true and veritable iron, in the hands of its workers."

A LEGEND OF LOVE.

BY ALICE CARBY.

TRULY, all things are beautiful in their time. Even Death, whom poets have made hideous for ages, painting him as a skeleton reaper who cuts down the tender flowers and the ripe grain alike, binding them into bundles for his dark garner, heedless of tears and prayers, is sometimes clothed with the wings and the mercy of an angel.

Through this still messenger "God giveth his beloved sleep." How pleasant to the old and the worn to give all their burdens into his hands, to lay by the staff and lie down beneath flowers, assured that even through the night of the grave the morning will break!

Thrice pleasant to the old who feel assured of having fought the good fight, who feel beneath the touch of death their white locks brightening with the crown of immortality. They have done their work, and only death can lead them up to hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

To the little child that has never sinned death comes like a beautiful sleep, and through the long bright ages the Tempter stands baffled. Only the monster's chill hands could have gathered the white robe of purity from the dust—only through the narrow and dark path of the grave could the tender feet have escaped the thorns—only to the bed which is low and cold the delirium of passion and the torture of pain may never come; so to the little child death is very beautiful.

One of the loveliest pictures that ever rises before me—and I see it now as I write—is that of one whose little life was early "rounded by a sleep"—that sleep which had in it the "rapture of repose" that nothing could disturb. Moaning and complaining she had lain for days, and we who loved her most could not help her, though she bent her mournfully beseeching eyes upon us never so tenderly and imploringly. But when the writhing and distortion of anguish were gone, and death gave to her cheek its beauty and to her lips the old smile—when the strife was finished, and she was at rest from the enemy, as we had thought him, the grim terror fell away. Lovely in her life she had been, and death transformed her to an angel.

And even to sinners the king of terrors is beautiful in his time; and they who see the exit from time to eternity are forced to say, "Nothing in their lives became them like the leaving life." Looking back over the ruins they have made of life's beauty, the friends they have changed into foes, the love they have warped into hatred, one agonized moment of repentance has stretched itself up to God's mercy, and, in the light streaming from the cross, has sounded the voice that said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee!"

O, what divine beauty covers the darkness that is before and around such an one! How blessed to

go with the friend who has come for them down into the grave—away from the reproachful eyes—away from the haughty and reviling words—away from the gentle rebuking of the injured, hardest of all to bear—away, away from the murmurs and complaints of a troubled conscience! Death to such is beautiful.

Whatever is dreariest in nature or saddest in life may yet, in its time, be beautiful: winter with its naked boughs and bitter winds, and masses of snow and of clouds.

Poverty, with whom we none of us voluntarily mate ourselves, has given birth to the sweetest humanities of life—at least to some of the sweetest. Its toils and privations have linked hand with hand, joined shoulder to shoulder, and knit heart to heart; and the armies of the poor are those who fight with the most indomitable courage, and like dust before the tempest are driven the obstacles that oppose their march. Is it not the strength of their sinews that warps the rough iron into the ax and the sickle? And do not the wheat-fields stand smiling and the hearth-light reach out from cabin to cabin in their wake?

Poverty is the pioneer about whose glowing forges and crashing forests burns and rings half the poetry that has filled the world.

Many are the pleasant pipes and oaten garlands that would be thrown aside if the reign of affluence were universal; and many are the gentle oxen that would go from their plowing in the meadows to herd in wild droves, but for the necessities of men. True, the burdens of the poor are heavy, and their tasks hard; but it has always seemed to me that in their humble homes and solitary by-paths there is a pathos and a tenderness in love that is not found any where else.

And this brings me to a legend which I read a long time ago; and though I can not pretend to repeat the precise words, I remember the main points, and will transcribe from memory as accurately as I can, having first told you how and where I chanced to read it.

Many years ago, remote from cities and villages, there lived, in a humble home, a very poor family. How or why I chanced to be there matters not, but I was, and the oldest among a group of five children. Two little girls and three boys there were, the children of poor parents, as I said. It was midwinter, and a stormy time; for since sunrise the snow had been falling, and now the twilight was coming on. But it was not a time to be sad, though the snow-shower fell never so thickly. On the contrary, we had not been so jocund and blithe for many a day; not half so glad were we when we broke the ears of yellow corn out of their silver-white husks, nor when we piled the oat-sheaves into circles of golden cones—not even when we filled our laps with ripe nuts, as the rough winds of November shook them loose from their black hulls.

And one of the causes of our gladness was this:

visitors were coming to pass the evening from the distant city; and Aunt Charity, for so I will call the good woman under whose care I was, had many little preparations in hand. And as we now and then ran out to cool the twisted doughnuts she gave us in the snow, how should we help laughing! No daintiest confections now could equal those simple cakes.

The hickory logs crackled and blazed in the deep, wide fire place, and red showers of sparks bent like rainbows out from the chimney, and dropped off in black sprinkles on to the snow that lay level and white all about the yard. With ridges of snow on their backs, the cattle turned their faces away from the storm; and all the limbs of the trees, the well-sweep, and every thing we could see, were heavy with the drifts they held. The stackyard was like a cluster of white pyramids.

Flattening our faces against the window-panes, we watch the strange shapes which all these familiar objects assumed, chattering the while in the wildest glee. Now and then a great sled went plowing along the road, carrying a family of father, mother, and children, wrapped in coverlids and sunken in straw—going to town or visiting, perhaps. The horses prancing and snorting—their manes tossing gaily under the storm—and the children laughing aloud. Very still and swiftly they glided forward; for no strings of bells hung about the necks of the horses, and the sleds moved softly.

There were but two rooms in the cottage of Aunt Charity, one above the other; and these, with a porch, about which she planted vines in summertime, and where she sometimes spread the dinner-table, were all the house she had. The room on the ground-floor was warm and comfortable; the walls were plastered; and though there was no carpet on the floor nor curtains at the windows to make it snug and genial, in the deep fireplace the logs were always aglow, so in the winter the place looked cheerful.

Here, too, the furniture mostly was; and rude and scanty as it was, it helped to make the place homelike. But, after all, it was, perhaps, Aunt Charity herself, and not the bright tin coffee-pot, nor the glistening delf, nor table, nor chairs, that gave the cheerfulness to this apartment.

Beside the fireplace was a brick oven, built half within the jamb, and half projecting outside the house. Here bread and pies were baking for the expected guests.

A narrow winding stair, running over this oven, conducted to the upper room, which was simply an unfinished garret. The walls were unplastered, and in all ways it was cheerless and uncomfortable; for it had no furnishing, if I except the hanks of flax that hung against the rafters, and the garments, either too old or too new to wear, that were suspended from pegs.

Two little square windows and a small fireplace the room contained, but no chairs—nothing to make it habitable. Nevertheless, when Aunt Charity

said, "You make a fire up stairs to-night, children!" it was like the dawning upon us of some blessed vision; and regardless of the cold and the storm, we plunged, like divers, beneath the snow for chips and splinters to kindle the larger wood.

Very damp the chimney was, for there had never been fire there but once or twice; so we had much difficulty in getting up any blaze; and when we did they were only slim, blue flames, that shot up for a moment, and then curled back, and quivered, and went out. But we were not easily discouraged; and arranged and rearranged our wet and smouldering fabric, and blew with our breath as lustily as though our lives depended upon it.

If it only would burn, we should have such a nice time; for the little visitors would come up, and we would have our separate joys.

Ah, me! I have known many disappointments since then, many of greater moment; but that was very sad, for it taught me what I had never known before—distrust.

Many were the pans of coals we brought from the ample heap below, many the blazing embers, and great the expenditure of breath, before the lurid and unsteady light began to illumine our low chamber. But perseverance is almost the certain way to success; and at last it proved effective with us, and our faces glowed in the warm, rosy light. True, the snow had drifted under the eaves, and lay on the floor in streaks and patches here and there; but what cared we for that, as we made a circle about the hearth, and devised plans and pleasures for the evening.

An hour or more the night had been brooding over the world, when a merry jingle of bells caused the breaking up of our little circle in great haste. The visitors were come. Hurriedly we ran below to meet and give them welcome. Our expectations were wrought to the highest pitch; for the guests were an aunt and three little cousins from the city, twenty miles distant—Mrs. Dolittle and her children. We had never seen them; but had been told so much of them by Aunt Charity, that we fancied them the most perfect and lovable people in the world.

A good many years it had been since the sisters had seen each other; for though previously to their marriage they had never been separated, that event had divided their interests, and they had grown apart to an extent of which they were by no means aware till they met. The interval of separation had been passed by the one in obscure poverty and sorrow—a series of struggles and misfortunes had overtaken her, and the snow was falling that night upon the grave of her husband; and by the other in easy affluence and gayety.

Scarcely more dazzled and bewildered were the wild children of the forest, when De Soto, with his gorgeous array of banners and soldiery, overshadowed their wigwams on the banks of the majestic Mississippi, and, with all the effect of crozier, and

missal, and priest, took possession in the name of the king.

Poor Aunt Charity! between grief and joy, she sunk into a chair, and sobbed out; but Mrs. Dolittle was quite calm and self-possessed; and after a hasty glance, that seemed to take in every thing, drew near the fire, and began unbundling, from their muffs, furs, and tippets, the slips of aristocracy that called her "Ma."

"This aint Aunt Charity's," said the boy, squirming out of her hands. "I won't have my cloak off in this ugly old place."

"Hush!" said the mother; and in a whisper she added, "As soon as we get warm, and eat our supper, we will go away."

"Is Aunt Charity a washerwoman?" continued the boy, looking at her askance. "She has got her sleeves rolled up."

"Just hear the child," said the mother, appealing to the husband, a bluff, consequential-looking man, who, without having removed gloves or overcoat, sat directly in front of the fire, and both laughed heartily.

The girls, who were dressed in short, bright frocks, and had long, shining curls dropping over their plump, white shoulders, were, as yet, more quiet.

And we poor children, huddling together on the stair-step, felt as if in the presence of a superior of beings; so much is modest ignorance awed by the appendages and assumptions of wealth. We had quite forgotten our fire-lighted chamber, where an hour ago we were dreaming such bright, bright dreams.

"O, never mind, Charity," said Mrs. Dolittle, in a tone more petulant than kindly, as Master Marmion made an exploring expedition from cupboard to bureau, commenting freely as he went; now stamping his boot with an exclamation of wonderment at the bare floor, and now at the narrow beds and little pillows, which he said were not large enough for Laura's doll. He soon discovered, however, that which, for a short time, effectually closed his mouth, in the shape of a plate of warm doughnuts, which, covered with a napkin, were cooling for supper.

"Greediness," said the mamma, as he quickly devoured one after another, "why don't you share your cakes with the rest of us?" And without making any apology, except to say to Aunt Charity, "I always did like your cakes so well," the nice doughnuts speedily disappeared.

We poor children that scarcely ever saw cakes before, had only each eaten one, and Aunt Charity had not even tasted them.

A little talk of other days, but restrained and formal, began at last between the sisters; while the gentleman, with one foot resting against the jamb, and caressing the other knee, smoked a cigar; and we children began to make some overtures toward an acquaintance with the little folks. At length, under the inducement of getting nuts and apples,

we persuaded them up stairs; but it only increased our discomfiture.

"Where shall we sit?" asked the little ladies; and hastily the country cousins took from the pegs their best gowns, and spread them on the floor, by way of cushions, saying meekly, "We don't have any chairs up stairs." The wood had burned to embers, and the light was dim, and, without knowing hardly why, we hesitated to kindle the flame; but when asked where our lamp was, we added fresh fuel, and blew up a blaze.

O, how, in one little hour, the glory of our chamber had departed! And for what? The pert manners and gaudy dress of three children no whit better or wiser than we. But how could we feel this, especially when they told us of the handsome furnishing of their play-room at home, and asked if we had no better dresses than those we then wore, adding their ma had dressed them in the very ugliest old things they had to come to the country. Our smoothly-ironed flannel gowns had looked so pretty when we put them on, and now how bungling and despicable they appeared. How they dazzled us with accounts of the splendor of their homes, and how they mortified us by comments about our humble abode.

Feeling how little we could do for their entertainment, who were used to so much, we redoubled our exertions, bringing nuts and apples, tying a swing to the rafters, and exhibiting all the little treasures of dried mosses and curious stones we had, for their amusement.

The fruits we did not taste ourselves; and as for the swing, it was monopolized by our visitors; and when we had wearied our arms for their pleasure, they made no offers to reciprocate our favors. Neither would they join in any sports we suggested; they didn't know any thing about such country ways of playing. And when we asked them to propose something, it was that we should all pretend to be horses, and they ride on our backs! This was a little beyond our calculations; and the cheeks of some of us flushed red, as we coldly declined.

An awkward silence followed; and hearing the clatter of dishes below, our visitors shortly after abruptly left us.

Thus deserted, we made a ring about the hearth again, and, in homely but honest sympathy, entered into a sort of general condolence.

For myself, I said the least, and cried the most. For even now I am not ashamed to confess that I wept long and bitterly; and it was not till my good little playmates kissed me over and over, and repeatedly told me how much they loved me, that I would be comforted. Something, too, perhaps, the spirit which kindled under the admonition I received not to care for the little prouidies, nor any body else like them, helped to dry my tears.

Sundry lofty resolutions I made, as I sat before the fire in that low, comfortless chamber. Some of them have been kept, and others, in the larger

experiences of life, long ago lost all their power. But whenever Memory plows from the dust that has gathered over the humiliation and sorrow of that night, something of the old feeling is renewed.

No more play or laughter was to be thought of that night; and being the oldest, I was desired to tell a story for the amusement of the rest, as I had often done before.

But my imagination was choked with sobs so that I could not draw from that source; so climbing to a shelf of books, hung by cords near the roof, and covered with dust and cobwebs, I selected a torn and worn little volume that I never saw before nor since, from which, having heaped the embers together, I read the subjoined legend:

Once upon a time there lived in a beautiful and opulent city a very great lady. The rich furnishings of her house were like a palace, and her dress vied with that of queens in splendor. Indeed, there is no describing the magnificence of the robes in which she every day attired herself—purple, and crimson, and blue, with broideries and hems of gold.

Paintings of the most renowned masters hung upon her walls, and the white beauty of statuary gleamed from the niches along the halls. Poets sat dreaming in the shadows of the oaks that grew in the court-yard, making verses in her honor; and musicians, with viol and harp, played while she slept. In short, there was scarcely any thing excellent or beautiful in the world that her taste and munificence had not brought within the four walls of her palace.

Many visitors came to the great house; and though all were abundantly obsequious and flattering to the proud mistress, among all the gay throngs that praised her beauty and envied her riches, not one seemed to love her. So, after all, her life was one of desolate grandeur. But when worn and oppressed with cares of her great possessions, she sought neither the solace nor companionship of any of the joyous and light-hearted multitude about her, but drew herself apart in haughty silence, crushing back the tears, if any rose; for certain it is none ever dimmed her eyes.

Sometimes in these moods of unrest she called her musicians to play, and when they had exhausted all their sweetest melodies, no whit soothed or comforted, she sent them away with gifts very precious, and with cold and soulless thanks sometimes; but for these last they felt little grateful.

Then she would summon to her presence the poets, who lived upon her bounty, and, sitting apart from them and above them, she would order them to repeat their divinest poems; but the while they praised her comely face and liberal hands, their thoughts strayed away to some gentle and loving damsel, who milked the goats in the shadow of her mother's cabin, and crowned her loose curls with roses from the fields; for such an one gave inspiration to their rapsodies, and not the proud lady who heard the recitations. So when they

had exhausted their selectest stores, she gave them gifts, but with no jot of comfort in her bosom.

All costly viands and dainty confections were brought her by handmaids, on services of silver, and pearl, and gold; but the humblest peasant in the land ate his coarse bread with a zest that she had not for new honey in the comb, or sparkling cream mixed with ice.

One bright summer day she arose from the gorgeous bed whereon, with maidens fanning her, telling stories and legends the while, she had lain for hours, and passing through long galleries, and spacious halls, and rooms dim with excess of splendor, stood in the open light.

Down the far avenue, hemmed with flowers and overhung with trees, she beheld a little child, with bright, mournful eyes, peering between the iron bars of the gate that fenced the winding walks and level sward from the vulgar tread; and with a staid and stately step, as if enacting some long foregone conclusion, and not as though with a sudden and kindly impulse, she moved in the direction of the little castaway; for she seemed a beggar's child. When near enough, the proud lady spoke on this wise:

"Outcast, would you like to exchange your loathsome rags for gay appareling like mine? would you like to give your hard bed for a cushion of down, canopied with scarlet and violet, and every day fare like a princess? Speak, and tell me if you would."

The little girl, whose name was Humania, trembled, and would have turned away, but the stately dame seized her by the arm, and compelled her to answer—at the same time showing her the beautiful grounds and flowers, and the palace gleaming through the trees afar.

Humania was bewildered with such shows of splendor, and, dropping her eyes even below the hem of the lady's robe, she answered meekly, that she would like to be fine, and sleep under a canopy of scarlet and violet very much, indeed.

"This, then, is your home. While I live you shall be my child, and when I die you shall be heir to all my possessions. In your ears and about your neck I will hang jewels, and among your curls I will sink gems; your robes shall be bordered with lace and roses by my needle-women; so that they who see you shall turn away for very envy."

And turning the great rusty key, the poor beggar-girl became rich. But her heart misgave her sadly when she saw that her fate was irrevocably fixed, and she looked to the dusty highway with longing eyes; for the strange woman seemed not moved by real kindness, but rather by some sudden whim.

She did not take the child's hand, nor speak any more, but walked before her up the long avenue with the same stately step with which she had descended.

Beautiful suits of apartments were assigned to the child, maidens were appointed to attend her,

and all her slightest wishes were instantly gratified; and the charm of the splendor and luxury made her, for a time, quite happy.

But when it was known that she was to be the heir of the brave palace and all its beautiful treasures, the prediction of the great lady was fulfilled, and her people would not look upon the child for envy. Then her heart grew heavy, and, moaning and sighing to herself, she sat alone in her lofty chambers, and lay all the night weary upon the cushion of down; for in the shadows of the tapestry of scarlet and violet there was no magic to weigh her eyelids into sleep.

After awhile the gay multitudes began to diminish, and the poets and the musicians grew careless, and came slowly to their lady's call. "Now," exclaimed the lady, her heart full of indignation, "I will not be flouted thus!" And forthwith she dismissed from her palace all the people whom her bounty had fed; and as they went out from her presence, she neither wept nor smiled.

So she and Humania dwelt alone; but she gave the child no caresses nor sweet words with the wealth she lavished upon her. In truth, her hands were like marble to the warm bosom of Humania, and her words, when she smiled, like icicles glittering in the moonlight.

But not long they dwelt alone. A pallor and a sickness fell upon the proud lady, and her steps went feebly along the rich carpets, and her eyes became dizzy with pain. Many physicians ministered to her; but she grew none the better for their drugs. One reputed of great wisdom came from a far country among the rest; but her disease baffled his skill, and he returned mournfully to his home.

By the bed of her mistress Humania watched day and night; but she seemed not to notice her. Indeed, the end drew very near. All the more dreary seemed the place for the grandeur, now desolate; and, terrified, the child ran forth to call some help.

At the gate stood an old woman; and as the child approached her, she knew her for a simple herbalist, who had done much good in the world. And when she knew how the great lady lay sick, she followed silently till they reached the bedside; and when she had looked down upon her for a moment, she shook her head. Afterward, pressing her hands close on the bosom of the woman, she turned away mournfully, and packed again the herbs which had been gathered under the new moon and out of the midnight dew, saying, "My art is powerless here. Of a surety, the lady must die; she has no heart."

And the child did not weep; but, awe-stricken and afraid, drew near her patroness, and watched, till the life-tide ebbed, and left her, stark and rigid, on the black shore of death.

"Now," said the herbalist, "it were good that she be quickly buried from our sight. Faleth all this treasure to you?" and she placed her hand on the child's head; who answered,

"No, verily. Often she promised it to me; but that is all; and she is dead."

"Be it scattered then to the four winds of heaven," said the woman. "Let us go."

And pressing the child's hand warmly within her own, she brought her to her house—a small cottage without the city. It was night as they approached, and through the window shone the red light of the hearth, and the merry faces of children peered from the door. The board was spread, and the child was weary with the walk, so the food tasted sweet. As sleep oppressed her, the good woman laid her on a little white bed, smelling of roses; and as a soft atmosphere of content closed about her, she kissed the cheek of the woman who bent above her, asking her name. And when she knew that it was Mercy Love, she fell sweetly asleep, and the scarlet and violet tapestry were pale to the color of her dreams.

Just as I finished my story, Aunt Charity called us to supper. The great people were gone, and the happiness they had interrupted came back to us, and Aunt Charity smiled again.

 IONE.

 BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

SHE is most at home in the deep, dim wood—
In the untrodden paths of the solitude;
And often we've watch'd as she fearless stood
On the towering crags of the ledges rude.

She is not alone;
The clear rills echo her innocent glee,
The bright birds join in her carol free,
And th' sweet-voiced winds in the thick-leaved tree
Bless the child, Ione.

Floral buds like gems are set
In the hollows bright with dew;
Where the timid violet
Hides its cup of heavenly blue,
There is seen the silky bloom
Of the crimson forest rose,
And from out the heathy broom
Peeps the spotless lily's snows.

She sometimes roves
Through th' cultured groves,
And notes their rich artistic loveliness,
The trees and fountains all,
The walks symmetrical;
But ever turns with longing tenderness
To the wild buds that deck the wilderness:
There the infinite God
Has framed the rough mountain, has fashioned the
flower

To gem the green sod;
All speak of his wondrous unlimited power;
The dark, wild forest is hyming his praise,
And the little child joins in the beautiful lays.

A WINTER FIRESIDE GOSSIP.

—
WRITTEN IN OUR LIBRARY.—
BY JAMES FUMMILL.
—

THE man of contemplative mind beholds the approach of "the dark and gloomy season" with a kind of complacency. The silence of the woodland is exchanged without reluctance for the silence of the comfortable library. The perusal of nature's self is yielded up for the perusal of the works of those intellectual beings who loved nature to the fullest, and who infused her divinest qualities into verse. While we pore over the glad creations of these poet-magicians, winter is despoiled of all its "gloom," and is suffused with life and beauty. Let the storm beat ever so wildly, we may revel in the warmth of spring, gather the full-blown roses of summer, and pluck the liberal fruits of autumn, without stirring our feet from the warm fireside. Such is the pleasure afforded by contemplative reading. To the virtuous and reflective man winter is never gloomy. *All seasons imbue his heart with peace and love.* In spring he finds ever-variable gratification in the opening buds, in the songs of the fresh-hearted birds, in the mutable drapery of the skies. In summer the cool retreats of the forest, where the heat comes not, and the uncomplaining rivulets prattle their innocent joy, furnish him with nameless delights. In autumn the fruits, and the motley woods, and the indescribable sunsets, teach him lessons of wisdom, and direct his attention forever to the great and good Giver. And when winter,

"Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,"

comes upon him, his mind is not yet cast down. Sees he not a blessing in every storm that shakes the sky? Hears he not in the hurricane the glad voice of his God, seeming to tell him that from the heaviest and most direful tempests the calmest and purest sunshine must ultimately spring? The wise man looks upon all the movements of nature as ordained for the kindest purposes; and this reflection is not without its pleasures.

We would not have the season of winter erased from the calendar for the best book we ever read; and that, considering our excessive fondness for books, is saying much more than the reader may, perhaps, imagine. O, forsooth! we dote on this jolly Winter, with his blustering, wheezing breath, and his playful fingers, with which he tweaks our nose till it emulates a coal of fire. He brings with him the social book and the happy fireside—the most pleasant companions in the world! He brings on the long, cheerless winter evenings—the sportive hours for children, the reflective hours for the more mature.

Well do we recollect those good, old winters we used to spend in the country. Then the huge fireplace occupied almost the whole of one side of the house; and we always loved to watch the fire, as it

curled around the big logs, and hugged them gleefully, and flung its expanding fervor on every side. What peace and contentment dwelt within the circle of the generous blaze! Many a pleasant romp had we then with lads and lasses of light hearts, who have long since been swept from our sight. The coal fire in our solitary library here grows dim as we think of those times; and the winter wind which moans without seems laden with the voices of the far-away and dead. But why should we be gloomy? There are yet pleasant faces and cheering voices in the world, go where we will, to greet us, and fill our hearts with sunshine. Our coal fire, though it may bear no comparison with the roaring and crackling fire of old, is a cheerful one, and has that bright sparkle which is so welcome to the solitaire in his library. We love its quiet, companionable chatter; and again and again, these dreary nights, as we pull our chair up to it, and rub our hands in its joyful light, a feeling of gratitude—the purest incense of the heart—goes up to Heaven, that we are thus blessed. An interesting companion does our coal fire become when we are tired with reading, and cast our eyes upon it. The coals there make quaint images to our drowsy eyes. We see the faint and grim faces of monkey-men, who chatter at us wickedly, and wink at us familiarly, and leer at us impudently, as if they were striving to have sport at our expense. Then suddenly their countenances assume an astonishing solemnity, and seem to glide gradually away, till, in the far, far distance, they grow indistinct, or are lost amid a thousand other images, that gather, with strange and frightful contortions, around them. All this time the wind is scolding the chimney-pots and trees with unrelenting fierceness. But we heed it not. The trees writhe, and the chimney-pots sometimes tumble to the earth in agony; but it harms us not. Let it scold on. While the glowing coals are singing their warm monotony in our ears, we feel too luxuriously indolent to look out and pity the victims of the storm.

Presently we retire to bed. How quiet our slumbers are in the cold winter night, and how pleasing the dreams! Then what a pleasure it is in the morning to behold the quaint devices which the artistic Jack Frost hath penciled upon the window-panes! Beautiful groves, and quiet streams, stealing along, away in the distance, like silver-embossed snakes, are there; and misshapen ruins; and old men, with short bodies and miraculously long legs, striding over rivers, and forests, and ruins, as if they were the genii of the miniature world of frost-work. *Sic transit!* Behold them fading before the magic radiance of the sun—river, and forest, and ruin—and the long-limbed genii gradually disappearing, as naturally as if they were only walking out to enjoy the winter morning!

"Such is the pastime of the happy mind!"

Shall we repeat an idea before suggested? Winter is far from being, in our estimation, an unpleasant season. If it is so, as many peevish bards

have asserted, we certainly have never discovered the fact—our hilarity, in the winter evenings, always being of a rapturous nature. Our sage philosophers of song may hug themselves in their joyless wisdom, if they chose. We—ignorant mortal that we are!—can not appreciate their melancholy; nor, begging their pardon, do we aspire to their wisdom and experience, if the result must be such as they assume.

Perhaps it is on account of the comfortable position in which we are placed that we write as we do. Our library is not large. The *tub* of old Diogenes might, haply, compare with it advantageously. For that very reason—because it is so small—have we a love for it. "A little room well filled" is far preferable to a large room which your rushlight could not entirely illumine. You, reader, might envy us if you could see our luxuriousness of contentment and ease. Our feet are on the fender, inhaling the warmth of the generous coals. Cowper is on the table beside us—dear, idolized Cowper, of whom you have heard us speak again and again, and of whom, in very sooth, we believe we shall never have done speaking. Let us open his leaves. The first thing that greets our eye is a steel engraving of the head of the blessed bard. And in a night-cap! What does this mean? He should be crowned with something more worthy than this. A night-cap is decidedly out of taste. We beg permission to enter our fervid protestations against a night-cap. It strikes us as something remarkable that the portraits of almost all the bards of the eighteenth century are habited in an unpoetical and unornamental night-cap. James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," is honored with the same ludicrous wreath. But it more becomes him than our ever-wakeful favorite, Cowper. He who dozed away the bracing winter mornings, and wrote his most somnific poem, "The Castle of Indolence," in a warm feather-bed, is aptly "laureled" with a night-cap. But who shall dare asseverate that the bard of "The Task" is not insulted by being represented with so ungainly an appendage? He who loved to rise in summer with the lark, and work in his garden or feed his pets—he who beheld in winter the first fleecy gleam of morning—does not deserve so uninspiring a laurel. There is a kindness, however, in this countenance which even the night-cap can not conceal. A pleasant companion Mrs. Unwin must have had in Cowper, notwithstanding his curious whims and his retiring timidity of character. The "Adventure of John Gilpin" shows that the good soul had that within his nature which was pleasing and companionable. The quiet humor of the narrative is irresistible. We defy any man who is not a misanthrope to read it without pleasure. And especially must his little stories about his rabbits and his dog *Bess* awake a chord of delight in your bosom. No matter who you are, whether young or old, male or female, we defy you to be any thing else than enraptured with the sincere heart-offerings of our hermit-spirited

friend. The calmest humor and purest virtue have inspired his Muse.

We have, of course, the works of the poets; and besides these we have a few historical works, which give us a slight insight into the whilom history of mankind. The shadows are manifold and deep which we find in these histories. Do you ever read the records of crime, bloodshed, war, turmoil, in historic pages, dear friends? What a foolish question! To be sure you do; and sometimes shudder at them, too; and wonder, as you read, why Heaven does not blot such a dark blemish as this earth from the fair book of creation. Yet, with all its crime and wretchedness, this is a beautiful, a divine world. That portion of it untainted by the touch of man stands forth in sublime loveliness, with the glorious seal of God stamped upon it. How pure it looks in the face of day! In lonely places, where the eye of man hath not penetrated—away in the silent, illimitable forest, or in the great depths of the sea—what glory may dwell! Why, even the mutilated forests around our villages are a relief from the wretchedness of cities. It seems to us as if art had maddened man; debilitated the functions of his mind; placed within him the elements of cunning and tyranny. As we glance upon the catalogues of dissension, our heart dies away within us. O, how often, then, do we sigh for a world—a little, shining, lovely world—where all hearts may be as one; all minds tend to the same great center—peace, contentment, love! But we sigh in vain. No such world will happily our souls this side of the grave. In imagination we can see shadowy Death relapsing his countenance into a sallow grin, as he beholds the petty struggles of nations for sections of land. "What an idiot is man!" he exclaims; "yes, a very idiot! steeping his hands in the blood of his fellow for the sake of a certain portion of dust, when all that naturally belongs to him is a few, limited feet under ground; and even that span of dirt eventually mingles with his own!" Well may the shadow vent his ghastly jests. But we poor mortals have full cause to weep at our fallen state.

No sound disturbs us in our quiet domicil. We can muse at pleasure. The sad moaning of the winter wind without rather aids us in reflection. It makes the stillness within more palpable. As we sit thus, with our feet upon the comfortable fender, and our eye-glance directed to the livid coals, those early years,

"When hope was new,
And the heart pictured what the fancy drew,"

come stealing, like airy ghosts, from the grave to haunt us. There was one friend of our youth—a noble, free-hearted, aspiring lad—whose rosy and hopeful countenance we can now see as distinctly as when we spoke to him face to face. The glad nights we spent by the winter fire—reading entertaining books, and building high hopes for the future, while other boys were hooting in the snow—is a reminiscence that is especially grateful to our

mind. But he perished young—perished ere the sunshine of experience had brushed the young dew from his heart—of consumption. We walked out with him a few days before he died, and gathered the fair autumn wood-flowers. There were some wild flowers that he specially loved. He plucked a bouquet of them, and placed them in his breast. We saw him when he died. Those same flowers were on his bosom in that final hour. But, like him, they were withered. It was his last request, as his mind wandered even then among the woods, that they should be his companions in death. And they were; but their perfume, like the memory of his virtues, still remained to shed a purity and holiness around that quiet chamber of death. Shall we forget him? Never. Often, in these long winter nights, in dreams, he is pointing out some favorite passage of prose or poetry to us, with that joyant look he wore in life; or diving with us through the summer forests in search of hidden brooks, near which to dream and read away the prime days; or hurrying us to the top of some hill, to watch those strange and fantastical images which the evening wind forms of the sunlit clouds.

Tell us not that "friendship is but a name!" We who have the heart and the wish to enjoy the love of our fellow-creatures often find those in the world whose absence is unendurable, and whose death rends away the very chords of our hearts. They are misanthropes who would make us believe that there is nothing but hypocrisy and selfishness in the hearts of men; and we should shun them as we would a serpent. They but look into their own clouded and stormy hearts when they offer such sentiments, and not into the great, beating heart of mankind.

When our true, favorite friend dies, often do we think of him, and as often as we think of him the moisture dims our eyes; and yet there burns within our bosom the happy anticipation of gathering with him more beautiful things than flowers, and reading with him more delightful volumes than ever poets dreamed of, in the paradise of heaven.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

WHAT can be truer or more beautiful than this tribute to woman? It is from the pen of Daniel Webster, and is worthy the might of his pen:

"May it please your honors, there is nothing upon this earth that can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife; no creature, who, for the object of her love, is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to suffer and to die. Under the most depressing circumstances, woman's weakness becomes mighty power, her timidity becomes fearless courage, all her shrinking and sinking passes away, and her spirit acquires the firmness of marble—adamantine firmness—when circumstances drive her to put forth all her energies under the inspiration of her affection."

Vol. XII.—32

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY EDWIN HOWAR.

WHEN Jehoram, the son of Ahab, reigned over Israel, in Samaria, there dwelt in the city of Shunem a small, yet affluent and respectable family. Shunem itself was a city of very inconsiderable name and distinction in Israel. According to the description given by historians, it was situated on the extreme northern verge of the territory assigned to the tribe of Issachar, and was distant some forty furlongs from Mount Tabor. Yet, however little and unknown this city was, it became memorable as the place in which occurred one of the most striking exhibitions of hospitality, and in which God was pleased to display the power and miracle of his grace.

The sacred writer seems studiously to avoid the mention of the name of the individual who figures so conspicuously, yet unobtrusively in his narrative. He simply denominates her the Shunammite; and this, no doubt, was, as he himself thought, an appellation sufficiently becoming and honorable. The trait first noticeable in the character of this woman is her hospitality—hospitality, not cold and repulsive, but warm and generous in its nature. As the prophet Elisha passed through the city of Shunem, his bottle of water under his arm was not exhausted, nor was the bread in his scrip all consumed; yet she, unwilling for him to partake of his solitary meal in the caravansary, constrained him to remain and "eat bread in her house." And this invitation proved to be but the commencement of that friendship which, as often as duty called him that way to the school of the prophets, welcomed him to her home and store.

It is known, we presume, to our readers generally, that, among the ancients, to entertain strangers was considered one of the most imperious and sacred of duties. And it will not fail to be recollected that numerous illustrations of this principle occur in the histories of the patriarchs. Hence the injunction of the apostle in reference to hospitality, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Had Paul written this for the occasion of which we are speaking, nothing could have been more appropriate, as Elisha more than once demeaned himself an angel in the eyes of this Shunammite.

From the following passage it would seem that Elisha was soon discovered to be a prophet: "And she said unto her husband, Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, that passeth by us continually." Nothing can be more obvious than that his pious conversation was mutually spoken of by this hospitable pair; and from a disposition further to befriend and accommodate him, or a desire, probably, to improve by his superior knowledge of divine things, it was proposed to make him a little chamber on the wall, wherein was to be placed a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a

candlestick, so that when he came that way he might turn in thither.

The peculiar structure of this room and the simplicity of its furniture may strike us as being unsuited to the rank of so distinguished a visitor. We shall judge erroneously, however, if we compare the usages and customs of former with those of the present times. The prophet, indeed, received the highest mark of regard which ancient hospitality could afford. Small dwellings, similar to that in which the prophet abode, were attached to most houses of distinction in the east. Sometimes they arose to the same height with the main building, and sometimes they arose higher, and were terraced. Their construction was such as to admit of passing into the gallery of the house by a door, which was opened and closed at pleasure by the master of the family; and they likewise permitted the inmate to descend to the court below, without disturbing or even being noticed by the household. Many conveniences were thus secured to the guest: he could retire or be with the family at any moment he chose; he could indulge in devotional solitude, or he could mingle his voice and prayers with theirs around the throne of grace.

What place better adapted to Elisha's wants? what place more agreeable to his feelings, could he have found? But its appendages—how plain, how few, how simple! a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick; nothing to please the eye, nothing of ostentation or ornament—all for use, all for study, all for devotion. Yet this apparent "scanty fitting-up" of the room is attributable neither to negligence or disrespect to the prophet. It was intended most certainly for his comfort and accommodation; and that he received it as characteristic of reverence and esteem is evident from the fact, that he oftentimes made it the place of his habitation and rest.

They that receive courtesies should endeavor to return them. From his conduct, it appears that Elisha indulged in no ungrateful, spunging spirit, but endeavored to requite her generosity and kindness. He, therefore, said to his servant Gehazi, "Call this Shunammite;" and, in compliance with his request, she stood before him: whereupon he said to her, "Behold thou hast been careful for us with all this care: what is to be done for thee? wouldst thou be spoken for to the king or to the captain of the host?" In other words, Since thou hast been at great inconvenience in providing for the wants of myself and servant, would an office, civil or military, be gratifying to your husband? Hast thou any complaint to make, any petition to present, any case which demands the countenance of the higher powers? It will be remembered that Elisha immediately subsequent to the victory of the Moabites obtained a distinguished place at the court, and, though not disposed to advance himself, he had it in his power to advance others to whatever dignity he pleased. But she refused all promotion, briefly yet most comprehensively re-

plying, "I dwell among mine own people." Enjoying the highest regard of relatives and friends, and blessed with all the comforts which a munificent Providence could afford, it can scarcely be surmised that she had any disposition to seek reputation and wealth, far from friends and kindred, in a strange land.

The man of God, anxious in some manner to recompense her favors, said to his servant, "What *then* is to be done for her? can you discover any thing which might be desired by her, or which would prove a source of happiness to her? At the suggestion of Gehazi, the prophet seizes the idea that the blessing of an infant's smiles and playfulness might give increased joy to the already calm contentment of his hostess; and as this impulse came upon his mind from the inspiration of his God, he predicts that this blessing should be added to the cup of her enjoyment. His prediction was fulfilled—a lovely infant smiled on the joyful mother of Shunem. She watched over it with the tenderest solicitude; and as it reposed upon her lap, or played by her side, she asked that in days to come it might be kept from the sin and evil in the world, and that it might prove the stay and comfort of her declining years. Yet how soon were her hopes disappointed! how bitter a reverse was she called upon to experience! If the child were the mother's joy, it was the father's pride, as will be perceived from the fact that he took it with him on a certain occasion to the fields to inhale the early morning air and the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and where, as the narrative informs us, it was attacked with a disease very prevalent in Judea, and which is known to us under the appellation of "*coup de soleil*," or stroke of the sun. The father, unaware of the fatality of the attack, merely had his son conveyed home, while he remained to superintend his reapers. But on his return the child was dead. No mention is made of the anguish that tore the mother's breast—no recital of the pangs she felt as she gazed upon

"Those ruby lips so pale,
That blushing cheek so cold,
And dim those eyes of dewy light
That smiled and gleamed so mildly bright;"

yet, as she gazed upon the breathless corpse before her, and pressed her lips to those now dumb in death, her countenance seemed brightening with hope. Hers was the child of prophecy. God had given it, and God could give it her again. She waited not for the sympathy of friends, nor wished them "to feel or feign decorous woe;" but, without hesitancy or delay, "she went up and placed it on the bed of the man of God, and went out." Urged by the thought that her son might be restored to light, "she came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold, yonder is that Shunammite; run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is

it well with the child? and she answered, It is well."

In the employment of this language it is supposed by some that she merely desired to evade the inquiries of Gehazi. This supposition, however, but ill comports with the known ingenuousness and veracity of her character. She was persuaded that the affliction was sent in mercy, and would terminate well, though her passions conflicted against her better judgment.

"And when she came to the man of God to the hill, she caught him by the feet: but Gehazi came near to her and thrust her away," imagining, perhaps, that she was in a state of insanity. "But the man of God said, Let her alone: for her soul is vexed within her: and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me. Then she said, Did I desire a son of the Lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me?" At the utterance of these words the prophet discovered the object of her errand, and, not waiting for further information, "he said to Gehazi, Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way: if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child."

It is somewhat difficult to conceive what the prophet intended by thus commissioning Gehazi. Since he had parted the waters of Jordan with the mantle of Elijah, it may be that he thought his own staff, in the hands of his servant, would be equally efficacious. Or it may have been his intention to make a trial of the Shunammite's faith.

The afflicted and heart-stricken mother, doubting the power of Gehazi to restore her child, still clung to the prophet; and with an urgency which nothing but a mother's love could excuse, she importunes him, "As the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." And he, no longer able to withstand her expostulations and entreaties, arose and followed her.

Gehazi meanwhile proceeded as directed, observing scrupulously the injunctions of the prophet in reference to the means he should employ for the restoration of the child; but all in vain. As Gehazi announced the unwelcome tidings to his master, the latter hastened on his way, and as soon as he arrived at the house he went to his accustomed chamber, and there, upon his own bed, he beheld the cold and pallid corpse of the son of his benefactress. There was but one resort. He knew that with the Lord are the issues of life and death. He had given and he had taken away, and he could return what he had withdrawn. He knelt beside his bed, and, in all the fervency of his spirit, he implored the Lord, through his instrumentality, to cause the soul of the child to return again to the body it had deserted. God heard his prayer. Symptoms of returning life were soon observed: the eyes began to open, the cheeks to glow, and the heart to beat. He called for the Shunammite, into whose arms he gave her once dead but now

living son; while she, with emotions of gratitude too full for utterance, "fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and then took up her son, and went out" to indulge in those "hallowed and indescribable feelings which none but a mother knows."

Has any mother deigned to read this narrative, and has that mother wept over one whom God has taken to himself? She may never behold its smiles or hear its gentle voice on earth; but, if her heart be given to the Savior, she may meet it in that high world,

"Where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,
Are felt and feared no more—"

where affection's ties are never riven—where separation is unknown.

ALEXANDER POPE.

OF Pope various sentiments are entertained. The probability is, that his religious opinions, so far as relates to the great doctrines of Christianity, were about as correct as those of most persons who are not pious.

Johnson says of him: "The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Church of Rome, to which, in his correspondence with Racine, he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures—a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and the witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But into whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief in revelation." Ruffhead says: "Though a Catholic, as is supposed, to the day of his death, Pope was convinced that the Church of Rome had all the marks of that antichristian power predicted in the writings of the New Testament. And though he had not courage enough to profess himself a Protestant, he was firmly persuaded of the truths of Christianity." It is known that, in the latter part of his life, he attended the services of the English Church.

The estimation in which, as a writer and a man of taste, he held the Bible, is expressed by himself in the following language: "The pure and noble, the graceful and dignified simplicity of language, is no where in such perfection as in Scripture and Homer; and the whole book of Job, with regard both to sublimity of thought and morality, exceeds, beyond all comparison, the most noble parts of Homer."

Pope by many has been reported as a Deist; by some as an Atheist; and by few nothing or any thing, as the case might be. There is history for the statement, however, that he was a Roman Catholic—whether only theoretically or practically such we shall not now stop to inquire.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

—
TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.—
BY FLEISSER.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rev. W. M'Dowell—Early life and conversion—Emigrates to the United States—Enters the ministry—His labors—Marries—Removals—Settles in Chillicothe—Studies and practices physic—His death—Character—Rev. T. Scott—Parentage—Conversion—Enters the ministry—His labors in Virginia—Rev. T. Lyell—Mr. S. in Western Virginia—Descends the Ohio river and joins the Kentucky Conference—His labors there—Locates—Marries—Studies law—Opens a tailor's-shop—Practices law—Removes to Chillicothe—His pursuits there—Secretary to convention—To the senate—Elected Judge of Supreme Court—Resigns—Concluding notice of him—Rev. S. Monett—Enters the ministry—Locates—Removes to Chillicothe—Practices physic—Removes to the south—Elopes with a young female—His end—Character—Rev. J. Hutt—Brief notice of him.

HAVING concluded our brief notices of some of the Methodist ministers who were in the old Western conference in 1807, we come now to furnish like notices of the local preachers resident in Chillicothe at that period. And, first, of those who had been regular traveling preachers, but had located.

William M'Dowell was born in the county of Cavan, Ireland, February 4, 1762. His father dying when he was about nine years old, his education and instruction devolved principally upon his mother. She was a pious Methodist prior to his birth; and so effectually did she instruct him "in the way he should go," that he never departed from it—never swore a profane oath, or was drunk during his life. His mother was sister to the Rev. James Creighton, a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, well known by his writings, and who, at an early period, united with Mr. Wesley. Mr. M'Dowell was converted and joined the Methodist Societies before he had attained manhood. He was much persecuted, and often severely beaten by the Catholics, on account of his religion, but made no resistance. He, with others, were compelled, however, to go armed to Church, for fear of the Catholics. In the year 1786 he emigrated to the United States, and landed at Charleston, South Carolina, where he immediately presented his certificate of membership and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. After transacting business for his elder brother, John, a merchant of that city, for two years, he was sent by Bishop Asbury to Edisto circuit, where he traveled and preached awhile; but becoming discouraged, through his extreme diffidence, he returned to his brother's. In 1789 he consented to give himself up to the work, and was admitted on trial and traveled the Broad River circuit, and, in 1790, the Yadkin circuit. In 1791 he was admitted into full connection and ordained deacon. Afterward he traveled successively Great Pedee, Georgetown, D. C., Harford, Md., and Carlisle, Pa., circuits. In 1794 he was ordained elder, and in 1795 he located, after having labored faithfully seven years in the itinerant ministry, during which time his labors were often much blessed of the Lord. He received but little from

the circuits; and his horse and his necessary clothing were furnished by his brother John.

Soon after locating he married Miss Rachel M'Olintick, daughter of James and Mary M'Clin-tick, of Shippensburg, Pa. They subsequently removed to and settled in the state of Georgia, where Mr. M'Dowell engaged in mercantile enterprise and prospered. Here their house was an asylum for the missionaries of the cross, for the way-worn traveler, for those in distress, and for all who called upon the name of the Lord out of a pure heart fervently. He afterward settled in Newtown, Frederick county, Va., where they resided till 1806, in which year he removed, with his family, to Chillicothe, and engaged in the mercantile business. In 1810 he entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, James M'Olintick, Esq., who became the active partner; and Mr. M'Dowell being thus relieved from personal attention to the business, removed to his farm on Deer creek, where he resided several years, employing his time in a regular course of reading on medical science, and in prescribing and administering medicine to the sick of his neighborhood. Succeeding well in his practice, and encouraged to devote himself to the healing art, he was induced to complete his medical studies by attending a full course of lectures, which he did, in the city of Philadelphia, under the immediate instruction of those eminent physicians and surgeons, Benjamin Rush, Philip S. Physic, and others. In 1814 he left his farm and returned to Chillicothe, and commenced a regular course of successful practice, which he continued till, in 1829, he was so much injured by a fall as to be incapable of attending his patients, except to a limited extent. He suffered much at times from the effect of that fall, yet attended, whenever in his power, to the calls of the sick. In August, 1831, he suffered a severe bereavement in the death of his estimable wife, who left this world in triumph. The Doctor survived her a little over ten years; and on the 11th of November, 1841, after a severe illness of five or six weeks, he was called to join "the spirits of just men made perfect," in the eightieth year of his age. His death was peaceful.

Dr. M'Dowell was above the medium size, with heavy muscular frame, but of remarkably dignified and imposing personal appearance. His countenance, when at rest, was grave and solemn, strongly marked with thoughtfulness and reserve; but when engaged in entertaining conversation, his face was lighted with an animated, pleasant, and exceedingly engaging smile. Indeed, he was, in conversation, one of the most companionable and agreeable men we have ever known. He was constitutionally diffident, even timid, unassuming, and modest all through life; and very seldom could he be prevailed upon to preach, so self-abasing were his views of his own pulpit exercises, but which were always above mediocrity, and deeply solemn and impressive. We have never heard him, without regretting that he ever retired from the regular

work of the ministry. Indeed, in his last sickness he frequently expressed regret that he ever desisted from the work of publishing to the world the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Thomas Scott, familiarly called Judge Scott, from having been several years a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, has been a resident of Chillicothe more than fifty-one years, where he still resides, enjoying a green old age, having just completed the eightieth year of his earthly pilgrimage. He was born at Skypton, near the junction of the north and south branches of the Potomac river, Alleghany county, Md., October 31, 1772. His father's parents were Scotch-Irish, and emigrated from Ireland and settled in Berks county, Pa., shortly after the battle of the Boyne, in 1690. They were Protestants, and had sustained heavy losses by the Catholics previous to that battle.

Before the age of fourteen years Mr. Scott embraced religion, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when there were only a little over twenty thousand members in its communion, and about one hundred and seventeen preachers. He has, therefore, been a member of the Church more than sixty-six years. At the conference at Leesburg, Va., in April, 1789, when only sixteen and a half years old, he was admitted on trial in the traveling connection, and appointed to Gloucester circuit, Va., together with those distinguished ministers, Lewis Chasteen and Valentine Cook. The following year he was appointed to Berkely circuit, with Lewis Chasteen preacher in charge. Soon after they commenced their labors, Mr. Chasteen was seized with the small pox, which injured one of his eyes so much that he could labor but little till near the close of the year. This devolved nearly the entire labor, as well as the administration of discipline, upon the youthful Scott, yet only eighteen years old. At the conference in May, 1791, he was received into full connection, and ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury, who appointed him in charge of Stafford circuit, Va., with Samuel Hitt, late of Champaign county, Ohio, as his helper. In 1792 he was appointed to Frederic circuit, Va., with Thomas Lyell as his helper.

Mr. Lyell, although young, and only in the second year of his ministry, had already acquired great fame as a very eloquent and popular preacher. This, together with his amiable disposition, his polished manners, his fascinating conversation, and his fine personal figure, conspired to make him a great favorite, both with the preachers and people. For many successive years he was stationed in the most populous cities, and caressed, and, perhaps, flattered wherever he went. In 1804 he located, and afterward took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was settled in the city of New York as rector of a populous and wealthy parish, which he served with great acceptance till his death, at an advanced age, a few years since. It is said that he preserved, to the last, a friendly attachment to the Methodist Episcopal Church

and her ministry. But to return from this digression.

At the conference held at the place of Mr. Scott's nativity, in June, 1793, he was ordained elder by Bishop Asbury, and appointed to the Ohio circuit, in charge, with the Rev. Robert Bonham as his helper. This circuit was of great extent, and much of which lay along the frontier settlements on the Ohio river, in Western Virginia and Pennsylvania, and exposed to the attacks of the Indians.

In the spring of 1794, in pursuance of instructions from Bishop Asbury, Mr. Scott descended the Ohio river to join the Kentucky conference, which convened on the 15th of April. Embarking at Wheeling, on a flat-bottomed boat, laden with provisions for General Wayne's army, he descended the Ohio river to Brooke's landing, above the mouth of Limestone creek, where Maysville now stands. The settlements along the Ohio river, at that period, were few and far between, and the intervening wilderness was occupied by hostile tribes of Indians, to whose attacks descending boats were continually exposed. Floating with the current, the voyage was necessarily tedious, and the boat often passing along very near to the shore, those on board were in great danger from the unerring rifle of the Indian. But Mr. Scott, unconscious of his danger, was accustomed daily to sit, for hours together, on the top of the boat, reading, even while the boat was floating along close to the shore covered with bushes, from which the savage tomahawk of the practiced Indian might have been hurled to his destruction. He has oftentimes since reflected with surprise upon his own imprudence, and ascribed his preservation to a merciful and overruling Providence. Having sent his horse on to Kentucky a few days ahead, Mr. Scott, on landing there himself, immediately proceeded to the home of his parents, on the head waters of Bracken creek, Mason county, with whom he spent a few days, and then repaired to the seat of the Kentucky conference, near Bethel Academy, Jessamine county, where he received an appointment to Danville circuit, on which he continued to labor during the conference year. At the conference in May, 1795, he located for the purpose of attending to important temporal business in Pennsylvania. But sickness and other circumstances prevented his going to Pennsylvania. To accustom himself to hard labor, he turned in to cut down and strip the bark from large trees for his brother James, who was a tanner. When the season for this work was over, he went to school about a month to acquire a better knowledge of arithmetic. Every Thursday afternoon he walked three miles to meet a class, of which he was leader, and had his appointments to preach on Sabbath, one of which places was in Maysville, and it is probable he was the first Methodist minister who ever preached the Gospel in that town. In the latter part of the summer, at the request of the Rev. F. Poythress, the presiding elder, Mr. Scott took charge of the Lexington circuit, in place of the Rev. Aquilla Sugg,

whose health had failed, and he continued on that circuit till the meeting of the Kentucky conference in the spring of 1796, from which time his labors as an itinerant minister in the Church ceased.

On the 10th of May, 1796, Mr. Scott married Miss Catharine Wood, a pious young lady, whose parents had long been Methodists, and soon afterward settled in Washington, Mason county, Ky., where he obtained employment as a clerk in a dry goods store. In a few months the merchant failed in business, and Mr. Scott thereby lost nearly half his earnings. After this he devoted a small portion of his time to reading the elementary principles of law, and copying and memorizing the forms of entries in civil and criminal proceedings in the courts. This he did in expectation of being appointed clerk of the courts in a new county about to be set off from Mason; but which office, although his superior fitness for it was admitted by all, was, through the treachery of pretended friends, given to another. He now determined upon the study of law, with the view of practicing at the bar, and, therefore, declined several very favorable offers of eastern merchants to engage in the mercantile business. But in what way he was to support himself and family, while pursuing his legal studies, was now the question. Various plans were considered; and as "necessity is the mother of invention," he finally resolved upon opening a tailor's shop in Washington, so soon as he could gain sufficient practical knowledge of the business to follow it. His father was a tailor, and when a boy he had often assisted him on long winter nights, and wet or stormy days, and was expert in the use of the needle, but was ignorant of the art of cutting, and of joining the parts of garments together. To acquire this knowledge, he worked awhile as a journeyman in an extensive shop in Washington. But the proprietor, aware of Mr. Scott's intention to commence business himself, never allowed him to be present when he took the measures for garments or cut them. He was obliged, therefore, to get the requisite knowledge from a tailor in the country.

He had never yet had any practice in measuring, or cutting, or fitting garments, and might well have been deterred, by his fears, from attempting to open shop and commence. But relying upon his own native genius, and his patient, untiring perseverance in whatever he undertook, he did open a shop and commence business. He spoiled the first coat he attempted to cut. But, nothing daunted, he tried again and succeeded. His neighbors kindly encouraged him, and work soon came in so fast that he had to employ journeymen. The late Mr. John Watson, well known in Chillicothe and elsewhere as an able hotel-keeper, worked some time for Mr. Scott as a journeyman.

Anxious to proceed in his legal studies, and yet having no time that he could devote to it, he adopted an expedient which none but an indomitable spirit, like his, would have thought of resorting

to. Mrs. Scott was an excellent reader, and as she had a hired woman to do the domestic work, she devoted her leisure time to reading to Mr. Scott, while at work on his shop-board, Blackstone's Commentaries, and other law books; and as she read, he treasured up in memory, and reflected on the contents read. The reading was often succeeded by singing, as they were both good singers; and while both were busily engaged in plying the needle, they would beguile the time by singing some of the sweet songs of Zion, and thus they cheerily passed the day.

In the fall of 1798 Mr. Scott removed, with his family, to Lexington, where he commenced a regular course of law-reading under the late Hon. James Brown, deceased. In the winter of 1800, before he had completed the extensive course of legal studies which he had anxiously desired, he was obliged, from pecuniary necessity, to desist; and having obtained license to practice law, he removed to and settled in Flemingsburg, Fleming county, where he was appointed prosecuting-attorney. Here, and in the counties of Mason and Bracken, he obtained some little practice, but did not succeed well in either of those counties. Although well versed in the principles of law, he had never yet read any book which treated of practice either in courts of law or equity. While at Flemingsburg he commenced a course of mathematical studies.

In March, 1801, he visited Chillicothe, by advice of the late General Nathaniel Massie and other friends, and upon consultation with his old friend, Dr. Edward Tiffin—whom he had known and taken into the Church eleven years prior to that time, in Virginia—he concluded to remove to and settle in that town, which he did the following month, and has continued to reside there to the present time—a period of over fifty-one years. Before leaving Kentucky he went to Cincinnati and was examined before the General Court of the North-Western Territory—Judge Burnett, Mr. M'Millen, and Attorney-General St. Clair examiners—and admitted to the degree of counsellor at law. During the summer of 1801 he wrote in the clerk's office for Doctor Tiffin, and engaged in such other business as he could to obtain a scanty subsistence, as he could not practice as counsellor at law till he had resided two years in the territory. The succeeding winter he was employed as engrossing and enrolling clerk during the session of the Territorial Legislature. On the assembling of the convention for forming a constitution for the state, Mr. Scott was elected Secretary to that body. Dr. Tiffin being a candidate for governor, under the new constitution, he resigned the clerkship of the several courts which he then held, and Mr. Scott was appointed in his place by the acting governor. At the first township election in Chillicothe, under the constitution, he was elected a justice of the peace, and was the first one commissioned under the state government. At the session of the first General Assembly, under the constitution, Mr. Scott was elected Secretary of

the senate, to which office he was annually appointed till 1809, in February of which year he was elected, by the Legislature, one of the judges of the Supreme Court, and the year following was re-elected and commissioned chief judge of that Court. This office he held till July 1815, when, finding the salary insufficient for the support of himself and family, he resigned his seat on the bench and resumed the practice of law.

In October, 1815, Judge Scott was elected one of the representatives of Ross county in the Legislature, and in 1822, he, and the late Judge Francis Dunlevy and Thomas Ewing, Esq., were commissioned by Governor Morrow, under a law of the state, as a board of revision to revise the general laws of the state, and to report the same to the General Assembly at its ensuing session. The Board had not quite completed their work when the Legislature met; and one of the first things done by that body was to dissolve the Board, so that no report was made. In March, 1829, he was appointed by the President and senate, Register of the Land Office at Chillicothe, which office he held, by successive appointments, till March, 1845, when he was removed by President Polk.

The foregoing sketch of our old friend and neighbor is condensed from a more extended one recently drawn up by himself, and kindly furnished to us. We have devoted more space to it than we can well spare, and yet have been obliged to omit many incidents and facts which would have lent additional interest to the narrative. Many of his friends have, with us, regretted that the Judge ever exchanged his high and holy calling of an ambassador of Christ for the bar, or the bench, or political life, with its turmoil and strife. 'Tis true, he possessed superior qualifications for the bar, and the bench, and the various other offices he has held. But his fitness for the ministry was of a still higher order. And had he remained at his post therein, he would, doubtless, long since have ranked with the most talented and distinguished ministers in the Church; nay, might possibly now be filling the dignified office of its senior superintendent. It is but justice, however, to add, that he considered himself forced by "dire necessity" to take the course he did. "For," said he, "had the Church at that period been able to support myself and family, I would have spent my whole life in the ministry. But the Church was then too poor to do it." It is much to be lamented that many others of the ablest and most useful ministers in the Church, in former times, were, from the same cause, compelled to retire from the work.

Samuel Monett was, we believe, a native of Maryland. Of his early history we know nothing. The Minutes of conference inform us that he was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher, in the Baltimore conference, in the year 1800, received into full connection and ordained deacon in 1804, and located in 1805. The Rev. Henry Smith, in his "Recollections and Reflections of an Old Itin-

erant," p. 126, speaking of the conference at Alexandria in April, 1804, says: "I was appointed to Winchester circuit, Va.; Samuel Monett, a probationer, was my colleague. [Monett was not now a "probationer;" for at that conference he was received into full connection.] When this brother's case came before the conference for admission on trial, [Mr. Smith must have referred to the conference four years previous,] one of the preachers said, 'But he is married.' Bishop Asbury replied, 'What of that? Perhaps he is the better for it. Better take preachers well married than be at the trouble of marrying them after you get them.'" "Well married" Mr. Monett was; for his wife was a most amiable and estimable woman, and esteemed such by all who knew her; and of this the Bishop might have been aware when he thus spoke.

In the spring of 1807 Dr. Monett, with his family, emigrated from Virginia and settled in Chillicothe. At what time he studied the healing art we are not informed; but immediately after his removal to Chillicothe he commenced the practice of medicine, and pursued it with considerable success during the sixteen years of his residence there. In 1808 he represented Ross county in the General Assembly of Ohio. He had a particular fondness for political life, and often took an active interest in the party struggles of the day—moved, we thought, more by love of popularity than by any fixed political principles. But we have not space to follow the Doctor through the period of his sojourn in Chillicothe, and must pass over various incidents of his life there. In 1823, we believe, he removed with his family to Washington, in the state of Mississippi, where he resumed the practice of physic.

Here we feel strongly inclined to close our sketch of the Doctor's life, and draw a veil over that which remains; but truth requires, and the reader will expect, that we give the melancholy sequel; and we do it in the hope that it may serve as a beacon to others, to warn them against making "shipwreck of faith and a good conscience."

After his removal to the south, the Doctor fell into a lucrative practice, with the golden prospect of affluence before him; and he possessed all the joys and comforts that domestic happiness, and a most amiable and affectionate wife, and an interesting family of promising children could bestow. Yet all these he relinquished; and for the unbridled indulgence of an unhallowed passion, abandoned his home, his wife, and his children, and eloped with a young female about eighteen years old, who had been confided by her friends in Chillicothe to his guardianship, to be brought up in his family! To escape the punishment of his crime, and to be beyond the reach of inquiry, the Doctor, with the deluded partner of his guilt, fled beyond the limits of the United States, and took up their residence, as man and wife, somewhere in Florida, then a province of Spain. Here, a year or two afterward, he fell a victim to a disease incident to

that climate, leaving the poor, deceived, frail one and her child strangers in a strange land, unpitied and uncared for. Whether, through repentance, there was "hope in his death," we are uninformed; but fear his sun went down in total darkness.

Dr. Monett was a talented and popular preacher. He had a vivid imagination, a quick perception, an easy flow of language and ready utterance, with an impassioned elocution; but he lacked in stability and dignity, and in the strict godly walk and chaste conversation becoming the Christian minister.

John Hutt was born in the northern neck of Virginia. He served several years as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and was six years an itinerant minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was admitted on trial in the traveling connection in 1789, and in due course was received into full connection, and graduated to deacons' and elders' orders. In the Minutes of conference for 1792 Mr. Hutt's name appears as "Book Steward for the northern and center districts." In 1796 his name is found in the roll of those "who are under a location through weakness of body or family concerns." He visited Chillicothe in 1795, and a few years afterward removed from Virginia and settled in that town. Prior to that time his connection with the Church had been severed; how, we are not informed, and he never again returned to it, nor joined any branch of the Christian Church. His death occurred in 1832 or 1833, but of the circumstances thereof we have no knowledge.

The foregoing comprise all the local preachers residing in Chillicothe in 1807, who had belonged to the traveling connection. Besides these, there were about double that number of local preachers who were never in the itinerant ranks. Our intended notice of these we defer till our next chapter.

MY FATHER.

—
BY MARY.
—

FATHER thou art gone to the spirit-land. I hear no longer the sweet sound of thy voice uttering words of comfort and encouragement; and when the shades of evening gather around our lowly dwelling I listen in vain for thy coming footsteps. A tear trickles down my cheek, and yet thou comest not. I miss thee at the hour of prayer. Thou didst then invoke heavenly blessings upon thy children in such strong faith that they seemed to descend upon them like the refreshing dew upon the drooping flower, imparting to it new life, new beauty, new fragrance. Well do I remember thy death-bed scene! O, who that saw thee die can ever forget how thou didst die! In death thou didst triumph with a song of heavenly sweetness, and, as its cadence died away, thy spirit fled.

I was but a little child, my father, yet I loved thee then, I love thee now, I will love thee ever.

TO MY HUSBAND.

—
BY MRS. S. L. FANCOAST.
—

Love me, dearest, when no more
Youth's blooming garb I wear;
Love me still, as thou didst when
I was so young and fair.

Love me when these sparkling eyes,
Grow dim from watchful hours;
When for thee I can not pluck
The last and earliest flowers.

Love me, dear one, when old Time
Hath stole my ringlets fair,
And left naught to deck my brow,
But whitened locks of hair.

Love me, dearest; love me when
I can no longer sing;
When my harp shall lie unstrung,
As some forsaken thing.

Love me, dearest, love me more
Than when I was thy bride,
Till my pilgrimage is o'er,
And I have quit thy side.

Love me, dear one, when I lie
Beneath the church-yard tree;
Think of me and how I lov'd,
To quit my home for thee.

COME UNTO ME.

—
BY LILLIAN.
—

"Come unto me," the Savior cries,
All ye by sin oppress'd,
Confess my name before the world,
And I will give you rest.

Assume my mild and easy yoke,
And by obedience prove
Your heart's devotion to my cause,
Your gratitude and love.

In meekness strive to do my will;
All other teachers flee;
Lay every earthly trust aside,
And learn alone of me.

The stores of wisdom all are mine,
And to each trustful heart
Treasures of knowledge, deep and pure,
I gladly will impart.

I am of meek and lowly heart,
And those who follow me
Must cast all lofty pride away,
And learn humility.

Through life, then, humbly follow on,
In death lean on my breast;
Fear not the dark and gloomy grave,
Beyond it lies your rest.

THE CASTLED RHINE.

—
BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.—
(SECOND PAPER.)
—

THE city of Coblenz lies at the confluence of the waters of the "blue Moselle with those of the Rhine." It is situated in the heart of the beauties of the Rhine valley, and is, therefore, generally chosen as a residence by those whose choice knows no other guide than the greatest attractions. The consequence is, that most of the English and French that have settled on the Rhine are to be found in Coblenz. It presents a beautiful front to the river, and bears the impress of a refined and wealthy city. The environs of Coblenz know no rivals on the Rhine. From every eminence in the neighborhood wave stately flags adorning stately castles. On the opposite bank, high in the air, like a rocky precipice, is the fortress which commands and protects the city. Ehrenbreitstein—"Honor's broad stone"—is truly the Gibraltar of Germany. Its cannon, without number, peep from its heights over into the valley and down into the city—a protection to friends, a warning to foes. Ehrenbreitstein has sustained many a siege, especially from the French. The latter blockaded it in 1799, when it contained a garrison of fourteen thousand men. These defended their fortress so bravely that they ate cats, dogs, and horses, and surrendered to starvation, not to the French.

A little farther up the stream—a pleasant drive from Coblenz—is the most beautiful castle on the Rhine—the Stolzenfels—the "*Rock of Pride*." It was in ruins for two hundred years, but was bought by the King of Prussia a few years ago, and renovated in exact conformity to its ancient model. Seen from the river, it bears every appearance of being new and habitable, and is adorned with all the appurtenances that taste can suggest and art supply. The King of Prussia never visits the Rhine without spending a few days at Stolzenfels; and any of his royal cousins who may happen to be jaunting about the Rhine, are generously invited to enjoy its hospitalities. When Queen Victoria made her celebrated visit to Germany, a few years ago, she spent several days at Stolzenfels, to give her German husband an opportunity to show her the beauties of the Rhine. When not occupied by some royal hosts, visitors are freely admitted to inspect the interior. The keeper is exceedingly careful to show the chair on which she sat, the table at which she ate, the bed in which she slept, the mirror in which she saw herself, the slippers which she wore, the window out of which she looked, the railing on which she leaned her arm, and numerous other matters of great interest to the inquisitive traveler.

The landscape here is more graceful and attractive than any other on the Rhine, and is the precursor to the wild, the romantic, the sublime; for

here it is that we enter the narrow valley of the stream, and the "Castled Rhine" preëminently. Rich in picturesque landscape, the traveler would fain become the resident of its shores, and pass his life among its hills, its peaks, its ruins. The river winds and bends through rocks and vineyards, and seems inclined to indulge in graceful meanderings, as if conscious of the beauty of its borders, and desirous of lending them more attractions. And behind these mountains smiles a second valley—that of the "Blue Moselle." Between these streams are the most charming regions for the excursions of lovers of nature and solitude.

The numerous castles and ruins that adorn every eminence of this part of the river were once the homes of those who formed the league of the "Robbers of the Rhine." Their strongholds were so situated and constructed that they could be rendered nearly inaccessible to foes. They inhabited these castles with numerous and daring bands, and made occasional descents on the defenseless boatmen while pursuing their course down the stream, with their boats loaded with the produce of their toil. These robbers plundered them of every thing that was valuable or desirable, and thus enriched their fastnesses with the labor of honest worth. When the peasants of the valley would combine to break up some extremely obnoxious band, the latter would call to its aid the possessors of other strongholds, and thus these castled lords formed a perfect league of robbers. They became very wealthy, and built immense structures, many of which are in good preservation at the present day; and some of them received the title of baron. From these aristocratic robbers have descended many of the princes who, at this moment, claim and exercise princely prerogatives; and they boast as much about their progenitors as if they had been honest men. The history of their deeds of daring has been highly wrought up into fiction, and is now shadowed forth in a thousand legends.

This league of the Robbers of the Rhine, in the days of its strength, established no less than thirty-two tolls in the course of the stream, at which vessels that would pass in peace were obliged to stop and pay a certain sum. This refined and lazy mode of plundering at last became so onerous and notorious as nearly to annihilate the trade on the Rhine, and deprive the large cities of the interior of their legitimate means of support—throwing a blight over the fields, the hill-sides, and the streams. This state of things gave rise to the celebrated "*Hanseatic League*," which was established to give battle to the league of the robbers. All of the wealthy trading cities of Germany joined this league, and, in time, it numbered several hundred. Their immense wealth commanded forces which could present a bold front to the robbers, and, in time, the Hanseatic League became victorious, and, in its turn, ruled the entire country. It fell, however, before the advances of modern governments, and all that now remain of this once powerful league

are the free cities of Frankfort, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck.

This is the history of the "Castled Rhine." We will pardon the castles their unholy origin, for the intense interest which they lend to the stream; and in this Christian spirit spend a few minutes in roaming over their ruins.

The two groups of towers and turrets that you see rising on yonder rocky cliffs are called the "Two Brothers." Below them is the convent of Bornhofen, a celebrated shrine for the pilgrims of the Rhine. According to the legend, these two castles were built and inhabited by two wealthy brothers; their only sister, who was blind, founded three shrines to the glory of God. The two brothers were to divide their patrimony with their blind sister; but they took advantage of her blindness, and cheated her. Their money was measured out in bushels, and whenever the sister's turn came to receive a bushful, the brothers turned the measure upside down, covered the bottom with gold pieces, and told the sister to feel that the measure was full and all was just. In this way the sister was wronged out of her inheritance. But the brothers soon quarreled about their ill-gotten gains, and lived in strife and contest. Once they agreed to spend a day at the phase; they were to start early, and he who woke first was to wake the other. The one who was first up came to the castle of the other, and, finding it still shut, shot an arrow at the window to awake his brother. In this instant the brother appeared at the window, and received the fatal arrow in his heart; he fell dead; and the unintentional fratricide, in the anguish of his soul, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulcher, and there died. The patrimony of both of them fell into strangers' hands, and Heaven thus punished the deceivers of a blind sister.

Near the "Two Brothers" is the old town of Boppard, most charmingly situated in a garden of castles and ruins. Modern innovation has actually established a water-cure in this paradise, and the patients, in taking their daily allowance of exercise and water, roam through these scenes of former greatness and renown. Germany is emphatically the land of cures, and has given us homeopathy and the water-cure; but there are still some on the Rhine which we have not yet adopted. One is the grape-cure. When the early grapes begin to ripen, the establishments open, and guests flock in from all quarters; for it is a very popular cure. The patients are condemned to roam about the vineyards all day, and eat the ripest and best grapes they can find; besides these, they indulge in little else than wheat bread. The patients are seldom cured as long as there are ripe grapes to eat; but toward the close of the grape season they suddenly improve, and return home much benefitted, and generally remain in this latter condition till the next season, when they are quite sure to need the grape-cure again.

Then there is the "goat's-milk-cure;" and this

has its season, also. Near Boppard is a large establishment, full of patients all summer, who nearly live on goat's milk. The goats graze in numbers on the neighboring rocks and heights; and they and the patients around their dwelling, high in the air, make a very picturesque scene. The "goat's-milk-cure" is about as severe and trying as the grape-cure. It, of course, requires resolution to submit to either, especially on the banks of the Rhine. Their votaries stoutly insist upon it that they cure all sorts of aches—backaches, headaches, and heartaches.

But there is still another cure, a little less romantic, and not quite so palatable—it is the "blood-cure." The establishment for this cure is generally situated where beasts are led to the slaughter. Their warm blood is caught in bathing-vessels, and the patients thus give to a diseased limb a "blood bath." It is contended that this is very efficacious for swellings, rheumatism, and other such evils.

While thus ruminating on the water-cure of Boppard, and the concomitant ideas, we arrive in sight of the castle called "The Cat," situated on a high, rocky eminence. Below, on the other side of the stream, is "The Mouse." When the latter was built, the brave and warlike counts of "Cat's Elbow" determined to build a "Cat" that would catch the "Mouse." But the brave "Kuno," the owner of the "Mouse," acquired, through his courage, so much reputation, that cats and mice were soon afraid of him; and the "Cat" has watched the "Mouse" for centuries without daring to pounce upon it.

Not far from these is the most dreaded spot on the Rhine: it is the rock of the Lurley, and once the residence of wicked nymphs, whose syren songs enticed the boatmen into the whirlpool that rages around its base. Here their destruction was certain, and the spoils fell to the lot of their destroyers. It reminds one of the pretty fable of Ulysses, who, while cruising in the Sicilian waters, had the ears of his sailors filled with wax, that they might not hear the songs of the tempters, and himself lashed to the mast, to prevent him from leaping into the sea, and giving himself up to the syrens. The valley of the stream becomes narrow, and assumes a terrific wildness of aspect; all cultivation and every impress of the hand of man disappears, and the bare and angry rocks seem to have palsied human energy. At this moment the Lurley rock advances into the current, and threatens vengeance on all who approach it. The stream foams, and worries, and rushes against the rock with the swiftness of an arrow; then rebounding, it forms a whirlpool that has been the grave of many that have listened to the sweet tones of the syrens. It is peculiarly fatal to the rafts and flat-boats that are met with in great numbers, and which, in former times, were the only means of navigating the river. The steamers that now rush and roar through the angry torrents of the Lurley

bid defiance to the wicked nymphs, and the latter have left the scene of their once cruel victories. Now and then, 'tis true, some unwary boatman approaches too near, and is caught in the whirlpool; and the poor old peasants again recite the many fatal contests, when they were young, between the boatmen of the Rhine and the nymphs of the Lurley. An old legend relates that they even tried to allure Satan with their charms. He was so enchanted with their tones that he came dangerously near to listen; unexpectedly he found himself being drawn in by some secret force; suddenly he sprang from their clutches, and struck a neighboring rock with such violence as to leave his impression on it. This must be true; for there are the marks of his body on the rock, pointed out to the curious to this day, even to the tail.

The peculiar form of the rocky shores at this point causes them to return a most perfect echo; and the peasants say that it is the spirits of the lost and departed that thus converse with men. In a little cabin on one of the shores lives an old man, supported by the steamboat companies, whose business is to fire guns and cannon, and play flourishes and symphonies on the horn, as the steamers pass. To enjoy this and the scene to its full extent, the boats actually halt in the stream for a few minutes—such is the German's love, such his adoration of nature. When will the steamers of the Hudson ever have any other object than to shoot from New York to Albany with the swiftness of the wind?

We pass a host of castles and ruins that time forbids us to mention, and hasten on to the stately castle of Schönberg, now in ruins, and embraced by the ivy and the vine. It looks down in sorrow on the seven rocks that here rise abruptly from the Rhine, and almost impede the vessel's course. They are called the Seven Sisters, and their story is full of sadness and full of warning. They were once beautiful, accomplished, and fascinating maidens; princes, counts, and sages became rivals for their hearts; but these they had stealed with adamant; they remained cold, relentless prudes. At last a desperate lover threw himself into the deep waters below their castle, and they were immediately transformed into seven rocks, hard as their own hearts. The fates placed them in the stream below, as a warning to the heartless of their sex. May they not warn in vain!

Not far above the Seven Sisters, and just on leaving the narrow valley of the "Castled Rhine," we perceive the old "Mouse Tower," famed for its story of the cruel Bishop Hatto. The Bishop was known far and wide in the valley of the Rhine for his severity and cruelty toward his people. He was a prelate of unbounded wealth, that he had pressed out of the bones and sinews of the simple peasants. With his riches he heaped up large quantities of corn, and then speculated in the staff of life. An evil day came, and the valley was visited with a bitter famine; the peasants came to Bishop Hatto, and bought as long as they had

money. But their stock was small, and soon ran out. His granaries remained filled with corn that would rescue them from death; and they came with humble prayers, and begged for a little to stay the hunger of their wives and children. He called them lazy beggars, and bid them begone; but the keen pangs of hunger at last turned their prayers into threats. He owned the tower in the center of the stream, and it had long been filled with corn, on account of its safety; to it he took refuge, and set fire to his well-filled barns before the eyes of the starving peasants. But a speedy revenge followed him. The army of mice that had lived in plenty about his barns now swam the stream, and attacked the Tower. The Bishop called on the peasants for help; but, instead of lending aid, they bade the mice good-speed in consuming his corn. When this was gone, they gnawed off his toe-nails, and tormented him with all the tortures of purgatory; at last he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and the mice ate up the Bishop alive. The tower took the name of the "Mouse Tower," and few pass it without thinking of the wicked Bishop Hatto and his richly deserved fate.

We now leave the "Castled Rhine," properly so-called, and enter the region of the Rheingau, a portion of the valley especially devoted to the culture of the grape, and known far and near for the excellence of its wines. The stream here turns gracefully to the south, presenting gentle acclivities to the midday sun, and guarding them by rocky walls from the cold and injurious winds of the north. Here, then, is the paradise of the grape, and here this much-sung fruit attains its greatest perfection. The scene is one of peculiar beauty, and in striking contrast with the wild region that we have just left. The vineyards rise on either bank in gentle terraces, and as far as the eye can reach is beheld a garden of vines, whose beauty is heightened by the graceful winding of the stream.

Among these vineyards is seen a busy and thriving population; and look where you will, you perceive the poet's "peasant girls, with deep blue eyes," trimming the vines or gathering the grapes. And then there are the pleasures of the vintage, which give rise to so many pleasing, strange, and queer customs, that pages heaped on pages would not do them justice. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that this paradise of the grape is a most favorite place of resort of all classes. In the summer season the English are there in swarms; and the English on the Rhine have long been the subject of wit and caricature. They are made up of all classes, that are afraid of making each other's acquaintance there, for fear they may be ashamed of such acquaintance on returning home. The nobles, therefore, turn up their noses at the gentry, and the gentry revenge themselves by turning up their noses at tradesmen, and these have nothing left but to turn up their noses at each other. As you will imagine, therefore, there is a very general cutting, and snubbing, and turning-up of noses;

and the result is, that they are all very impatient and excessively John-Bullish. They are noted for being provided with books, containing descriptions and engravings of the celebrated spots that they are visiting; and when passing these places, they generally look at the pictures instead of looking at them.

A very numerous class that are always found walking up and down the Rhine are the traveling journeymen. A mechanic in Germany, after completing his apprenticeship, is actually obliged to wander about for a few years, and work a little here and a little there, with a view to gaining experience in his profession, and seeing how other people do things besides those among whom he learned his trade. He keeps a book containing all his wanderings, and the places that he visits, and the persons for whom he works. These registers are made by the police in every place where he stops, and thus no deception or immorality can be practiced without having it marked against him. When he returns to his home, he presents this book, and applies for the privilege of settling in his business. These traveling journeymen are found in troops on the Rhine, each with his knapsack and staff, and, as they pass along and sing their favorite songs to "Old Father Rhine," as they term their much-loved river, the effect is peculiarly agreeable.

"On the Rhine, on the Rhine,
There grows the vine!"

Sometimes when the steamer is passing slowly up among the beauties of the stream, a large troop of them will gather on the bank, and, with uncovered heads, salute the passengers with the charming national melody:

"A blessing on the Father-land,
A blessing on the Rhine."

The steamer will slacken its pace, the passengers wave hats and handkerchiefs in recognition of the compliment, and, as they move slowly off, strike up, in their turn,

"A blessing on the Father-land,
A blessing on the Rhine."

We have seen their enthusiasm raised to such a pitch by these scenes and songs, that tears of joy would trickle down the cheeks of both men and women.

But would you enjoy the exquisite scenes of the Rhine, deeply, purely, and from the innermost recesses of the heart, then join a party of German students on a pedestrian tour along its banks; for they, and they only, drink deeply of the crystal spring—for they, and they only, quaff its sweetest draughts. They are truly the sons of the Muses, and truly appreciate the classic beauties of the Rhine; they have adorned its peaks, its hill-sides, and ruins with many a student's lay of imperishable beauty, with many a classic song of exquisite tenderness and sweet refinement. Would you give me generous, noble, warm-hearted, sympathizing friends, let me choose them among German students; would you give me the key that unlocks their

noble hearts, place me in their midst while on a tour along the Rhine. Listen to the deep and fervent sentiment that here fills their soul; see it overflow in rich, luxurious streams, to elevate and refine each other, and you will not be content to know the German student on the Rhine alone, but will ask to see him in his home. And the most classic home that he claims is one that lies within sight of his dear "Old Father Rhine:" it is Heidelberg, the favorite arena of the Muses, with its famed University—"Ruperto Carolina."

We dare not linger on the beauties of Heidelberg, nor treat of the smiling Neckar that quietly washes its banks; neither can we speak of the old castle that looks down into the quaint city, nor the ruins that, from the eminence behind the city, peep over its gables: these would lead us too far. We have come to see the students of Heidelberg, and know that they have chosen one of the delightful spots of earth for their home. Our first care is to obtain lodgings, that we may, for a time, be a fellow-student with them, make their home our home, their loves our loves. A good-natured, garrulous old dame has a lodging-house, full of furnished rooms, which she praises as the best students' apartments in Heidelberg. She takes us into the second story, shows a front room, that looks out on the market-place below, and on the castle and ruins above. She declares it to be a love of a place, and proves her declaration by opening a door into an adjoining apartment, and showing a cosy little room dedicated to the service of Morpheus, where one can snoose away the sweet hours of the night, and some of the morning, if one pleases; for she gives her word that Betty, the waiting-maid, never disturbs her lodgers till they ring their bells. And then she shows the queer old sofa which one can lounge upon after dinner, and tells how it passed down to her from her grandmother, and gravely remarks that the self-same sofa was in Heidelberg when the French bombarded the city. The chest of drawers is quite as antique; and so is the old looking-glass, with queer sorts of animals cut into the frame, with faces comical enough to make one laugh while shaving himself. And then she promises that Betty shall always keep the apartments in prime order, and bring up a nice breakfast in the morning, consisting of hot coffee, wheat-rolls, and butter; for this is a German student's breakfast, and this he eats in his room, taking his other meals in eating-houses away from his lodgings. She even adds that Betty shall black one's boots every day, as bright as a new penny, or even twice a day, should there be a party in the evening. For all these accommodations, our dear old Dame Garrulity demands the modest sum of seven florins monthly, which, translated into Federal money, means two dollars and forty cents. We shake hands with each other, as a sign that the bargain is made; and in a few minutes our baggage arrives, and we are safely ensconced in furnished apartments in Heidelberg.

The old dame now starts on a tour through the house, and informs all the students in it what a clever young man has taken the front lodgings on the second floor, and curiosity is on the "qui vive" to know who he is. In a little while the students come in to welcome the new-comer; and if he receives them warmly, and appears to be a downright clever fellow, kiss him on each cheek, and so tickle his nose with their enormous moustache that he can hardly refrain from laughing during the operation. The stranger must now, in his turn, go round on a visit to all the rooms, and see their internal arrangements. Some of them are scanty enough; but there is always a good supply of large, musty books, scattered helter-skelter, and what never fails is a collection of pipes. These are generally arranged on a frame which hangs in the corner of the room, and the number of pipes is, to a certain extent, an indication of the number of the student's friends; for chums and bosom friends, on parting, present each other with pipes, as a souvenir of other days. Some of these pipes are very expensive. They are generally of porcelain, handsomely painted. They may cost ten, twenty, and even fifty dollars—the latter are, of course, most exquisite works of art, adorned with gold, silver, and tassels, with amber mouth-pieces. The business of making pipes for the students is quite a flourishing and profitable one in Heidelberg, and the stores are curiosities well worth a visit. These large collections of pipes in each student's apartment is destined for the accommodation of his guests, and ten or a dozen are frequently puffing away at one time; for the first thing that is offered to a visitor is a pipe and the tobacco-pouch or bag. These are also sometimes very beautiful and costly, and are generally presented by the student's sisters or admirers among the fair sex. Indeed, a German lass who has her eye on a German student has no small task to keep him supplied. She must, in the first place, make him a tobacco-pouch, and then embroider him a handsome cap to smoke in, and then follow embroidered slippers and dressing-gown. Some of these are very beautiful and valuable, and the German ladies excel in their production. But the student does full justice to them; for visit him when you will you find him enjoying their comforts.

The students have a peculiar dress by which they are always known; and this dress they wear at all times, as long as they remain students. It is not a uniform one; on the contrary, there is a great variety of shape, and color, and ornament, but still it can always be recognized as a student's dress from the cut of the coat. The latter is generally of black velvet, buttoned close up in the neck and hanging open below. They always wear caps, and the usual color is green, although it is much, or entirely, a matter of fancy. From below the cap generally streams an immensity of long hair, covering neck and shoulders; and the shirt-collar is turned over with a simple ribbon, or lying flat

without any ornament. Standing collars that endanger the ears are called by the students by the ominous name of "*father murderers*."

Thus decked out, it is astonishing how German students are respected and beloved. They have the strongest hold on the affections of the lower classes. In every revolution the workingmen place their brawny arms and courageous hearts at their disposal; and when on pedestrian tours through the country, as they always are during vacations, the German student is ever welcome in the peasant's cabin. It was once our good fortune to be of a party of thirty on a pedestrian tour through the Black Forest, and every village at which we halted over night turned out *en masse* to receive us; the peasant-girls welcoming us in their gayest attire, waiting on us at the table of the inns with the best of cheer, and clearing away chairs and tables out of the largest room for a merry time in the evening. In short, the students are adored by the humble and lowly, and are their guides and counselors when they rise against the oppressions of the proud and haughty.

Still it must be acknowledged that the students, in their way, are perfect tyrants in the smaller towns that depend on them for a support. Heidelberg generally numbers about one thousand, and these naturally consume much and spend a great deal. Many of the inhabitants, therefore, depend on them for a living, and the students take unlimited license in doing as they please. During our stay a tailor had treated a student shabbily in a business transaction, and they made him smart for it. They called a meeting, and declared him "*in ban*," as they term it. The poor tailor's fate was then sealed; no student dare employ him, and he was obliged to decamp. This system is carried out extensively, and especially against the brewers. If they do not behave with all suavity possible toward the students, they are declared "*in ban*," and, like Othello, their occupation's gone. Indeed, in the beginning of the season, the students generally appoint a committee to decide which brewer has the best beer, and the report of this committee materially affects a man's business. This also leads to an abuse; for the members of the committee are sometimes bribed by a brewer to report in favor of his beer. It is true, if this be found out, brewer and committee may expect a skinning; but it is the interest of both parties to keep mum, and they generally do so effectually.

We had scarcely left Heidelberg when this spirit of combination was practiced against the government, and, finally, with success. A few of the students had formed a democratic-republican club, and openly discussed the advantages of a republican form of government. All told, they did not number more than twenty or thirty; but the minister of police ordered the dean to close the doors on them. This flew like wildfire, and the whole body of students, though differing from them in opinion, were opposed to persecuting them for

opinion's sake. The whole thousand of them to a man declared that, if the order were not rescinded within three days, they would leave Heidelberg *en masse*. The government was determined to hold out; and, on the morning of the third day, the students assembled in full force, each equipped with knapsack and cane, and, having elected officers, marched out of Heidelberg in a body, with martial music and flying colors.

Old Dame Garrulity cried like a child at the loss of her lodgers, and many other dames fairly bawled; lodging-house keepers were up in arms, tailors appeared with shears, cobblers with awls, butchers with cleavers, and cooks with frying-pans. It was natural enough that all these individuals should take an interest in the students. The grieved inhabitants held a public meeting to deplore the measures that had driven off the students. Dame Garrulity spoke so much that no one else could get in a word edgewise, and all Heidelberg resolved that the government must let the students alone. And the government, in this dilemma, compromised the matter, and sent word to the students that all would be smoothed over, and they must return. They politely sent word back that they had found a village where the people were very glad to have them, and where wine and beer were excellent and cheap; they were enjoying themselves capitally, and would stay a little longer. At last, their frolic being over, they returned to Heidelberg, and Dame Garrulity and all her consorts turned out, with the implements of their profession, to escort them back to their early love. And still the students are saucy enough in all conscience toward these very people, and call them all "*Philistines*" and barbarians. Indeed, any one who wears a black hat and dress-coat, or trades and deals in any way to make a living, comes under the general term of "*Philistine*."

Among themselves they have a great many cliques and clubs which they only understand. Secret societies are strictly forbidden by the government, although they still exist. Formerly, students, on matriculating, were obliged to declare, under oath, that they would join no secret political societies; now it is merely required to offer the hand to the dean as a pledge, and the latter was demanded of our humble self.

These clubs frequently meet for convivial amusement, and then all students are divided into two grand classes, which they term Foxes and Fellows—Foxes are the juniors and Fellows the seniors. These meetings are termed a "*commerce*;" that is, a social commingling. They are devoted to singing student's songs, smoking, and beer-drinking. The ceremony of initiating a Fox is to make him drink a mug of beer without drawing breath, and till he can succeed in doing this he can never take part in a "*commerce*." When regularly installed as a Fox, his duty is to wait on any Fellow that may order him to do so, and thence the ditty with which they open a "*commerce*,"

which, whatever of elegant or poetical composition it may lack, has, at least, a fine sound of alliteration:

"Fox, Fox! come here, come here!
Fox, Fox! bring me some beer!"

For a year the poor Foxes have to submit to all sorts of indignities—such as bringing beer, cleaning pipes, filling them with tobacco, and running to and fro with a light whenever a Fellow's pipe happens to be extinguished. If a Fox revolts, he is delicately shaved with an iron hoop. But in a little while his turn comes as a Fellow, and then he glories in the same tricks that were played on him. This sounds like reveling and rioting to a high degree; but it is less so than it seems, for in all those social customs the German student remains a gentleman; for in amusements or pastimes, be they where they may, the German is always moderate. The German student considers his mug of beer as the heathen gods looked on Nectar, and believes that in the wreathing smoke that curls above his pipe he sees the true incentive to poetic inspiration.

We frankly condemn them, as vices that inevitably lead to excess, and benumb the most vital energies of body and mind. We have merely given a history of German student life; but are no defender of its excrescences. We sincerely believe, that if German students and the German people drank less beer and smoked less tobacco, they would have more civil and religious liberty, and develop more manly and noble energy. The German students are men, not because of these failings, but in spite of them.

The stern democratic character of our country, and the ceaseless activity required for success among a people so eminently practical and wonderfully energetic as ourselves, would cry aloud against such excesses, were they a concomitant of student life here. To the fact that these and other similar customs can find no root on our soil, we attribute the happy circumstance that places of fame and honor are generally filled with men of humble origin. The students of this country are engaged in some successful and honorable career at an age when German students are still devoted to their boyish pranks.

On an investigation into the affairs of an extensive publishing concern, it was found that of one hundred and thirty works published by it in a given time, fifty had not paid their expenses. Of the eighty that did pay, thirteen only arrived at a second edition; but in most instances these second editions had not been profitable. In general it may be estimated, that of the books published, a fourth do not pay their expenses; and that only one in eight or ten can be reprinted with advantage. As respects pamphlets, we know we are within the mark when we affirm that not one in fifty pays the expenses of its publication.

"MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDEED!"

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BY ORIAL.
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From earliest recollection those simple words have ever been to me thrillingly beautiful. How many visions float, dream-like, through the mind, when the Arabic salutation greets the ear! It is a strange blessing; yet full of sweet, deep feeling. And since my childish fingers penned them first, they come to my mind laden with fond and holy memories. I never read them on the printed page but they remind me of one whose life was like the autumn leaf—bright, beautiful, yet sadly brief.

I remember well, some years ago, on a bright day in May, I joined a gay company assembled to celebrate the return of the month of flowers. As I passed on among the joyous group, winning a smile from one, and a kindly greeting from another, my eye rested on a fair face unknown to me, and yet there was something in it that interested me and riveted my attention. To the passing observer it might have appeared to wear the hue of health; but when I marked the brightness of the large, dark eyes, and the transparency of the delicate skin, I felt that her spirit was not long for earth.

When I became acquainted with the gentle girl, and learned her history, my heart was pained to think of the ties of affection ere long to be severed. She had left a happy home, amid the beautiful scenery of the northern lakes, to seek in a warmer clime the health denied her there.

Months passed on, and still she lingered with us, participating in all our amusements, joyous in her brief convalescence, blessing the soft breezes of our sunny land, clinging to the hope that she would ere long recover. Such hope, alas! was vain. The seal of the destroyer was upon her brow; but, though her slight form wasted daily away, she could not believe that she must die. The world was all too beautiful, with but the light of sixteen summers on her brow, to close her eyes on its loved scenes forever. She liked her friends to be around her; and our hearts were wrung with anguish, when she would tell her plans for future pleasure; for she said she knew she should be better when the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang sweetly as of yore.

She would sometimes ask for flowers, and, with a smile half playful, weave for each delicate bud a history, as bright and pure as her own gentle spirit; and we would listen to those fairy imaginings, weeping to think how soon the sweet voice would be hushed.

At last she felt that life was passing away, and she yearned for her childhood's home—she longed for the loved voices that blessed her long ago to soothe her dying hour. We tried to dissuade her; but all in vain—she was impatient to be gone. Gently they bore her from the fair scenes it now pained her to look upon.

She passed, like all things beautiful, away; but

not in her early home was drawn her parting breath. In the cemetery of the Crescent City, among the proud monuments of wealth, she rests alone, and a simple tablet records the stranger's name.

I never hear those touching words but I echo them in my inmost heart; and when I see the sufferer cheered by the hope of regaining health in a southern land, it makes me sad; for a fair form flits before me, with mournful-pleading eyes, and I would urge them to turn to the light of home, while her sweet voice seems murmuring in my ear, "May you die among your kindred!"

—
AMONG THE PINES.
—

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.
—

In the solemn woods,
As the day declines,
Oft I stray alone,
Listening to the pines.

Solemn, soft, and low,
As the light grows dim,
Falls upon my ear,
Pines! your vesper hymn.

Sweet that strain to me,
As I musing stand,
As if heaven to earth
Sent a harper band.

Then the music dies;
On the evening air
Gentle murmurs float,
Like a chanted prayer,

Flowing sadly from
Hearts oppressed with fears;
While the eyes o'erflow
With repentant tears.

Not the organ's peal,
In cathedral dim,
Leads my thoughts to God,
Like your plaintive hymn.

'Tis his breath that stirs
Every rustling bough;
'Tis his voice I hear
In each murmur low,

Saying, "Bend the knee,
Feeble child of clay;
In this solitude
He will hear thee pray."

Then in feeble words
I send up my cry;
And that cry is heard
Far above the sky.

Peace flows in my heart;
Hushed are all my fears;
And my eyes are dim,
But with grateful tears.

The Ladies' Repository.

—
NOVEMBER, 1852.
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PICTURE OF AN ENGLISH FARM-HOUSE.
BY MALCOMB.

I WISH, reader, to take you to my father-land, far over the briny ocean. On the map of England you will find a river called the Wye, rising in Wales, but having its chief course through some of the English counties. It is a beautiful stream. If you wish to see nature clothed with loveliness, pass down the Wye, and you will confess its rural scenery to be unsurpassed. Standing at its source, you will find yourself amid the wild mountains of Wales, and far up the steep sides of the snow-capped Plinlimmon. From thence you will track the gushing torrent, now leaping over the rocks, now hiding itself beneath the overhanging cliffs, and now dashing, foaming, sparkling along its steep and obstructed way. Soon the scenery becomes changed; the country is less rough, and by the time you reach the town of "the Hay," on the borders of Breconshire, the wild mountain torrent, as if tired of its own impetuosity, subsides into one of the most placid and beautiful of rivers, and rests amid a succession of the most enchanting landscapes. Now it will lead you past a neat English cottage; then by an ancient farm-house; then under a hill on which stands the princely mansion of some nobleman, or whose summit is crowned by the decaying walls of some ivy-mantled ruin! Now you will pass a rocky defile; then along a range of gently sloping hills; then through a succession of fields, lawns, orchards, meadows, and groves! Now you will glide by some quiet village, or larger town, or will anchor beneath the walls of some ancient city resting on its shore. Hereford is the principal city on the Wye, and is called a "maiden city," because it has never been taken in war. It is a place of considerable importance, having a population of some twelve thousand. It is very ancient, and though a few of the streets have been widened and modernized, the most remain narrow and crooked, and many of the buildings are of antique structure, and have a dingy appearance. Its venerable cathedral, dedicated to St. Ethelbert, is one of the finest specimens of ancient church architecture in Britain. Its Castle Green, once, as its name imports, the parade-ground of the fortress, which has long been totally destroyed, now a public promenade, is one of the prettiest spots I ever beheld. The old-fashioned long cannon of two centuries ago are still mounted, the rusty guardians of the place. A monumental shaft, erected to the memory of Admiral Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, occupies the center, and smooth gravel walks, shaded by lofty elms, invite the inhabitants of the pent-up city to healthful and pleasant exercise. How often, in the evening, have I sat and watched the busy perambulators. Here is one dressed in deep mourning, moving slowly along. Ah! it is a widow; look at her pale face and downcast eye, and mark the sure expression of her grief! There is a boy; as he passes you can see he has been weeping! Who is he? He is some mother's darling who has left his home, and is here to learn some active calling. Now he

thinks of home, and the thought forced out those tears! There are two walking slowly together. Their conversation is in whispers, yet you perceive that it is earnest and rapid. It is something they would not have us know; for as they approach us they cease their talking and pass us smilingly; but see, they quickly resume it again! I know what it is; they are lovers; they are painting flowers that will quickly fade; fanning hopes that will soon expire. Such is life at best. But we have no longer time to stay, nor can we now tell you of the many other interesting sights and scenes in Hereford, though, if you like, we may revisit it hereafter. Let us at present cross that old stone bridge of some six arches that here spans the placid Wye, and we will travel some seven miles to an old English farm-house, which stands near the roadside, at that distance from town. Perhaps you have never seen an English farm-house; if not we will try, for your sake, to describe this one of which we speak. Passing down a narrow lane, leading you off the main road, we come to a number of buildings—barns, stables, and outhouses of various sorts—occupying three sides of a spacious, square farm-yard. This we enter by a heavy gate, and, on an eminence, immediately before us stands the house, inclosed from the yard by a small fence of palings. It is a strange affair, at least to an American eye, and almost baffles description. It is a cluster of buildings, or, rather, of rooms, erected at different times, and without reference to order or harmony in their construction. It is a strange disorder of gables and side walls; of buildings of one story and of more; of steep roofs of heavy stone tile, and of different height and inclination; of windows of different shapes and sizes; and of huge chimneys issuing forth their breath of smoke. Some parts are of brick, some of frame, some of stone, but all are alike heavy; the walls are thick, enormous beams and timbers are used throughout, and the window and door-frames are of proportionable size and strength. If we enter the interior, we shall discover the same disorder in the internal arrangement. No two rooms are alike. Scarcely two floors are level with each other; and rooms, allotted to purposes the most diverse, are in strange proximity. There is no harmony about it except it be the harmony of disagreement. Let us enter and explore. Opening that huge front door, the bars, and bolts, and strength of which causes a shudder to come over us, lest it should be the door of some dark dungeon we are about to pass, we find ourselves in a long, dark, low passage sufficiently gloomy to confirm our worst forebodings. We will leave the old door open that we may have light, and some chance of egress, should it be necessary to escape. Here is a door to the right. What room is that? A cell! a parlor! There, the door is open, and we are in a low room, the only light in which is afforded by a small casement window. Before us are heavy "leads," as they are called—troughs of lead, resting on strong frames, and containing the pure white milk, which they there keep in this manner. In one corner is the cheese-press, and around, upon the shelves, are cakes of cheese, old and new, "best" and "common." In that large cedar vessel are the pretty printed rolls of sweet butter, prepared daily for the market; and yonder, in the other corner, is the big barrel churn in

which that butter is made. Strange, indeed, but true, the first door we came to led us into the dairy. We will go on. Further along the passage is another door. We open it; but the only light we have are the few sickly beams that struggle past us, and serve to relieve the otherwise profound darkness. By their assistance we discover long ranges of barrels and hogsheads, containing the cider and beer used in large quantities by the English farmers. The reader must remember that they have no idea of abstaining from the use of these beverages; and that they suppose a breakfast of "toast and cider," or some "bread and cheese" with a mug of ale, to be far more suited to a workingman than the more effeminate drinks of tea and coffee, with the less solid food we use. Certainly, though in the habitual use of these drinks they seldom become intoxicated by them; but this is no argument for their use, and as we long ago "pledged perpetual hate to all that can intoxicate," we will record our continued disapproval, close the "cellar" door, and pass on. We now enter a door nearly opposite, and find ourselves in the "kitchen," a name applied to the large room which, in most English farm-houses, answers the double purpose of a sitting and eating room. "Quite significant," the reader will think, "to have the cellar so handy." Quite so, we reply, for English custom always demands "something to drink" to be offered to every visitor. We will talk of that hereafter, and shall now examine the apartment. The floor is of large flag-stones, which, though kept scrupulously clean, would undoubtedly be too hard and cold to please our American ladies. A large fireplace stands at one side, in which has been fitted a modern cast-iron grate, on which a cheerful coal fire is now burning. On the high mantelpiece is standing a quantity of brass ware, candlesticks, etc., all kept highly polished. On the open shelves against the walls are placed an array of earthenware, plates, dishes, mugs, pitchers, and bowls, all arranged in regular order, and having much the appearance of a miniature China shop. The furniture of the apartment is scant and old. There is the "big table," a cumbersome oaken affair, so strong and massive that no weight of luxuries could make it groan beneath them. How many cheerful parties have gathered round that board! That old clock, with its long case and antique face, has marked the flight of time for many rolling years. Those chairs, with high, straight backs, and hard oak seats, have been in use a century. That curiously carved cradle rocked the great-grandfather of the child who now is slumbering in it. That old "settle," a huge bench-shaped seat, with a back of tightly-grooved boards reaching higher than the head, has kept the cold air away from those who have seated themselves before the fire in it, from time immemorial. Looking around the room we see a number of doors of different sizes, and, on opening them, we discover them to be the entrances of sundry cupboards, and pantries, and closets, in which are stowed away a thousand nameless things. One large door in the corner opens into the parlor, a small room, but better lighted, and better furnished than any we have seen. It is floored with ash. A small grate and mantle-piece, over which is suspended a large looking-glass, is at the extreme end. A modern sofa, and

some dozen hair-bottomed chairs are standing around. A mahogany center-table is in one corner, and under the window stands a large dining-table of the same material. A bureau and bookcase make up the furniture of the room. It is carpeted and papered; and here only, perhaps, in the whole house would an American feel at home. Returning through the kitchen, and to the passage, we pass, on the right, the stairs door, to see what is beyond a door at the end of the passage. Ascending a few steps we open the door and see pots, and kettles, and bake-pans, and a kneading-trough, and tubs, and tins, and an oven, and all the paraphernalia of cooking, scrubbing, and washing. A door to the left reveals a yard, and we hear the rattling of the pump, and the splashing of water; but as we desire no greater familiarity with these, though, by passing through, we might see the garden which is just beyond, we venture no further exploration of the "back kitchen," as they call it, but shut the door, and, returning, venture up the crooked steep steps leading to the "upper regions." Here we are lost amid a labyrinth of passages, doors, and chambers. We find most of the low rooms, for we are near the roof, and nearly all the rooms are finished like attics, with windows built in the roof, called "dormant windows;" we find them, we say, comfortably furnished. One, by way of eminence, is styled the "best room." It is that in which visitors are placed, and is only "best" because better furnished than the others; the bedstead being finer, the bed softer, and the linen and blankets in greater profusion. It is sometimes decidedly the *worst* room. Being for a length of time unoccupied and unadorned, the visitor, in its damp air and clothes, takes a cold that it requires months of attention to cure, and often bears the victim to the grave. One other up-stairs room shall conclude our description. It is the "store room." Here all and singular of the articles not in actual service are stowed away. What a world of curiosity is found in one of these "store rooms!" Old spinning-wheels, the "pianos" of past ages; cast-off hats, caps, and garments; old papers, pamphlets, and books, with things nondescript, whose very use could not be guessed at; articles of every kind of material—wood, iron, tin, brass, cotton, woollen, and some made of no one knows what—things of every shade and color, from black to black again, all heaped up in indescribable confusion, make up the contents of this wondrous room. How we used to love to rummage here, and how we used to run when we would hear the mandatory exclamation "What are you doing, sir! Come down directly!"

Such, then, is this farm-house. To form a correct idea of such a building, you must unite the rude style of five centuries ago with the more chaste of the present day. To show its exterior, you must collect a dozen of the dissimilar buildings of a country village, and huddle them all together in any possible manner. To represent its interior you must cut door-ways and passages wherever necessary, and suffer the rooms to remain as they now are. To have its furniture you must buy an old thing here, get some bungling mechanic to throw together some of the roughest work imaginable, and intersperse a few polished articles from a city shop among the rest. The cause of all this disorder is apparent. The original building was

small, and, in time, more room was required for the families of the successive occupiers. These, instead of tearing away the old buildings and erecting a new one sufficiently large, as we would have done, from time to time made such enlargement of, and additions to, the buildings already there, and in such a shape and position, and of such a size as suited the fancy, purpose, ability, or convenience of the builders. Hence, the peculiar character of these novel structures. The variety of furniture may be accounted for much in the same way; it being purchased at different times, and remaining mostly in the house.

The above description will not apply to all English farm-houses. No two are alike, nor can it be so expected when they take their forms so much from accidental circumstances. The majority, however, will be found equally unhandy; equally out of the rules of architectural order; equally lacking any regular and convenient plan of arrangement. Yet such buildings are associated with an Englishman's idea of "home." In these buildings generation after generation have lived. For centuries they have been the family homesteads. In most cases the forefathers of the present occupiers, for time lost in the shadowy past, have there first seen the light; have there spent their youth, manhood, and age, and from them have been successfully borne to the neighboring churchyard, where their plain gravestones, moss-grown and almost effaced, still tell of their existence. There the present occupiers were born. Their children are now sporting around the old paternal home; and it can not be wondered at that an Englishman's notions of comfort, of what is life, is happiness and contentment, should be thus associated, or that they should continue to reside in these old residences, not dreaming of or wishing for improvement. Could these old walls speak, what tales of marvel, of love, of happiness, awe, and of hate, and misery, and pain would they relate! But they can not. With the several actors in life's scenes these tales have been buried in the silence of death, or, at least, they survived but a few succeeding years. They are now gone. All that now remains to tell us that those people of the past lived, hoped, enjoyed, loved, feared, or suffered as we do now, is the simple announcement on those stones, "departed this life," and these walls in which they passed their days. Nor are these walls immortal. Like all other things, in spite of human care, they will crumble into dust. The thought makes my heart feel sad, yet it is the sadness of hope. It tells me that time is rolling on; that it has already borne many from hence to eternity, and that soon its ceaseless current will bear me thither also. Reader, let us be ready!

I have you now at an English farm-house. If you are not already too much tired with my tedious tale, I may hereafter give you some more "inklings" in reference to the habits, domestic and social, religious and moral of the inhabitants. For the present, farewell!

—
 SOUTHBY was stiff, sedate, and so wrapped up in a garb of almost asceticism, that Charles Lamb once stutteringly told him that "he was m-made for a m-m-monk, but somehow or other the co-cowl didn't fit."

THRUSHES AND BLACKBIRDS.

THRUSHES and blackbirds are the popular songsters of the English woods, fields, and hedgerows. The rapturous song of the nightingale is heard only in the southern counties of England, and rarely penetrates northward; but the dusky merle and sweet-toned mavis penetrate to the remotest valleys of the Highlands of Scotland. The nightingale is a peerless bird; its song is full of the sweet south; but for homely, every day, night and morning music, commend us to the blackbird and thrush. See! there the blackbird, disturbed at our coming, shoots from the tall tree on which he has been perched, and with a *chink, chink*, darts into the cover of the wood. Now you hear his rich, mellow notes as he sings to his mate, who answers him from afar. Then the song is taken up by another bird, and from tree to tree the melody resounds. As you pass by the tall hedge-side, lo! he is there again, with his hurried chiding notes. He glides among the bushes, and flies down the other side. Ha! there he is again—his nest must be at hand. Now he is perched on a lofty branch not far off. Watch him; he has just alighted. Now, see how gracefully he bends forward, throws up his tail, jerking it at intervals; flaps his wings, then flits to another branch, where he performs the same motions, or alights on the wall, hops along, suddenly stops, jerks his tail, shakes his wings, and then commences singing, pouring his soul through his throat in melody.

The blackbird sings as if in the complete consciousness of superiority. He sings "in full-throated ease"—not hurriedly, but sedately and leisurely, like a practiced singer. His notes are sweet, loud, mellow, and varied, inspiring pleasant thoughts and fancies. His *repertoire* is highly varied. His staves are rarely repeated; his strain, like the long voluntary of an accomplished musician, running from theme to theme in endless variety. You may watch and listen for an hour—still the theme will be sustained; and in the neighboring groves and woods, many rival songsters raise their voices together, and delight you with their alternate strains. Why do birds sing? Not to amuse their mates; for the blackbird sings in winter, when he is not yet mated. Not to beguile solitude, for the blackbird now is not solitary. He sings as all birds sing—out of perfect happiness and perfect health, instinctively pouring forth his melody in joy, and gratitude, and love.

The blackbird sings all the day long; he begins long before the sun has peeped above the horizon, and he prolongs it far into the gray of evening. Before the first rays of the sun shoot across the eastern sky; while the twilight still peeps in through the chamber window, the blackbird is awake, and his song echoes through the woods. Before the sun is up, his song is harsh and screaming, consisting of repetitions of a rather unmusical strain. Such is the sound he emits at about half-past two in the early mornings of July. This continues for a quarter of an hour or more, and his voice is not heard again till sunrise, when the song is renewed in a bolder, louder, and more joyous strain, gradually swelling out into fuller and richer melody. But it is in the evening, when the sun is going down red in the west, especially after a brisk shower of rain, that the blackbird is in

his fullest, richest, most melodious voice. Then he pours long, mellow, liquid notes through his throat, and makes the woods and groves delicious by his music. The blackbird even seems to regard the summer rains with pleasure; for he may be heard singing with his full power during a heavy shower of rain, while the other songsters of the woods are mute.

The blackbird hovers about in the neighborhood of corn-fields, hedges, gardens, and orchards. He is a bird of civilization, and is rarely found at a distance from man. You do not meet him in the wild valley, flanked with birchen slopes, and stretching far away among the craggy hills. But there, as well as in the haunts of the blackbird near the habitations of man, you will often meet with the song-thrush, or mavis, who flies about with his music, and chants it far and near—on the hill-side, in the rocky glen, or by the farmer's humble cottage. The thrush abounds as far north as the stormy Hebrides, and his music is as rich and sweet in that wild region, as in the sunniest parts of the south. Macgillivray, in his fine work on British Birds, says of the thrush in the Hebrides—"There, in the calm summer evening, such as for placid beauty far exceeds any that I have elsewhere seen, when the glorious sun is drawing toward the horizon, and shedding a broad gleam of ruddy light on the smooth surface of the ocean; when the scattered sheep, accompanied by their frolicsome lambskins, are quietly browsing on the hill; when the broad-winged eagle is seen skimming along the mountain ridge, as he winds his way toward his eyry on the far promontory; when no sound comes on the ear, save at intervals the faint murmur of the waves rushing into the caverns and rising against the faces of the cliffs; when the western breeze, stealing over the flowery pastures, carries with it the perfume of the wild thyme and white clover; the song of the thrush is poured forth from the summit of some granite block, shaggy with gray lichens, and returns in softer and sweeter modulations from the sides of the heathy mountains. There may be wilder, louder, and more marvelous songs; and the mocking-bird may be singing the requiem of the red Indian of the Ohio, or cheering the heart of his ruthless oppressor, the white man of many inventions; but to me it is all-sufficient, for it enters into the soul, melts the heart into tenderness, diffuses a holy calm, and connects the peace of earth with the transcendent happiness of heaven. In other places the song of the thrush may be lively and cheering; here, in the ocean-girt solitude, it is gentle and soothing; by its magic influence, it smooths the ruffled surface of the sea of human feelings, as it floats over it at intervals with its varied swells and cadences, like the perfumed wavelets of the summer wind."

The thrush, or the mavis—as the Scotch call it—is the nightingale of the north. His song is loud, clear, and mellow; generally sprightly, but at times tender and melting. Like the nightingale, it has a dash of melancholy in its song; sometimes it is wild, and always diversified. It consists of a succession of notes, repeated at short intervals with variations, and protracted for a long time. Some thrush in an adjoining wood answers the singer, the one commencing where the other leaves off; and often many may

be heard singing together, filling the whole glen or valley with their warblings. The thrush sings at all seasons, and in all weathers; it is most musical in spring and summer, particularly in the early morning and about sunset; and, like the blackbird, it even sings during rain, taking its stand in some sheltered spot, under the cover of a projecting crag or stone, for hours, perhaps, amusing itself with repeating its never-tiring modulations.

In summer, the thrush prefers the woods and hill-sides, whither it betakes itself after it has reared its spring brood. But in winter, it returns to the neighborhood of human dwellings, and you may there often see it shooting from tree to tree, or leaping upon the ground, in search of the worms and larvae upon which it chiefly feeds.

Have you seen a thrush's nest? Come, and I will show you one. Push aside the leaves of the branches of that thick hedge, and peep down; there, upon her little round dwelling—a nest made of slender twigs, roots, grass, and moss, lined inside with a thin layer of mud—there sits the mother bird, her head and tail only projecting over the nest. She sits close, and is difficult to be disturbed. Sometimes you may even take her, she sits so close. But approach your hand quickly, you suddenly stir the branches, and she flies off her seat down among the bushes with a *chink*—and then, in the bottom of her nest, you see five beautiful light bluish-green eggs, spotted with brown, especially at their larger end. You move off, and the bird at once skips back to her seat again. The blackbird builds similarly, in a hawthorn, holly, willow, or honeysuckle, and its eggs are usually of the same number, only darker in color.

The thrush prolongs his song far into the night, and his notes seem to become fuller and richer as the sun goes down the horizon, and at length sinks in the far west. The lark is up before him in the morning—for the lark is the first of all the birds to greet the coming day; but long after the lark has sunk into his nest, the thrush is still pouring forth his music in the woods or by the hill-sides. What Keats has sung of the nightingale, may not inappropriately be addressed to the thrush—unquestionably the most beautiful of all the British songsters:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oftentimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy-lands forlorn."

THE STEP-MOTHER'S DREAM.

MARTHA HOWETT had succeeded, after much trouble and confusion, in getting the children started for school. There were four of them, under the age of ten years. Martha was not their mother. She had died two years before, and for eighteen months these children had been left to the care of such persons as their father could get to keep his house. During this time, all family government had been subverted; and the children, naturally active, restless, and impatient of restraint, had acquired habits of disobedience, and a

contempt for all authority, which rendered their future training exceedingly difficult. Martha had entered the family as the wife of their father, with the determination to be a good mother to these little orphans. They were pretty and interesting, and she thought she could love them, and that it would be a pleasant task to train their young and docile spirits in the paths of wisdom and holiness. But she had no conception of the task on which she had entered. She was unacquainted with children, and knew little of the "line upon line and precept upon precept," which is necessary in training them; and when she found them disobedient, self-willed, and ungrateful, she felt like giving up in despair.

She had succeeded, I said, in getting the children started for school. William, the oldest, had refused to go, preferring to join a party of boys who were going a fishing; and it was not till after he had been severely punished that he had submitted to her authority. It was during this encounter, that the boy had told her she was like all step-mothers, a tyrant, and he meant to run away when he should be a little older.

This remark had wounded her most deeply. She seated herself in a large arm-chair, covered her face with her hands, and wept the bitterest tears which had ever been wrung from her heart. Gradually she grew calm, and then she resolved to examine herself closely. She looked back over the few months during which she had the care of those young immortals, and inquired if she had always mingled firmness, wisdom, and tenderness, in all her conduct toward them. Had she shown a mother's forbearance toward their faults, and the warm and overflowing tenderness, by which a mother conquers and controls the heart of her child? Her heart accused her of many things. Not of an intention to do wrong; but she had neglected, in prayerful confidence, to seek help of God in this great work. She had not guarded her own spirit, but had suffered the impatience she felt to manifest itself in her actions. She felt afraid that she had especially failed in regard to the oldest. He was a warm-hearted, but impatient and high-spirited child, and gave her more trouble than all the rest. She sometimes felt something like aversion toward him, in her heart, and she acknowledged to herself, that this might have often shown itself in her manner and tone, if not in words. With bitter self-abasement, she knelt and prayed for strength and wisdom from above. She rose up with a new purpose, to devote her life to the work before her, but with many misgivings, lest when she had done all her labor should be in vain.

Exhausted by the intensity of her emotions, she threw herself on a bed, and soon went to sleep. She seemed to be standing at the foot of a high and rugged mountain whose top, above the clouds, was bathed in perpetual sunshine, and glorious with the beauties of an unfading spring. She saw, on the side of the mountain, a straight and narrow path, which led directly to the top, but entering it, or crossing it in a thousand directions, were other paths, wide and less precipitous, and seemingly more pleasant; but as she traced their courses on the mountain side, she observed that not one of them led to the top; some terminated in dark and gloomy valleys, where the

rays of the sun never seemed to fall; others on the verge of precipices, which overhung yawning chasms, whose fearful depth the eye could not measure.

She lifted her eyes toward the top of the mountain, and saw amid the groves of evergreen, trees loaded with delicate and fragrant flowers, beings of angelic beauty, and heard strains of soft, enchanting music. She stood gazing with wonder and admiration on the strange spectacle before her, when she felt a soft hand touch her own, and looking down, she saw her four children standing beside her. Again she raised her eyes to the summit of the mountain, and saw amid the shining throng, one whom she knew to be the mother of the little ones at her side. She fixed on them a look of melting tenderness, mingled with anxiety and sorrow; and then she heard her name, and bid her lead them up to her.

Immediately she resolved to commence the ascent. Calling the children, she pointed out to them the narrow way in which they were to walk; but they could not see it. She directed their eyes to the top of the mountain, and told them of all its glories; but they saw nothing. Then she entered the path and bade them follow her. She proceeded a short distance, and looking back she saw that instead of obeying her, they were wandering on the side of the mountain, chasing the butterflies over slippery steeps, and gathering flowers on the brinks of frightful precipices.

A feeling of discouragement came over her, and she was about to sit down in despair, when she raised a glance to the top of the mountain, and beheld the mother leaning forward with outstretched arms, and all the host of shining ones regarded her with deepest anxiety. She felt a new impulse, and bringing back the little wanderers from their dangerous paths with gentle care, she placed their feet again in the narrow way. Weary and cautiously she proceeded upward, sometimes leading them by the hand, sometimes carrying them in her arms up the steepest ascents. If for a moment she relaxed her vigilance, they were sure to turn aside into the forbidden paths. Sometimes a moment's indifference cost her hours of sorrow; for the wanderer was not always easily reclaimed. Those paths were wide and flowery, and easy to the traveler, because they led downward, and those who had become accustomed to them found the narrow way disagreeable, and felt no strength for the toilsome upward progress. Sometimes when she was weary, and ready to faint, she looked upward and caught a glimpse of the sweet and glorious faces turned so lovingly toward her; and when she had overcome some obstacle, or escaped some danger, she heard strains of triumphant music floating down the mountain side. Thus she was encouraged and strengthened.

As she proceeded onward, she discovered with joy that the children grew stronger and stronger, that they began to discern the right path, and to catch glimpses of the top of the mountain. Then they walked firmly by her side, or preceded her in the path. The path also seemed to grow less and less steep and difficult, and the temptations to turn aside from it less frequent and dangerous. At last she stood on the mountain top, and heard the songs of joyous welcome; and as she stretched out her hand to

receive a glittering crown, she awoke. The children had returned from school. She heard their shouts in the yard, and rising up with a smile she went forth to meet them.

It was but a dream, yet she felt its influence for years. When trials came she remembered the mother's outstretched arms, and the loving and anxious looks of those angel-faces which she saw in her vision, and she was patient; and that patience in due time brought its own reward. The children began to catch her spirit, and to imitate her example, as step by step she led them upward. When she looks on them now, the blessings and ornaments of the society in which they move, she feels that the best years of her life were nobly and profitably spent. And when they shall meet on the *top of the mount*, how will she rejoice that strength and wisdom was given her to train them for the skies!

THE RIVER.

BY CAROLINE E. SOUTHWY.

River! river! little river!

Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! river! swelling river!

On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river!

Broad and deep and still as Time,
Seeming still yet still in motion,
Speeding onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! river! rapid river!

Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! river! headlong river!

Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sound,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

CHILD FEARS.

CHILDREN are very imaginative beings; their fancy is easily excited; and little serves to strike their young minds with awe. Susceptibility to impressions of all kinds is especially characteristic of children. The inlets to feeling are vividly sensitive in them; and during the first five years of life, the child perhaps learns more of the qualities of objects, their relations, ideas about them, impressions of things, and receives more lasting impulses to conduct and character, than he does during the whole of his future life.

Unhappily, this keen susceptibility of children to impressions is often taken advantage of, greatly to their injury. Wise and careful training of youth requires much forbearance, patience, and good guidance. The best culture is slow and gradual; but impatient nurses and educators can not wait. They foolishly expect children to display a temper and wisdom which age and experience have not yet enabled themselves to acquire. Their mothers are too

often hasty and passionate. If the child will not be "good," he is slapped on the back, or is threatened with "the Old Black Man." And very often, the last powerfully affects the imagination, and, by exciting the fears of the child, subdues him when nothing else will.

But the quiet which is produced by the terror of "Bogie," is obtained at a fearful sacrifice. Every unfounded fear excited in the mind of a child, is a stab inflicted on its moral nature. The child is terrified, it is true, and is quiet for the moment; but the cause of the querulousness has not been removed while you have planted terror in his mind, and thereby made an impression upon his character which life will not efface. Superstitious fear has been engendered to a greater or less extent, which will continue to affect that child's being, even after he has grown up into manhood. But what is still worse, the child by-and-by learns that "Bogie" is a fiction; for the more Bogie is threatened, the more he doesn't come. In fact, he discovers that all the while you have been threatening him with the "Black Man" and "Bogie," it has only been a series of lies you have been telling him. And thus, not only have you educated the child in superstition, but also in falsehood.

Idiotcy has not unfrequently resulted from terrors practiced on children—first there is a fit, then brain disease, ending in idiotcy. Servants—who are generally a little-educated class, and bring into the houses of their employers the domestic methods of terrifying which have been practiced in their own humble, and it may be ill-regulated, homes—servants, we say, are very apt to resort to terror in dealing with children, and rely mainly on the "Black Man" and the "bad place" in subduing them into quiet. They are sometimes too fond of frightening the young things with goblin stories, and tales of witches and ghosts, which cling to the child's imagination and cause him much after misery. No careful mother will expose her child to the risk of such inhumanity being practiced upon its young and susceptible mind; for if she do, she may as well throw up her charge at once, and leave off all further care of her child's up-bringing—as any good influences which she may exercise will be effectually thwarted, and the child's nature irretrievably poisoned, by the more powerful malign influences at work in her absence.

Pictures are often of a kind to excite great terror in the minds of children, and those of a frightful kind ought carefully to be kept out of their way. A child never forgets the pictures with which he has been familiar in early years. They speak to him through the eye, which at that time is the main inlet of knowledge; and the impressions then made are of the most abiding kind. Perhaps Charles Lamb has told the story of the impressiveness of pictures on the child's mind, better than any one else, so we quote his words:

"From my childhood, I was extremely sensitive about witches and witch stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with

which it abounds—one of the Ark in particular, and another of Solomon's Temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. . . . That detestable picture!

"I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time, solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my age—so far as my memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful specter. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part if I say, that to his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel—O that old man covered with a mantle! I owe—not my midnight terrors, but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bedfellow when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night—if I may use so bold an expression—awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the daylight, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was. Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice when they wake screaming, and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves!"

We speak from experience when we say, that children who have been kept out of the way of such superstitious terrifyings, will readily mount any stairs, enter any room, and go as sweetly to sleep alone in the dark as in the broad daylight. Because the dark has to them no fears; and that it has fears to any children, in, we are persuaded, entirely the result of bad training, of ghost-stories told by foolish servants, or still more foolish mothers, or, what is worse, by fathers, when foolish, by far the most foolish of all. Jean Paul tells us, in his autobiography, that he acquired his superstitious horror of ghosts and the dark from the stories told by his father to the children. "The fear of ghosts," he says, "was not so much created as nourished by my father himself. He spared us not one of all the spiritual appearances of which he had heard, and even told us some which he believed himself to have experienced. Many children, who are physically timid, appear courageous against spirits, but this is merely from want of imagination. On the contrary, a child like myself trembled before the *invisible* world, which his fancy formed and peopled; but he arms himself easily against the *visible*, as this never reaches the depth and greatness of the invisible." He tells us how, on one occasion, his brother took with him to bed a ghost-story book, and there read it for two long hours, during which, Richter says, "I lay with my head under the bedclothes, in the cold agony of fear of ghosts, and saw in the darkness the lightning from the cloudy heaven of spirits; and it seemed to me as

if man himself was spun round by spirit-worms." Even in the daytime, the boy, under the influence of this undefined terror, could not get rid of the fear of ghosts, but fancied they pursued him every time he crossed the church-yard alone! Such are the horrors which these absurd stories inflict on the minds of imaginative children.

Equally prejudicial to the young mind are the gloomy views of death, which nurses, servants, and mothers, often teach to children—sometimes to terrify, and sometimes, perhaps, with the intention of instructing them religiously. They will learn the stern truth soon enough, as they grow older. At least, let us not clothe "the grim king" in fictitious terrors, and dress him up as a bugaboo to frighten innocent babies with. Rightly considered, there is nothing frightful in death; and it is very often the terror of it implanted in our minds in childhood, which causes it to haunt us as a horror during life. But children can only understand death in the most partial possible light, and therefore it is better merely to let them know the fact, without the addition of the fictitious horrors, leaving the explanations of these, and of other deep problems of our being, to maturer years. They will then learn that death is a wise arrangement—that it is a condition of early life; and he who has lived wisely, virtuously, and religiously, will come to regard death like sleep, its brother, as only a welcome rest, a gentle dissolving repose, which is to herald in a brighter coming day.

In a word, children should be taught to *fear nothing but the doing of wrong*. Any other fear—of palpable or impalpable objects—is mischievous and full of future suffering. Children during fear push their fancy to the verge of insanity. Terror is indeed a short madness. The nurse, or the mischievous play-fellow, calls out to the timid child, in the dusk, "See!" "Look at that!" "He's coming!" "Hear what he says!" and the child shrieks in fright. That shriek may prolong its echoes along the child's entire future life. Cardinal de Retz has said that fear enfeebles and distorts the understanding more than all the other emotions of the mind; but terror, which is sudden or intensified fear, for the time entirely paralyzes the understanding, and may even annihilate it altogether. One shock of terror may produce a state of mind which is ever after susceptible of the same agony, and from such a time fear is never absent.

When children are by nature timid, their fears must be dealt with in a cheerful manner. The example of confidence should be set to them. Show the groundlessness of the fears, and protect the child against them till he has acquired strength and moral courage of his own. Mothers and nurses injudiciously cultivate the sense of fear in children by their over excess of cautiousness. "Don't" do this, "don't" do that, else so and so will happen. "You will be drowned;" or "you will be killed;" or "the man will come and take you away." Thus imaginary fears are conjured up in the child's mind. There are surely other, and far more effectual methods of prohibition besides fear, which carry with them no such torments. But into this latter question we shall not enter now, but reserve it to some more leisure period in the future.

New Books.

STRONG'S HARMONY AND EXPOSITION OF THE GOSPELS.—In a former number of the Repository we gave a very brief notice of this great and valuable book. We have since received from the author a copy, which we have examined with much satisfaction and profit. It contains a textual index, by which the reader may easily find the exposition of any passage in the Gospel history; a harmony and exposition of the history; and appendices, containing tables of measures and weights, a discussion concerning the time of the birth of Christ, comparative table of harmonies, general discussion concerning the topography of ancient Jerusalem, and an analytical index of the Gospel history. The book abounds with maps and various illustrations, all finely executed, and adding much to the interest and value of the work. The book is adapted, not only to the minister's study, but to the Sunday school and the family. No Biblical student should be without it. No teacher of Bible classes or Sunday schools can find any other so convenient and useful a manual of evangelical instruction. Every family head would find in its pages valuable means of communicating to his household religious instruction. The Harmony is arranged with remarkable care and skill. The Exposition consists of a "free version directly from the Greek text, expressing the sense—carefully sifted from the best and most recent commentaries and critical helps, and freed from every difficulty—in a straightforward and modern style, leaving its own appropriateness to commend it to the reader's judgment." Of all commentaries we have ever examined, Mr. Strong's is decidedly the best for conciseness, clearness, and fruitful suggestion. The reader of this work is wearied by no long and common-place homilies, nor is his taste offended by far-fetched and pedantic exhibitions of learning. He will find the exact thought stated in a clear, pointed expression, and the collateral ideas involved in the principal one only suggested. In no case is the patience of the reader or the force of the sentiment exhausted by dull prolixity. Though the work is really learned, yet there appears no ostentations show nor ambitious display of learning. You see the results only of long study and careful analysis. Persons of only plain, common English education need only carefully read the work to enjoy and appreciate its value. Indeed, to such persons will the book prove peculiarly valuable. We would advise every family-head to read, for the morning and evening Scripture lesson, one section with the exposition. He would thus be able in less than three months to give his family a clear and satisfactory exposition of all the events in the Gospel history, and of the parables and teachings of Christ. It is difficult to obtain any adequate conception of the time, expense, research, study, and thought which such a work must have cost its author. Mr. Strong is one of the very few men who have, by the favor of Providence, both the means and the disposition to undertake and to accomplish such an enterprise. Being a gentleman of education and of fortune, and ambitious only to do good, he has determined to devote his talents, his time, and his means to the acquisition and the diffusion of Biblical knowledge. Though pressed earnestly by his Christian friends, some years ago, and at times prompted by his own inclination, to take on himself the office of the itinerant ministry and the responsibilities of the pastoral work, yet he, wisely following his own mature convictions of duty, chose to remain a layman, and labor in a quiet, useful, but nearly unoccupied department of Christian duty. There is need of more men such as he—men of education, of talent, of tact, of research, of studious habits, of cultivated taste, of ambition, not for exciting popular applause, but only for permanent usefulness, and withal of ample *fortunes*, enabling them to afford to devote their time to pursuits purely literary, regardless of pecuniary profit. Mr. Strong, we are pleased to learn from a personal interview with him, intends to continue his literary labors. He is yet but a young man, and may, by the favor of Providence, count on long years, and an enviable position among the philosophic and literary benefactors of man. Long may he live, much good may he do, and abundant and precious may be his reward, both in the present life and the life to come!

GILDER'S RHETORICAL READER.—This is the best book of its class we have yet seen. The principles of elocution are explained and illustrated in a very clear, concise, and impressive manner. A few brief, pertinent, and natural rules are given, and copious and well-selected examples serve to fix in the mind the application of each rule. The lessons for reading and declamation are admirably selected. There is retained a sufficient number of the old and well-known pieces from the classic British authors, from Pitt, and Sheridan, and Burke. These pieces have become with every schoolboy household words, nor could they be wisely omitted from any reading-book. There is introduced a choice selection from well-known modern British and American writers—from Brougham, and Chalmers, and Macaulay, and Carlyle, and Webster, and Everett, and Channing, and Irving. There is also a very valuable and happy selection from the productions of a class of American writers not as yet so well-known in our school-books as in our religious associations. Those who venerate the name of Fisk, and Olin, and Summerfield, and Emory, and Bascom, and Cookman, will find in this book some of the most choice gems from the intellectual mine of those sainted ones treasured up for the future. And the admirers of the living stars in our own firmament, of Wise, and of McClinton, and of Kidder, and of Thomson, and of Durbin, and of Morris, and of Tefft, will find here "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," which they will love to enshrine in their memory. We consider this new feature of Mr. Gilder's book—the copious selection of choice extracts from writers of merit associated with our own Church—as one of the most valuable peculiarities of the work. Too long has the world been allowed, whenever science, or taste, or literature has been in question, to ask, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" We have the men, we have the mind, we have all the material, and we have the opportunity of building up, as have all others done before us, a denominational literature. It is no time now to hide our denominational colors nor abjure our denominational epithets. Let our men be known, let our literature be known, let our institutions be known, let our periodicals be known, let all be known in their own livery, and we can not fail to command in the literary, as we already do in the religious associations of the land, a position of eminence and influence. We thank Mr. Gilder, thank him from our very heart, for bringing his mature judgment and good taste into requisition in preparing his book. In the peculiar tone and spirit of the lessons he has selected, he has given us indications of refinement and delicacy of taste. There is a charm in the style of his selections, a dignity of thought, and a beauty of expression that can not fail to promote both the morals and the taste of the scholar who may become familiar with the book. We are happy to learn, as we do from Mr. Gilder's preface, that he intends to publish, on the same plan, a juvenile reader, and one for the use of young ladies. For the latter enterprise he has superior qualifications, as he has long been at the head of one of the very best female seminaries of the country. To his enterprises we wish abundant success, and to himself long life and prosperity!

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY.—The enterprise of Mr. Putnam in publishing a series of cheap, readable books for travelers and fireside readers is a very happy conception, and, in general, wisely executed. Several books of the series are interesting, and some of them valuable. Others, however, are of very little account. Much of the success of such an enterprise must depend on a judicious selection of works. The selector should be a great reader, and distinguished for good taste and for intimate acquaintance with the taste of the public. Why have none of our religious publishing houses undertaken a similar series? A library of the kind, exclusively religious, might not prove popular or profitable; but surely a series on the plan of Putnam, devoted to "literature and religion," would be well sustained by the public. We are suffering literature to be too much the ally of fashion and of folly. Its appropriate sphere is the cultivation of the moral affections. Unless we bestir ourselves in using literature as the associate and aid of religion, we shall have a most sad account to render in the day of reckoning. Who will arise first and foremost in this great work?

Editor's Cable.

We ought, perhaps, to state again that we do not deal in polemics, and that correspondents who wish to discuss mooted questions ought to send their articles to weekly editors rather than to ourselves. And yet we like spirit in a correspondent; for instance, one like "Philander," who sends us an epistle on life insurance, and who says we ought to publish his piece, controversy or no controversy, and that all the men who write against life insurance are men who have nice, comfortable homes and well-furnished parlors to sit in, and who, if called for by Death, could leave to their wives and children something more than the inheritance of beggary. Philander, we like your piece in several particulars; but in certain parts we fear it would give offense, and add nothing to the Christian graces of your brethren. Why dare you ask the question how a preacher, with his wife and children, can live on two or three hundred dollars a year, when not one of his members would be willing to undertake the experiment without grumbling? Why do you insinuate that a man with such a salary must turn bankrupt, and leave his family penniless at his death? Do you not know that such a preacher is bankrupt all the while, and that his pocket is empty, his heart heavy, and his whole soul disturbed in regard to how and where he shall get bread? Do you not know, also, that his brethren *esse* paid their twenty-five cents, and that this is a quarter and quarterage together? Come, sir, the open discussion of such topics, in the pages of a ladies' magazine, could not be otherwise than disastrous. The spirit of persecution would run high, and the reputation of many who are fond of cheating the preacher and filling their own money-bags would become involved. You say that you expect, or rather guess, that the reason why some railroad companies put preachers through at half fare is because the poor preachers get only half pay. Well, this is a thought, and a bright one, too; and how thankful ought we all to be to know that corporations, if not Christians, have souls.

As the reader knows, certain ladies, a short time since, held a Rights' Convention at Syracuse, N. Y. Various topics were discussed, and with a vast deal of excitement and confusion as accompaniments. We think that it is about time for the men to have a convention, and that they discuss the necessity of having a share of the staying at home to nurse the baby and make the bread, while their wives go out and take hold of the plow-handle, or dig with a shovel in some railroad embankment. We like fair play and "good justice" in this matter. If the women must hustle up to the ballot-box and must dabble in the filth and slop of party politics, let them do it. But adieu, then, to all that endears woman now to our hearts. She has her sphere and man has his, and to assign to both the same duties would be and is preposterous. Stormy and terrible times must the husbands of these wives have when their spouses are at home, if we are to judge of their temper and character by their debates in convention. We pity such husbands. Their wives become public brawlers, and go up in council to tell of their unmitigated and intolerable suffering. Why don't they get divorced, and leave their husbands, and set up a sample of decent behavior for others to follow, and not be constantly complaining, and yet disposed to try nothing else?

There are some abuses in society which ought to be corrected, and there are certain rights which ought to be conceded to woman, and which, if a proper method is taken, will eventually be granted her. There is the case of the needlewoman, who wears out her life in the effort to sustain life merely, while men laboring only half as many hours as they have a competence. But we doubt wholly the policy of denouncing an evil in excited debate as the best method of abolishing it. Not the smothering of the Bible and Bible principles, as these would-be reformers would teach; but the dissemination and practice of its truths only can correct the existing evils of the social compact. Let us have the light, the light of Gospel truth and heaven, in the hearts of the children of men, and then wives will have little of which to complain regarding their husbands, and husbands every-where will study the wishes and the welfare of their wives as much as many are now said selfishly to study their own.

Our engravings this month will give general satisfaction, we think. They are spirited and well executed. The young rider and his horse are out in fine trim, and seem intent on a fast ride and much fun. Strikingly characteristic of that most terrible of western scenes is the Prairie on Fire. How startled, in the foreground, seem the deer, and yet how slow and undecided are they about seeking a retreat from the crackling and close-pursuing flames.

In our allusion to one of the September plates—The Indiana Hospital for the Blind—we omitted to mention the name of the Superintendent, Mr. Wm. H. Churchman, himself blind, but an officer peculiarly adapted to the responsible and difficult post which he occupies. It was mainly through the suggestions and considerations made by Mr. Churchman that this noble structure was erected. Our sister state is under great and lasting obligations to him, and no doubt the gratitude of the unfortunate inmates is freely lavished upon him. The literary proficiency of the pupils, who read by means of raised letters, printed on heavy paper, is highly creditable. We notice in the Annual Report quite a list of articles, the result of the manual labor of the different members of the institution—such as hair-brushes, shoe-brushes, flesh, hat, clothes, horse, dust, and scrubbing-brushes, cradles, willow wagons, market-baskets, school and sewing-baskets, carpets, towels, sheets, purses, tidies, etc. The total value of the articles manufactured yearly must amount, we think, to about two thousand dollars. May the institution live, and long continue to shed its wholesome influence among those from whom the beams of the soft sunlight are forever shut out!

Poems, by William Baxter, one of our old correspondents, is the title of a chaicte and beautiful volume from the press of Metcalfe & Company, Cambridge, Mass., which the author has laid on our table. We copy from it "Among the Pines," which the reader may find on another page. The work can be had of Mr. Jethro Jackson, corner of Walnut and Eighth streets, in this city. Price, one dollar; or, by inclosing one dollar and nine cents in postage stamps, it will be mailed to any part of the country.

That trite but fruitful topic, the paper-soled shoes of American ladies, is quite vigorously discussed in a recent book of travels by Captain McKinnon. Dr. Fitch, of New York, has likewise been lecturing on the subject. Speaking of the wan, pale, and delicate specimens of humanity presented to a stranger on his first look at Americans, he reiterates the fact that only about four out of every hundred individuals in this country live to the age of sixty. On the other hand, in England seven out of every hundred attain to this excellent age. The climate there may be warmer and more temperate than here; but, at the same time, it is much damper, and has all those atmospherical and other conditions which contribute to produce an immense amount of consumption. Transatlantic people are confined and closely packed. Millions live so poorly, and in such miserable habitations, that a far greater tendency to this disease exists there than in America. Why, then, the great difference in regard to English and American mortality or health? It is found in the fact, unquestionably, that they take experience as their guide, while we take nothing for our guide, but jump headlong into every hurry and excess possible, without consulting the old, and without any regard to the probable or ultimate result of certain habits upon our health. We wear thin shoes, thin dresses; we exercise but little, stay in doors as much as we can, run like electricity when we get into the sunlight, and keep the wheels of life in a perpetual and tremendous flutter. What wonder that we soon find death, and soon get rest in the grave?

With one other number closes the twelfth volume of the Ladies' Repository. Need we spend time or words in urging upon the attention of our patrons a continuance of their favors? Now is no time for inaction. Come, friends, let us have not only your names, but the names of your friends and acquaintances. We desire to begin with a heavy subscription list. Let us have such an one as the periodical has never yet boasted, and let all get to work at once for the object. If each single subscriber would set his heart on getting just one more, there would be almost enough.





The Boatmen.

Illustration by F. H. Stoddard.





to their summit with primeval forests. We descend to valleys dark with dense wild shrubbery. We range along plains teeming with forests of pine. The clearings seem just made, and abound with stumps blackened by fire. The villages can hardly be seen on account of the immense piles of lumber accumulating along the railroad line. It is the region preëminently of pine. Every thing looks of pine and smells of pine. From the Alleghany to the Chemung there would seem enough of pine lumber to build up all the cities of America.

The scenery, however, is not without its attractions. From the hill-side, a long distance east of Dunkirk, you catch an unexpected and beautiful glimpse of Lake Erie. Descending from the lofty hills which skirt the shores of the Lake, you glide for many a mile along the Alleghany, gleaming with its mirrowy surface amidst the wild woodlands. Just before leaving the Alleghany, we catch a glimpse of the village of Olean, the only ancient village along this route. Olean was for a long time the embarking port of the emigrant from New England and New York for the west. Over a long and rough road he made his weary way from the Atlantic shores to the Alleghany. At Olean he sold his jaded teams and disabled wagons for a raft of lumber. On his raft he disposed his family and his "plunder," and started on his adventurous voyage to the west. Winding down the Alleghany, through dreary woods, he made his way at Pittsburg into the Ohio, and thence glided down its beautiful waters, till he reached some port along its shores, whence he might most conveniently reach his place of destination in the interior. Those were days of romance, those days before the era of railroads and steamboats. Those days are past, nor can they ever again return.

Rising from the valley of the Alleghany, and passing over a country of plain, and hill, and stream, we descend at Hornelsville to the Canistota valley. Along the narrow valley of this beautiful stream the cars dash at a rapid rate, whizzing by immense piles of lumber and rapidly rising villages. The hills forming the river bank are steep, and covered with forest-trees. The continuity of the forest, however, is frequently broken by broad sluices, down which are rolled from the hill-top to the river the logs from which are manufactured the immense quantities of pine boards, whose presence every-where along the route forms the most prominent feature of the landscape.

At Elmira there suddenly opens before the eye of the traveler a scene wholly different from any before appearing on the route. The valley of the Chemung here spreads out into a plain, one of the most fertile, the most lovely, the most beautiful on which human eye ever looked. Bordering the plain are gently sloping hills, their sides and summits waving in the season with golden grain. Far in the distance appear ranges of blue mountains, crowned on their lofty summit with groves of pine. In the midst of the plain sits, queen of all the

region, the beautiful village of Elmira. This scene is but the beginning of a succession of views, differing in details, but on the same general plan of outline, and extending, as you are borne along the banks of the Susquehanna, for one hundred miles.

The principal features of the scenery are the Susquehanna, the rich intervalles, the gentle hills tinged with blue, the groves of oak and of pines, the orchards and gardens, the neat farm-houses, and pleasant villages. There may be regions more pleasant to behold than the Susquehanna valley from Elmira to Lanesboro, but, if there be, I have never seen them.

At Lanesboro we leave the Susquehanna, ascend the summit, and descend to the Delaware. Here begins altogether another kind of scenery, the most wild, savage, and fierce. Nature appears untamed and untamable. When you have once dashed along the Delaware in the cars of the Erie road for a hundred miles, you will need travel no further in search of the sublime.

At the village of Delaware we leave the river, ascend the highlands of Orange county, and wend our way for another hundred miles over a rich farming country—the land of milk and of butter.

So admirable are the arrangements of this road, that you may travel the entire length from the Lake to New York city by clear daylight. We left Dunkirk at six o'clock in the morning. By sunset we had arrived at Narrowsburg on the Delaware. Here we remained over night, and took the next express train, which came along at breakfast time. No objection whatever is ever made on this road to your taking your time in going through on the same ticket. You take a through ticket, and it remains "good" for any train any reasonable length of time. If you start from Dunkirk to New York, and have your baggage "checked" through, but determine afterward to stop over night at any way station, you have only to signify to the conductor your wishes, and your baggage will be most cheerfully and most politely obtained, though they have to overhaul the whole baggage car for it. Indeed, nothing is wanting on this road to promote, in the greatest possible degree, the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

The construction of this road is one of the most wonderful enterprises of the age. I know not who first conceived the project of making a railway from the Atlantic to the Lakes along the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and over the highlands that rise between these great rivers; but he could have been no common man. This enterprise, however, is but the beginning of railroads along that line. As you proceed along the route you will be surprised at the frequent lateral roads already constructed, or in process of construction, tributary to this great thoroughfare. At Hornelsville comes in the road from Buffalo by Attica. At Corning there comes in nearly finished the Genesee Valley road from Rochester. At Elmira is the junction of the road from Niagara Falls by Canandaigua. It is finished



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1852.

INKLINGS ABROAD.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
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A SERIES of untoward circumstances came near utterly cheating me out of my vacation rambles the past summer. I, however, like occasionally to have either a running fight or a pitched battle with circumstances. I have always, as yet, come away from the contest a victor, and better prepared, by the discipline acquired, for the great battle of life. I find occasionally developing in my nature some strange inconsistencies. With a strong propensity to a life of literary seclusion, I find mingled a passion for roaming over the earth in search of the beautiful, the picturesque, or the romantic in nature. Were I to follow my propensity to literary leisure, I should closely confine myself to my sequestered study, limiting my view to the rural landscape immediately around me, and seldom, if ever, mingling with the world on the great thoroughfare of life. Were I to yield to my passion for the beautiful in nature, I should be ever rambling over hill and dale, mountain and valley, dallying for a time in shady glen; then climbing the mountain summit; then roaming over the plain, or following the devious meanderings of the streamlet, or coasting along the indented shores of the ocean. I think, on the whole, my propensity is stronger for a life of physical activity than for one of literary confinement. It may be that this is only an instinct of my nature, designed to secure that physical exercise, without which life to me would be brief and of little value. So, whatever may be the confining force of circumstances, I must occasionally break away, and recruit my energies, exhausted by confinement to mental labor, by a few days of free and romantic rambling. On such occasions I care little for promiscuous society. It is true, I sometimes most unexpectedly meet an old acquaintance, or very opportunely form a happy new acquaintance, thereby increasing my resources of enjoyment. But generally the company of one friend of congenial spirit is sufficient for all purposes of society. I never pass over a route of travel, or look on a natural scene, however familiar

it may be to me, without receiving impressions of beautiful pictures, which remain fadeless on the memory. Some such scenes, presented in my last excursion, I may attempt to describe.

SCENERY OF THE MIAMI.

I had never, till my last summer excursion, passed up the valley of the Miami; nor did I ever dream of such scenes of exquisite beauty as float before the vision of the traveler, as he dashes along the railway.

Leaving Cincinnati from the depot of the Hamilton and Dayton railroad, we crept by a winding way out of the city, and soon found ourselves amid scenes of surpassing loveliness. The morning was rainy; but neither the rain which fell on the thirsty earth, nor the mist which shrouded the landscape, occasionally rising to disclose the hillsides, detracted from the beauty of the scene. Did ever human eye look on a vale more beautiful than that of the Miami? To describe it is impossible. To be appreciated it must be seen. No pen, no pencil, can give an idea of the luxuriance of the fields, and the exquisite and elegant bowers of trees and shrubbery scattered over the landscape. Reader, reader of the city, the Queen City of the West, have you yet neglected to make an excursion over this beautiful scene? Are you aware that within an hour's distance of your home there may be found rural scenes and landscape views for which the traveler may in vain look even in far-famed Italy or classic Greece? There is, reader, if you have not yet been over that scene, reserved for you a feast of luxuriance and of pleasure. And if you have been over it, you may, with renewed pleasure, go over it again, and still again; nor will it ever become to the eye of the lover of the beautiful commonplace or uninteresting.

THE MAD RIVER RAILWAY.

I have often been over the Mad River and Lake Erie railroad, and I never have failed to enjoy the excursion in a high degree. I know not what it is which makes the route so pleasant. I can not describe the combination of circumstances which make up the amount of pleasure. The scenery is not remarkably interesting, nor has the road been free from disadvantages arising from the want

And cold dishonor! Grant it, that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
Somewhat too early—where's the crime of this?
That it must needs bring on the idioey
Of moist-eyed Penitence—'tis like a dream."

And yet again in that most ingenious soliloquy:

"Say I had laid a body in the sun!
Well, in a month there swarm forth from the corpse
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man. Say I had killed him!
Yet who shall tell me that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy
As that one life, which, being pushed aside,
Made room for these unnumbered?"

But he is not satisfied, and presently adds:

"I fain would lie
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unperced darkness."
"For while I lie—
An inward day that never, never sets
Glazes round my soul, and mocks my closing eyelids."

And reverting to his murdered brother, he continues, mournfully:

"Over his rocky grave the fir grove sighs
A lulling, ceaseless dirge—'tis well with him."

Some two or three years ago I chanced to be stopping in one of our eastern cities, and my home, for the time, was in what is termed a *genteel* boarding-house; wherein, some comic writer, with no less truth than fun, says, "they find out what you don't like, and give you a good deal of it."

But it was not of this I proposed to write. Among the other people of the house there was one beautiful woman—the petted and admired of all, of course. And, indeed, she deserved some sort of recompense for the time and pains required to make herself look pretty. And here I must make a brief digression; for I would not be understood as favoring a personal disregard amounting to slovenliness, or even carelessness—for by such means we become blots, as it were, among the fair forms of nature; but to spend all our time and means, when both, perhaps, should be very precious to us, in expensive and worthless decorations of ourselves, to the neglect of more urgent duties, seems to me most reprehensible.

And this lady of whom I write was one of those who can sacrifice mind, and heart, and appetite, and slight all duty to others, for the sake of a bit of lace or a yard of gay ribbon. My landlady was an excellent and ladylike person, who went every day through a heavy routine of duties, and contrived withal to be always dressed in a pretty and becoming style. And this fair lady of whom I have previously written was her distant relative, availing herself of the boarding-house without any other recompense than the mere gracing of it. True, the accommodations with which she contented herself were something limited, her room being in reality nothing more than a closet of few feet in length or breadth, dark as night, and without ventilation, except such as the door afforded, and that opened into a basement kitchen, generally redolent with roast beef and onions; for the closet itself

was more than half under ground, and situated between the cellar and kitchen.

That the habitant of such a place should come forth gay as a butterfly and neat as a new pin, I have always regarded as a great triumph of skill, and a mysterious one, too.

But so, day by day, she came forth; and among the flowers of the veranda, none was so much sought as she. The last novel was generally in her hand; and she either felt, or affected to feel, the greatest sympathy for all suffering heroines.

One day, sitting in my room, which opened from the first landing, I heard in the hall below an unusual commotion—voices in angry and menacing tones, and footsteps hurrying hither and thither. In the midst of all this, the gay lady opened my door, and, rushing precipitately toward me, begged me to come below. Either the house was on fire or some one fallen dead I supposed, and followed her with some trepidation, I confess. In the midst of a group, whose faces I scarcely recognized for their malignant expression, stood a pale, shivering boy of sixteen or eighteen years, perhaps; a stout, gray-headed man clutching him fiercely by the hair of his head, and jostling him roughly from side to side, threatening him the while with all horrible punishments. "I'll take my pay off from your hide, you young scoundrel," said the old man, "if ever I catch you here again. I shall not send for a policeman a second time, sir, if there is a hammer to be found that will knock out your teeth, or a lash and salt with which to pepper your back. Here, what have you got?" he continued. "You ought to be strung up by the neck, and then I'd have a fair opportunity to search you." And thrusting his hand into one of the boy's pockets, he drew forth a gold watch, which the fair Miss —, clapping her hands, recognized as her own, heaping the while many opprobrious epithets on the boy, and manifesting great exultation at this positive proof of his guilt.

Nothing else was found in his pocket, save a partly eaten cracker; and pleading hunger and poverty in excuse for his crime, he was handed over to the policeman, and committed for trial.

While all this was going forward, I learned, as the reader has, too, by this time, that he had been apprehended in the house as a thief, which he really was; but that the pale, trembling criminal, acknowledging his guilt and pleading for mercy, should, even in the bosom of woman, excite no pity, was painful and fearful to witness.

Whether it would have done any good to take him by the hand and call him brother, to give him meat and drink, and try, with warning and kindness, to win him back to the straight way, where yet his dishonored manhood might be rebuilt, I know not; but this I do know, that "all revenge is crime," and can be productive of no good.

It has been beautifully, and I think truly, said by one of the greatest authors of our time, that "the soul really grand is only tested in its errors.

As we know the true might of the intellect by the rich resources and patient strength with which it redeems a failure, so do we prove the elevation of the soul by its courageous return into light, its instinctive rebound into higher air, after some error that has darkened its vision and soiled its plumes."

When the evidence of the youth's guilt was required, it was astonishing to see the eagerness with which women, and especially the one I have particularly mentioned, lent their testimony, with what elaborate care they arrayed themselves, and how complacently they went and returned; and, indeed, nearly all the members of the household seemed to feel that they had come to great honor by the affair and the published notice of it. It afforded the staple of conversation every meal-time for a month thereafter, and the most minute descriptions of the wretched appearance of the prisoner seemed to add new gusto to the viands.

I was once in the house of a negro woman, and while we were engaged in talking, a little child who had been playing about the floor suddenly climbed into the window—the room was in the third story—and, with a frail and careless hold of the sash, sat mirthfully balancing himself backward and forward. On seeing it, I called the attention of the woman to the danger; for she stood nearer it than I. "It ain't my child," she said, indifferently, and without leaving her work.

And this seems to be the general feeling. If it be not our father or our brother who is dying or in danger, sick or in prison, we keep at our customary avocations, and say, "They are nothing to me," forgetful that they are all in all to somebody.

"O, friends, my life is very dear to me; I have a brother and a promised wife!" said one to those who would have murdered him, and their hearts were softened, and they let him go.

Sometimes when too much inclined to ponder our own sorrows, it is well to look upon the deeper sufferings of others; and impressed with this belief, I lately visited a hospital for the indigent. The first ward I entered was that appropriated to sick women. A stifling atmosphere met me at the door; but not for that I shuddered and stood still. The room was long and narrow, and lined with beds, dirty and comfortless. On either side of the room there were fifty, perhaps; their occupants, for the most part, old, and miserably sick and wretched. As they turned their livid faces and burning or glazed eyes toward me, I felt how blessed they are who have no shelter but the blue heavens, if their limbs are yet unshackled so that they may sit in the sunshine, and think in the breeze. As my eye wandered on from one to another, it rested on the shrouded form of a corpse. The two "tire-women" performed their office with as much seeming indifference as that with which they would have done any thing else. I walked behind my guide the narrow alley to the end of the chamber and back, but my lips were dumb. I could think of no comforting thing to say. Approaching the entrance

again, I noticed a young girl sitting in a wooden rocking-chair, and nursing a babe of but a few days old apparently. Her white cheek flushed beneath my glance, and she wrapped the scanty robe of faded calico about the child, and folded it closer to her bosom, but without a mother's pride, I thought.

Involuntarily I had stopped before her; and seeing her confusion, I felt that she supposed me attracted by idle curiosity, and, as some extenuation of my seeming rudeness, I spoke of the beauty of the babe and inquired its age. The head of the mother had drooped almost against her bosom, and as she uplifted it the old pallor took its place in her cheek, and, though she spoke no word, there was a mute appeal for pity in her eyes that brought tears to my own, and which I shall never forget.

"Poor thing!" said the superintendress, when we had passed on, "no wonder she feels bad. She will be turned out in a few days, and she has no home nor friends now."

It was no fear for the needs of the future, I thought, that made her tremble and turn pale, but the still-rebuking whisper from the past. Poor, desolate, and forsaken creature! where she is now, and with what words she stills the more than orphan crying of her child, I know not. I only know that she now says in vain,

"Come, O lover!
Close and cover

These poor eyes, you called, I ween,
Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

O, we have need to be compassionate and considerate! We have walked but feebly where others have fallen, and the world is full enough of sorrow and of woe at the best, without our needlessly adding to the sufferings of our fellow-mortals by hard words and hard dealing. Are there no eyes, dear reader, from which you have turned away proudly or scornfully sometimes, and which are languishing and weary now;

"But if you looked down upon them,
And if they looked up to you,
All the light that had foregone them,
Would be gathered back anew!"

By the remembrance of the remorse which at some time you must have felt yourself, by the knowledge that in the hands of One greater than you there is retribution that will be justly awarded, deal kindly and speak softly always. "It is a little thing to give a cup of water" to a poor and thirsty brother; "it is a little thing to speak a word of common kindness;" and yet from such little acts and common words springs the sweetest sunshine of life.

Scarcely are any of us so poor that there is not some one whom, in some way, we can gladden; none so rich as to be above the common needs of our frail and erring mortality.

PATIENT study, not genius, is the true road to honorable distinction.

AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.

BY HANCOCK.

KIND reader, in a former paper we introduced you to an English homestead; we shall now seek to make you acquainted with the inhabitants. You will find them the pictures of health and robustness, possessed of strong, active, and muscular frames. Honest, frugal, industrious, and benevolent, they will bespeak, by their habits, your admiration and regard. Their characteristic industry and frugality may be, in some good degree, the result of their peculiar circumstances. The farms of England are mostly the property of wealthy landholders, who exact heavy rents from their tenants, which, with the unrighteous tithes contributed to the support of a corrupt Church establishment, and the oppressive taxes extorted to sustain an extravagantly expensive government, must enjoy economy and industry upon the farmer. There can be no idleness about his house. Master and mistress, son and daughter, maid-servant and man-servant, must be busy. Accordingly, these farms present to the observer scenes of activity of a healthful, cheerful kind.

The industrious, frugal character of the people may be seen in their very appearance. In their attire, use and comfort are the two principles they first consult, though their ideas of what is comfortable by no means harmonize with ours. Their apparel is generally of the most durable material; and in its manufacture they have little reference to what we would call taste, neatness, or fashion. Milliners are scarce, and the village tailor seems only to renew the patterns of his predecessor, the honest villagers tenaciously adhering to the costume of their forefathers. Perhaps you have seen an English countryman, just imported, and have been tempted to amuse yourself with his grotesque appearance. Others may have not; and for their sake we will try to picture him, throwing also a glance at the dress of the country fair.

First, then, of the men's attire. An under garment, without the needless extravagance of a linen front, but with a standing collar so high as to threaten an excision of the ears, and which, Taylor-like, has "never surrendered" to the turn-down mandate of Byron. A pair of breeches, reaching only to the knees, and there adorned with some half dozen bright brass buttons; the limbs below being shielded either by a pair of close-fitting long stockings, sometimes ornamentally ribbed, or by a pair of gaiters, or wrappers, as we would term them. A vest, or waistcoat, as they always call it, of some strong material, and over this a coat or smock-frock. Their coats are generally of a drab cloth; are made with large frock skirts, having capacious pockets outside and in, the whole set off with heavy metal buttons. The smock-frock is a loose garment, made of heavy twilled goods, manufactured for the purpose. The front

and back is gathered into something like a "yoke," and these gathers are tastefully ornamented with a good deal of nicely executed stitch-work. A pair of large, square flaps, ornamented with braiding, covers the shoulders, and a pair of full sleeves are gathered into a tight wristband. Some of these frocks, like that garment so celebrated in song, "Daddy Grimes's coat," are "all buttoned up before;" others are only open a little, and are secured at the neck by a large button, thus giving the wearer quite a *gouwissh*, if not a clownish appearance. To us, of all garments they would be most unhandy; but among the English laborers they are the favorite garb. Perhaps the advocates of Bloomerism might find a profitable field of enterprise, would they attempt to show the English farmers the impropriety of wearing these decidedly awkward smock-frocks. To finish our description of the English countryman's attire, we have yet to tie around his neck a large cravat, to place upon his head a high-crowned fur hat, and to arm him with a pair of heavy shoes, the heels and soles of which are completely shod with large nails, and the toes protected by a formidable array of nails, so made as to clinch over the edge of the sole, and hence called "clinchers." These shoes, thus armed, are a terrible weapon of defense, especially when the wearer has a kicking propensity.

Such is the male attire. We have yet to show you the ladies', though, by the way, this term lady is there applied only to the wives and daughters of the nobility.

The females about an English farm-house are no exception to the remarks we have made respecting dress. Plain calico, by them called "cotton," worsted, and woolen goods form their principal wear. Their dresses are as antiquated, in point of fashion, as the male attire. They know but little of the frequent and entire revolutions of fashion which so much afflict their aristocratic and, generally, our American fair. A dress, with a very short waist, and often with short sleeves, leaving their stout arms exposed; an apron of checked goods; a handkerchief, pinned shawl-shape around the neck; and a cap, with a broad frilled border, worn even by young girls, constitute their indoor attire. To this is added, when they go out, a shawl or cloak, and a bonnet, the crown and poke of which would seem to us to be of huge dimensions. Some of the cloaks worn by the English women are very peculiar. They are made of some red material, and hanging between the shoulders is a sort of "hood," or pouch-shaped affair, attached to the collar of the cloak, and forming a sort of cape, which, in inclement weather, can be drawn over the bonnet, thus affording greater protection to the head. It is related somewhere that a regiment of French once attempted the invasion of the Island. In the absence of the regular "red-coats," a number of old women were collected, attired in their bright red cloaks, and marched, with music playing and colors streaming, to the summit of a

neighboring hight. There they were drawn up in martial array, and their dress so much resembled the uniform of the British soldiery as to convey the impression to the invaders that the place was well defended; and the fooled French commander, seared off, with his marauding band, by a regiment of old women, hastily retreated! But to return to our description. In wet weather the patten is an important article to an English woman. This is a piece of wood of the shape of the shoe-sole, and secured, like a sandal, to the foot. A ring of iron, some three or four inches in diameter, is fastened to the wooden part by two pieces of iron, so as to raise the foot some two inches from the ground. Upon these awkward things they walk with apparent ease, click-clacking along the pavements or roadside, totally heedless of mud and water. Of course, these pattens add to the hight of the ladies, and it is amusing to a stranger to see them suddenly spring up two or more inches as soon as the rain begins to fall. Whether or not the introduction of India rubber shoes will bring these pattens into disuse, it is hard to say; but certainly some such protection for the feet is necessary in that wet and humid clime.

The descriptions we have given do not suit all the people; for some indulge in goods of a better kind, and wear garments of a more fashionable shape; and, on Sabbaths and holiday occasions, you will see the men dressed in their broadcloths, and the ladies sporting their silks and satins; yet our description will indicate the appearance of the majority of the country people in the section of which we write.

As we have remarked, there are some who may be called fashionable, and, perhaps, fashion is gaining among them; but it will be a long time before it will overcome the inveterate changelessness of the English people. Where it now exists, supplied by country tailors and milliners, it is only a change from bad to worse. A neat, well-cut garment among the rural classes is rarely found; nor do they look at this. With them a garment fits that can be at all worn with comfort. Use, comfort, we said, were the principles they first consult—that which will be useful to them, and will make them comfortable in their peculiar circumstances. Their frugality, of which we have spoken, is not developed by a mean stinginess, the sure index of a parsimonious spirit. They are benevolent and hospitable to others, and have no idea of denying themselves any reasonable gratification. They spread a plenteous board, and are rather inclined to indulgence of appetite than otherwise. Their frugality is properly exhibited in a prudent economy, which leads them to make the best and the most of every thing. "Waste makes want," is a proverb often quoted by them, and, understanding its spirit, they turn every thing to some profitable account. In their cooking this is frequently seen. What can not be eaten roasted, can be if boiled. What has been rejected in one form, is stewed or

hashed, and is made acceptable in another. What can not be used by man, can be by his beast. And in this way every thing is made of some account. This principle is adopted in all their business, and is one means of their success. Indeed, were the wasteful extravagance of some of our agriculturists and housekeepers to be indulged in by the English, ruin would be the inevitable consequence. "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can," is a valuable recommendation, which, kind reader, we commend to your attention.

We said they were industrious, though not in the same "go-ahead" manner with us. It is rather a sober, steady principle—the patient endurance of the ox rather than the fiery impetuosity of the horse. We are anxious to accomplish a great deal; they are careful to have it well done. Perhaps their industry is better managed than ours, especially in the proper division of labor. On every farm they have a corps of domestics, called "servants;" white, it is true, but still as distinct from the family as are those called servants among our southern neighbors. Each one of these has a particular work assigned him. On the farm the "wagoner" takes charge of the horses, plows, teams, and so forth; another man takes care of the cattle and sheep. In the house there is the same division of labor. The "house-maid" sweeps, scrubs, and so on; the "dairy-maid" milks, churns, and makes the cheese; and the "nurse" has special charge of the juvenile responsibilities. Some also employ a "cook;" but this is most generally the part of the "mistress" herself. Labor being thus divided, each one knows what he or she has to do, and can be more readily made responsible for indolence or neglect, the family directing and overseeing the whole. To us it may seem strange that such an army of domestics should be employed by a single farmer; but they are cheaply hired, are content with the coarsest fare, and the farmers may as well support them thus as pay additional tax for their maintenance at the public expense. Besides, they require more manual labor than we do from the manner in which they do their work. Some improvements have been made; but they generally use the same kind of implements used by their ancestors—the same heavy wagon and plow—even that simple invention, the washing-machine, is wanting. In short, they are almost entirely unacquainted with the labor-saving machinery now in use in the great Yankee nation. A few more world's fairs may send these inventions among them. Such being their lack of improvement, these domestics are not enough; they also employ the laboring men and their wives, who occupy the cottages of the neighboring hamlets. At early morn these industrious peasants—a cheerful race—may be seen moving to their daily toil, often vying with the feathered choristers in chanting a morning song; for they are particularly fond of the rude ballads of the country. These women will do almost any kind of farm-work, and always assist at washing, which,

our American ladies may be surprised to learn, is seldom performed but once a month. Washing-day there is a notable day. Such a revolution of every thing; such an assortment of soiled apparel; such a boiling of water, and rubbing, and rinsing, and wringing, and hanging-out of clothes; such a time of scolding, and fretting, and joking, and working, is better imagined than described. The mistress then leaves the parlor, the house-maid the kitchen, the dairy-maid the churn, the nurse the cradle, and each one, arrayed in wash-day uniform, stands at the tub; while the soap lathers, the suds fly, the dog runs off, the men abscond, and the work goes bravely on, amid the splashing of water, the din of tongues, the boiling of kettles, the squalling of children, the mewing of cats, and all the discordant sounds of a household Babel. Nor is order restored till after ironing-day, when the drying, ironing, folding, and stowing away has been completed. Then the dog and his master can return, the baby be again calmed and cared for, and the regular domestic machinery move off in harmony once more. Such are the accumulated annoyances of an English wash-day, that popular indignation has vented itself in the following couplet:

"Wash! wash! wash! wash, wash away!
There's not a bit of comfort on a washing-day!"

But, reader, enough. Memory has furnished me some more information respecting their domestic and social habits, which must be reserved for another paper. Be patient, reader; the oyster supplies us with the pearl, and, unlikely though it may seem, we may yet find something in Memory's store-house, profitable and interesting. Good-by!

AN ADMIRER OF THE BIBLE.

NICHOLAS BOILEAU was born at Paris in 1636; and at thirty years of age, the strength and harmony of his verse, the delicacy of his satire, and the energy of his style had raised him above his poetical predecessors, and had made him the favorite of France and of Europe. Subsequently a pension was settled on him by the king. A biographer says:

"After enjoying the favors of his sovereign, and all the honors which the French Academy and the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres could bestow, Boileau retired from public life, dissatisfied with the insincerity of the world, and the profligacy of manners which he had satirized with spirit and truth, and he spent his time in literary privacy, in the society of a few select and valuable friends. He died, an example of great resignation and piety, March 2, 1711, in his seventy-fifth year."

The Bible was his book. Says he: "Every word and syllable of the Bible ought to be adored: it not only can not be too much admired, but it can not be enough admired."

If there were more of Bible reading, and less negligence in regard to its precepts and commands, the world would have a larger amount of happiness.

LONELY BURIAL.

—
BY A. H. GUY, A. M.
—

Among the passengers on the public conveyance was a tender female with a sick child. She was traveling; but whence she came or whither she would go was no question to man or woman. Perhaps she received the common greetings which salute you; but unknown, she was doomed to meet such sympathy as strangers feel for strangers' woes. Every comfort tendered her was the price of her money; and when that failed, the fountain from which these requited kindnesses flowed dried up.

At last, compelled from duty and affection for the little sufferer, she stopped and asked the hospitalities of a public house. No impression of her sufferings reached the busy ones around; they saw, but they felt not. Her wants met no responsive tones in other hearts. She obtained a room, where she retired with her precious charge, to watch over its last dreadful agonies.

Her friends were distant; and her husband, the one bound by all sacred ties to sustain and protect her, had gone to seek his fortune in golden treasures in the far-off land. She was alone, and well she felt it.

The intensity of her misery was more than equal to her loneliness; for this was her first-born and only child. Around its being her tenderest affections clung; the bright prospects of the future all gathered in it; and now it was that clouds darkened her vision. Its smiles were the sunshine of her happiness, its helplessness her strength, its life the perfection of her hopes; but now her sunshine was turning into night, her strength into weakness, her hopes into despair.

She obtained such aid as a hotel may give; but all its kindness could never restore the lost one, nor dispel the gloom gathering and settling on her spirit. The little one died. The parent's anguish grew doubly keen; a storm of sorrow broke on her lonely head, and the mantle of affliction shrouded every ray of hope beaming into her riven nature. She, the only mourner, followed the little of earth to its burial. The interment was away in a lonely corner of the graveyard, apart from other graves; and while the clouds rumbled into the charnel-house, she wept alone.

The mother has gone, whither none know. She left her hopes in the grave; but it may be a star shines in on the darkness that she will yet meet that little child.

Soon the spears of grass will shoot and wither on the tomb. There the wild flower will bloom and decay—emblem of human life. The stranger will pass over that lonely little mound, listless of the concealed clay, and ignorant of the bereft and grief-stricken one.

Man is a child of mortality, cast on the pilgrimage of life, to perish when the destroyer comes, whether he is among strangers or among friends.

SPOILED GIRLS.

BY REV. J. M'D. MATHEWS.

There is an unfortunate class of young persons called spoiled children, whom all persons agree in censuring. But what is meant by being spoiled? Very young children are spoiled when they are rude and bold, or self-willed and obstinate. They fret and pant at every obstacle to the gratification of their wishes. If a lady comes to visit you, and brings one of these spoiled children along, you must have an eye to your choice flowers and fruit; for it will not keep its hands off of any thing it can reach. Every thing in the room will, perhaps, be turned up side down, and you will wish before night that ladies would leave spoiled children at home. I suppose they behave no better at home; for it is the improper indulgence of the parents which spoils them.

When girls have been spoiled at home, they are apt to carry many disagreeable ways with them to school. They give trouble to the teachers, and are unpopular with their schoolmates. Having been accustomed to have their own way, they submit unwillingly to the restraints of the school. They are selfish and self-willed. In a word, they are spoiled children, and therefore unbeloved.

There are many ways in which girls at school become spoiled. Affectation is one. This arises from vanity or an inordinate desire to have the good opinion of others. Persons may unconsciously imitate the tones or manner of some one whom they admire. Young preachers in this way sometimes copy the defects of their seniors. It is said that when Dr. Bangs was presiding elder, all the young preachers in his district got into the habit of carrying the head to one side, in imitation of the Doctor. They were, no doubt, wholly unconscious of it. In like manner, a young lady hears Jenny Lind or some distinguished performer sing, and endeavors, perhaps without being aware of it, to imitate her tones or manner. What was natural to the performer is not natural to the young lady, and her performance is ludicrous and disagreeable. It is mere affectation, which may show itself in the tones of the voice in singing or conversation—in the manner of walking, dressing, or moving the head, or hand, or any part of the body. You should certainly study ease and gracefulness of manners; but you should be perfectly natural, and not ape or imitate any one else. Whatever is awkward or disagreeable in your manners you should correct. But there is a way of talking and of moving which is natural to yourself. Any departure from this is affectation. Cowper only expresses the common feeling of mankind when he says, "In my soul I loathe all affectation."

Girls are spoiled when they indulge in self-conceit on account of their real or supposed advantages. How often do you hear it said, "Some one has told Miss — she is handsome, and it has

spoiled her! Did you notice at the party what pains she took to display her set of fine teeth, or her lily-white hand, or her beautiful eyes? I acknowledge she has some beauty; but to make such an effort to display it is quite disgusting." Whatever charms you may possess, you must be quite unconscious of their existence; or, at least, you must have sufficient gravity of mind not to show by your actions that you are conscious of them. In other words, you must not allow yourself to be spoiled by any such thing.

Some girls become spoiled because their parents are rich. They feel so self-important on account of it, that they act in a supercilious and scornful manner toward girls who are, perhaps, their superiors in every other respect than the possession of wealth. I do not mean to say that the children of all the rich are spoiled. Many of them are delightfully unconscious of any advantage. They associate as freely with a poor girl who is worthy of their regards, and love her as sincerely and ardently, as if she were rich. School-girls should associate on terms of republican equality. Aristocratic distinctions will come, alas! too soon; but they should never be known during school-days. The children of the rich should be kind and affectionate to the poor; for these are noble traits, and they will be so, unless riches have spoiled them.

Strange to say, girls are sometimes spoiled by education; that is, they get a smattering of learning, and are puffed up in their own estimation. Deep and thorough education is not apt to be ostentatious or pedantic. Those who think themselves vastly wise and smart are generally superficial.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
Here shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again."

When a girl returns from school, and refuses to embrace cordially her old associates, because she now knows a little more than they do, it indicates a bad heart. It shows, at least, that she is spoiled; and she will soon become unpopular by assuming airs of superiority to her equals. It is well if she does not get above her business at home, too, and refuse to assist her mother in domestic affairs, because, forsooth, she has been at school, and obtained a little smattering of grammar and algebra.

In a word, to become vain on account of any advantage, real or imaginary, is to be spoiled. All the world will condemn self-praise. "Let another praise thee, and not thine own lips." If you see a rich man plain and unaffected in his manners, you admire him the more because his riches have not spoiled him. How did all men admire and praise General Washington for his great military talents and the benefits he conferred on his country! But if he had been weak enough to be spoiled by this admiration, it would have tarnished the glory of his achievements. So far from any effect of this kind being produced, General Washington was so modest that he never spoke of his own actions.

Dr. Chalmers was a great pulpit orator. Admiring crowds attended his preaching and sat entranced under his eloquence. But if he had been puffed up by these flattering attentions, he would have been spoiled, and his usefulness would have been at an end. To be capable of being spoiled indicates some defect, mental or moral. If the preacher were seeking only human admiration, and his actions betrayed this feeling, how would it lessen him in the estimation of all his hearers! If his soul be imbued with the love of souls, and he preaches to glorify Christ, then human praises will not spoil him.

Young preachers are sometimes sadly spoiled by the injudicious flatteries of their friends. But it impairs their usefulness till they rise above it. If they have eloquence or talents, these are gifts which God has bestowed for purposes of usefulness, not mere ornaments of which to be vain.

So if young ladies possess advantages of wealth, beauty, or education, these are divinely bestowed to enable them to be more useful. If they strut about as the peacock, in admiration of its fine feathers, they will show themselves unworthy of such gifts. If they remember how little they have used them to God's glory, they will have more occasion for humility than vanity. Whoever takes proper views of things will be modest and diffident, not self-conceited and vain. Solomon said long since, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope for a fool than of him."

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

—
BY MRS. M. C. GARDINER.
—

O, do not frown! if thou but smile,
The crushing cares of life
Seem lighter than the gossamer,
And earth with joy is rife.
The dewy luster of the morn,
That wakes the laboring bee,
That poureth beauty on the flowers,
Is like thy smile to me.

We've seen unmoved the tempest rage
Around our lowly cot,
And heard the summer thunders roll
As though we heard them not;
Because that with the shadows dread,
That darkened earth awhile,
Appeared the rainbow on the cloud—
Our God's approving smile.

Thus 'mid the countless ills of life
I may not walk alone;
But I can breast them cheerly
If thou but smile, my own.

O, do not frown! why should the clouds
Of grief above us rise,
When one bright, joyous smile would bring
The sunlight to our skies?

CLOUD PICTURES.

—
BY ORIA.
—

The sunset hour had passed away,
And the soft twilight shade
Was deep'ning round the holy spot
Where our beloved ones laid.
I sat me down, and mused
Upon the storied past,
And sighed to think its blessed dreams
Had faded all so fast.

I looked upon the western sky,
As though some angel hand
Should put aside the veil that hides
Our own from that blest land.

And as I gazed, a clouded way
Seemed to be traced on high,
And from the one two paths revealed
Unto my wand'ring eye.

The one all dark and narrow seemed,
Leading I knew not where;
The other broad, with glittering stars
Gemming it here and there.

It passed cloud-like e'en while I gazed,
But woke deep thoughts and bright;
It minded me of holy writ,
And of our daily life.

For, O, how very hard it seems
To tread the narrow way,
When the broad path allures our feet
With its brief, meteor ray!

And yet, though fair and bright it seems,
'Twould lead where darkness dwells;
While the lone road, which few beguiles,
Of heav'n and angels tells.

'Twas *this* alone the Savior trod
In his sad hours below;
And would we win his rest, we, too,
In his dear steps must go.
And then, though dark the past may be,
Its gloom will fade away
Before the future's glorious light,
Eternity's bright day.

THE BROTHERS.

We are but two—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two—O, let us keep
The link that binds us bright.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

THE CASTLED RHINE.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

(THIRD PAPER.)

On leaving Heidelberg and the Neckar, we will again repair to the valley of the Rhine. Near the mouth of the Neckar lies the remarkable old city of Worms, which is attractive and interesting, let us view it from whatever point we may. With Cologne and Treves it may be numbered among the oldest cities of the country watered by the Rhine. A misty haze surrounds its earliest history, which is only illuminated by occasional flashes from the heroic legends of German story. Indeed, there are traditions which place its origin far anterior even to these. The Jews of Worms relate, that centuries before the birth of our Savior their ancestors sought it as a place of refuge. According to the ancient chronicles of the Jewish congregation of the city, many of the rabbi and the people repaired thither five hundred and eighty-eight years before the birth of Christ, on account of the destruction of the first temple by the Babylonians. They were so well satisfied with the place that they could not resolve to leave it, although the priests in the promised land warned them of the command of God, to solemnize the three grand festivals in Jerusalem. Chronicles further relate that at the period of the crucifixion of Christ, the Jews of Worms wrote a warning letter to their brothers in Jerusalem, not to commit the cruel deed. Thus arose the saying, which is still extant, "The Jews of Worms are pious Jews."

To the Christian, however, the city of Worms is of surpassing interest, on account of its having been the scene of many of the most thrilling events in the history of the Christian people. There were held councils, assemblies, and diets; and the words of Luther will immortalize it as long as the Christian religion shall be a solace to man: "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on its roofs, I would nevertheless go thither." Worms suffered severely in the Thirty Years' War, as well as in many other conflicts, in the support of the Christian religion, and every foot of its ground tells a story full of deep and absorbing interest.

A few miles above Worms we perceive the towering cathedral of the old city of Speir, the burying-place of the German emperors. A long line of monarchs lies here mingling with the dust, and volumes would hardly tell the history of their feuds, their contests in deadly strife, and the ceremonies of committing their bodies to the tomb. A curious coincidence connects a strange legend with this portion of the river. The moderns have chosen it for the graves of rulers; but their forefathers seem to have regarded the spot as a sort of Elysium for the resort of all departed souls who were obliged to cross this Stygian water which separated the realms of the living from the realms of the dead.

Even the custom of putting a coin into the hands of the deceased to pay the ferriage across the dark waters, seems to have been in vogue. Popular superstition relates stories of wonderful occurrences of this nature: "One stormy night a boatman was waked from a heavy sleep by a Stygian throng who were desirous of crossing the stream. They pressed the money into his hand and bid him hurry, lest the crowd of shades, hastening to the regions beyond, should fill and swamp his bark; black spirits and gray, blue spirits and white filled his craft so that he scarcely had room to ply his oars. The manes hardly land before a storm carries back the boat, with the speed of magic, to the place it started from; here the same scene is renewed, and the ghostly guests patronize the astonished boatman till the darkness of night vanishes. Sometimes the departed spirits have their own boats, while they themselves are invisible; and thus the vessel goes and comes, goes and comes, agitated by the hurry and anxiety of beings not visible to men."

We are now fairly in that part of the valley of the Rhine known as the Palatinate. Its history is full of incident, valor, and romance. Stories are told of men having lived here, in former times, who were seven feet in height, who wore immensely long hair, and fought under Roman eagles. Forced away by the hordes of Attila, they fled to the Rhone and founded a new kingdom.

The borders of the river through the Palatinate seem to be the chosen seat of the grape. Every hill-side is adorned with vineyards, and every bend in the stream is pointed out as celebrated for some favorite wine. Nearly on the frontier of the country known as Alsace appears the old castle of Trifels. Here the jewels of the German realm were held in safe keeping, and here Richard the Lion-hearted was for a time held a prisoner, till his faithful Blondel found him out and effected his release. Legend says that Blondel discovered the place of confinement of Richard, in the deep cells of the Trifels, by the songs which he there sang. Not far from Trifels lies a second Drachenfels, also renowned for its deadly dragon-fights. In its vicinity are two old ruins which bear the following strange names: "Grumble-not," "Look-not-around."

The province of Alsace, although now belonging to France, still retains its German feeling and appearance. It was rudely wrested from the German empire by Louis the Fourteenth; but every political commotion in Europe reminds it of its father-land, and makes it long to return to its own household. The principal city of Alsace is Strasburg, famed far and near for the most wonderful cathedral and steeple in Europe.

The Rhine, between Strasburg and its mouth, is divided into the Upper, Middle, and Lower Rhine; a division which nature itself seems to have made in its capacity for navigation. Vessels that load at Strasburg proceed no further than Mayence, where cargoes are transferred to larger boats to proceed

to Cologne; here again other boats are taken from Cologne to the sea. This arrangement is so clearly understood that all the commerce of the Rhine is governed by laws having direct reference to these circumstances. The province of Alsace is so blooming a country that we would linger a moment to examine its beauties and its historical relics. From its lowlands, or river bottoms, may be seen the double chains of the Black Forest and the Vosges mountains; further up the stream appear large and lovely valleys, where industry and romance walk side by side; the roaring waterfall drives the busy mill within sight of castle ruins and ancient chapels with holy figures adorning their exterior. The cultivation of the grape is the most important of all the rural occupations, and calls into profitable use the southern and eastern declivities of the hilly ranges.

It would be ungrateful in the present generation, to deny the benefits handed down to us from the middle ages; for we enjoy them, let their origin be what it may. In these quiet and industrious valleys that now delight the traveler once lived knights and their vassals, that occasionally sallied forth to devastate the peaceful plains. And still these very plains now sparkle with mighty cities and noble edifices, erected for the worship of a beneficent Creator; their towering spires elimb up to the heavens as if pointing to Him to whose glory they were erected, and stand as worthy monuments of an age full of manly power—full of great and noble conceptions. The cathedral of Strasburg is more thrilling in its eloquence, in favor of the middle ages, than all the eulogiums of those who entertain for that period the deepest veneration.

Strasburg lies in what is termed the Great Rhine Valley, in contradistinction to the narrowness of the stream above the falls of the Rhine, which romantic spot we shall shortly visit. Before making its fearful leap into the world, the Rhine is as an unruly boy, running over pathless ways and breaking for itself a passage through forest and mountain. But its benevolent genius now leads it into a magnificent, broad valley, that nature seems to have created for it alone. The mountains, that in its course through Switzerland had hemmed its way and occasionally almost barred its passage, withdraw their opposition, and a rich and happy land opens its bosom to receive the noble river. On the left is seen a region covered with majestic oaks, on the right rise the lofty fir-trees of the Black Forest, both on mountain chains that extend from Switzerland to the Palatinate, and form a lengthy and spacious basin, such as adorns few rivers. The curtain has been drawn that hitherto hid the arena of its manly future, and the Rhine now enters on its maturity, rejoicing in its great destiny and its enchanting home.

This region of the Upper Rhine is fast becoming a place of resort for tourists. On either side of the stream are railroads recently constructed, which bear the traveler to the very portals of Switzerland.

The entire line of rail from Strasburg to Paris has just been put into operation, and the capital of France is now little more than a day's journey from the land of Tell. Swarms of Parisians will soon hum and buzz through the upper valley, and spread through the thousand dells and vales that open into it. Above the falls the Rhine is called on to perform the lighter labor of driving mills and floating rafts or canoes; but below it enters on the sterner duties of life, and bears light steamers as far up the stream as Basle, at which point the Rhine leaves Switzerland.

One of the most attractive spots on the Upper Rhine, and that toward which Germans especially wend their way, are the "*Falls of the Rhine*," near Schaffhausen. This latter city owes its origin and prosperous condition to the vicinity of the falls. No vessel can descend the falls, and, consequently, all the produce brought to Schaffhausen, by the rich Lake of Constance, must be there unloaded, and either transported around the falls in wagons, or else take another direction into the interior.

Woe to the American that travels on the continent of Europe without having seen Niagara! And we have seen many such, but have seen them only to pity them. Go where you will in intelligent society, and especially among tourists, nearly the first question asked is about Niagara, or, rather, the conversation is immediately turned on this topic; for no German believes in the possibility of an American being on the continent without a perfect familiarity with the greatest wonder of the world. If you should chance to have made the tour of the Rhine, you will also be requested to give your opinion in relation to the respective merits of the falls of the Rhine and those of Niagara; for no German will consent to your visiting the Rhine without also visiting its falls. The readiness with which the Germans had connected these two natural curiosities together, naturally led us to believe that the falls of the Rhine were of no mean magnitude nor trifling importance. We, therefore, approached them with considerable anxiety, and feelings wrought up to a high key of expectation.

When within a few miles of the falls, we occasionally stopped and listened, expecting to hear the roaring of their waters; but, with the best intentions in the world, we found it impossible to distinguish any peculiar commotion in nature, when we suddenly emerged from the forest and found ourselves at the falls of the Rhine. We were at first provoked at the river for producing, after all its labor, such a mouse. But we soon reflected that we had seen Niagara, and had been so silly as to expect something approaching to it. The fault lay with the Germans in comparing a giant with a pigmy—a comparison to which, in ignorance, we had tacitly submitted. But we will forget Niagara, and look at the falls of the Rhine with German eyes, and, indeed, in their beauty they have much to recommend them; for they are beautiful but not sublime.

The rocky wall over which the Rhine is precipitated is about eighty feet in high; but the water springs over successive shelves, so that the absolute height is not observed, while the stream is divided by three rocky masses that rise up to oppose the course of the water. One of the rocks is entirely covered, and forms a sort of cascade, while the others are nearly dry, except at a high stage of water. The cascade is beautifully commanded by an antique castle, built on the very borders of the rushing flood; from its turrets is obtained the most advantageous position for enjoying a full view of the boiling waters. For some distance above the falls the stream is forced into a narrow bed of rock, out of which project numberless jagged cliffs. The waters in passing over these acquire an angry appearance, and prepare themselves as rapids to pass over the great falls below. In this condition they strike the rocks that form the cascade, and the effect is singularly beautiful and pleasing. The concussion against the rocks causes a portion of the water to rise as a thick cloud of mist, while the stream passes over into the boiling, foaming, whirling caldron below. When the rays of the sun penetrate this cloud, a variegated and beautiful play of colors is produced. The curling and foaming eddies are richly gilded, and the rising columns of mist are magically changed into rainbows of every hue. All this diversity, comprised in a single glance, presents a phenomenon as curious as it is beautiful. This spot is so much visited, that, like our Niagara, it is provided with every convenience for obtaining the best points for observation; here is a pavilion, there a little castle, or, forsooth, a big one, and even a romantic old mill and a modern hotel. From the piazza and windows of the hotel may be obtained an excellent view of the falls; and during the traveling season it is filled with tourists drawn thither by the attractions of the region.

A few miles above the falls of the Rhine is the Lake of Constance. This lies between Germany and Switzerland, and from it flow the waters of the Rhine. The Lake of Constance is the largest among German lakes, and, after the Lake of Geneva, that largest of Switzerland, for its peculiar position causes it to be claimed by both countries. The waters of the Lake of Constance are deep green, and its borders are but moderately elevated. They are by nature fertile, and the thrifty industry of those who live on its shores has adorned them with a high degree of cultivation. The lake shore seems almost a Paradise—rich in orchards, vineyards, fields of waving grain, meadows, and forests.

Thus have we traced the castled Rhine from the waters of the North Sea to the Lake of Constance, and endeavored to present those objects along its shores which we deemed most worthy of attention. We have said that the Rhine is, to the German, a holy stream; and when we reflect how closely it is entwined with the history and glory of the fatherland, we can scarcely wonder that the Franks and

Alemanni were inclined to show it divine honors. For it is said, by the voice of tradition, that the people prayed on the shore of the river, lighted its banks with torches, and presented offerings to its waters. They even threw their children into its waters to test the purity of the parents; if these were spotless, their children were gently wafted to the shore; if the contrary, their offspring were carried off in angry waves and raging whirlpools.

The Rhine is truly a stream of song, of legend, and of story; and in leaving it we feel like paying a tribute to its worth for the many happy hours passed on its banks. We love the Rhine, and we love the people whose father-land is on its shores. We love the language that has been adorned by Goethe and by Schiller; and, in bidding them farewell, we can exclaim, with a true German heart,

"A blessing on the Father-land,
A blessing on the Rhine."

HORACE WALPOLE.

HORACE WALPOLE was in his day "the glass of fashion, and the mold of form," valuable for little besides his epistolary style, in the material in which his own nothingness is inclosed, as in amber, till it has acquired a certain conventional value. Rank, fortune, humor, were all his own; yet he lived for few things which were not frivolous, and maintained the contemptible character of a male gossip. What his thoughts of death were, the following passage from his letters will demonstrate:

"I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever submit to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I do not wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! Let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs."

His letters, written at the end of life, some of which were to Miss Hannah More, show that, though occasionally much disgusted at life, religion exerted no influence whatever. Indeed, even in writing to that lady, he omitted no opportunity of satirizing both piety and its followers. Yet he confessed himself a disappointed man, though he could not forbear to jest at his own approaching dissolution. Living and dying, he was the same heartless and selfish voluptuary. "I shall be quite content," he writes, "with a sprig of rosemary [the symbolical language of the rosemary is remembrance: "I'll remember thee." Sprigs of it were often thrown upon the coffin when it had been lowered into the grave] thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust!"

RAMBLING THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

BY FERDINAND.

I AM not one of those who have become insane on the subject of music. In fact, I am decidedly hard to please wherever music is concerned. Your city instruments afford no satisfaction to my spirit, even though performed upon by the best musicians. In the calm seclusion of the country I am best pleased with the sounds of music. Those glad beings that "make vocal the woods," are not entirely unnoticed by me whenever I hear their pleasing voices. Their tones come fresh and entrancing, as from the very presence of the Creator himself. In the unbroken country, especially of a still night, even the harmony produced by artificial means affords much gratification. The notes of the bugle, on a still, moonlit night, coming from a distance, are full of delight. The sounds appear, in fancy, to come down from those orbs which, the bards tell us, are so full of melody. Grenville Mellen, in some very neat verses, alludes to the sound of the bugle at night.

O! wild, enchanting horn!
Whose music up the deep and dewy air
Swells to the clouds, and calls on Echo there,
Till a new melody is born—

Wake, wake again, the night
It bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars burning on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright.

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long
Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay!

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stir'd spirit hears thee with a start
As boyhood's old remember'd shout.

O! have you heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around you steal!

Or have you in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise
Shriller than eagle's clamor, to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never cease?

Go, go—no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

I recollect once having heard, at night, the full-throated song of an American mocking-bird. It was one of those still, lovely nights that follow the close of a western autumn day. The whole sky seemed to be dreaming of love, and the earth reflected its quiet happiness. I had wheeled out a big arm-chair in front of the door of our country cabin, and was seated between its easy arms, look-

ing at the stars, when the bird commenced. I do not see why Milton has called the nightingale a "most melancholy bird," if its tones at all resemble the bird of our clime. I was entirely carried away. I forgot every thing. I could not possibly have asserted, as my soul swelled with the rich music that was poured into it, that I was on the earth. All the stars in the sky seemed to melt into the dewy tenderness of angel eyes, as the bird sung to them. If you have ever heard the mocking-bird at night you can appreciate my felicity. Language is vain to describe it. When the song ceased I looked around, scarcely conscious of my whereabouts. My dog Fido sat at my feet, his ears erect, and his eyes dilated, as if he, too, was conscious of the beautiful and the divine harmony that had awoke the quietness of the hour.

Many animals, beside mocking-birds, and animals, too, of seemingly the most unmusical disposition, have been known to enjoy musical sounds. We have all heard of "musical mice," and yet how many persons there are who seem very skeptical on this subject! Yet that there are such things as mice having a taste for music, and with powers of giving musical entertainment I shall not gainsay. The thing is highly probable. Why not? A particular friend of mine, and one whom I can trust, says he once possessed a pet owl that had been taught to sing very much like a thrush. And if an ugly, frightful owl may learn to utter pleasant sounds, why may not a delicate, smooth-skinned, beautiful mouse that would not harm a butterfly?

A young gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, is fond of performing upon the flute. Once upon a time—for men of musical talents are not always rich in purse—he occupied a garret, so near the upper, outer air, that he could sometimes see the moonlight gleaming through the crevices of the roof and checkering the shadow on his floor. It happened that the garret was not as lonely as it might be; for a certain mouse—"a lovely, little fellow," my friend said—would creep out upon the floor, near his very feet, when he was indulging himself with the flute, with the obvious purpose of listening to the music. Now, my friend is a philanthropist, and felt an unusual pride in watching the antics of the little fellow during the musical performance. Not for all the earth would he have disturbed the admirer of his amateur performances. There was something truly encouraging, he thought, in the manner in which the little creature would prick up its ears and listen, or hop around the floor in delighted forgetfulness of his presence. The sounds of the instrument had destroyed every particle of fear in the mouse. It was my friend's pleasure, every night, on retiring from his labor, to take his flute and call upon his quiet companion, who invariably appeared. But one night he came not at the usual call. For several nights afterward the flute was played in vain. The little creature never came again. Whether it had got up a musical performance of its own, or whether it had

been destroyed by some predatory tom-cat, my friend knoweth not. But, to his regret, he never was able, by his most seducing and enticing tunes, to call the little animal from its sequestered residence. This anecdote, I assure the reader, is no fiction. My friend is willing to vouch for it on his honor. Testimony is not wanting, from the newspaper press, to confirm the incident I have related of the mouse. Since writing it, I have fallen upon the two subjoined items, well authenticated. Read:

"The Buffalo Commercial relates a curious fact in natural history, lately developed at the American Hotel, in that city. A family, having rooms in that hotel, lately left town for a few weeks. On their return, they found that a mouse was in the habit of constantly visiting the cage of a Canary bird which had remained in the room during their absence, having taken the opportunity of forming the acquaintance during the unusual stillness of the apartment. To the surprise of the family, it was found that the mouse had been taking lessons in singing, of its musical friend, and would constantly give forth notes in exact imitation of the Canary's tone, but low and sweet. The little creature now visits the cage nightly, eats of the seed, and endeavors, by its singing, to excite the attention and call forth the notes of the bird."

"The Charleston (Va.) Spirit of Jefferson speaks of a musical prodigy in the shape of a mouse, now in the possession of Mr. Aisquith, of that county. Mr. Aisquith was attracted several times by a singing in his room, at different intervals of the night, and curiosity induced him to set a watch, and, if possible, capture his *serenader*. He succeeded at last, and has him caged for the inspection of the curious. His notes are clear and distinct, and his imitations, so far, have been of familiar songsters, such as the partridge, chicken, Canary bird, etc."

I believe these statements, reader. Perhaps I am too credulous; but, strange as they may appear to you, I give them unqualified credence. Credulity, on such a subject, is not likely to ruin character nor fortune. Beside, my observation has taught me that the lower order of animals are not altogether as neglectful of melodious sounds as some wise persons may imagine.

Sometimes, in the still summer mornings, just before the sun has got out of his bed, I love to draw my arm-chair out on the grass before my door, and sing some trifling ditty, as I watch the sun reddening the heavens with a gradual light. These are my happiest hours, and I *can* sing then.

I have observed, during these musical recreations, a large English bird pause near me, and seem to be intently listening to the song. Can it be possible, I have often asked myself, that this bird really appreciates my musical talents? To test the fact, I have wheeled my chair to the other side of the house, and, to my astonishment, the bird has followed me; and, with one leg raised, and his head turned on one side, appeared to be drinking in every note, expressing, in the mean while, by the

sparkle of his eye, the greatest pleasure. From this circumstance, I have been led to the opinion that there exists, among the lower animals, an undoubted taste for musical sounds. I am firmly of the opinion that, by a regular and stringent course of training, all the inhabitants of the barn-yard and stable may be taught to maintain an admirable and harmonious chorus. If animals were not of more value in other departments, on the farm, I would advise a test of their musical faculties.

But, after all, what is the music of these poor creatures when compared with the wild music of the eagle as he screams in the clouds? Or what is it beside the still and silver hymn of some solitary forest-bird, which was born with the golden tongue of song?—which enraptured the mother bird with its voice ere it could bear itself from the nest with its little wings? Your domestic animals, after much training, may flutter through a few incomplete notes to the wonder of the curious; but the song-bird of the forest pours, from its "tongue of fire," an incessant gladness—a music that is as complete and divine as the ear of man could wish to listen to—a music that, even to the end, uplifts and inspirits the soul of the philosopher and the poet.

I am pleased to see, in our cities, a growing love of birds. It bespeaks a good taste and a good heart in the person who has his rooms filled with the sweet songsters. But I do not so much admire the imprisonment of the lovely things. I should like to see the streets of our cities built wide and airy, and rows of forest trees placed along the walks, where the birds might come in summer and amuse us. For, be assured of it, they *will* come. I have heard them, in the first blush of morning, in the suburb, having found some lofty tree, a relic of the vanished woodland, pouring forth such tones as would melt the heart of the misanthrope. I have heard them, at noon, in the stillness of some private street, singing their songs among the scant city trees. And I think their natural music a more pleasant sound than the thrum of the harsh piano, which we may hear wherever and whenever we walk the streets. We shall set that man down as an everlasting benefactor who erects a city in the forest, or a forest in the city, where the birds, unimprisoned, may cheer the heart of the mechanic at his toil and the merchant at his desk. To be sure, there are some ill-natured persons, money-getting fellows, who may laugh at these suggestions; but if they will only leave the city, one of these fine days, and go into the woods for an hour or so, and listen attentively, they will hear some very powerful and convincing arguments in favor of my remarks. If they do not come back hearty advocates for well-wooded cities, I shall set them down as incorrigible. Not all the ministrations of love can affect their hearts—cold and flinty as they are. Think of this, future city-builders, and erect your cities with a view to ornament as well as utility. Your children will bless your names if you do.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY PLEBEIUS.

CHAPTER XV.

Notices of Methodist local preachers in Chillicothe—Everard Harr—James English—Anecdote of Dr. T. Hinde—Thomas S. Hinde—His first sermon—Edward Scott—Joseph S. Collins—John Martin—John Shields—Notices of Methodist ladies in Chillicothe—Mrs. Mary Tiffin—Her conversion—Character—Extract from Bishop Asbury's Journal—Mrs. Rachel M'Dowell—Her conversion—Character—Death—Mrs. Rachel English—Mrs. Elizabeth Martin.

RESUMING our notices of the local preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, resident in Chillicothe in 1807, we come now to speak of those who had never entered the itinerant ministry. It was our intention to have given first in this connection an outline memoir of Dr. Edward Tiffin, who may be regarded as the pioneer of Methodism in Chillicothe; but, on glancing along the history of his public and private life, we find that justice to his memory and worth would require a more extended notice than we can here find room for. We reserve it, then, as the subject for the next or some future chapter.

Everard Harr is supposed to be a native of Pennsylvania. He emigrated from near Carlisle, in that state, and settled in Chillicothe in 1798, where he followed the business of reed-making. On the organization of the first society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was appointed its leader. Mr. Harr was a man of deep piety, of great simplicity of manners, and of modest and unassuming deportment. His talents as a preacher were but moderate; and his power of speech having been impaired by paralysis, he was for many years before his death unable to preach. He died in great peace in 1811.

James English, a native of Virginia, resided at Newtown, Frederick county, in that state, whence he emigrated, and settled in Chillicothe about the year 1805, where he followed the business of a plasterer. As a local preacher, he did not often minister to the congregation in Chillicothe, but, we believe, occasionally preached in the country. His talent was for exhortation rather than for preaching; and being sensible of this himself, he, for many years, declined ministering in the pulpit, but exercised his gift in exhortation. His license as a local preacher was finally, at his own request, exchanged for that of exhorter.

Mr. English was naturally of a very sanguine temperament, and exceedingly zealous in the cause of truth and righteousness. He became, indeed, a "terror to evil-doers" by his untiring efforts to detect and punish them. But his zeal would sometimes outrun his discretion, and bring him into unpleasant difficulties, both with his brethren and others. In his views of right and wrong he was often like the Indian's tree, which was "so straight up that it leaned t'other way." Yet few or none

ascribed his zeal to improper motives, or doubted his sincerity or piety. Even his enemies, when laid upon a bed of sickness, have been known to send for him to counsel and pray with them. No man was more constant and punctual than he in the discharge of all his duties as trustee, steward, or class-leader, or in visiting the sick and ministering to their wants; and his seat in the sanctuary, at class, or prayer meeting, was never empty when it was in his power to attend. The death of his amiable and devoted wife, about ten years ago, was a severe stroke upon Mr. English, who survived her but three or four years. His health soon began to fail, and the infirmities of age advanced upon him more rapidly. He lodged alone in a room built a few yards from the dwelling-house, to which, in the last year or two of his life, it was his usual custom to retire for the night at about four o'clock in the afternoon. One of the family, passing his window an hour or two after he had retired, one afternoon, saw him lying upon the floor, partly undressed. On entering the room, he was found insensible, in a fit of apoplexy; and in the course of the evening he expired.

Thomas S. Hinde was born in Virginia, but brought up in Kentucky, to which state his father's family removed when he was a boy. His father, Dr. Thomas Hinde, a physician of some celebrity, was an Englishman, inheriting the usual characteristics of his countrymen—strong in his prejudices and dogmatic in sustaining his own opinions. He is frequently mentioned by Bishop Asbury in his Journal. The following anecdote of the Doctor and his excellent lady was told to us by his son forty years ago: About the year 1788 Mrs. Hinde was awakened and converted under the preaching of a Methodist minister in Virginia, and joined the Church. She rejoiced in the Lord greatly, and praised him with joyful lips. So great was the change in her, that the Doctor, after vainly striving to reason her out of her religion, concluded her to be insane. He immediately put her under a course of medical treatment for insanity, by copious bleeding, shaving her head and applying a large blister to it, and putting her on low diet! But the Doctor failed to cure her of her religion. She rejoiced and praised God daily, affectionately exhorting her husband the mean while to come to Christ and be a partaker of like precious faith. The Doctor, disappointed in his efforts to cure his wife, and confounded by her cheerful submission to his treatment, was at his wit's end. Her discreet conduct in all things, and especially her persuasive and eloquent appeals to his judgment and conscience, finally changed his views concerning the nature of her complaint, and strong conviction fastened upon his mind, and he became a deeply penitent seeker of salvation; and it was not long before he, too, was enabled to rejoice in God his Savior. The Doctor continued from that time a deeply pious and happy man, rejoicing daily in the love of God. Indeed, the remainder of his life was spent in

almost continual prayer and praise, and in doing good. This happy couple lived to a very advanced age, and died triumphantly only a few years since. But to return to the subject of this notice.

Thomas S. Hinde, while yet a very young man—in 1806, we think—went to Chillicothe, and, in partnership with another young man—Mr. R. D. Richardson—edited and published a newspaper, under the title of the "Fredonian." In the year following Mr. Hinde embraced religion, and united himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The editing and conducting a political paper not being congenial with his changed religious views and feelings, he disposed of his interest therein to his partner, and retired from it, and engaged in locating military lands and in land jobbing. In his religious profession he was exceedingly earnest, and very zealous in promoting the interests of the Church and of religion and morality. His zeal, however, was rather of the ascetic kind; and he usually took a prominent part in the arraignment and trial of brethren accused of offenses, seemingly aiming at the excision of the accused rather than their acquittal or reformation. Yet in this he, doubtless, believed himself to be "doing God service." A year or two after his conversion Mr. Hinde was licensed to preach. We well remember hearing his first effort in the pulpit, in the little old chapel in Chillicothe. It was night, and curiosity to hear his initial discourse had drawn out a full house. His text was a strange one for such an occasion: "My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me; I can not hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war," Jer. iv, 19. He commenced under much embarrassment, and labored through a desultory exordium with great trepidation. There was no coherence in his discourse. It was a violent effort at sounding the tocsin of alarm to the Church, to arouse her to muster her little band of warriors in battle array against the combined forces of "the world, the flesh, and the devil." In the effort he wrought up his feelings into a "fine frenzy," ever and anon repeating the clauses of his text, "My bowels, my bowels!" "I am pained at my very heart!" "my heart maketh a noise in me!" placing his hands, at the same time, on the physical organs named, while the contortions of his countenance and the violence of his gesticulation might well lead the hearers to suppose that he was really laboring under a severe fit of the colic and palpitation of the heart.

About 1817 Mr. Hinde removed to Mount Carmel, in Illinois, a new town just laid out by himself, Dr. M'Dowell, and the late Rev. W. Beauchamp, on the west bank of the Wabash river, near the Grand Rapids. Mr. Hinde published in the Methodist Magazine, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822, a series of papers, entitled, "Short Sketches of Revivals of Religion in the Western Country." These "Sketches," although incomplete, contain

much valuable materials for the history of Methodism. He published afterward occasional papers in the Advocate and Journal, New York, and in the Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati. Of his life after his removal to Mount Carmel we have but little knowledge. He died there some three years ago.

Edward Scott was an Irishman, and a member of the Methodist society in his native land. After his emigration to the United States, he settled in Philadelphia, where he resided a few years, pursuing his business—that of a tailor. In 1806 he removed to Chillicothe, where he continued the same business. As a local preacher, his labors on the Sabbath were chiefly in the adjacent parts of the country, but occasionally he preached in town. His talents as a preacher were pretty good, and his discourses animated. He had much warmth of feeling, a nice sense of honor, and was ardent and constant in his friendships—a genuine example of an honest, true, and warm-hearted Irishman. Some years before his death he associated himself with the New Light—or Christ-ian—Church, and exercised the ministerial office among them. He died in 1824.

Joseph S. Collins is a native of the state of Delaware, whence he removed to Chillicothe prior to 1807, but in what year we know not. He was a printer, and worked some time in the printing-office of Nathaniel Willis—the father, we believe, of the celebrated poet, N. P. Willis—who was the first publisher of the Scioto Gazette, one of the oldest newspapers in the state. Mr. Collins, in conjunction with two other printers, afterward purchased the Scioto Gazette establishment from Mr. Willis, and continued the publication. At what time Mr. Collins embraced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church we do not now recollect, but it was prior to 1807. He was licensed to preach about 1808, and frequently ministered in the pulpit in town. He was a man of much reading and general intelligence, of nice critical acumen, with a great fondness for logic, metaphysics, moral science, and kindred subjects, and withal took a deep interest in the political affairs of the country, in which, as editor of a political paper, he was well posted up. His pulpit ministrations were of a very respectable order. His language was good, but somewhat florid and diffuse, yet very chaste; and his elocution very agreeable.

In 1812 Mr. Collins was appointed to a clerkship in the General Land Office at Washington City, by his personal friend, Dr. Tiffin, who had himself just been appointed Commissioner of that office. Disposing of his interest in the printing-office to his partners, Mr. Collins immediately repaired to his new post at Washington, which he occupied, we believe, for nearly thirty years. He retired from this post some years ago, and, as we learn, is now residing in Baltimore, at an advanced age. His oldest son—the Rev. John A. Collins, of the Baltimore conference—is a distinguished minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

John Martin, an Englishman by birth, settled in Chillicothe in 1806 or 1807, where he followed the business of a baker. He was a preacher of rather inferior talents, and of very impulsive feelings, which often led him to use great severity and roughness in his denunciations in the pulpit, thereby giving offense to his hearers. He some years afterward removed to Columbus, and subsequently to some part of Maryland, where he died many years ago.

John Shields was an Irishman. After emigrating to this country, he settled in Virginia, where he pursued his business as a bricklayer. He there married a sister of the Rev. Seely Bunn, a well-known traveling minister. At what time Mr. Shields was licensed to preach we are not informed. He removed to Chillicothe about 1807, where he continued his business as a bricklayer. As a preacher, his talent was of an average grade. He had a ready utterance and an animated delivery. He removed to Columbus about 1817, and two or three years thereafter he went to the south, where he died.

We have now completed our notices of all the Methodist ministers and preachers resident in Chillicothe in 1807, and shall close the chapter by introducing to the reader a few of the Methodist ladies in that town, and of the same period.

Mrs. Mary Tiffin, wife of Gov. Edward Tiffin, and daughter of Mr. Robert Worthington, was born in Berkeley—now Jefferson—county, Va., about the year 1768. Brought up in gay and fashionable life, and surrounded by ease and luxury, she lived without the knowledge of God, till a year or two after her marriage with Dr. Tiffin, then a gay and sprightly young gentleman. In 1790 they were both awakened and converted through the instrumentality of the Methodist ministry, and were received into the Church by the Rev. Thomas Scott—now Judge Scott, of Chillicothe—who then, at the age of eighteen years, had charge of Berkeley circuit. The change in Mrs. Tiffin was deep and thorough. She forsook, at once and forever, all the follies and vanities of the world, and became from that time, in self-denial, in cross-bearing, in all practical godliness, in doctrinal views, in every thing, an example to the flock of Christ—a genuine Methodist lady, of the good old Wesleyan stamp. Forsaking the company of her former associates in folly, she sought the society of those who, although “the poor of this world,” were “rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom;” thus “choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.”

After the removal of Dr. and Mrs. Tiffin to Chillicothe in 1795, their house became the home for the messengers of Christ, and for pious strangers visiting the place in search of suitable locations for settling. Finding no religious society in town, Mrs. Tiffin attached herself to a class organized by the Doctor himself, at Mr. Davenport's, twelve miles north of Chillicothe. She was the leader of the

first female class formed in that town, and discharged the duties thereof with much ability and usefulness. She was a strict observer of the holy Sabbath; and as an instance of this, she never allowed any cooking to be done in her house on that day. The late Rev. James Quinn told us many years ago, that, dining at Dr. Tiffin's one Sabbath day, during the sitting of the old Western conference, when Bishop Asbury and a number of other ministers were present, every thing on the table had been prepared the day previous, and Mrs. Tiffin, in reference to her cold dinner, simply remarked, “Brethren will remember that this is the Lord's day.” In good works and supplying the wants of the needy she was ever diligent. And in all holy conversation and godliness, in exalted and fervent piety, in calmness and equanimity of mind, in sweetness of temper, which she diffused all around her, she had no superior. She died in the latter part of 1807, in the blissful hope of everlasting life; and her remains were interred in the family burying-ground of Governor Worthington—who was her brother—two miles from Chillicothe. Mrs. Tiffin was a great favorite of Bishop Asbury, whose just discrimination of character is well known. On the occasion of his visit to Chillicothe in 1808, he wrote thus in his Journal:

“I was invited to pass a night under the hospitable roof of General Thomas Worthington, at Mount Prospect Hall. [Afterward named by the family “Adena.”] Within sight of this beautiful mansion lies the precious dust of Mary Tiffin. It was as much as I could do to forbear weeping as I mused over her speaking grave—how mutely eloquent! Ah! the world knows little of my sorrows—little knows how dear to me are my many friends, and how deeply I feel their loss. But they all die in the Lord; and this shall comfort me. I delivered my soul here; may this dear family feel an answer to Mary Tiffin's prayers!” (Vol. iii, p. 249.)

Mrs. Rachel M'Dowell, wife of Dr. W. M'Dowell, and daughter of James and Mary M'Olintick, was born in the borough of Carlisle, Penn., December 25, 1771. Her father was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and served during its whole period, and in which he lost all his property. When eighteen years old, she was awakened and converted under the ministry of the first Methodist preachers who visited Shippensburg, twenty miles south-west of Carlisle, whither her father's family had removed. A little class was soon formed in that town, to which she attached herself. This little flock was greatly persecuted and despised, as a set of wild, deluded fanatics. But none of these things moved Miss M'Olintick, who gloried in the cross of Christ. Her piety was deep and fervent, and in their prayer meetings she often prayed and exhorted. In 1795 she was married to the Rev.—afterward Doctor—W. M'Dowell, noticed in a former chapter. Soon after this they removed to Petersburg, in Georgia, where Mr. M'Dowell engaged in very profitable mercantile business. But

disliking to bring up a family where slavery had taken such deep root, they removed, in 1798, to Newtown, Frederick county, Va. Here their house was opened, as it had been in Georgia, for the preaching of the Gospel, and a flourishing society was raised up. After residing there about seven years, they emigrated to Ohio, and settled in Chilli-cothe. In good works and in charity to the poor and destitute, as well as in promoting the cause of religion and morality, Mrs. M'Dowell always took an active and prominent part. In prayer meetings she was usually called upon to pray, in which exercise she was peculiarly gifted. Indeed, we have seldom, if ever, heard any one pray with more appropriateness, unction, and power. For many years she was leader of a large female class, for which important office few leaders that we have ever known were equally well qualified. And in the absence of her husband, she kept up family worship. In accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity, as taught by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in explaining and defending them, and also in deep and thorough knowledge of Christian experience, we have never known her equal among her own sex, nor, indeed, many superiors even in the ministry.

In 1831 Mrs. M'Dowell's health failed, and she was laid upon a dying bed. A few days before her death she desired to receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper, which was administered to her and several preachers and other friends, in her room, by the late Rev. John Collins. During the solemn service she rejoiced in the Lord greatly, and shouted his praise aloud. A short time before her departure, her husband, taking her hand, said, "You are going to leave me; tell me, is your way clear?" "O, yes," she replied, "very clear! I have been striving to serve the Lord in my poor way for forty years, and he will not now forsake me. I feel so united to Christ that I know 'he will not live in glory, and leave me behind.' His merit is my only plea; he is my all in all, and my eternal all!" Again she said to her husband, "Be holy!" and then added, "The Lord bless my children!" and in ten minutes afterward gently fell asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. Rachel English, wife of Rev. James English, was from Newtown, Frederick county, Va., and was a Methodist long before her removal to Chilli-cothe, and one of the genuine stamp. Her religion added new charms and greater luster to her naturally amiable disposition and sweetness of spirit, which shed a pleasant and salutary influence over those around her, both in the domestic and social circle. She was a fine example of the humble, diligent, faithful, and deeply pious Christian, whose holy life was like "a city that is set on an hill, which can not be hid." She died about ten years ago, after a brief illness, with a hope full of immortality.

Mrs. Elizabeth Martin, wife of the Rev. John Martin, was a Baltimore Methodist, and well sustained the high character of the model Methodist

ladies of that city, in her plainness and neatness of dress, in her exemplary Christian deportment, and in her strict conformity in all things to good, old-fashioned Methodism. Kind and affectionate in her family, pleasant and friendly in all her intercourse with others, holy in her daily walk and conversation, she was a bright example of the reigning power and transforming nature of divine grace. She was, moreover, a woman of fine personal appearance, of remarkable beauty, and easy and graceful in all her movements and manners. She died some years ago, we are informed, in one of the interior towns of Maryland, whither the family had removed.

The names of several other Methodist ladies of Chilli-cothe are on our list, whom we had intended to introduce to the reader; but our chapter is full, and we must close.

THE CHURCH.

ISAIAH, CHAPTER LXII, VERSE 1-3.

For Zion's sake—chastised of God—
I will not hold my peace;
For Salem—smitten by his rod—
My labors shall not cease.
I'll daily wrestle at his throne
For mercy to the race
Of Judah; are they not his own?
Shall they not find his grace?
Yes; when his Church is stirred to pray,
O, Salem! for thy line,
As orient light of breaking day
Thy righteousness shall shine.
As lamp that cheers the gloomy night,
Shall thy salvation be;
Gentiles shall hail thy rising light,
And kings thy glory see.
Emerging from the cloud of woe,
As God's own fold confess;
A nobler name he shall bestow,
And men shall own thee blest.
Thy Lord himself shall thee uphold—
A crown of glory bright,
A diadem of royal mold
Forever in his sight.
Forsaken thou no more shalt lie—
No more thy land shall pine;
Beulah shall be its title high,
And Hephzi-bah be thine.
Thy scattered sons, from many a shore,
Shall eager throng to thee;
Widowed and desolate no more—
Thy land shall married be.
In thee, as bridegroom o'er his bride,
Jehovah shall rejoice;
For evermore thou shalt abide
The people of his choice.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY HARRIET M. NOTES.

Our house was in one of the loneliest places of a thinly settled border township. It was a square, flat-roofed edifice, built by some aspiring ancestor, who began and was not able to finish; and as the lower story was ample enough for the means and populousness of the family, the upper remained unfurnished and unfinished to the end. Through this the wind moaned and shrieked drearily all the long winter, and the snow-flakes drifted in through the crannies, and lay in little heaps over the floor. In the winter evenings I often sat with our old Scotch woman Elsie only; and I drew my little chair nearer and nearer to the big fire in the old stone chimney, while she told stories of wilder and stranger times, when there were witches, and warnings, and death-lights, and *visible* spirits upon the earth. And as she went on, the shadows playing on the walls seemed to grow darker and more fantastic, assuming such shapes as made me think that giants, and castles, and witch-dances had come again; and I drew my chair still nearer to the fire, and nearer to Elsie, with a vague, paralyzing terror, which has made me nervous in dark places to this very day. When she had talked herself into a doze, I sometimes ventured to the window, and watched the shadows grow long upon the moonlit snow, or looked yearningly away over the hills, pressing my face closer to the window-pane, and, as if there were protection in the thought, wishing that mother would never go away; for Elsie never repeated such strange stories to her.

But the summers in those days—O there was no loneliness then! From the roof there was a fine view of the country northward, far over the green fields and pleasant woodlands on the Canadian side; and westward it was but a little way to the waters of the wildly beautiful Memphramagog. The mountains on its farther shore limited the view in that direction, rising in steep, craggy bluffs from the water—lonely and wild even in these days, when there are throngs of pleasure-seekers in their vicinity, and the steamer goes shrieking and puffing by, and much more so then, notorious as the lurking-place of many a law-evader, and the rendezvous of a league of false coiners, who defied and escaped justice for many years. There were patches of clearing up and down the lake shores, and rude huts of ruder men, whose ostensible occupation was making inroads upon the forests about them, and at night the pitch-pine torches of their fishing-boats glittered like fire-flies upon the water; but many a bundle of contraband goods was stowed away in some of these same boats, whose light went out suddenly, and the skiff lay still under the shadow of the maples or in a cove of Province Island, as the boat of his Majesty's deputies went up the lake in pursuit.

Farther back in the township, and in our more

immediate vicinity, the original settlers were emigrants from Connecticut. Of course, they were staid, church-going, Puritanical people, who trained up their children after the strictest sect of their religion unmolested, so remote were they from the influence of a worldlier and less rigidly upright spirit. They were withal sterling Christians—quiet, conscientious, exemplary men, who gave proof of their faith in godly lives and conversation. Theirs were also lives of toil, who made the wilderness into which they went bud and blossom as the rose, and such toil as left scant opportunities for intellectual culture and the development of a symmetrical character. Consequently, there were few books. Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, Bunyan's *Holy War* and *Pilgrim's Progress*, Hervey's *Meditations*, *The Book of Martyrs*, and works of kindred character, were in almost every house—the well-read embodiments of the faith of our ancestors, and the exponents of a phase of Christianity, severe and intolerant, but sincere, devout, and uniform.

Excepting the *Pilgrim's Progress* and Fox's *Martyrology*, they were entirely above my comprehension. Perhaps I should have included the whole; for even these were only interesting mysteries. The latter, with its rude pictures of the wheel and the rack, of crucifixions and burnings, sent a thrill of horror through my heart, and left a feeling of reverent adoration for the sublime faith, whose crowning glory lay in the patient endurance of such things, and whose advocates went "up out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The *Pilgrim's Progress* I read again and again, with a childiah, wondering faith in its literal truth, half tempted to start on over the green hills to seek for myself the House of Mercy and the City of Peace; and it seemed to me that the blue hills far away in the south, bathed in sunshine, must be the Delectable Mountains, from whose radiant summits the Pilgrim looked over the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the land of Beulah, and thought he "saw the very gate of the Celestial City, and some of the glory of the place."

Years of sorrowful experience went by me before I comprehended that these strange wayfarers were my neighbors and kinsfolk, and the city toward which they were journeying unfolded itself to my chastened vision, higher than the clouds, clear and radiantly glorious with the presence of the Lamb. I watched with new interest some of those who were about me, as they seemed approaching nearer and nearer to it, till at last I could say, with the dreamer, "Just as the gates were opened to let them in, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in there walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered

one another without intermission, saying, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord! And after that they shut the gates, which when I saw I wished myself among them."

THE SOUL IMMORTAL.

—
BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.
—

"The stars shall fade away,
The sun himself grow dim with age,
And nature sink in years; but thou
Shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

—
IMMORTALITY is the goal of human existence, the high destiny of man! The tabernacle of clay, the temporary encasement of the God-made and God-like soul, may tumble into ruins and decay, but the light of immortality remains unobscured and unextinguished by the ravages of the fall destroyer; for

"The soul of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
An orb of day."

By the very constitution of his nature, man feels his heirship to perpetual being, and walks the earth under the high consciousness of immortality. Addison not inelegantly nor untruthfully says, "There is a divinity that stirs within us, and points out a hereafter, and intimates eternity to man." Man has, in every age and in every clime, as it were, by the light of his own intuitions, reached, with more or less mental certainty, the ennobling and sublime thought of an endless perpetuation of his existence beyond the grave. But the human mind and its consciousness have not been left by their own unaided powers to solve the problem of the soul's immortality. The precious volume of revelation, sparkling in the radiance of its own divinity, and glowing in the infinite love of Heaven to man, sets the matter in bold relief, and assures us beyond doubt that "life and immortality have been brought to light by the Gospel."

God could, by possibility, never have designed the human soul, with its fearfully tremendous powers and mighty susceptibilities, to find its ultimatum of bliss and being within earth's circumscribed boundaries. The supposition that "death is an eternal sleep," and that the grave puts the extinguisher upon man's brightest hopes and fondest anticipations, is a derogation from the Divine wisdom and goodness, and repulsive to every feeling of our better nature. In man's creation little of wisdom or goodness is displayed—we write it with reverence—if, with all his immense activities and energies, his towering hopes and distressing fears, his being does not outlive the present life. He is "fearfully and wonderfully made" in part, in that

eternity is to be his future home, and the theater for the unfolding and development of his godlike powers forever. A soul thus made, and made for a destiny commensurate with itself—a soul capable of penetrating almost at a glance the world of mind and of matter, whose every attribute revolts at the idea of annihilation, must be designed, after being purified by the blood of the atonement, as a bright gem to light up and adorn the eternal city of God.

Then, fair reader, pilgrimaging on through time to eternity, if immortality be our destiny, let this life, untiringly devoted to God, make it an immortality of bliss. Let us live and act for eternity, and then at death we shall have "right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Thank God, that amid the wild elemental war of earth, air, fire, and water, when planets are seen flying lawless in the liquid sky, when all nature is a heap of ruins, and when the great pendulum of the clock of time hangs still and motionless in eternity, the redeemed soul shall stand unharmed, and shall bask forever in the sunlight of an immortal day!

DRAWING NEAR TO GOD.

PRAYER is the very life-breath of true religion. It is one of the first evidences that a man is born again. "Behold," said the Lord of Saul, in the day he sent Ananias to him, "behold he prayeth." He had begun to pray, and that was proof enough.

Prayer was the distinguishing mark of the Lord's people in the day that there began to be a separation between them and the world. "Then began men to call on the name of the Lord."

Prayer is the peculiarity of all real Christians now. They pray; for they tell God their wants, their feelings, their desires, their fears, and mean what they say. The nominal Christian may repeat prayers, and good prayers, too, but he goes no further.

Prayer is the turning-point in man's soul. Our ministry is unprofitable, and our labor is vain, till you are brought to your knees. Till then, we have no hope about you.

Prayer is one great secret of spiritual prosperity. When there is much private communion with God, your soul will grow like grass after rain; when there is little, all is at a stand-still—you will barely keep your soul alive. Show me a growing Christian, a going-forward Christian, a strong Christian, a flourishing Christian, and sure am I he is one that speaks often with the Lord. He asks much, and he has much. He tells Jesus every thing, and so he always knows how to act.

So long as you have a tongue to tell your soul's state, you may and ought to pray. Those words, "Ye have not, because you ask not," will be a fearful condemnation to many in the day of judgment.

A MORNING VISION.

BY JAMES FUMMILL.

"Get up, Thomas," said I, one morning, very early, to my cousin; "get up, and your curiosity to see how nature looks at sunrise shall be satisfied. A gray streak of light is just shooting up from behind Azure Hill. The sun will soon appear."

My cousin Tom rubbed his eyes, and, leaping from his bed, prepared to see the sun rise. As soon as he had dressed himself, we started for the hill on a run. A good, excitable journey in the early morning is refreshing. Did you ever try it, reader? Ah! I am afraid not. Many of you, doubtless, like the sluggard, turn from side to side in your beds, with a lazy luxury, long after the sun has arisen, and even complain that you are compelled to arise then. Now, this is habit—all habit—and it is the worst habit that can befall any human being. It is to your welfare to get rid of this habit. Take my advice thus far, and you will thank me for having given it: Arise every morning, in the summer season, at four o'clock; take a bath in the nearest brook, if you have not the proper bathing apparatus in your room; then start out into the air, and walk as rapidly as you can till near breakfast-time. Depend upon it, by this course your habit of lazily lying in bed till the third breakfast bell rings will be decidedly eradicated, to your pleasure and benefit.

By the time Thomas and I had reached the hill-top, the sun began to appear. On one side lay a valley in complete shade, with no sound of life within it. In a valley on the other side the sun beamed in newly risen splendor, and the birds were astir, and the farmers were preparing for the day's labor, and life was visible every-where. Tom, as he glanced from one side to the other, seemed much interested, and said it appeared to him as if he were looking upon two different worlds. One was silent and dark. No sound came from its depths. The cottages and farms lay in complete shadow. The inhabitants were, perhaps, still dreaming in their beds. The other was all life—all motion. The smoke was curling from the cottage chimneys; the farmers were in the yards, feeding their domestic animals; the streams sparkled in the sunlight; the trees lifted up their arms, welcoming a new day; the birds hurried from tree to tree, and from bush to bush, in happiest glee.

"Did you ever see a sight so rich in contrast, Tom?"

An enthusiastic look from my cousin's eyes was the only reply.

Long would we have dwelt upon these different prospects, but the sun, as it crept up the heavens, brushed the shade from the westward valley, and revealed its surpassing loveliness. Quietly, slowly stole the sun down the mountain pathway, lighting up the tops of the trees at first, till they appeared

as if the autumn's stern looks had paled them; and then darting down through the leaves, it poured its radiance on the gnarled limbs and trunks till they fairly glistened. Finally, the cottages far beneath us, stood out in bolder relief on the landscape, as if an experienced painter had suddenly filled up their shadowy outlines with his sunny pencil.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried Tom, clapping his hands, as the sun, by slow degrees, disclosed the glorious landscape below: "I shall be here every morning!"

Enthusiastic boy! how soon he forgot his determination!

"My dear cousin," said I, "it is not always that I can promise myself a scene so delicious as the one you have just witnessed. Sometimes it rains, and then I am prevented from seeing it; and during the whole winter, from some cause, both valleys are revealed almost at the same time. We can not then see the shadow by degrees creeping down the hill, and, when at the bottom, suddenly fading 'into thin air,' like a ghost, as to-day. I attribute this principally to the situation of the hill, and the position of the sun in the respective seasons. But no matter for the cause. It is even so. Every morning in summer the weather is not so favorable as it has been to-day, and, therefore, even at this season, we may not always witness the same beautiful changes of shadow and sunshine."

"Then I shall retain this vision in my memory."

"That is right," said I. "Always remember the lovely sights that the great Artist has permitted you to behold. Transcribe them indelibly upon your mind. They have within, and disclose, upon close inspection, or in reflecting upon them, such divine lessons as man, in all his eloquence, can never be able to teach."

My cousin, as we walked homeward, confessed that the view from the hill-top had filled his soul with such a radiance as he had never felt before; and as he said his prayers that morning, his spirit bowed down with more childlike reverence than usual to the Creator of the universe.

ON LOVING.

THE following beautiful paragraph is from the pen of Jean Paul Richter, a German writer of note:

"The more tenderly and warmly one loves, so much the more does he discover in himself defects rather than charms, that render him not worthy of the beloved. Thus are our little faults first made known to us, when we have ascended the higher steps of religion. The more we satisfy the demands of conscience the stronger they become. Love and religion are here like the sun. By mere daylight and torchlight, the air of the apartment is pure and undisturbed by a single particle; but let in a sunbeam, and how much dust and motes are hovering about!"

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

—
BY P. L.
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As I was sitting in a reading-room the other evening, reading a daily newspaper, I encountered an article which advocated, in the strongest terms, the "rights of woman." The "rights of woman" are beginning to attract much attention in the press of the day. "If," said the article which I read, "woman has the right to be taxed, and to be generally amenable to the laws of the country, why has she not the right to express her views with respect to the making of those laws by which she is governed?" This is not bad reasoning, thought I. I shall certainly examine this subject; for I know that only by examination I may discover whether the present position of womankind is in accordance with strict justice. I find that the mass of men are too apt to condemn, upon the instant, those opinions that do not conform with their long-established notions. We are all governed, more or less, by prejudice. Those ideas—good, bad, and indifferent—which governed our forefathers in their actions are revered by their children as truths too substantial to be eradicated, and of which to speak illy is almost unpardonable. The man who can rid himself of these hereditary fancies, and look into and throughout the world with a clear, calm spirit, has accomplished something which should give to him the name of philosopher. He will certainly see the world as it really is, and will be able to segregate and analyze its virtues and its vices.

But it is not always men of this calm spirit who throw aside their old-established customs, and advocate, with unbending determination, a new order of society. Though they may perceive the imperfection of the present state of things, they wish to see the model of a better before they will determine upon a "reform." Among the advocates of social reform there are many persons of mind and character—persons who have made their impress upon the age; but it must be admitted, even by the well-wishers of "the rights of man and woman," that there are a great many engaged in the reform movement whose earnest bigotry has awoke a distaste in the public mind for all modern reforms. Be assured of this—mild language and logical reasoning will have more effect upon the minds of intelligent men and women than abuse. We must have our old-fashioned beliefs dealt with pleasantly. They must be eradicated gradually and by the slowest degrees, as the harsh surfaces of the diamond are smoothed.

When the ladies of the United States become satisfied that the "lords of creation" are depriving them of their rights, and come to the determination to have justice done them, believe me, the "lords" will soon surrender. But, as far as I have seen, the ladies are perfectly satisfied with their condition here. They know that they are socially far above the women on any other part of the earth—that they are actually above the men themselves.

I need not go further than the next assembly to prove this. See with what forced complacency that young gentleman yields his seat to the simpering, vain young lady who has just come into the overflowing house. She takes it as a matter of course, without so much as a "thank ye;" while he—poor "lord!"—who had come early to be assured of a seat, sneaks off into the crowd to conceal his chagrin.

When the "women" who want their "rights" to vote, and to wield the sledge, and to practice physic, and to plead at the bar, and to hold civil offices, shall have obtained them, they must not expect to be treated with such gallantry. In the public gatherings they will meet with the rude jostle and the insult from rough men, and must carry their own braggadocio with them for defense. The "lords," in political contests for office, selfish as politicians are, will not discuss opinions with females less desperately than with their own sex; for they go upon the principle, sorry I am to say it, "that in politics, as in war, every thing is fair." No, ladies, your own good sense, I am happy to see, tells you where you are most dignified and lovely. Where you are now. How are we rough, world-hardened fellows to love you when you drop your womanhood—when your sublime individuality is lost in the commonplace individuality of us? Ah! what becomes of our enjoyments then around the blessed fireside, where the tender tones of love blend with the harmony of the singing steam? The tenderness is gone; the voice that seemed to drop balm into our toil-worn spirits has given place to the gruff disputation of a "reformed" woman. Instead of the ministrations of domestic kindness, we have a polemical dispute, or a political diatribe, or a disquisition on commerce. We love you as you are; we give you all you desire as gallants; your influence over us is without bounds. As you *would be*, our feelings would be different; and so would yours. You would be instantly advocating a *re-reform*, in which you might obtain your former "rights."

But we are told by one of the strongest advocates of "woman's rights"—a lady, too, of mind, but one who, I think, has become overfervid upon her favorite theme—that men *tyrannize* over the women. In what way? Why, in not permitting them the same privileges men have themselves. Have the ladies, as a mass, asked for those privileges? Do they really want them? I think not. Some very beautiful and sensible articles have been published in the Repository and other periodicals throughout the country, in which ladies have "defined their position" in unmistakable language. They cling, with a love that never, never can be alienated, to the customs of their mothers; and the name of "hearthstone" to them is as musical as the songs of the angels. All of the divine nature of true, heart-gladdening woman speaks out as from the shrine of their souls. *They* do not feel at all ashamed of their position, moral or social, in

society. No; they glory in the custom that has placed them where they are, and feel that they will have enough to do to improve the moral condition of the human race, in the proper rearing of those young beings who are to represent the future generations. They know that if both sexes are to be engaged in the same ambitious strifes, the minds of the young will be neglected. That qualifying influence which removes the harshness of "Adam's first sin," and which woman so genially exerts upon the yet untaught spirit, is entirely necessary to prevent the race from degenerating into the savage—its natural tendency.

The women of America, by word and by implication, have protested against a destruction of their individuality and their usefulness, and they will not swerve therefrom. The world would have cause for regret if they did.

"But," says one, "what has my desire to vote, and to assist in making laws for the government of myself, to do with all this? Can I not vote and attend to my family duties, also, as you men vote and attend to your regular business?" A plain question, which, to be sure, is or seems unanswerable. But the ground I have assumed, notwithstanding this pertinent question, remains untouched.

Do you not know, my fair readers, that men, during these excitements, do not strictly attend to their business? The human mind is ever looking forward; and there is not one man among us all, who is able to reason and debate, that does not look forward to the day when his fellow-citizens may call upon him to "do the state some service." The majority, or a great number, at least, of our voters, during political contests, become absorbed in the interests of their country. Wrangles and disputations, and not of the mildest character either, are frequent; and the heart becomes hardened and the disposition stern; and therein is one of the numerous causes of man's nature being diverse from that of woman. In those hours man neglects his family, or devotes, at best, but a trifling portion of his time to its culture, and the task devolves upon woman. Now, were women, also, to become such fervent patriots—which they would obviously do, if voters—the "young and rising generation" would lose that complete attendance which is so essential to its correct growth. The conclusion is plain. The majority of American women are not willing to try the experiment of losing the affections of their husbands and brothers for the sake of a visionary "right." You may depend upon this!

Before I conclude, I would say, woman has one greater *tyrant* than man, over which she should strive to gain the ascendancy. That tyrant is Fashion. Let Fashion utter the most absurd edict, and woman bows to the law with a smile. I admire the independence and strength of mind of the "Bloomers," who, regardless of the sneers of the world, threw aside those long, dragging, ungraceful robes which have been worn time out of mind, and adopted a costume of a more comfortable

and graceful pattern. But Fashion hooted, and the novel style was ultimately cast aside. Had Paris, the *beau monde*, originated the "Bloomer," the *furor* in its favor would have been universal. We would have seen no more in the streets the skirts of the dress, heavy with mud and water, flapping ludicrously around the ankles of our fair dames. Some of the ablest medical men spoke favorably of the healthfulness of the new costume, and a number of artists and the literati—men whose taste and judgment must be respected—admired its beauty. But Fashion frowned upon it, and it ceased to exist.

To please this tyrant, the ladies neglect their health, and appear in the most ridiculously unsuitable wardrobe. Travelers from England—that land of buxom, rosy-cheeked women—speak in surprise of the foolish customs that prevail among our women—such as the wearing thin shoes in all seasons, the compressing of the waist till the human form bears the shape of an hour-glass, and other customs just as disgraceful and dangerous. Our country girls, to be sure, are not so abject in their subjection to Fashion. You will find many of them who will bear comparison, in health and vigor of constitution, to any class of females of any country. The fact is, they have matters to attend to that Fashion does not respect. The domestic work of a farm-house expels all thoughts of the frivolities of gay life. It does not admit of sufficient leisure for rouging, and hair-curling, and corseting. The rough farm-grounds and country roads require leather of greater stamina than is to be found in the gossamer slippers of the city belle. Instead of simpering before the glass, the country girl is to be found in the open air, with imbrowned locks, assisting on the farm. Her whole life—which is a happy one—is passed in disseminating peace, and plenty, and love among her kindred and her friends. A blessing on the country ladies! May the city belles learn to adopt their example! Then, Mr. Editor, may we hope to look upon a land worthy the praise and admiration of the world!

LIFE AND EXISTENCE.

To eat, and drink, and sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, are the true nourishment of our natural being.

The Ladies' Repository.

DECEMBER, 1852.

LIFE'S CEASELESS CHANGES.

We have often thought it strange that moralists should have written and spoken of the mutability of human life as if it were a thing to be dreaded and mourned over: we at least have no sympathy with the thought. To our mind, mutability is the soul of poetry, and the source of nearly all the most delightful and sacred pleasures of life. What if the Creator had stamped upon the universe one everlasting and monotonous immutability! How wearisome and burdensome alike to the senses and the mind would it have been, if, for instance, the solemn radiance of the evening sky had never alternated with the golden flush of summer sunset, nor the deep darkness of the midnight hour given place to the rosy and the joyous morning; or, if from ever-shining skies, the unclouded sun had poured down its unvarying beams "from everlasting to everlasting;" if the storm, the calm, the tempest, the pleasant noon, and the quiet brooding of the evening sky, had remained forever unknown; if the majestic oak had never been desolated by wintery storms; or if the flower of the forest had never dropped its leaves and its blossoms, and sank gently back upon the bosom of its mother earth, waiting for a new resurrection to life and beauty!

But if mutability be the poetry of nature, how much more so is it the poetry of life! "Beautiful as upon the mountain tops, the feet of him that bringeth good tidings," are the manifold changes and subdivisions of life. We mourn not over these changes, for they leave enshrined in the sacred niches of the heart, in fairer and holier outlines, the images of the loved and the lost. Memory never awakens but with imagination, and then she can give us back the perished ones, even in the loveliest looks they wore; at the touch of her magic wand, time and distance melt into nothingness, and rolling away the stone from the sepulcher, she summons back from death's dateless night, shadows of the loved. Every hour and year of our past life, is a breathing, peopled, haunted world; and as Memory, with her solemn brow, leads us through the burial isles of the past, we hear ever and anon, the slow and noiseless foot-falls of those with whom we once held sweet converse. On, on, they pass, like those star-crowned elders seen in vision by the lonely exile of Patmos. We each of us live unnumbered lives in the space of our brief existence. We are forever renewing the past in a thousand characters, and yet through them all preserving a strange identity. Friends have passed from our side, passions have been changing, feelings vanishing, and hopes transmuted into memories; but that strange identity which links us so inevitably to the past, and impels us onward to the uncertain future, has remained fixed. And through the alternate clouds and sunshine, joy and sorrow, which have marked our way, we can now trace their great use in molding and fashioning us for the duties of this life, and the higher enjoyments of a better.

Let us not complain of the shortness of human life

while we can so mysteriously retrace all its devious windings and wanderings. Long ago does it seem now to our worn heart since we went forth to pluck primroses, and made the green woods echo with our laughter. Long ago since we returned in the summer twilight from our ramble in the fields, with our pin-afore laden with "buttercups and daisies." Long ago since we chased the butterfly over the scented thyme, and gazed wonderingly upon the fairy rings in the emerald grass. Alas! the fairies are all gone now, and in the somber silence of the dim old woods, we can no longer hear their tiny laughter echoing among the anemones and bluebells. The fair-haired sister with whom we wandered through those old woodland isles, has gone from our side forever. Solemn and sad indeed was that autumn day, when her gentle spirit left us to pass into the silent evening land. Mournfully and wistfully did we look down into the hollow tomb as we heard the dust rattle upon the coffin-lid, and caught the solemn sentence, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." It was the first day of lonely and utter sorrow that we had known. And what a strange multitudinous thing must that childhood life of ours have been, when in a few short months we could have forgotten her, or if for a moment her gentle semblance crossed our path, we could brush aside the tear, and away in a cloud of our joyous school-mates, breaking into fragments on the breezy hill-side, and then dashing over the wild moorland to surprise the blue heron, which rose and floated away to the old castle woods. Ah! that strange child life of ours, with its exultant joy, and its unshaded beauty; how like to a dream it seems to us now! But the fairest spot in that dimly-remembered child life, was the still, calm Sunday, with its best clothes, and its quiet beauty; when the music of Sabbath bells came over the hills and valleys, calling the dwellers in the distant hamlet to the house of prayer. And then, after all the sunny joys and shadowed hours of that fair child life—treading, as it were, upon its heels, and borrowing somewhat of its beauty—came youth, with its magnificent storms and glorious sunshine, its aspirations for fame, its first dreams of affection.

In our youth-time, life spreads before us like the bright, boundless, and ever-laughing sea. At first, in our strange wonderment, like delighted children we stand gazing upon the dancing waves, as they go racing and careering gloriously away, like living creatures, to some far-off region of light and loveliness. But then as the boy expands into the man, he becomes more familiar with the ebb and flow of the waters—their smiles and frowns, their lights and shadows, their tempests and their calms, all their tones of storm and thunder, and their low breathings of soft pulsating music; till at last he launches his boat upon the waters, leaves the shore, hoists his sail, and impatient for the wonders that await him, he disappears from his quiet home, and the old parental roof-tree; and when years have rolled away, and he has grown familiar with the storm and the hurricane, he comes back again, a thoughtful, sadder man, from his strange eventful voyage round the globe, and nestles down in the quiet village which had first witnessed his infant gambols.

Kind, and surpassingly beautiful is the ordinance

of nature, that the footsteps of time are soundless to our ears, and imperceptible to our eyes; that they startle us not with their sudden approach. The transition of life's varied stages into each other are so gradual and imperceptible, that the child knows not that he has passed into youth; nor can the youth lay his finger upon the moment, the emotion, which told him that he had passed from youth to manhood. So lightly had father Time laid his hand upon him, that he had led him to the summit of the hill ere he was hardly aware that he had begun the ascent: and not till he had turned to look back upon the path that he had trodden, and beheld the wrecks of the pleasant things which lay scattered there, did he feel that he was now no longer a boy; and that in the vales below, around which the golden mists of memory were gathering thick and dim, lay his fair and beautiful childhood, looking up with its great tearful eyes to bid him a last farewell. Then begins he carefully to gather up the wasted dews of thought—the fragments of the past, and memory deposits them in her secret storehouse, to be mourned and mused over in the dim twilight of old age.

Thus the seasons of life are like those of the year, changing or fading imperceptibly into each other. The boy looks upon the youth, the youth upon the man, the man in his maturity looks upon the hoary head of his sire, neither regarding them as stages through which they must one day pass, but looking at them almost as separate phases in a separate life. But as days, and weeks, and months, and years drop off, the varied phases melt like evening shadows into each other, with naught of suddenness, without violence, without break—gradual, silent, and calm, like the coming on of twilight. The infant and the old man are one and the same now; the cradle and the coffin touch each other.

Life! alas, who shall define the mystery enshrined in those four letters! Childhood—youth—manhood—old age—four dreams within a dream. A dream—the glory and the power of which lies in its mutability!

SORROW IN CHILDHOOD.

As the cars in which we were recently traveling halted at a station, our attention was arrested by a beautiful little girl, apparently less than two years of age, who was looking from one of the windows of a house standing but a few feet from the track. She was wailing most piteously, and on her sweet, wan face was painted deeper sorrow than we had ever before seen on the face of an infant, such as this. All the while she repeated, with a pathos indescribably mournful, "They have carried away my papa. When will they bring him back?"

Presently a lady, whom we instantly recognized as a former acquaintance, came from the house, and, entering the car in which we sat, took a seat near ours.

"Did you observe a child at the window?" she asked, when the train had again taken wings.

"Yes," we replied; "and with deep interest."

"A fortnight since," rejoined our friend, "the father of that little girl set out for the gold region. She was always amused at seeing the cars pass; and the morning fixed upon for her father's departure, as she heard the train approaching, climbed to her ac-

customed place, and, clapping her hands in great glee, watched its coming.

"At that moment the father and mother entered the room, the former with a forced smile upon his features and the latter pale and tremulous with suppressed emotion. One pressure to his fond heart, one fervent kiss, and the love pledge only was replaced at the window with a low 'God bless you, my darling Emi. Good-by.'

"This was evidently the first intimation to the little one of her father's intended departure. At the words she turned quickly, and with a half-incredulous expression, from the window, surveyed his person, and, seeing that he was really equipped for a journey, returned his parting salutation.

"'Good-by, papa, good-by.'

"Another moment, and the adventurer had entered the cars, which were beginning again to move forward. The young wife and mother turned from the spot where the long farewell had been exchanged, and re-entered her dwelling with streaming eyes. Instantly the child appeared to comprehend that her father's absence was destined to be not, as usual, a temporary one; the gay smile fled from her intelligent features, and, stretching her tiny arms toward her father, who, from a window, was casting behind a longing look, she cried, in lisping accents,

"O, please do come back, papa, and take mamma and Emi.'

"The father, who had hitherto succeeded in maintaining external composure, was seen to withdraw his gaze, and press a handkerchief to his eyes.

"The child has scarcely smiled since. On the approach of the cars she always takes her place at the window, from which no inducement can draw her, and watches with eager eyes till she finds her father has not come, when, in a tone of sadness truly affecting, she repeats, as you have just now heard her, 'They carried away my papa. When will they bring him back?'

"Her appetite has failed. She has grown pale and thin; and, whether sleeping or waking, her thoughts are constantly with her absent parent. Her mother has decided to take her from the scenes which so constantly remind her of her affliction, as the only means of restoring her health and spirits."

"Lovely, affectionate creature!" we could not help exclaiming, as the narrator ceased; "may the beloved one, his labors abundantly blessed, at no distant day, be restored to the joys of his home!"

LITTLE BLUE MANTLE.

ON the 4th of June, 1852, a modest funeral procession entered the cemetery of Castel-Censoir, in France. The defunct, to whom the last offices of humanity were being rendered, and on whose plain coffin a drizzling rain fell, had gained no great victories, had conducted no intricate negotiations, had left no niche unoccupied in the temples of literature or art. At very nearly the same period, in Paris, was taking place the funeral of Pradier, the famous sculptor. Artists, *savants*, members of the Academie and of the Institute in their official costumes, and aides-camps of the Prince President were there; the carriages of the aristocracy followed the bier, and a battalion of infantry formed a line on either side. But

in *this* procession, personages of no higher authority than a parish priest, the mayor of a humble French township, and a brigadier of rural gendarmerie were present. The spectacle derived its interest not from the rank, the talents, or the riches of the deceased; but from his blameless character, his many and truly Christian virtues, his inexhaustible and untiring charity, and the fact of his last home being selected in the midst of a village he had almost created, and the midst of a population many of whom he had fed, and clothed, and comforted for half a century.

On its way to the church-yard, the procession wound through trees planted under his direction, over roads paved at his expense, by fields reclaimed, and wells dug by his orders. It is no exaggeration to state, that his coffin was followed by the whole population of the place; by young and old, proprietors and laborers, by the lame, the halt, and the blind, bewailing in him the loss of a common benefactor and a common friend. As the procession neared the cemetery gate, the sun shone for a moment on the bier, lighting up the cross of the Legion of Honor, and a weather-stained, threadbare **LITTLE BLUE MANTLE**. These were his trophies, his shield and scutcheon.

Edme Champion, better known by the name of Little Blue Mantle, from the short blue cloak he constantly wore, was born, and died at Castel-Censoir; he began life in 1768, and was, consequently, eighty-four years of age at the time of his death. His parents were poor bargees; his mother, the daughter of a small proprietor in somewhat easier circumstances, had been discarded and disinherited by her father for contracting an unequal match, and from infancy the little Edme was the victim of her soured temper and of a spirit chafed by ill-borne poverty. He was left an orphan and perfectly destitute at a very early age. The alms-house would have been his only refuge, had it not been for a lady who succeeded in getting extended to him the benefits of a charity for apprenticing poor fatherless children. He was consequently apprenticed to a jeweler; who, however, chose rather to teach him the art of peeling potatoes and cleaning boots and shoes than that of distinguishing between rose and table diamonds. Outraged by a long course of neglect and ill-treatment, he ran away, and remained concealed for a whole day and night in the wood of Vincennes, where he was found by a kind-hearted *garde champêtre*, who not only relieved his necessities, but made his peace with his master, and succeeded in having his indentures transferred to another jeweler—the famous German, Baumer—who understood and performed his duty toward his apprentice, and taught him his trade conscientiously. In course of time, Edme Champion became an expert workman and one of the most acute judges of precious stones in Paris. In after life, M. Champion used frequently to relate that he himself, as a workman, carried the great diamond necklace to the Cardinal de Rohan, in the extraordinary history of which that prelate, the Queen Marie Antoinette, and Balsamo, better known as Count Cagliostro, were implicated. The workman afterward became chief clerk to his master, and at last head of an extensive establishment on his own account. He was nearly ruined by the Revolution; but the assistance of a friend,

who confided to him one hundred thousand francs—his whole fortune, and for which, so much confidence had he in the honor of his debtor, he would take neither acknowledgment nor security—enabled him to weather the storm. Those were bad times for jewelers; and Napoleon, even in 1804, was rather at a loss to find credit for his imperial crown, till Biennais stepped forward to his assistance. "In fact," the Emperor said afterward laughing, "Biennais must have believed strongly in me, for political firms often went bankrupt in those days." As for Edme Champion, he recovered his position under the Empire and the Restoration, under which latter government he finally retired from business with a large fortune. Early accustomed to misery and privation, and the spectator of misery and privation in others, he had always been charitable according to his means; but, from the period of his retirement to that of his death, he devoted himself exclusively to acts of munificence. From 1824 to 1852, his memoirs may be summed up in saying that he went about doing good. He made an honorable provision for his family; the residue of his fortune he held in trust for the poor, and was a faithful steward. Clad in his little blue mantle, he went about from house to house, from street to street, from loathsome den to loathsome den, down infected alleys, up rotten staircases into foul garrets, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, drying the tears of the fatherless! He, the police, and the priests were the repositories of the gigantic miseries of Paris. In those severe winters, which, in continental cities especially, produce appalling misery, the figure of a man in a blue cloak seemed to multiply itself indefinitely wherever the snow clung to the black walls. There appeared to be, not one but legions of little blue mantles, trotting about—which was strictly his mode of walking—with prodigious activity, bearing Herculean loads of shoes, worsted stockings, and great white jugs of soup, as though they were feathers. I have heard, from a source whose authenticity I have no reason to doubt, that in one winter, in the one city of Paris, he distributed with his own hands fifteen thousand bowls of soup. The ragged prowling wretches who ulcerate Paris would wait patiently for hours on his track, and catching sight of his well-known blue cloak in the distance, would say, "Ah, here comes the little blue mantle. We are going to get something to eat!" Waistcoats and shoes were, however, his specialties. A benumbed wretch would be shivering in a gateway, tightly embracing his bare chest with his shrunken arms: Little Blue Mantle would collar him fiercely; force him severely into a warm woolen waistcoat; and, before the man could thank him, Little Blue Mantle would be a hundred yards away, brandishing his soup-jugs. A little half-congealed stomy of a girl would be crying on a doorstep, her poor shoeless feet quite violet with the pitiless cold: incontinent she would be caught up from behind, seated on a pair of friendly knees, told half a merry story; and, a minute after, left staggering in the unwonted luxury of a whole pair of shoes.

I need not say that this man was adored by the poor; that mothers brought their children to him for a benediction, as to a priest; that in the awful habitations he almost alone ventured into, thieves and murderers would have rent each other in pieces before

they would have suffered a hair of his head to be touched. I have conversed with a gentleman who assured me that, on one occasion, a great hulking savage giant of a horse-slaughterer, the terror even of his savage quarter, fell on his knees before him, and exclaimed—with perfect French bombast—but with perfect sincerity, "And is it possible that such a man can walk on earth?" He expected to see full-fledged wings sprout from the Little Blue Mantle.

Yet I find it no where on record that M. Edme Champion was vain, or self-sufficient, or insolent. He was the pioneer, the interpreter, and the coadjutor of the priest. His charity ever went hand in hand with religion, and was its meet and willing helpmate.

Paris was his great working field; he loved to struggle with great miseries; but he never neglected nor forgot his native place. He was ever about some of the improvements I have mentioned in the commencement of this paper; no tale of misery from Castel-Censoir ever found his ear deaf or inattentive. In the winter of 1829-30, one of almost unexampled severity, he says, in a letter to the mayor of Castel-Censoir: ". . . As the severity of the winter seems to be on the increase, be good enough to distribute, Monsieur, as they are needed, coals, fuel, shoes, blankets, and such like;" and he goes on to indicate the bakers, drapers, etc., to be dealt with, and the agents to be drawn upon for funds. He frequently visited his beloved birthplace; where he was, neither more nor less, the counterpart of Pope's "Man of Ross;" and, during one of these visits, he underwent a very severe grief. A plantation, his property, was destroyed by fire, and rumor whispered that the conflagration was the work of an incendiary. Edme Champion struggled long and direfully against the doleful suspicion; but, one day, two peasants presented themselves before him, and intimated that they were the sole depositories of the secret of the destruction of his trees. Refusing to hear another word of this dreadful confidence, Little Blue Mantle dragged them into the village church, and made them swear, before the altar, that they would lock the secret, if any existed, in their own breasts, and never reveal it, save under seal of confession on their death-beds. Then he dismissed them with a present of money.

Little Blue Mantle took frequent flying visits of charity into other parts of France—short pleasure trips of beneficence. These were so numerous, and the good man took them so much as a matter of course, that few can be known but of the immediate circle of the parties concerned. It is related, however, that on one occasion he was informed of the residence in a small village of an old lady, of noble birth, who had lost all her relations by the guillotine; and who, converting her few jewels into ready money, had retired to an obscure cottage, where she lived in great poverty and privation. Almost paralytic, she was compelled to have recourse to the assistance of an attendant, and engaged a delicate girl, some eighteen years of age, the daughter of poor parents in the neighborhood. Constant illness exhausted the poor paralytic's store, when her youthful nurse, who already worked at her needle by day in part support of her own family, devoted a greater portion of every night to work to procure bread for her helpless old

charge. Little Blue Mantle was soon on the spot; conversed with the invalid and her nurse; and, on leaving, not liking to wound the delicacy of either, left a little store of gold pieces on the mantle-piece. He returned in a few weeks, when the young girl, who was rapidly losing her health through overexertion, handed him his gold, supposing that he had left it on the mantle-piece by accident. For once Little Blue Mantle repented of his shame-faced benevolence; had he been a little less delicate, this poor couple would not have been starving in the midst of plenty. But he succeeded in making the poor needle-worker accept his assistance, and left directions with a tradesman in the village to watch over her, and administer to her wants. A few months afterward he returned again; the poor paralytic was dead—and his *protegee*? She was at the *Chateau*. To the *Chateau* went Little Blue Mantle, and there he found a handsome young man, and a blooming, well-dressed young lady. The squire had heard the story of the devoted little nurse, had become attached to her, and had married her. The story is thoroughly French, and thoroughly true to French nature.

And so, through long years, went trotting about on his Master's business Edme Champion, the man in the little blue mantle. It may be objected that his charity was indiscriminate, and that he may have relieved rogues and vagabonds, as well as the virtuous poor. I am not aware that he understood any thing about poor laws, old or new; about prison discipline, or the workhouse test; or that he had the least idea of political economy. He was a simple man, with little lore, but surely with a large heart.

At length, in extreme old age, he felt his end approaching. Beloved and revered by his family and friends, the Government had heard of his unobtrusive merits and awarded him the cross of the Legion of Honor. He took it as he took all things, pleasantly and thankfully. He expressed, a few days before his death, a longing to die in his native place—*Jama son pays*, as the French affectionately express it. Although not attacked with any mortal malady, he seemed to know that his time was come, and said to his friends, "Adieu! you will see me no more." He had scarcely arrived at Castel-Censoir, when he fell down dead. His end can scarcely be called sudden, for it was anticipated and prepared for. "He had every thing to hope, and nothing to fear." The mercy he had so often shown to others seemed shown to him, in sparing him the agonies of a protracted struggle with death.

He sleeps in his quiet grave, and no monumental victories will sound trumpets over it. But his fame is written in that most indelible of pages, the remembrance of the people; and fifty years hence, beneath the cotter or the workman's roof, the garrulous grandam will gather the little children round her knee by the bright fire, and when they are tired—if children of any growth ever can be tired—of hearing of the exploits of kings and conquerors, tell them of the good deeds of Little Blue Mantle.

The sun stoops not more readily to warm the flower that opens to receive the beams, than does the Holy Spirit to strengthen and bless the soul that desires his influence.

MAKE GIRLS USEFUL.

It can not be too strongly impressed upon parents, that making their children handy and useful to themselves and others, is the best way of making them happy and contented, and saving them from that pitiable state for young and old, the "not knowing what to do." The necessity of labor, which was imposed upon the first man, is intuitively recognized by all his descendants as soon as the helplessness of infancy is past. Children *want* to be occupied, and to amuse them for long together without occupation is impossible; and not only do they require to be occupied, but, as if conscious of the merciful intention of the sentence under which they lie, they want to be occupied *to some purpose*, to share in the employments and the aim of their elders; and it is simply owing to impatience with their first efforts that so many young things, who would otherwise have been blithe and merry *helps* in a numerous family, grow up to be weary and melancholy *hinderances*. "To be sure, how neat, and nice, and happy you all look!" said a comparatively rich woman with four children to a poor woman with nine; "how in the world do you contrive?" "Well, there's plenty to do, certainly, but then there are plenty of hands to do it; one does one thing, and one does another, and so we get through cheerily; and we have all our health, thank God, which is a great matter." The comparatively rich woman returns to her four fretful, mischievous *nuisances* at home, and wonders how an *additional free pair of hands* can be produced as a *reason* for cleanliness and comfort; or, if the truth should dawn upon her, she regrets that the *rank* of her children will not allow them to wash dishes, sweep floors, run off errands, or pick up sticks, like those of her neighbor. But as every increase of this world's possessions is accompanied by a *corresponding* increase of care and occupation, suitable employment may be found for the young *in all classes*; and especially in the middle station may the young people in a family be rendered happy by being made useful. The singular infatuation by which girls are brought up in helpless ignorance of all that is most essential in domestic economy, while time and money are lavishly bestowed on the acquisition of a *smattering* of accomplishments, for which they have no taste, and for the exercise of which many will have no opportunity, is a great evil in society. Mothers who have the good sense to avoid it, and to permit the cultivation of accomplishments as a relaxation *after* the business of life is duly attended to, giving masters as a reward for self-improvement in any art for which taste or talent is evinced, will have these very accomplishments in *greater* perfection in *their* families than if, like many others, they had considered them the chief objects in their daughters' education—that for which every thing else was to be set aside or sacrificed. In a German parsonage, I have known the eldest daughter of the house to prepare the dishes brought to table, while the younger waited on her father's guests; and in the evening, the labors of the day concluded, the young ladies—for such they were in intellect, refinement, and appearance—took their part in the family concert; their performance being as superior to that of most of the pupils of our expensive schools as good sense, harmony, and genius will ever be to affecta-

tion, discord, and stupidity. But notwithstanding the frequent instances of mistaken views in regard to education in our middle classes, there is no occasion to cross the channel for examples of usefulness, happiness, and accomplishments *combined*; the same nimble, skillful fingers that make the pretty frocks of baby sisters, or furnish the best cake and lightest pastry for a birthday feast, can guide the pencil with an artist's talent; children of ten years of age, who promise to play very well with a moderate amount of home instruction, have kept the housekeeping accounts during mamma's illness, without any detriment to their childish merriment when mamma was happily *about again*.

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

"Not to myself alone,"

The little opening flower transported cries—

"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes:
The bee comes sipping every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"

The circling star with honest pride doth boast—

"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet,
His power and skill who formed our myriad host:
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"

The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—

"Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come:
For man, for man the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
A scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"

The soaring bird, with lusty pinion, sings—

"Not to myself alone I raise the song:
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue:
And bear the moaner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"

The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—

"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide:
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and floweret gay;
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone,"

O man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest!
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part:
Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone!

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

The clock struck eleven. A woman sat by the fire-side rocking her baby to sleep.

The room was a small one; it was a poor workman's home; yet there was an air of neatness and comfort about it. The floor was swept clean, the fire burned bright, and crackled in the chimney, and the few articles of furniture, which were neatly placed about the room, shone in the firelight, their clear polish reflecting the merry blaze of the flame.

Yet the woman seemed to be sad at heart, though the elements of comfort were about her. She sighed from time to time as she glanced at the cot in which her baby was laid. The child moaned uneasily in its sleep, for it was sick—ill.

She stooped down to gaze at it. A hectic spot burned on either cheek, while its lips were parched and pale. The poor babe tossed its head uneasily from side to side, and seemed all unconscious of the rocking of the cradle, which now ceased to lull it to its wonted slumber. The distressed mother wrung her hands, and wailed within herself.

But suddenly she started and rose up at the sound of a footstep on the pavement without. She listened—the step passed by; and she sank back in her chair again.

"Alas!" she sighed, "it is not he! When will he come?"

She listened again. She approached the door—opened it, and looked out. All was still in the lonely street; the hum of the city, though subdued and muffled by the falling night, still reached her ears from the distant thoroughfares. Over and above all—streets, lamps, and city thoroughfares—hung high up in the heavens—shone the clustering fields of stars, looking down, in their eternal un pitying gaze, on the turmoil, the sorrow, and the suffering, of this lower world. The sight of those calm watchers—unvarying, imperishable, eternal—is at times full of sadness and melancholy; at least, so now did this lone woman feel, and sadly she turned back into her little nook, where her child lay. She closed the door, and sat down again by the cradle.

All was hushed again, and now she listened to another distant step in the street without. Again she stood by the door. The clocks of the city were booming the hour of twelve far and near.

The step approached; it was unsteady! She knew that step; and her heart quailed at its sound. She knew its meaning. Ah! how bright she once looked at hearing the elastic tread of her lover, and, after that, of her husband—for it was he! But now it brought with it only sadness, despair, and a grim foreboding of sorrow to come.

Yet she received him as of old—kissed him as he entered, and welcomed him home again, as she had always done.

"It is very late, William," she said.

"Well! what of that?"

"It's lonely sitting up."

"And who told you to sit up? Nobody asked you. What business have you to sit up!" and he hiccupped.

The poor woman burst into tears.

"Crying again, woman! well, what good will that do! You don't think I care for your crying."

"I'm afraid not, William. But go to bed; and we shall talk things over in the morning."

"Talk things over! What have you got to say, that you can't say it now! You're going to scold me, I suppose; but it's all of no use."

"No, William; you know well enough I am no scold. I have never spoken an angry word to you yet, since I became your wife, and I will not. If a husband can not be got to love his wife and have a regard for her comfort without scolding, it were better to give him up at once," she said, seriously.

"Why, Kate! What do you mean? I know you have been a good wife, and an affectionate one; but can't a man stay out when he likes without his wife setting a-crying when he comes home! But come—let's to bed."

"No, William, I must nurse our child. He's very ill."

"What! Ill! and I didn't know of it! What's the matter?"

"I can't tell; but he's feverish and restless, and I must watch by him for the night. Go to bed now, like a good kind fellow. I hope it will be all well in the morning."

"Well, be it so. But I must have a kiss of the baby before I go." And he approached the cradle for the purpose.

Intoxicated though he was, he could see how much the child suffered; it moaned and tossed about as if in pain. He would, however, have lifted the child up in his arms, but the mother dissuaded him—it was too ill for that. "But he would have one kiss of the darling." He stooped down, and, staggering, would almost have fallen over the cradle, but the wife held him back.

"O William," she cried, "leave the child alone! You are not fit to touch him. See! you frighten him! Go, now."

He staggered back, looking confused and ashamed. "Well," said he, "I am sorry for this, but I'll e'en go. Poor dear little Willie."

He was about to retire, when, turning back, he said hastily, as if the thought had for the moment sobered him—

"But if the child should die!"

"Then, God's will be done," said the mother, sobbing.

"O, let me fetch a doctor!" he cried, with a look of alarm, "I'll bring one in a few minutes; let me go!"

"I have seen to that, William; the doctor has been, and done what he could. Now, go!"

And he went, staggering, to his sleeping chamber; from whence the sound of his labored breathing shortly proceeded; and the drunken mooring of the husband, the wailing moan of the sick child, and the occasional deep sighs of the watching wife and mother, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night in that sad little household.

The morning's light peered in through the window-blinds, and still found the mother by the child's cradle. She watched there by her first-born, calling to mind its sweet winning ways, its prattle, and its bright looks. But now, alas! there was but the quivering, clammy lips, through which the child's soul seemed fluttering. Its shortening breath labored on,

and its upturned eyes were half veiled by the convulsed lid. Senseless, unconscious, and helpless, never had that child been more dear to the mother's heart than now; yet love could not save it; sorrow could not ransom it. There was a long breath, a sigh, a gurgling sound in the throat—and then quiet: it was the quiet of death. Yet still the mother watched for him that could not hear her weeping.

At length the morning fairly broke. It was broad daylight, and the husband rose from his couch, with red eyes and heated brain. His step was unsteady as he entered the apartment, where still sat the mother by her dead child.

"It's late," said the husband, advancing; "I shall not be in time for work. Why did you let me sleep so long?"

"Poor little Willie!" was all she could sob out in reply.

"What's the matter?" he asked; and then, pausing a moment, he seemed suddenly to recollect the events of the past night. "I think you said the child was ill."

"He's dead!"

"O, God!" he exclaimed, "it can not be."

He looked down into the cradle, and there lay the child, calm and placid as if in sleep, yet breathing not, and with the hue of death upon its cheek. He groaned, and sunk into a chair by the cradle-side, unable to speak.

But suddenly there passed through his mind the visions of the past; and he thought of the sweet prattle of his child on the evenings of his return from labor—of the delight he had felt in watching his growing intelligence—of his arch wiles, and playfulness—and then of the patient love and care of his wife, now bowed down in silent grief beside him.

"O, Kate, this is a sad sight. Our poor, dear child!" and the strong man hid his face in his hands, and sobbed audibly.

She took his hand. He looked up through his tears, and said, "I have been very cruel and selfish toward you. Do you not hate me?"

"No, no!" said the weeping wife; "no, William; but here, by the dead body of this our first-born, let me speak to you of the past."

"Not now, not now!"

"William, I must: I have thought of it during the night, while I waited for you, and watched by your child and mine: and now I feel it to be right to speak to you, though it is in sorrow."

"Be merciful to me!"

"I have no word of reproach for you, William; but I would speak to you as your wife, whom you promised to love and cherish till death."

"I did! I did!"

"You took me, a girl, from my father's house and home, where I was happy. You loved me."

"True! and I love you now."

"I believe you, William. Well, I was young, with little knowledge of the world. But I tried to make your home as happy as mine had been before. I labored to make it cheerful and bright for you. I sought to attract you to my side, and keep you at home with me and the dear child there, after your hours of daily labor were over."

"You did, Kate. No wife could have been more kind and good."

"William, I prayed for you; I thought but of you; I lived but for you."

"O, spare me. I know, I feel, how cruel I have been."

"No, only thoughtless. When sober, you have always been kind and loving; but when you have spent your evenings away from us, and come in late——"

"I have been harsh and cruel—I know it now."

"Dear William, one other word, and I have done. Let me have some of your evening leisure spent beside me. I will try to make you happy. Sit beside me while I work; and if I do not know so much as the companions whom you meet with elsewhere, teach me, and I will learn."

"O, Kate," said William, sobbing, "I never felt your love so dear to me as now. Here, by the body of this dear child, I solemnly promise that it shall be as you say. I will forsake those haunts of dissipation in which my soul had well-nigh been lost, and seek peace, and pardon, and happiness, again, by your side."

And it was so. The dark shadow passed away from the household. Time, which heals all, gradually assuaged this first great grief of both; and it was converted, by Providence, into a blessing. The husband was restored to his home again, and to the earnest love of his wife. Comfort flew back to the hearth, and other infant treasures replaced that which had been lost. And as time passed on, the memory of the dead infant was guarded as a precious treasure; for its death had been sanctified to both. The promise solemnly made by its cradle-coffin had been kept, and peace and blessings descended in rich abundance upon the happy cottage home.

COMFORT AT HOME.

It is easy to understand how the woman's influence in the home should be so much greater than that of the man. She is always present, or ought to be. The children are brought up under her eye, and during the first years of their life all children are taught by the eye. The mother is their example and model, and what she is, they slowly become. The father is engaged all day at his work or in his profession. When he returns in the evening, the children are in bed, so that he sees little of them, except on Sunday. This is the case with the large proportion of families of working men. Then the husband, who has been toiling all the week like a horse, takes his turn at nursing the baby and looking after the children. But the mother is always there—her hands are constantly busy in the house from morn till night, and from week to week. It is to her that the children habitually look for nourishment, attention, and help; and as they grow older, they take counsel with her respecting their conduct in life. She cherishes them first as infants, with many fond kisses and caresses; then she tends them as boys and girls, with much labor and fatigue, and often in great sorrow; and when they are launched upon the world, each to take part in its labors, its anxieties, and its trials, still they ever fondly turn to the mother for counsel and consolation in their time of need. Children quite

naturally love their mother, and can not help imitating her. When she is kind, good, diligent, patient, and loving, as she ought to be, children may even be said to reverence her; and unhappy are they if she do not at least inspire them with gratitude and deep respect. "Miserable indeed is the man," says J. P. Richter, "for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable."

We have lately met with a very curious instance of the remarkable influence exercised by the mother in the formation of her children's *character*; and in a quarter where one would scarcely be disposed to expect it; namely, the "Reports of Inspectors of Parochial School Unions in England and Wales," where Mr. Tuffnell, in his excellent report on *The Schools of the Metropolitan District*, makes the following remarkable statement:

"On the mothers mainly depend the character of the rising generation; and it is a trite remark, that many a man who has risen to eminence in the world, traces all his success to the early lessons implanted by his mother's care. The dependence of the character of a family on that of the mother is more especially true of the poorer classes, as the father in most cases rarely sees his children from morning to night. This is a truth so well established that it has even been made subservient to mercantile calculation; and I was informed, in a large factory where many children were employed, that *the managers before they engaged a boy, always inquired into the mother's character, and if that was satisfactory, they were tolerably certain that her children would conduct themselves correspondingly. No attention was paid to the character of the father.*"

Shrewd, long-headed, practical managers, these must have been, thus to have gone about the business of selecting their young hands. And they are warranted in their line of conduct by all experience and observation of human life. The child *does* "take after" the mother, rather than the father; and you will find innumerable instances of the children of bad fathers making their way honorably in life, under the guidance and direction of good mothers; but where the mother is bad—no matter how creditably conducted the father may be—the instances of success on the part of the children—that is, success in its highest sense—are comparatively rare. Of course the chances of success for the children are much greater when man and wife go hand and hand in the proper up-bringing of the family; for it is the man's earnestness or lukewarmness which in most cases regulates the amount of useful activity apparent in the well-doing of his wife and family.

Now, the first condition of a happy home, where good influences prevail over bad ones, is comfort. It is the soil on which the young being grows the most kindly. Where there are carking cares, querulousness, untidiness, slovenliness, and dirt, there can be no comfort either for husband or children. The poor man who has been working all day, expects to have something as a compensation for his toil. The least that his wife can do for him, is to make the house snug, clean, and tidy, against his home-coming at eve. That is the truest economy—the best house-keeping—the worthiest domestic management—which makes the home so pleasant and agreeable, that a

man feels, when entering it, that he is going into a kind of sanctuary; and when there, that there is no alchouse attraction which can draw him away from it.

Slovenliness in any house is really very expensive. A little money well laid out by a woman of good taste—and there is no reason why even the poorest woman should not spend her money with taste as well as prudence—goes a great way in making a house neat, graceful, and cheerful. Men, like children, are very much attracted through the eye. Was it not the charm of the girl, her neat dress, and attractive air, which first attracted the youth, and led him to make this girl his wife? Is there any reason why she should cease to take those pains to keep up the flow of his love by such simple methods, now that the twain are mated for life! On the contrary, she should now, as before, strive to preserve her tidiness, neatness, smiles, and grace—charms which, however trivial they may seem, gave the young unwedded man great pleasure, and perhaps constituted the sum total of her fortune. It was for these that he married her. Is there any excuse, then, for her, if, when married, the young wife should cease to take pains to please her husband as before; and instead of a neat comely girl, appear before him with her hair and dress in disorder, and involved in a maze of confusion and dirt? No! young housewife. See to it that you take a proper pride in yourself—have a respect for your own personality. For if you do not respect your own person, neither will your husband do so.

And then there is the respect due for the house—not the mere sleeping or lodging place—not only a dwelling in which to eat and drink—but a home—a training place—a sanctuary—a temple—where soul, mind, heart, and body are alike to be refreshed and invigorated anew for the battle of life. The home must be made gay and bright—reflecting the taste, order, economy, and domestic virtues of the good housewife. Taste here again is a true economist. The eye ought to be satisfied as well as the stomach. And a little money—a very trifle indeed—well spent, will go a great way in these cheap times toward making a house not only tidy, but tasteful, ornamental, neat, and snug. Hang up a picture—why not? You can now get a beautiful woodcut or engraving for a mere trifle; and how gay the walls look that are thus decorated. A fine subject hung against a wall gives a look of intelligence to a house. As some one has said of a picture of a Madonna hung against the wall, "It looks as if a bit of heaven were in the room." But even though you may not be able to put up a print, at least have the house clean. There is purity, comfort, and health in that. Cleanliness costs nothing but a little extra labor—that is all. And if it makes a man love his home, and attracts him oftener to it, is not such labor well bestowed? It is quite a mistake to suppose that wealth is necessary to make a home comfortable. It is mainly the diligent hand of the housewife that does it. And the wife who has made her home clean and snug—who has made the best of every thing, and performed her household duties diligently, to the best of her knowledge, has worked well and nobly, and assuredly she will have her reward in due season.

New Books.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—We have received a pamphlet, which we hardly know whether to call a book or a catalogue. Indeed, it is both. It contains the Catalogue and the Course of Study of the Indiana Asbury Female College at New Albany, with several addresses delivered at the dedication of the building and the opening of the school. The addresses are four in number, being an Address to the Trustees, by Rev. C. E. Davidson; Dedicatory Address, by Professor Larrabee; Inauguration Address, by Rev. Edward Cooper, President of the institution; and Charge to the President, by Hon. Salem Town. There was also another address delivered on the occasion, at evening, by Rev. L. W. Berry, President of the Indiana Asbury University, which ought to have been published, as it was one of the most able and appropriate addresses on education we ever had the pleasure of hearing. It was, however, wholly extemporaneous; and as Dr. Berry had in a few days to leave home to attend the General Conference in Boston, we suppose he was unavoidably prevented from writing it out, as he was requested, in season for it to be inclosed in the pamphlet. Among the published addresses it may not seem invidious to mention with peculiar praise that of Dr. Town. We well remember the favorable and deep impression made on all who heard it. Dr. Town is a veteran in the cause of education. His appearance is strikingly venerable. His age can not be less than seventy years; yet is not his mental eye dim nor his intellectual strength abated. For an hour he enchained, as by magic, the large audience, who by their presence inspired the speaker with the fervor and the eloquence of youth. The opening of an institution of the highest order for the education of females in the beautiful city of New Albany was an occasion of deep interest and of cheering hope. Ten years ago there was not within the bounds of the state of Indiana a single female seminary established by the enterprise and supported by the patronage of the large, wealthy, and influential body of Christian people who acknowledge the name of Asbury as one entitled to peculiar respect and to veneration. There are now under the special patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church at least four seminaries devoted exclusively to female education, and three others admitting both sexes. These seminaries are all firmly established, well organized, and some of them well endowed. May they all secure the success they so well deserve!

THE THREE TEMPTATIONS OF YOUNG MEN, by Rev. Samuel Fisher, D. D., Pastor of the Fourth-Street Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, has been left us for inspection by the publishers, Moore & Anderson, of this city. The book is gotten up in fine style. The contents are indicated thus: The Sirens; The Wine-Cup; The Card-Table; The Slayer of the Strong; The Play-House; The Web of Vice; The Path of Infidelity; The Christian Lawyer; The Mosaic Law of Usury; Commercial Morality. Dr. Fisher writes with a graphic pen, and these topics receive no mean handling or second-rate discussion from him. We most heartily commend the volume to the class of readers for whom it was specially prepared; and we hope, furthermore, that any of our patrons, specially young ladies, who have young brothers, will see to it that a copy is placed in the hands of the latter for their serious and careful reading. Great good will be the result thereof.

MISSIONS IN THE TONGA AND FEEJEE ISLANDS. By Rev. Walter Lowry. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 1852.—This work, comprised in five hundred pages duodecimo, is most interesting in its details and descriptions. Its record respecting the conversion of the *cannibals* of the Feejee Islands, is one of the strongest and most remarkable triumphs of Christianity on record. Mr. Lowry was in and yet a general superintendent of the Wesleyan Society's missions in New Zealand, and a visitor of the Friendly and Feejee Islands. We think no lover of religion will be disappointed in the reading of the work.

WOMAN: a Poem, by James W. Ward, is the title of a neat little volume of some forty duodecimo pages, which we have read with much pleasure. We are indebted to Messrs. Ward & Taylor, Fourth-street, for a copy of the work.

Periodicals.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for October, has, besides its short reviews and notices of books, the following list of articles:

1. *The Messaic Account of Creation*, by Professor Thompson, of South Hanover College, Ia., reads well, and will prove profitable to the careful reader.

2. *Hannah More* is a paper of some length, but one that will command a very general reading. It is anonymous, but, if we should be allowed to guess, we would say that the editor of the Quarterly had something to do with its authorship. Hannah More died September 7, 1833, aged eighty-eight years. She left a handsome fortune, having accumulated by her pen alone one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which was bequeathed to different charitable institutions.

3. *The Theory of Reasoning*, also anonymous, is a review of an English work bearing this title, by Thomas Bailey, and will require connected thought in its perusal.

4. *Merritt Caldwell*, by Rev. S. T. Vail, of the Biblical Institute, will be deemed a popular article. It is an excellent estimate of a most excellent and talented Christian author and professor, and one whose early death has been, and is yet, widely lamented by the Methodist Episcopal Church. "What a change," said Professor Caldwell on his death-bed to his youthful and dearly loved wife, "what a change there will be with you when I am taken away! Your cares and anxieties for me will all cease, and you will have plenty of time — — — to be sad, if you will; but you will not lie down upon your pillow and cry? Surely you will trust God; and if you should visit the spot where I lie, you will not select a sad and mournful time—you will not go in the shade of the evening or in the dark night; but you will go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

5. *The Genealogies of Christ* has been recommended enough by us when we say, that it is from the pen of James Strong, Esq., of Flushing, L. I., whose Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels was noticed at length in our last number.

6. *Jacob Abbott's Young Christians*, probably from the pen of Dr. M'Clintock, reads well. The concluding sentence of the article reads thus: "The three volumes together make a handsome little collection, and contain a valuable system of practical divinity—theology made easy; and whoever possesses and uses them with a heart to be profited, will soon learn to esteem them for their matter rather than for their dress!" The three volumes referred to are Harper's very neat edition of the Young Christian, the Corner-Stone, and the Way to Do Good, by Rev. Jacob Abbott, a member of the New England Congregational Church, and widely known in the religious and literary circles of our country.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE reports itself finely. Friend Stevens improves upon every number. The article in the September number on "The Christianity for the Times," is just such an article as we have long wished to see. It will do great good. The sketch of Coleridge in the October number has things in it which will be new to most of readers, and one that will captivate.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, for October, has rather an excess of poetical articles, but several prose pieces of quite an agreeable cast. Reminiscences of Childhood is a graphic sketch; and we see our friend and co-laborer of the Western Christian Advocate is pretty much of the same opinion, as he has transferred the most of it to his paper of October 20th, under the head of "The Days Gone By," in the department of Extracts of Correspondence.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL reaches us pretty regularly, and with many greetings on our parts, albeit there is an article now and then whose doctrine we can not indorse at all. For instance, the tirade in the June number on the Maine Liquor Law is senseless and much out of place. Come, come, sister Eliza, it will not do for you to talk as you do about a law of which you know so little. Let us alone; we know the law *does* work well, and we know, also, that it is exactly what we have long wanted.

Editor's Table.

WITH December closes the year, and with this number closes the twelfth volume of the Ladies' Repository. The future, to us, is unrevealed. To you, reader, however, if you will but renew your name as a subscriber for the next volume, we can promise much that will both interest and improve. It is true, we have not now the name of the new editor. This page goes to press before the Book Committee decides that matter, and before we can tell you who will monthly meet you around your center-tables and firesides. We doubt not, whoever is chosen will do for you all that is in his power. But for an editor of even exalted talents to succeed well, it is necessary that we have a large list of subscribers. No man likes to sit down and write articles for a few readers only. He can just as well, and better, address thousands than hundreds by his pen. He will have more to stimulate him—more to excite and draw forth his powers. Does the orator or the preacher like a house half filled, or here and there a seat filled, and yonder, and hither, and thither seats entirely vacant? Not more does the editor like a scattered and limited list of patrons to speak to. Give, friends, a true and a hearty lift just now to the enterprise of elevating and sustaining the Repository. Let there be a subscription list, not of a few hundred or a few thousand names, but let there be a list such as will speak, and one in size never yet equaled in the publication of the periodical. The thing can be done. The ladies can do it. Any thing to which they address themselves can be accomplished. Let there be an effort in this matter. Set about the work, good friends, and set about it now. Procrastination will accomplish nothing but evil. The subject demands prompt action. Can you not, dear friend, yourself already a subscriber, give us your name for next year? We assure you, you shall be well treated and well fed—morally, intellectually, and religiously. Could you not do even more than to renew your name? Why not go and see your lady acquaintance, and get her name as a subscriber? Surely, for kindness and company's sake, there are some, we think, who would do this. Before some people perform a thing, they wish to be asked and urged. Can you not urge the matter somewhat? Do it kindly, politely, but do it in earnest, and many thanks, warm and hearty, from us and the publishers shall you have for your labor. We have big mail-books on hand, and we want a big subscription list. We shall expect nothing else. Let us see how very large and how very long our list of names can be.

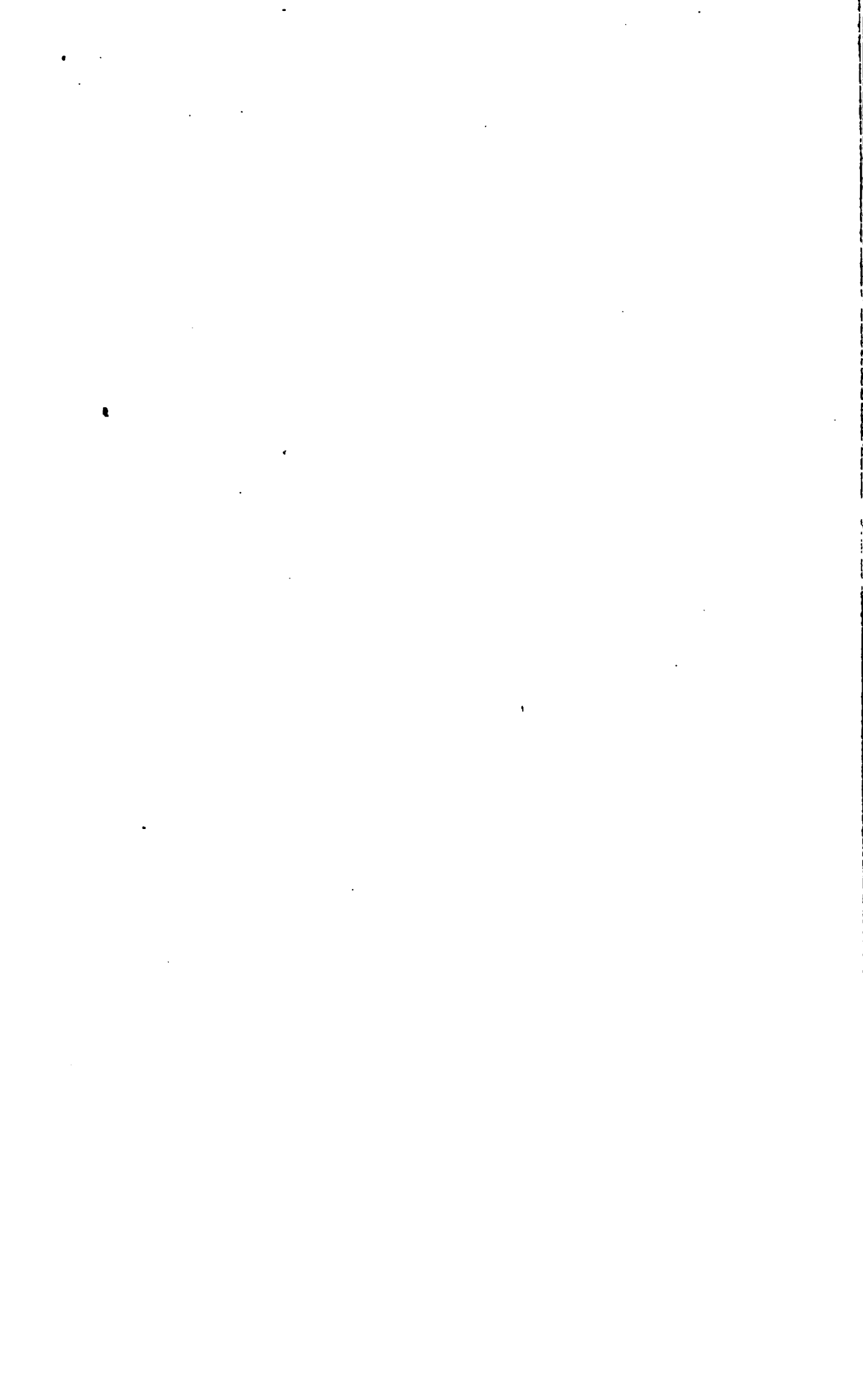
As our religious congregations are made up of ladies as well as of gentlemen, we hope we shall not get scolded for saying, in reference to public religious services, that we do not like long sermons. Our whole nature is set against them, and we have spoken, and intend yet to speak against them. Wesley thought that any man who would preach beyond thirty minutes in length was preaching to very little or no purpose. We see nothing, in a change of the circumstances or the times, to warrant any departure from the principle. Unless a man is extremely unctious in the pulpit, and unless he be on fire with his subject, any thing like prolixity in his discourse will pretty much defeat all the design of that discourse. People will become listless and impatient, and the good impressions which may have been made at the commencement of the services will have been almost wholly dissipated toward the close. We do not pretend to say that these good impressions ought to be thus dissipated; but we say most promptly that they are dissipated, and there we leave the subject. The fact exists: who will make it otherwise?

In connection with what we have just said, it ought to be remembered on the part of preachers—and we do not now mean Methodist preachers exclusively, but the ministry in general—that the foolish practice of reading instead of preaching sermons is not the practice which will result in the world's conversion. Right glad are we to see our Presbyterian and other friends practically and energetically repudiating the tame monotony of manuscript discourses. People can read good sermons at home. The world is full of "sermon books;" and whoever desires the pleasure of their perusal, can have that pleasure at almost any time, and for a mere trifle. The read

speeches of Edmund Burke in the English Parliament about as often put people to sleep as any thing else; and the sermons of Whitefield, had they simply been read to a congregation, would have amounted to just about nothing. It is the eye, and the voice, the living, glowing countenance, and the whole impetioned body, that moves the lead from the heart, and strikes fire from the flinty hardness of the soul. To preach, however, with good effect extemporaneously, implies patient study. Robert Hall's answer as to what constituted the first quality of a good sermon, was full of wisdom. "Preparation," said he, "is the first qualification, the second qualification, the third, the only true qualification for the true Gospel minister." Without this the preacher might be without almost every thing. To get up and select a text at random, and to preach at random, is, to say the least of the thing, very injudicious and injurious. Mere generalities, or mere anecdotes related in a careless or improper manner, effect no good, but frequently cause great mischief. Let the minister of the Only One be found much in his study, much with his Bible, much with his God, and his success will be great. An unquenched and unquenchable desire to save souls is the prime characteristic of the true Gospel preacher. He must have this feeling, this all-absorbing passion; without it, his way will be hedged and choked up with briars and thorns, full of misery and uncomfatableness, and much sorrow; and better had one be striving in some other calling than thus striving in the ministry. Would that the world and the Church had a few more men with Elisha's mantle on—men whose hearts burn for the salvation of human souls, and whose whole being is wrapped up in the consideration, How shall I most effectually accomplish my Master's work, and how many can I save from the perdition of the ungodly?

Among the various inquiries which our correspondents make of us, we find one from an out-of-town friend lately in reference to marriage. "I do not believe in the doctrine," says our friend, "that men should not marry unless they can not only maintain for themselves the social position to which they have been accustomed, but extend the benefits of that position to their wives and children." Nor do we believe in it either. We do believe, however, that a man and wife should be the arbiters of their own fortune. Frequently it happens that the less a new-married couple have the better it is for them. They feel their sense of dependence, and they set about the work of taking care of themselves in good earnest. It is all a piece of nonsense that some young men and women have, that they should have just as much a d just as nice furniture and fixtures to begin housekeeping with as their parents have—not as much as their parents had in their outset in life, but as much as their parents have after long years of patient accumulation and toil. It is the written opinion of an English authoress, that the country has become filled with "poor, old maids, trifling, coquetish young ladies, and nice-cigar-smoking, good-for-nothing young men, in consequence of the prevalence of the principle, that the freshly-married couple must keep up the rank to which they have been accustomed under the paternal roof." We do not go on the ground that a young man should make proposals of immediate marriage to a lady friend before he has completed his trade or profession, and while his pockets are entirely empty. But we preach the doctrine, that so soon as a young man has completed that trade or profession, and so soon as he has accumulated enough of money to purchase a stove, a wash-tub, with some other indispensable fixtures, it is time for him to be closing his overtures, and giving up his days of courtship.

The subject of doing something for the poor needle-women of our great cities has recently been revived and largely discussed. A commodious building, in an eligible part of New York city, has been furnished to an association of these poor seamstresses, which promises much good. Boarding and lodging are allowed the inmates at one dollar and twenty-five cents per week. We hope most sincerely that this enterprise will succeed, and that it will only prove the beginning of good days for a very large but most shamefully oppressed class of the population of our large cities. We shall take occasion hereafter to refer to this matter, as results develop themselves, and as we become familiar with them.



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