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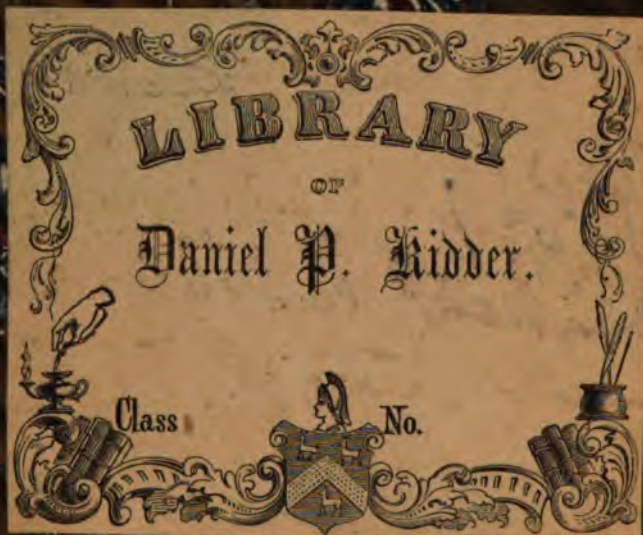
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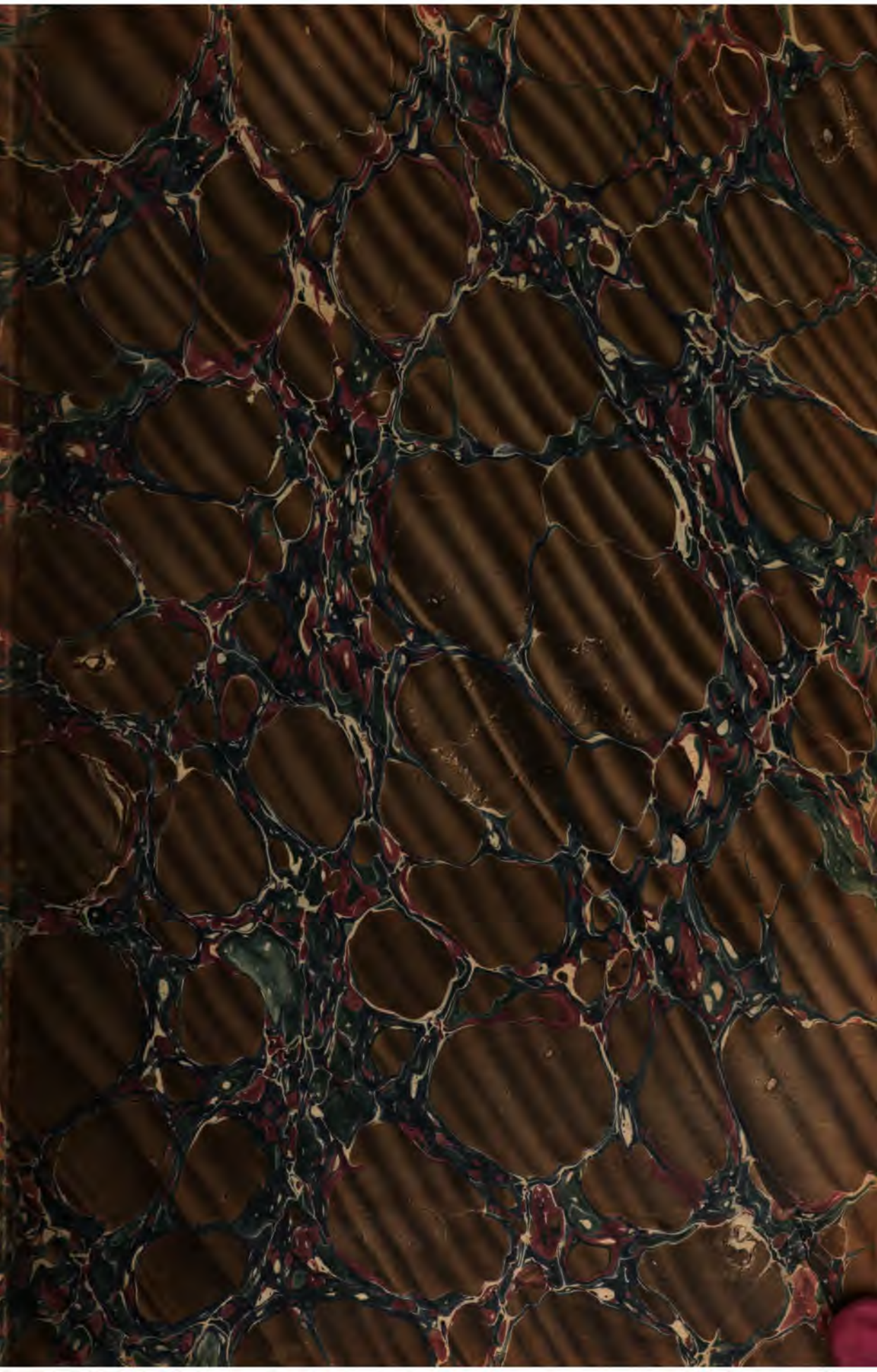


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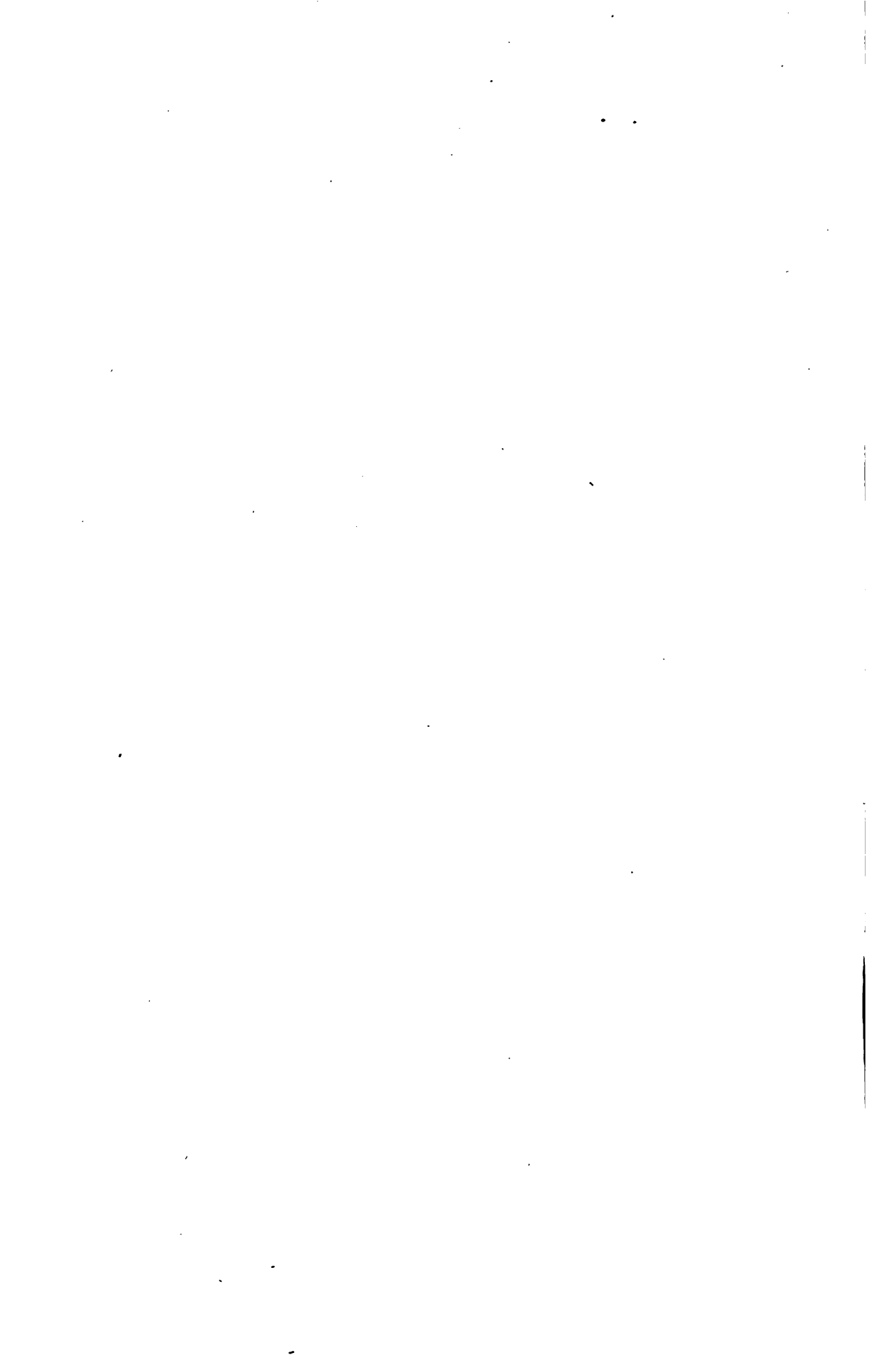


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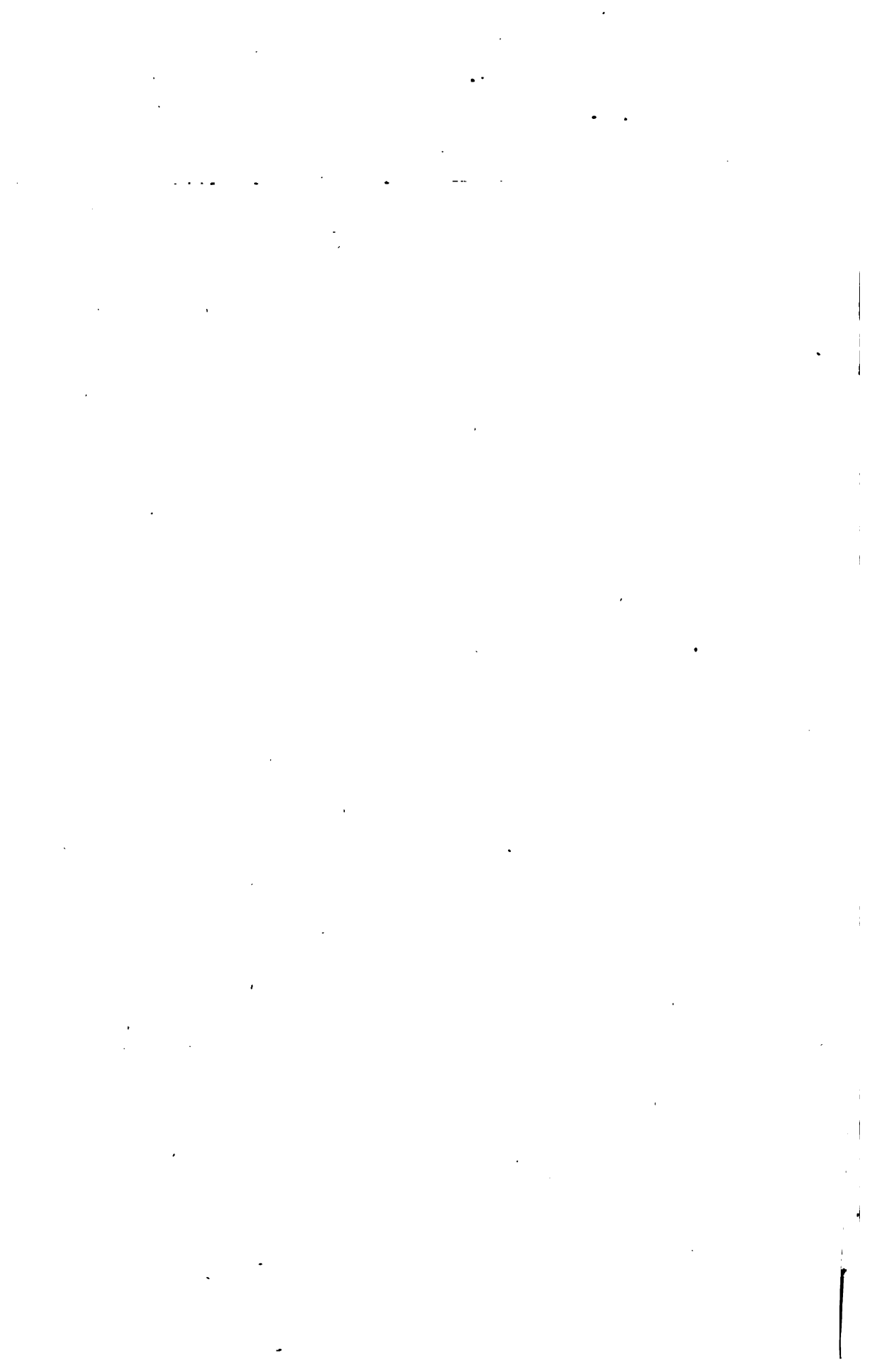
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1842.



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY,

AND

GATHERINGS OF THE WEST:

▲

MONTHLY PERIODICAL

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND RELIGION:

—
EDITED BY THE REV. L. L. HAMLINE, A. M.
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VOLUME II.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY, 1842.

RAILROAD SCENE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

NECESSITY is the parent of invention. This is illustrated in the rise of railroads, from accidental causes. In some parts of England, where mining is common, it was at first customary to lay parallel rails in the mines, on which two wheel carriages were moved by men. Afterwards the carriages were enlarged, and horses were used. The rails were finally extended beyond the mines to the wharves where the coal was shipped. The rails were at first of wood, which was subsequently overlaid with wrought iron. Cast iron was used about a century afterwards. At length wrought iron was restored, but was used in a different form. At present, in the United States, rails of wood are used, which being faced with iron answer the best purpose. The wood is a spring, yielding at first to the shock of the heavy weights moved upon it, and then restoring itself.

The best locomotive engines in present use rest on six wheels. Two of these are larger than the others, and are driven by the engine. In this country the four small wheels are joined by frame work under one end of the carriage, and the other end rests on the large wheels. The locomotive is propelled by high pressure steam power. Two cylinders are generally used, and to the piston of each cylinder a connecting rod is adapted, which is applied at the other extremity to a crank on the axle of one of the pairs of wheels on which the engine is carried.

Upon a well constructed railroad, a horse power can propel a load of more than twenty tons. Fifteen tons is a common load on a level road. The advantage of a good railroad over a turnpike is about as twelve to one. A canal has the advantage in this respect over a railroad, when horses are employed as the propelling power. But if speed be the object, it is otherwise. In this case railroads are superior to canals, even when horses are used as the moving power. Ten miles an hour is the greatest speed that can be maintained by horse power on a canal, but fifteen miles an hour can be accomplished on railroads. The reason of this difference is the increased resistance to motion in fluids at a high velocity.

Railroads are valuable principally from the fact that steam can be used in propelling the cars. By this means great speed may be obtained. At present from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour is a common rate of locomotion on railroads. This is sometimes increased to thirty, forty, or even fifty miles an hour. It is an interesting scene to witness from twelve to twenty cars, each of which accommodates fifty persons with seats, moving at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, and continuously, without any pausing for relays of horses.

VOL. II.—1

Two methods have been adopted for the propulsion of carriages on railroads by steam, namely, stationary and locomotive engines. Stationary engines are set up on the sides of the road, and they act on the cars by means of ropes or chains. They are used where the level changes too abruptly to be surmounted by the use of locomotives, which is generally the case when the ascent of the inclined plane exceeds the limit of from 100 to 200 feet per mile, according to the power of the engine. At some greater inclination than 100 feet per mile, an additional engine is often used; but whenever the inclination exceeds 200 feet per mile, the stationary engine is resorted to. The passage of the mountains between Johnstown and Hollidaysburg, in Pennsylvania, is made by a great number of inclined planes and stationary engines. Some of the inclinations are more than half a mile in length. In the month of May or September, a passage over the mountains at this point affords the traveler who has a taste for wild and picturesque scenery much entertainment.

Great improvements are going on in our own country as well as in Europe in the construction of railroads. It is reasonable to expect that in less than twenty years, nearly all the prominent cities of America will be connected by them; and in the mean time such perfection will be attained in their construction, and in the application of steam as a propelling power, that thirty miles or more per hour will be a common and safe rate of traveling. Then the Buckeye may take his early coffee in his native state, and late at evening drink tea with his friend in Baltimore. The merchant may easily leave Ohio on Monday, spare two or three days to make his purchases in Philadelphia, and be at home on Saturday evening to keep the Sabbath holy.

The frontispiece is an admirable picture of a railroad scene. The cars are represented as departing from the city, whose spires and steeples are seen in the back ground; and wayside grazers, roused by the sudden and threatening invasion of their solitude, seek safety in flight. The artist has succeeded to admiration in imparting to the whole scene an air of life and motion; and as we gaze, we almost listen in expectation of hearing the rapid escape of steam, and the sound of the wheels in their rapid whirl.

The reader will perceive at a glance that the locomotive in this picture is represented as borne on four wheels instead of six, which we have stated to be the usual mode.

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

Original.
THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news."

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

We are candidates for heaven. Time, fleeting as it is, affords us the only opportunity to secure its delights. What weighty issues depend on so brief a period!

The point which separates the old year from the new invites serious and religious meditation. We are near that point. Let us devote it to *recollection*, to *consideration*, to *solemn vows*, and to *religious reformation*, or the *commencement of a new and heavenly life*.

Let us devote it to *recollection*. The origin and decline of all things are associated in the mind with their end. When the hero perishes, memory gathers up his valorous achievements, and transfers them to the records of history, to be reported to the world. When friends die, we wait on their funerals, see them laid in the grave, and then sit down to talk about their virtues and their failings, and to recollect the good or evil they may have suffered at our hands.

The year is dying. "In winding sheet of snow," it is sinking to the grave. While the winds wail its dirge, let us review its history. It has enacted the part of a mighty sovereign. Its dominion was universal. Its reign extended over islands, seas, and continents. It stretched its scepter to the heavens, touched every star, bound it in its sphere, and impelled the planets in their everlasting round. Yet amidst all we were not unnoticed. For us the year has teemed with blessings. To reckon them up in order were impossible; for they fell upon us like refreshing showers, and flowed in ceaseless streams. They were more in number than the moments which conveyed them—were precious as life, and rich as immortality. We were, throughout the year, the cherished subjects of God's beneficent providence. What else bore to us breath, and food, and raiment? What else preserved to us home, and friends, and safe abode, with all the unutterable pleasures of our social and domestic states? We have lived under a gracious reign, which has deferred our punishment, prolonged our abused probation, and repeated to us those calls of mercy which we had impiously spurned. The very evils we endured were blessings in disguise, had we used them according to their most charitable aim. Let these truths be inscribed upon our hearts.

To recollection let us add *consideration*. Let us consider that the blessings of the last year were *the gift of God*. They did not "come by chance." What is chance? Can you define it? Who knows any thing concerning it? It can be described by no attributes or properties. It is the mere imagining of a disordered or corrupt mind, and was profanely conceived, and blasphemously brought forth.

2

Our blessings were not the mere product of our own skill and diligence. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps"—it is not in him that sows the seed to produce the fruitful harvest. The powers of nature are under God's control, and he alone can charge them with a fructifying influence. Sometimes he commissions the very soil to devour and not to cherish the seed of the husbandman. Then in the place of plenty come want and wasting famine.

The blessings of the year were not the product of the *settled, uniform economy of nature*. Nature is the cup from which we drink the sweets of life; but that cup is in God's hand, and is replenished from his fullness. O, that this were engraven on our hearts! The sun shines—the rain falls—the dew distills—the earth pours forth her treasures. But why? Because the hand of God is upon the sun—upon the clouds—upon the smiling fields—because his wisdom points the course of each ray of light, of every drop of rain, of each particle of dew. His finger touches every blade of grass, every flower, every fruitful branch, and twig, and bud, that they may bear delicious fruit. I mean by these figures that God's power not only originally formed but still impresses every element of nature, infusing it with virtue to sustain, and cheer, and comfort us. Thus the blessings of the last year were not the product of *chance*, or of our *diligence*, or of any *settled economy of nature*, but were the *gift of God*.

Let us consider again that inasmuch as our blessings came from God, they were his, and he therefore *will reckon with us, and demand his property at our hands*. He will require an equivalent for his gifts. True, he will deal with us on Gospel principles. He will take as an equivalent, through Jesus Christ, the sincere homage of renovated hearts; but this he will rigidly exact, and if we refuse it he will visit us with vengeance. He allows none to consume his bounty without answering therefor. We cannot escape his indignation, if we squander his gifts, and refuse to yield him in return the offering of "a broken and contrite heart, which he will not despise."

Consider, again, how we have abused his gifts, and how the abuse involves us. What single blessing, among millions, have we devoted with exact fidelity to the service of its donor? In what instance has our gratitude been as ardent as was meet? Are we not this day liable to as many impeachments as we have received gifts? Might not the omniscient searcher of hearts specify against us an offense for every blessing? Doubtless, each boon is a distinct ground of censure—of severe reprobation by the authority of Heaven. For though it was not forbidden fruit, yet some forbidden emotion attended either its reception or its use. Alas for us! Our natures and Satan's artifices have concurred in wresting God's property from its intended, holy uses. In our hands it was pressed into the service of sin.

Then we may well consider again, *how we shall be redeemed from the woes and curses provoked by these perversions*. Begirt with guilt and danger, let us in-

quire for the way of escape. Let us not be stupid as the brutes led to the slaughter. But recking past misdeeds, and present hazards, and coming woes, let us consider how our souls may be redeemed, how delivered from deserved and pending ruin. Inconsideration is a fatal curse. It is induced by infernal charms, and is symptomatic of infernal perdition.

To consideration let us add solemn vows to the Almighty. Let us pledge our all in the most impressive manner to the services of religion. Our powers of thought, sentiment, and action—our whole being should be embraced in this pledge. We owe all to God, and from him let us dare to withhold nothing. To do it is foul robbery; and "will a man rob God!" Would we serve God, we must first *resolve* to serve him. Till we reach this point there is no hope. Vows to serve him are proper and right, and none can serve him without vows. Against these we hear objections, but they all flow from ignorance or wickedness. Men do not refuse to form covenants and reciprocate pledges with one another. We are not afraid of bonds, and signatures, and seals, when our earthly interests are to be secured. In evasion of these solemnities we do not plead the apprehension that we may fail to execute our covenants. But when God is to be a party, and our eternal interests are involved, we must needs pause—must deliberate and weigh the matter. But our refusal to pledge obedience to God amounts to an avowal of fealty to Satan. It is declining a covenant of peace with Jehovah in favor of an affiance with hell to war against him. We dare not pledge ourselves to repent and seek Jesus, lest we should find it more convenient to scorn and crucify him! And we flatter ourselves that our hesitation is a sort of pious deference to the interests of truth, while every feeling and thought of reluctance is from the father of lies. This hesitation is the quintessence of rebellion against God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. It is because the heart resolves to serve the devil, that it hesitates to be bound, by triple vows to serve God.

At the entrance of the new year break this fatal charm of the adversary. Rouse yourselves, and cast away the cords which bind you to perdition. Having served the prince of darkness hitherto, notify him that the term of service expires with the closing year—that you now assume new engagements—that you are bound henceforth to Jesus, and will be his for ever. Vows are strong. To a tender conscience they are well nigh invincible. They oppose a mighty barrier to the selfishness, deceitfulness, and wickedness of the heart. And they are urged upon us in the Bible. Indeed, there exists no example of true piety on the face of the earth without them. To pious resolutions they are like the seal to a written and well established covenant. "Vow, then, and pay unto the Lord thy vows."

The commencement of the year is favorable to *religious reformation*—to the commencement of a new and heavenly life. We are fond of integers. The prospect of making out a *whole year* of religious duty and improvement has something in it particularly attractive.

A year of sin is just now finished. In the midst of it life was spared. How great the mercy! Now comes a new year, ushered in with many tokens of love and forbearance on the part of God. The very first sin you willfully commit, will blot a leaf of the opening year. Refrain. Mar not the page so spotless and so comely. Calling on Jehovah for his promised aid, commence the year in the purity of penitence, spend it in the purity of faith, and close it in the purity of love.

In a word, *reform*. By reformation your vows will take immediate effect. In this consists their virtue. The execution of our vows must run from the moment they are offered. A moment's pause is fatal. The frame in which they are sincerely offered is the only frame that can fulfill them. But one act of sin changes that frame. A single violation robs them of their restraining force. They are intended, like a ship's cables, to bind us to heaven. Sin breaks them, and then we drift.

I might go farther. The violation of a vow exasperates all unholy tempers. It is *per se* a great sin, and like murder hardens the heart, renders it desperate, and makes one more than ever the child of the devil.

Come, then, and with the *new year* commence a *new and heavenly life*. Resolutions to change our habits are generally indefinite as to time. We resolve on the change, but resolve at the same moment to delay it. Millions carry these *two* resolutions along with them through youth, manhood, and old age, to the last hour, and then die in despair. They resolved *generally* to be Christians, but resolved *especially* not to be Christians to-day, and thus lost their souls. It is easy to persuade a man that he *shall* be, but difficult to persuade one *to be* a Christian. The first is no approach towards the second. Indeed, Satan himself persuades to the former as the surest method to avoid the latter. Resolve, reader, *to be* a Christian. Let the season persuade you. It is difficult to fix the *time*. Let Him fix it who appoints the seasons. Plead with him who renovates the year and renews our abused and undeserved mercies, to renovate your heart and renew in it the features of his own blessed image, causing old things to pass away and all things to become new.

Those scenes of life which lie immediately before us, are, by Infinite wisdom, concealed from our view. As experience unfolds them, what disappointments, what sorrows, what agonies will they bear to many who look forward with high expectation to a long and prosperous life! Some, in no haste to seek the sustaining aids of religion, are just now entering on scenes of unexpected trial. Let none suppose the emergency remote in which Christian fortitude alone can bear up under accumulated sufferings. This very year will bear to many of us wasting disease, crushing disaster, the desolation of our homes, the struggles of death, and to some, if they repent not, the fearful and hopeless agonies of undone souls. Shall we delay a preparation for emergencies to which each moment exposes us, which may befall us to-day or to-morrow, of whose approach we can know nothing, and which will always seem remote until they rush upon us like an unexpected tempest!

As the custom is, we wish our readers "*a happy new-year!*" and permit us to subjoin a few suggestions. If you would be happy, first of all fix in your minds of what happiness does, and of what it does not consist. For this be carefully attentive to the testimony of God. He formed the human constitution, and is familiar with all its susceptibilities. He teaches us that happiness does not spring from the abundance which we possess. Observation confirms the testimony.

Revelation and human life concur in teaching us that *wealth* cannot confer happiness. The manners of the rich betray no sweet contentment. They are vexed with more cares than the poor around them. Anxiety oppresses them day and night, and they find it more perplexing to preserve than to acquire. From wealth we can derive no revenue of happiness.

The same may be said of *honor*. Survey the eminences occupied by the successfully ambitious, and you will perceive that the higher you ascend, the more severe are the storms—the more furious and hurtful are the blasts of raging passion.

Fashionable amusements are not productive of happiness. They afford brief pleasure, but not permanent delight. They are like the transient glare of a burning city, not like the settled sunshine of heaven. They are forsaken by thousands with expressions of disgust.

Finally, all the world cannot make us happy. Could one soul grasp the whole, it would turn from it all and crave a greater good. Was a man of the world ever yet satisfied? Look around you and see what examples you can muster. Go to history for an instance. Its records join with your private observation to justify that saying of the Bible, "There is no peace to the wicked." For an example of the insufficiency of the world look at Solomon. How rich were his endowments! None on earth was his equal in the gifts of nature, and in the circumstances of his life. The blessings of heaven fell upon him like the showers of autumn on the fields of Palestine. He drew around him the precious things of earth from its remote and neighboring climes. The elements were made to serve him, and all creation ministered to his pleasure. In his efforts to please his own taste and fancy he half restored paradise from its ruins, and he devoured its bidden and its forbidden fruit. It was a bold experiment. But he faithfully exhausted all his powers and hopes in the vain determination to build a heaven on earth. In the midst of all his efforts old age approaches, the powers of life fail, and amidst the shadows of that cheerless evening which succeeded the guilty day of life, he penitently recounts his sins and follies, describes his insane excursions through all the fields of guilty pleasure, and proclaims them to be vanity and vexation of spirit. Having experienced more of the pleasures of sin than any other mortal—having heaped up gold as dust, builded him palaces, made him gardens, transformed his whole empire into a voluptuous court, and ordained all time a *gala day* for his amusement, he turns at last from his amazing folly, and exclaims, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: *fear God and keep his*

commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

Look upon this picture. As you gaze turn from the world and its "vanity of vanities," to the sweets of religion. Would you be happy? Religion is happiness. We commend it to your pursuit. Commit your soul to its keeping, and it shall never betray you. You have heard the verdict which Solomon pronounced upon the world. When did the aged disciple of Christ speak thus reproachfully of religion? What meek follower of the Lamb ever complained on the brink of the grave, that the Savior had disappointed him—that religion is vanity, and that wisdom would have dictated an impious career, or a life of forbidden delights? Not one. As well might angels in their purity and bliss complain that they are not coadjutors of Satan in despair.

We close, then, by repeating that religion is happiness. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. In her left hand are the joys of earth, in her right are the felicities of heaven. Be her follower, and she shall endow thee with all the precious things of these two worlds.



Original.

STANZAS.

Suggested on revisiting the grounds of my native place.

AND have I reached at last the spot
Where first my young affections sprung!
Tho' roving years have been my lot,
No change could from my memory blot
The mystic charms that round thee hung;
And while my feet would distant roam,
My *heart* would turn to thee, my home.

Are these the honey-suckle bowers,
Which I in youth so often sought,
After the soft descending showers
Had bathed with perfume all the flowers,
To breathe the incense they had caught?
These trellised vines, when filled with dew,
Seemed set with gems of every hue.

The humming-bird that wonted here,
Was scarcely then more gay than I;
Health, hope, and friends were mine to cheer;
I sipp'd each sweet that offered near,
And then to other sweets would fly.
The birds are here, the flowers are gay—
My household friends, ah, where are they!

Their day of trial now is done,
Hither their feet no more will roam;
The heartless world they learned to shun,
Then calm and peaceful, one by one
They found a *brighter home*.
Tho' earth now holds their scattered dust,
Their spirits mingle with the just;
Teach me, O, Lord, *my* cross to bear,
That I at last may meet them there.

AUGUSTA.

Original.
OUR COUNTRY.*

BY J. S. TOMLINSON,
President of Augusta College.

"Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the elders and all the inhabitants of the land into the house of the Lord your God, and cry unto the Lord, alas for the day!" Joel i, 14, 15.

We are assembled, my friends, to commemorate one of the most afflictive dispensations with which an all-wise and inscrutable Providence has ever been pleased to visit our country, from the organization of the government down to the present time. We have come to this consecrated place to mingle our sympathies and devotions with those of our fellow citizens throughout the land, in the recollection of the solemn and unwelcome truth, that the President of this mighty republic, General WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, has been taken from among us by the relentless hand of death, and is now reposing with his fathers in the cold and voiceless mansions of the grave. From the waters of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the base of the Rocky mountains, what a sublime moral spectacle is this day presented to the contemplation of the whole civilized world! And may we not confidently add that it is one upon which God himself condescends to look down with approbation and complacency? The spectacle to which we refer is not an empty pageant, or a mere mockery of grief, reluctantly displayed by a nation of slaves, upon the loss of one who has basely trampled their liberties in the dust, and ruled them with a rod of iron; but it is the spontaneous outpouring, by multiplied millions of free men, of their deep and heart-felt sorrow for the loss of one whom they had recently delighted to elevate to the highest office in their gift. With a noble forgetfulness of all party distinctions, persons of every creed, both civil and religious, unite together with the utmost cordiality and promptitude in testifying their profound respect for the memory of the departed hero, statesman, and patriot. Every subordinate consideration is merged in the sad and overwhelming remembrance, that, in the person of our late Chief Magistrate, the whole country has been suddenly bereft of one of its greatest benefactors.

What an impressive lesson does this mournful occurrence afford to every reflecting mind, upon the mutability of all that is earthly—the transitory and unsubstantial nature of the highest honors that any human power is capable of bestowing! It is almost impossible to realize that he who, only a few weeks since, ascended our noble and beautiful river, amidst the almost incessant congratulations and rejoicings of the thronging thousands who hastened to do him honor, is now sleeping the sleep that shall know no waking until the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall summon the quick and the dead to appear before the judgment

* This discourse was delivered in Augusta, Ky., May 14, 1841, being the day set apart for fasting, humiliation, and prayer, in consequence of the death of William Henry Harrison.

seat of Christ. And when we follow him to the ever memorable period of his installation, and behold him standing in front of the Capitol of this great and powerful nation, and with a heart overflowing with love to his country, hear him proclaim to listening myriads those principles, the record of which will place his name by the side of our country's illustrious patriots, it is still more difficult to realize, that, at the distance of one short month from this magnificent and spirit-stirring scene, he, who was then the observed of all observers, was followed in mournful procession by the accredited representatives of numerous foreign nations, and by a countless multitude of his surviving fellow citizens, to the house appointed for all the living.

The death of such a man, at such a time, and occupying, as he did, the most prominent and important position known to our federal Constitution, may well be regarded as a great national calamity; and as such, his distinguished successor has, with the utmost propriety, recommended that the remembrance of it should be solemnized by the observance of this day, in every part of the Union, as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. And this recommendation will, no doubt, meet with a ready response in every American bosom, irrespective, as before suggested, of all party distinctions. Yes, my friends, on this day the people will come up in crowds to the house of God, not as whigs or as democrats—not as Catholics or Protestants, but meeting together as Christians and American citizens only, they will, as "with one mouth and one mind," offer to that God who holds the destinies of nations in his hands, the acceptable homage of humble and submissive hearts, sincerely deprecating the displeasure of their Maker, and fervently imploring forgiveness for the past, and a continuance of those inestimable blessings with which, for more than half a century, this nation has been so signally favored.

Such a course as this, under circumstances like the present, is dictated and sanctioned by the best feelings of the human heart, by the decisions of our enlightened reason, and, above all, by numerous precepts and examples, recorded in the Scriptures of divine truth.

The practice of solemnizing great national bereavements by the exercise of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, is by no means peculiar to Christian countries, but has prevailed, to a greater or less extent, from time immemorial, among all civilized nations who acknowledge the existence and superintending providence of God. The Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Assyrians, and, subsequently, the Greeks and Romans, not only engaged in solemnities of this kind, on extraordinary occasions, but had their stated times for the observance of them, which nothing could induce them to neglect. And their most distinguished men, let it be remembered, were the most prominent and punctual in the performance of these religious ceremonies. They not only practiced these things, in common with the people generally, but, in their individual capacities, devoted a considerable portion of their time to exercises of this sort. Numa Pompilius, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Vespasian, and others, as we are informed, had their

stated fast-days, to which they most religiously adhered. And in modern times the same may be said of the Bra- mins and the Chinese and numerous other nations that have never been favored with the superior blessings of Christianity. And, in addition to all this, we are told that so much importance was ascribed by Mahomet to the observance of the duties of this description, that he was accustomed to say that fasting was the very gate of religion, and that the fragrance of the mouth of him that fasted was more grateful to God than that of musk. We mention these examples to show, that when the human mind is not entirely destitute of a sense of religious obligation, it is naturally led to express its sorrow, in times of great public distress, by having recourse to such solemn exercises as those in which the people of this country are now engaged. And I am strongly inclined to believe that no one, that is not a professed or practical atheist, can look upon such a scene as this with indifference, or sullenly refuse to participate in those acts of piety and patriotism by which it is characterized.

But when we go to the sacred Volume, that "sure word of prophecy, unto which we do well to take heed as unto a light that shineth in a dark place," we are furnished with the most conclusive evidence, that such demonstrations of national grief are highly acceptable in the sight of God, and, if performed in a proper spirit, will be instrumental in averting his judgments, and in securing a bestowment of his richest blessings upon those who thus humble themselves under his gracious and all powerful hand. A very remarkable example to this effect is recorded in the book of the prophet Jonah, in the following language: "And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah a second time, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee. So Jonah arose and went unto Nineveh, according to the word of the Lord. Now Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days journey. And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown. So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them. For word came to the king of Nineveh, and he arose from his throne, and he laid his robe from him, and covered him with sackcloth, and sat in ashes. And he caused it to be proclaimed and published through Nineveh by the decree of the king and his nobles, saying, Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste any thing: let them not feed, nor drink water. But let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that is in their hands. Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?"

In the conclusion of this account we are told that "God saw their works, that they turned from their evil ways, and God repented of the evil that he had said that he would do unto them, and he did it not." And we may form some idea of the magnitude of the ca-

lamity which was thus averted, when we reflect that the city was so immensely populous that it contained no less than six-score thousand persons who were so young that they could not discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle. Other examples to the same purpose might be brought forward, if necessary; but this may suffice.

If, then, solemnities of this kind may be rendered so highly beneficial to those who observed them, how important is it that we should distinctly understand with what spirit, and in what particular manner they ought to be attended to, that God himself may condescend to look favorably upon them, and to crown them with his heavenly benedictions.

From a careful examination of the sacred Oracles, we may safely conclude that the duties appropriate to such a day as this are the following: First, abstinence from food, as far, at least, as the state of our health will permit; secondly, devout and penitential confessions of our manifold sins and transgressions, both as individuals and as a nation, with a full purpose of mind, through Divine assistance, to reform what is wrong in ourselves, and, as far as possible, to use our influence for the suppression of vice and irreligion, and for the diffusion of good morals and genuine piety throughout the land; thirdly, reverential acknowledgements of the wisdom and rectitude of the divine Being, in any afflictive dispensation that he may have been pleased to send upon us, united with earnest supplications that his righteous judgments may not be continued and multiplied against us; and, fourthly, expressions of our heartfelt gratitude for past mercies, with fervent prayers that God would graciously bestow upon us and our families, and upon the whole country, such temporal and spiritual blessings as may be most conducive to our welfare, and the advancement of his glory. There is still another duty connected with such a day as this, which I must not omit to mention, and that is, the cultivation of charitable feelings towards our neighbors, and, as far our means will permit, and opportunity serves, contributing a portion of our substance, for the relief of the poor and the destitute.

The further indulgence of the audience is respectfully requested, while we offer a few observations, and only a few, upon the several topics just enumerated, the first of which we have stated to be abstinence from food, as far, at least, as the state of our health will permit. Those who are deeply and sincerely grieved, on account of any thing that may have befallen themselves, or their country, have no disposition, at such a time, to indulge their appetites to the same extent that they ordinarily do. And hence it is that abstinence from food is very properly recommended as one of those external signs by which we are expected to manifest our sorrow, on occasions such as the present. This may be done by abstaining from one or more of our usual number of repasts, in the course of the day, or by taking a much less quantity at each of our meals, than we are generally in the habit of doing. Nothing has a greater appearance of inconsistency than for a per-

son to profess to be deeply grieved at any calamitous event, and yet, at the same time, to manifest as much eagerness as ever in the gratification of his appetites. But without detaining you in reference to this particular, I will only add, that by restraining ourselves in this respect, we bring our minds into a much better state for serious and profitable contemplations, and thereby give an ostensible proof of our reverence for the memory of departed worth, and above all for the authority of God, which cannot fail to prepare us to engage more acceptably in the other and still more important duties to which we are called on such an occasion as this.

An idea seems to prevail with many persons that all that is requisite in the way of confession, on such a day as this, is, that there should be a general acknowledgment, on the part of the assembled multitudes, that they are very sinful and unworthy in the sight of God, without adverting, even in their own minds, to their individual or personal delinquencies. But this, my friends, is a very great and a very deplorable mistake. The aggregate or sum total of our guilt, as a nation, is made up of the accumulated sins of all the various individuals of which it is composed. And, therefore, on such a day as this, each one should enter into a strict and important examination of his own manner of life, with an inflexible purpose to abandon, henceforward and for ever, whatever he may find to be inconsistent with his obligations to himself, to his Maker, and to that country to which he is indebted for so many and such invaluable blessings and privileges. Such a course as this, connected with a devout and humble acknowledgment of our past misdoings, could not fail to secure to ourselves, individually, and to the whole nation, the benignant smiles of that almighty and benevolent Being, "whose favor is life, and whose loving kindness is better than life." But if, on the contrary, we come before him in a cold, heartless, meaningless manner, making confession with our lips, while our hearts are cleaving, every one to its own evil ways, we may rest assured that our offerings will be spurned and frowned upon, as nothing better than a solemn mockery, and will only serve to increase the black catalogue of personal and national sins that may now be registered against us in the book of God's remembrance.

But when I speak of our *national* sins I refer more especially to those which are the most prominent and prevalent among us, and to those also which are practiced under the sanction, or, at least, under the culpable indulgence of the constituted authorities of the land. And here permit me to observe that, in my opinion, one of the most crying sins of the nation, is an *all-grasping avarice*—a morbid ambition to accumulate, which, with an appetite as insatiable as the grave, is constantly saying, give! give! but never says, it is enough. An unwillingness to be satisfied, as our fathers were, with the gradual but certain and substantial avails of patient and persevering industry, but hurrying on from one acquisition to another, until, like a desperate gamester, we determine to make our fortune or consummate our ruin at a single throw. And hence it

is that our papers are filled, to an extent never before known, with instances of the most astounding and humiliating frauds, both of a public and private character, plunging individuals and whole families from the most respectable walks of society into the lowest depths of wretchedness and infamy, and illustrating, in the most deplorable manner, the truth of the Scriptural declaration, that "he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." And much to be lamented as are the pecuniary embarrassments of our country, I have frequently thought that these very embarrassments will be made to operate as a salutary check upon that extravagant thirst for gain, which, for the last few years, has pervaded all classes of society, amounting to little less than a national *monomania*. And much as may be done by wise legislation on the part of our state and general governments, towards the disenthralment of the country, I am fully persuaded that still more may be done by a thorough reformation in the habits of the people. Let industry, economy, frugality, and an undeviating moral integrity more extensively prevail among the people, in all their various professions and vocations, and we may rest assured that the times will change for the better, as if by enchantment. Here, in my opinion, is the principal seat of the disease—the habits of the people; and unless there is a radical reformation in this quarter, it is to be feared that the wisest legislation will not be sufficient to accomplish an effectual cure. Retrenchment and reform are, I doubt not, as much needed in the habits of the people, as in the affairs of government; and instead of continually asking ourselves, as heretofore, what do we want? what do we want? the great question should now be, what can we dispense with? what can we do without?

(To be concluded.)



POETS.

ALL the poets are indebted more or less to those who have gone before them; even Homer's originality has been questioned, and Virgil owes almost as much to Theocritus, in his *Pastorals*, as to Homer, in his *Heroics*; and if our countryman, Milton, has soared above both Homer and Virgil, it is because he has stolen some feathers from their wings. But Shakspeare stands alone. His want of erudition was a most happy and productive ignorance; it forced him back upon his own resources, which were exhaustless. If his literary qualifications made it impossible for him to borrow from the ancients, he was more than repaid by the powers of his invention, which made borrowing unnecessary. In all the ebbs and the flowings of his genius, in his storms, no less than in his calms, he is as completely separated from all other poets, as the Caspian from all other seas. But he abounds with so many axioms applicable to all the circumstances, situations and varieties of life, that they are no longer the property of the poet, but of the world; all apply, but none dare appropriate them; and, like anchors, they are secure from thieves, by reason of their weight.—*Lacon*.

Original.

THE MOTHER AND HER SONS.

BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.

A DIALOGUE.

Mother. James, since your father has permitted you to attend the course on phrenology, I shall expect of you more close attention to your lessons to make up the time spent there. What was the particular topic last evening? Robert went, too, did he?

James. Ma, 'twas about those great lumps top o' the ears—that is, of some people.

M. Tell what the lumps mean, son.

Robert. Ma, they mean that a person's very cross and ugly humored.

M. Did they show you any lump of interrupting your brother and taking the words out of his mouth.

R. No, ma, I only wanted to tell you.

M. Perhaps so, son; but it's not polite nor proper to interrupt your brother or any other person when speaking, especially in a *tete-a-tete*.

R. And what's that, ma?

M. I used the expression, to see if you recognized the French. *Tete-a-tete* means a conversation betwixt two persons only. The literal of the word means head to head, indicating a more close and interesting conversation than a more general talk, and also more impertinence in a third person to interrupt it.

J. Ma, 'twas the organ of combativeness that Mr. C. lectured about, and he says those persons are subject to anger and revenge that have the mark.

M. And what did you think about it?

R. Please, brother, let me speak. Ma, when we went to the logic lesson, I looked all around the room, and Mr. Pleadwell, the tutor, is a very bad, spiteful man.

J. Why, brother?

M. Not so fast, Robert. I thought you and James considered him a very fine, amiable man.

J. O! yes, ma, so he is. Ponto is very fond of him, and often the kitten sits on the arm of his chair, and he lets her stay; and he is kind to all the boys, too.

M. Still he has large lumps above his ears, has he? that's conclusive, is it, Robert?

R. Well, ma, what else shall we make of it?

M. I tell you, Robert, it is conclusive, perhaps, that by nature he is quick of anger, and inclined always to resent; but mark me, both of you, it shows, in connection with the outward character, the effect of education in managing and directing the strong points of nature. Mr. Pleadwell has naturally the disposition which you mention, but he gives his reason the first place in his mind; and whilst piety directs his soul, that shows him what use he can make of these strong tendencies. Instead of being a ruffian and a bravado, Mr. Pleadwell is liked and valued for his justice and goodness. He is a lawyer, you know, as well as your teacher of logic. And in his profession he illustrates himself. He is not cruel or malignant, even to the smallest animals that can make no resistance. But he is keenly alive to the

wrong which a more powerful man would throw upon a weaker one. And to the impositions, either public or private, which the rich would put on the poor, excite him at once—the antagonist spirit moves him, and he claims, by the force of nature, to be their defender and their advocate. This he can do in his profession, without the imputation of impertinence or intermeddling. His earnestness and quick conception of wrong, which, in phrenological language, is called combativeness, makes him eloquent and convincing. He is admired and respected, and he gains a great many suits.

R. O, how I wish I was a grown man, and had a profession!

M. What, to show out and be admired, hey, son!

R. O, mother, no! to help. Hav'n't I been well educated?

M. Yes, son, so far you have; and I am happy that you intend to respect your education. If you choose to do it, after a good many years of study, you may do as well as Mr. Pleadwell, and be as much regarded.

R. Could I! O, mother, is it possible!

M. Yes, I know you could; but it depends altogether upon your own efforts. You know I always tell you all our strength is in God, and we have it for the asking. At present you compare with Mr. Pleadwell only in capability, and that, though you cannot do without it, is almost the least thing in education. It is but the spark of fire to combustion. What is that, unless you have the fuel which piles the hearth—that is, your intellectual industry, your lessons—and the activity which blows it into a blaze, and that is your perseverance, and your hope, and your purpose—some skill in the construction of your pile, and that is the cleverness which is always the result of sufficient attention and observation; also, docility, and endurance, and many more unshining qualities, which shall yet make a bright blaze—a fire that shall warm and cheer yourself, and extend to others—will surely make it, if rightly evolved.

R. Mother, don't we earn every thing we have?

M. Yes, son, our physical life is provided for by the necessity of its own condition. But every thing that is left to our own choice—all that is desirable in life, we do earn; and the occupation of earning it is almost the best part of the gift. But God gives us all the materials, and if we are not obstinate and willful, he shows us how to use them—all this of his free and excellent grace, only requiring us to live in this world, as if we thanked him for them.

R. Mother, I love to talk with you—I mean for you to talk to brother and me.

J. But, ma, Robert has beautiful lumps on his head, hasn't he? I hav'n't got any, have I?

M. No, little son, you hav'n't; but I care more for lessons than for lumps; and if you are bidable and diligent, you shall be just as smart a man as your brother. You know that if you can do all that he can do, you may be as smart, though your head be as prominent as the camel's back. But it is time to go to school; and if you do well all day, we shall feel very happy this evening when we again talk together.

Original.

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

BY PROFESSOR LARABEE.

On a late visit to the east, being detained a day or two at Boston, and being tired of the heat and dust and noise of the city, I made an excursion to Mount Auburn, the city of the dead. The distance from Boston is about five miles, through a succession of villages of the New England style, with their neat shaded streets, fine gardens, white cottages, and steeped churches. The most important village on the way is Cambridge, the seat of the venerable Harvard University, rich in the associations of the past. About a mile west of Cambridge I came to a large gateway, opening into a beautifully wild and romantic inclosure, containing about one hundred acres. Over the gate is written in conspicuous characters, these words: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Entering by the gate, I passed down an avenue between rows of pines and firs, to a small lake bordered by willows. Leaving the lake, I passed on a few rods, and saw before me a natural mound, surmounted by a neat monument of very beautiful Italian marble. Being the first monument we meet on entering the Cemetery, it naturally arrests attention and excites curiosity. We readily suppose it may in many words record the history, describe the character, and extol the virtues of him who sleeps beneath. On approaching, however, this beautiful monument, I found inscribed on it but a single word—the name of the philosopher and philanthropist, who came from a far country to visit our own fair land; who died here suddenly, far from his home and his friends, and for whom strangers had made a grave in this beautiful spot. It was *SPURZHEIM*. How expressive appears that simple inscription, that single word, *Spurzheim*. His name alone is sufficient to recall to the mind the history and the virtues of that great and good man, who held so distinguished a rank in philosophy. At the invitation of his friends and admirers in America, he had left his native land across the ocean, bringing with him a reputation as a lecturer on science and philosophy, such as few men had ever attained. He had been in this country but a few days when he fell ill of a fever, and died amidst the regrets of all who had ever heard his name. The following lines, written for the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, were sung at his grave.

"Stranger, there is bending o'er thee
Many an eye with sorrow wet;
All our stricken hearts deplore thee;
Who that knew thee can forget?

Who forget what thou hast spoken?
Who thine eye, thy noble frame?
But that golden bowl is broken,
In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither,
On the place where thou shalt rest;
'Tis in love we bear thee thither,
To thy mourning mother's breast.

For the lessons thou hast taught us,
For the charm thy goodness gave,

For the stores of wisdom brought us,
Can we give thee but a grave!"

Leaving this spot, I passed on over the grounds. Avenues and paths intersecting each other at various angles run in every direction over this city of the dead. Their names are derived from the vast variety of trees and shrubs with which nature has adorned this remarkable spot. There is Larch Avenue, Beech Avenue, Oak Avenue, Hazel Path, Catalpa Path, Jasmine Path, Hawthorn Path, Vine Path, Iris Path, Linden Path, and so on through all the vegetable vocabulary. Of all places I ever visited, this is the most remarkable for its diversified surface, and for its variety of vegetation. There are hills, valleys, horse-back ridges, lakes, glens, dells, and brooks, of every possible shape and variety. On the small space of one hundred acres may be found growing spontaneously nearly every variety of tree, shrub, and wild flower common in the north, with most of the exotics cultivated in the gardens of the vicinity. The mingling of wild and cultivated shrubbery, of indigenous and exotic flowers in so rural and romantic a spot, produces a fine effect. I ascended a hill which commanded a view of the grounds, and much of the surrounding country. Here you may see, through the openings of the trees, Cambridge, Brighton, Brookline, Charlestown, Roxbury, Dorchester, and I know not how many more of the beautiful villages in the vicinity of Boston, and beyond them the towers and steeples of the great city itself, with the blue waters of the ocean stretching away in the distance. Looking west you may see the green fields, and orchards, and gardens, and white farm cottages, which form so distinguishing a feature in a New England landscape. The scene was enlivened by the cheerful sounds of melody which nature was pouring forth from the forest, the earth and the air. The robin was practicing his plaintive song from the top of a beech—the wren was twittering by her nest in a hollow stump—the cuckoo was uttering her monotone at a distance—the sparrow was adding her modest notes to the general symphony—the bobolink was fluttering round full of music, and the northern mocking-bird was imitating them all from a willow by the brook. To this was added the chirp of the cricket in the grass, the ceaseless hum of the bee in the air, and the sighing of the summer wind through the pines. It was a lovely summer day as I stood on this hill, and cast my eye over this scene of beauty, and listened to these sounds of nature mingled with the faint hum of the distant city. The interest of the scene was heightened by the associations of the neighborhood. I was in the early home of the pilgrims. I could almost step on the rock of Plymouth where they landed. Harvard University, founded by them, was in plain sight. So also was Bunker Hill, of glorious memory. Lexington and Concord were close at hand. In the midst of so much beauty, and so many associations of the past, I could hardly believe myself in the city of the dead. But a glance through the trees exhibited in every direction the monuments which the living had erected over the departed.

The ground is laid out in lots of sufficient size for containing the graves of a family. The proprietor, each for himself, incloses his lot with an iron fence, and ornaments it with shrubbery and flowers. In the centre of the lot is a monument on which are inscribed the names of those whose graves are made in the inclosure. There is great variety exhibited in the style of the monuments, each proprietor consulting his own taste. Some are of marble, some of sand-stone, and some of granite. Their shapes and sizes vary, some being plain and neat, others gorgeous and extravagantly expensive. Some of the inscriptions are simple and beautiful, others labored and in bad taste.

Though nature has formed this place the most vari- edly beautiful that can well be imagined, and the re- sources of ancient and modern taste have been freely expended in adding to it the decorations of art, yet I would not desire to be buried here. There is too much pomp, and show, and circumstance about it. There is an apparent effort to carry the artificial distinctions of this world to the grave. Let me not be buried in so public a place, nor in the crowded city, where my body, hurried by the hired sexton through the busy streets, must be consigned to the grave where the idle passer-by may disturb the loved one, that comes at night-fall to drop the tear of affection on the turf that covers me. When I am dead, let me be borne from my cottage home on the shoulders of sympathizing neighbors to the church where I was accustomed to worship. From thence let me be carried to the rural burying-place. Let there the beautiful burial service be said over my poor body, and a hymn be sung by voices that have loved me. There let me rest, where the sparrow may build her nest unscared, save when the foot of an affection- ate wife, or a beloved child, or a valued friend, may press down the wild flowers that grow on my grave.

There is something peculiarly interesting to me about the old grave-yards of New England. You will some- times in traveling through the country unexpectedly pass a grave-yard, strangely populous for the place where it is located. It may be near a small village, or it may be away from the present population, surrounded on every side by a forest of pines. There lie successive buried generations. The old, dilapidated, moss-covered stones, in many a quaint inscription, tell the story of some old pilgrim of a generation long since past. You will often find in these ancient cemeteries many a name familiar to you—many a name highly honored in the history of the country—many a name that is handed down from generation to generation, associated with noble deeds. But it is not so at Mount Auburn. You find there the names of few known to the country. There is little there to associate the present with the past. The proprietors, with few exceptions, appear to be the merchants of Boston, known only in their own business circles. There are, however, a few monuments erected by societies and benevolent individuals over the remains of those whose memory will long be cherished. I noticed particularly a neat little monument erected by the scholars of one of the Boston schools in memory

of their teacher—one erected by the ladies of a neigh- boring town over their pastor—one to Hannah Adams by her female friends—and one by the Massachusetts Agricultural Society to Thomas G. Fessenden, who has done more, perhaps, for the promotion of scientific agri- culture than any other man.

I looked in vain among these memorials of the dead for the name of one dear to myself—a name associated as it was in my mind with many recollections of the past, and with such genius and goodness as rarely fall to the lot of man—the name of B. B. THATCHER. I know not as he was buried here. I felt, however, dis- appointed, for I had reason to hope the world would not let such a man as *Thatcher* pass from among us without a stone to tell where he lies. I know not, how- ever, but his friends interpreted literally, and sacredly obeyed his "last request," published a short time before his death.

"Bury me by the ocean's side—
O give me a grave on the verge of the deep,
Where the noble tide
When the sea gales blow, my marble may sweep—
And the glistening surf
Shall burst o'er the turf,
And bathe my cold bosom in death as I sleep.

Bury me by the deep—
Where a living footstep may never tread;
And come not to weep—
O, wake not with sorrow the dream of the dead,
But leave me the dirge
Of the breaking surge,
And the silent tears of the sea on my head.

And grave no Parian praise;
Gather no bloom for the heartless tomb—
And burn no holy blaze
To flatter the awe of its solemn gloom!
For the holier light
Of the star-eyed night,
And the violet morning my rest will illumine:—

And honors more dear
Than of sorrow and love, shall be strown on my clay
By the young green year,
With its fragrant dews and crimson array.
O leave me to sleep
On the verge of the deep,
Till the skies and the seas shall have passed away."

But Thatcher cannot soon be forgotten. His genius, his modesty, his goodness, his purity of character, have embalmed his memory in the hearts of all who ever knew him. He died in the vigor of youth, before the public had fully learned or appreciated his worth. May our young men imitate his virtues.

While I was thinking of Thatcher, I wandered along over many a ridge and many a dale, and unexpectedly came upon a scene that touched my heart more keenly than any thing my visit had yet presented. On a neat little mound rested a granite slab, surmounted by a marble table, standing on four small columns. On the granite, protected from the weather by the table over it, rested a sculptured marble couch, on which was reclin- ing the perfect figure of a child, a little girl perhaps four or five years old, with her little hands folded on her breast, in all the sweet loveliness, and melancholy beau- ty which often so strikingly appear in the early dead.

The face was apparently beautiful by nature, but rendered still more interesting by the silent beauty of death. The smile of innocence was on the lips—the smile that death could not remove—the smile that appeared as if some angel had had a hand in forming it—the smile that spoke of heaven. On the monument was simply inscribed the name, EMILY. I know not when I have met with any thing that so touched my heart. The scene brought up before me the image of many a lovely one whom I had seen in youthful beauty deposited in the grave. The emotions, the thoughts of that hour cannot soon be forgotten. I lingered over the picture, nor minded the lapse of time, till the sun of a long summer day was gone down, and the shades of evening were falling around me. I looked up and found that the numerous visitors who had been wandering, as well as myself, among these haunts of melancholy interest, had all departed, and the gates were shut.

"I felt like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

Slowly and sadly I retired. The keeper observed me approaching, and uncomplainingly and even kindly opened again the gate for me. Alone I returned to the city, where I arrived just as the last lights of evening were disappearing.

Indiana Asbury University, October, 1841.

CHRIST THE SOUL OF MUSIC.

ALL the music on earth which is not made by *Christ* and for him, is discordant in his ear, and as the raven's croak. As it was He who gave to David's harp so sweet a sound, vibrated its strings upon the hills of Bethlehem, inspired the royal bard with his own voice, and directed it in those lovely Psalms to personate himself; so it is no other than he, who still to the present day, opens the lips of them that sing with the spirit and with the understanding also. He opens their lips to show forth His praise; he gives harmony to their voices, and cheerful melody to their hearts. He lodges the psalter in their bosoms, and plays upon the hidden chords of their inmost soul, with the breath of his mouth. He lives in their sighs of sorrow, and in their shouts of joy; in their longing plaints of love, and in their hymnings of praises; in their cries at the cross, and in their exultation upon that delectable hill, where, upon their foreheads, they find themselves sealed with the Spirit unto the day of redemption. In every breathing of the renewed nature, whether it be of a groan or of a hosanna; in every act of homage, and in every hailing of holy joy; in the great temple choir of the waiting Church militant, who all harmonize in that one ejaculation, "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" there, even there is he, the Lord and his Spirit, present, as the life and inspiration of all, however poorly fitted such persons and things may seem for a glorious presence and habitation like his.—*Krummacher.*

Original.

EL DORADO—THE GILDED KING.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

Two centuries and a half ago, the fable of El Dorado filled the public mind of Europe. Especially were the maritime nations of that day excited by its lure. The new world had been discovered. Specimens of its treasure had been deported. The leaven of desire for its undiscovered possessions had spread from court to camp, from princes to beggars, till the whole mass of society seemed in commotion.

Avarice personified, under the garb of adventure, bestrode the ocean. Her footsteps in the new world were bathed in blood. She paused not to complete her work of desolation in the fair islands of the Caribbean, till after she had disturbed the *sacra penetralia* of the continent. She caused the din of arms to resound alike in the *primeval forest* and the *aboriginal city*. She scaled the Andes and laid waste savannahs of both the Atlantic and the Pacific shores; while the price of her relentless tributes, the blood of the native inhabitants, was mingled with the waters of many an inland river.

Not only was the fiery genius of the Spaniards and the Portuguese excited by these golden dreams, but even the drowsy Hollanders were aroused to strike for a share of the spoil; while the French and the English mingled in the strife, as their respective expeditions to the coast of Brazil, Guiana and the Islands, testify. It may be instructive to embody the more striking features of this "cunningly devised fable," of which every one has heard something, but of which few historians give particulars. It was told chiefly of South America, and perhaps the most satisfactory data respecting it are found in Southey's History of Brazil.

Wherever the early adventurers landed, their first inquiries were for the precious metals. Being themselves as ignorant of the native dialects as were the poor savages of European tongues, their intercourse for a long time must have been exceedingly vague. Not finding what they so eagerly coveted upon the coast, expectation pointed them inland, and they naturally interpreted the rude signs of the Indians to mean precisely what they wished. Perchance, also, when the natives were able to comprehend what was wanted, from their desire to please the strangers, which they could accomplish in no other way, they narrated to them as well as they might, some ill-defined traditions of a better land toward the setting sun. Thus there originated along the whole Spanish main, rumors of an inland country abounding with gold. These rumors may have related to the kingdoms of Bogota and Tunja, now New Granada. But in that country there were also rumors of a rich land at a distance, applicable to Peru; while in Peru similar accounts were gathered referring back to Granada. Thus adventurers from both sides were allured to continue pursuit long after the game was taken.

"An imaginary kingdom was soon shaped out as the object of their quest, and stories concerning it were not

more easily invented than believed. It was said that a younger brother of Atabalipa fled after the destruction of the Incas, took with him the main part of their treasures, and founded a greater empire than that of which his family had been deprived. Sometimes this imagined emperor was called the great Payúti; sometimes the great Moxo, (pronounced Mo-sho;) sometimes the Enim or great Paru. In Mexico the great Quivira was what the Enim was to Peru, the imaginary successor of the fallen dynasty. An impostor at Lima affirmed that he had been in his capital, the city of Manoa, where not fewer than three thousand workmen were employed in the silversmiths' street: he even produced a map of the country, in which he had marked a hill of gold, another of silver, and a third of salt. The columns of the palace were described as of porphyry and alabaster, the galleries of ebony and cedar, the throne was of ivory, and the ascent to it was by steps of gold.

"When D. Martin del Barco was writing his Argentina, a report was current in Paraguay that the court of the great Moxo had been discovered. Don Martin communicates it as certain intelligence, and expresses his regret that Cabeza de Vaca had turned back from the Xarayes, for had he proceeded in that direction he would have been the fortunate discoverer.

"This palace, says he, stood in a lake island. It was built of white stone; at the entrance were two towers, and between them a column of five-and-twenty feet in height; on its top was a large silver moon, and two living lions were fastened to its base with chains of gold.

"Having passed by these keepers, you came into a quadrangle planted with trees and watered by a silver fountain, which spouted through four golden pipes. The gate of the palace was of copper; it was very small, and its bolt was received into the solid rock. Within, a golden sun was placed upon an altar of silver, and four lamps were kept burning before it day and night. Manifestly as such fictions were borrowed from the romances of Almadis and Palmerin, they were not too gross for the greedy avarice of those to whom they were addressed. This imaginary kingdom obtained the name of El Dorado, from the fashion of its lord, who had the merit of being in a savage costume. His body was anointed every morning with a certain fragrant gum of great price, and gold-dust was then blown upon him through a tube, till he was covered with it: the whole was washed off at night. This the barbarian thought a more magnificent and costlier attire than could be afforded by any other potentate in the world, and hence the Spaniards called him EL DORADO, OR THE GILDED ONE."

Thus we have, in brief, the fable which has cost Spain a greater expense of life and treasure than all her conquests in the New World. A history of all the expeditions that were undertaken for the conquest of El Dorado, would form a volume not less interesting than extraordinary. In connection with one of them, it becomes necessary to introduce the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, which is more honorably associated with the discovery and early settlement of our own country.

This enterprising knight, after several voyages to North America, was sent out in an expedition against the Spaniards at Panama. Having thus gained some knowledge of the northern regions of South America, he undertook in 1595, the discovery and conquest of Guiana. Anxiety to excite the greatest possible interest in his enterprises, seems to have prompted him to appeal at once to the cupidity and marvelousness of his countrymen, by publishing among other stories the following, which he must have known to be chronologically impossible, from the fact that Diogo de Ordas ascended the Oronoco the same year that Pizarro conquered Peru.

"A brother of Atabalipa fled after the destruction of the Incas, taking with him so great an army of the Oronoces, that he conquered the interior of Guiana. When Diogo de Ordas was attempting the conquest of the Oronoco, and had advanced some three hundred miles up the river, his whole stock of powder was blown up. Provoked at the master of the munition, named Juan Martinez, for this negligence, he condemned him to death. Entreaty was made for his life; but the utmost mercy which Ordas would grant, was that he should be set adrift in a canoe without food. The stream carried him down, and in the evening a party of Guianians fell in with him. They had never seen a white man before; and having thus caught one, blind-folded him, and led him a journey of fourteen or fifteen days through the country, to be wondered at from town to town, till they arrived at Manoa, the great city of the Inca. At the entrance of this city they took the bandage from his eyes. It was noon when they entered it. He traveled along the streets till night, and the next day from sun-rise till sun-set, before he came to the palace. Here he was detained seven months, and not permitted to go without the walls. Leave was then given him to return, and a party of Guianians, laden with as much gold for him as they could carry, were ordered to re-conduct him to the Oronoco. When they drew near the river, the savages fell upon them and robbed them of all the treasure, except two calabashes full of golden beads, which they suffered him to keep, supposing them to contain food. He got to Trinidad, and from thence to Porto Rico. There he died, and at his death gave the beads to the Church for the good of his soul, leaving this account of his discovery."

The court dress, according to his description, was of gold-dust, conformably to the usual fable of El Dorado. This bait was rather too coarsely gilded, and Raleigh's expedition to Guiana appears never to have gained much eclat, notwithstanding his prediction that "the common soldier should there fight for gold and pay himself, instead of pence with plates of half a foot broad."

His book closes with a singular piece of flattery to his distinguished patroness, Queen Elizabeth. He desired that the very Amazons should "hear her virgin name;" and this was merely introductory to his prayer, "that he who is King of all kings, and Lord of lords, would put it into her heart, who is Lady of ladies, to conquer El Dorado."

Reasons why the English were less attentive to these representations appear to have grown out of their sad experience on a similar errand in the northern seas. In 1577, a stone which had been brought from the frozen regions of America was pronounced by the refiners of London to contain gold. "The news excited the wakeful avarice of the city, and there were not wanting those who endeavored to purchase of the Queen a lease of lands, whose loose minerals were so full of the precious metal." A fleet was immediately fitted out under the command of Martin Frobisher, for the express purpose of penetrating the Arctic El Dorado.

The ships, after encountering innumerable perils amid the icebergs of the polar sea, were at length freighted with fragments of earth, which to the credulous seemed plainly to contain the coveted treasure. Immediately hereafter occurred the first attempt of the English, under the patronage of Elizabeth, to plant an establishment in America. A magnificent fleet of fifteen sail was fitted out in part at her expense. "The sons of the English gentry embarked as volunteers, and one hundred persons were chosen to form the colony, which was to secure to England a country more desirable than Peru; a country too inhospitable to produce a tree or a shrub, yet where gold lay not charily concealed in mines, but glistening in heaps upon the surface. Twelve vessels were to return immediately with cargoes of the ore; three were ordered to remain and aid the settlement. The northwest passage was now become of less consideration; Asia itself could not vie with the riches of this hyperborean archipelago." The disastrous and mortifying results of such an expedition can easily be conjectured, and might well serve as lessons of experience for subsequent years.

Happy would it have been for our race, if these baseless vagaries had constituted either the first or the last vision of gold that has been seen in the day-dreams of men. But alas! the tale of El Dorado is too true an epitome of the history of mankind. What age has not exhibited equal folly in similar pursuits, although fortunately most often on a smaller scale.

Who can say that much of the strength of the first temptation, which brought "death into the world with all our woe," did not consist in this, that the forbidden fruit presented a golden hue? "It was pleasant to the eyes."

"A goodly tree far distant to behold,
Laden with fruit of fairest colors mixed,
Ruddy and gold."

It would at least appear that the tempter, from that period, chose the color of gold for his own adorning. It has thenceforth been at once the livery and the court dress of the Prince of this world. He himself has been the great El Dorado, dwelling in "the palace of great Lucifer," which Milton represents as standing

"High on a hill far blazing as a mount,
Raised on a mount with pyramids and towers,
From diamond quarries hewn and rocks of gold."

The dust that has glittered on his body has been sufficient, in the eyes of the world, to hide its Satanic deformity.

View him in the onward progress of sin, swaying the sceptre over his blinded followers. How often is he not worshiped as a god, and enthroned upon the very altars of Jehovah. At one time he stoops to become a beast in the hands of Aaron; at another he stands erect as the image of the proud Nebuchadnezzar; and in either case prostrate nations worship before him. Such is the peculiar nature of his monarchy that it seems equally perfect in the heart of an individual and in the sway of a community.

The idol temple is not erected merely on the shores of India, neither are its votive offerings accumulated, nor its incense fires kindled merely by the hand of Pagan priests.

The creations of that modern genius, Speculation, whether based upon the water lots of the Atlantic coast, or the paper cities of the west, have formed a chosen shrine at which thousands have offered sacrifices, and where the king has been present to "snuff the incense" of the licensed idolatry.

Enter the closet of the miser, unlock his chest of gold, and you behold his god. There every coin is guarded as sacredly as though it embodied the person of his proper sovereign. The prodigal worships the same treasure in the shape of its purchased products—the perishing pleasures of sense.

Thus as idolatry is confined to no liturgy or form, but triumphs equally in the moody mysticism of fire worship, and the bloody rites of human sacrifice; so covetousness is equally at home in high places and in low, under the shade of the banyan and in the marble palace; while of all its Protean shapes, either may fitly serve as prime minister to the golden king.

Thus far we have only dwelt upon the willing homage of which "the gilded one" seems the passive object. Turn we now to behold him as the acting, moving spirit of his own wide empire. Like the serpent in a bed of roses, his loathsome coils may sometimes be discovered beneath the very flowers of piety. Now he whispers in the ear of the prophet's servant, and sends Gehazi upon the infamous errand which doomed him to inherit the leprosy of Naaman. Again he superintends the bargain of Judas with the chief priests, and the Savior is bartered for thirty pieces of silver. Anon he plots the scheme for Ananias and Sapphira, and as the father of lies teaches them, for the sake of gold to lie unto the Holy Ghost. Who but himself could have ever suggested to man, that the gifts of heaven could be purchased with money? Who has more profited by the traffic in which the pretended indulgences and graces of the Gospel have been dispensed—bought and sold like things of trade? Yet, as though neither content with this great gain, nor with the mad ambition to "rule in hell," a middle world has been invented, on the ground of whose imagined tortures to the dead, new taxes might be levied on the living. Can any one doubt its author? While thus disguised under the mantle of religion, the same spirit has not been idle in a different sphere. The very trappings of his royalty have been hung around the avenues of perdition, while

his personal influence has not been withheld from the support of any vice. At one moment he has rode aloft on the black rolling fumes of the distillery, which have served him as a car of triumph; at the next he has descended in the form of a menial to minister at the bar of alcohol. His mysterious agency has pervaded the resort of mirth and dissipation, while his majestic presence has often been witnessed at the haunts of the gamester. What dignitary could more fitly preside over an earthly hell!

The solid land has not been the only scene of his power. He has invaded the domains of ocean. Not content with a ceaseless tribute from the gains of commerce, he has freighted the smuggler's bark, has fitted out the slaver, has stowed away her cargo of human beings to endure the horrors of a middle passage, sometimes casting them overboard to lighten the vessel in a chase, at others selling them into a hopeless bondage. His hand has been on the helm of the pirate ship, and his death-flag has waved at her peak, while the work of destruction has been done to many an innocent victim. Again he has stood by the highway robber, and pointed out the place of secret assassination. Gilded though he may be, this king is a heartless tyrant; for when his subjects have done their appointed work, and gained its reward, he turns their gold into corruption, and their pleasure to poison, conniving at their self-destruction.

As though his greatness were in danger of being impeached from his descent to the meaner branches of common iniquity, his chief glorying has ever been to gather the laurels of war. By the promise of power he has promoted civil dissension. He has made interest the pretense of anarchy, and caused brother to spill a brother's blood. Under the flag of conquest he has led nation against nation. In his desolating track, cities have been made the bon-fires of victory, and hecatombs of living men have been offered to appease his Moloch vengeance.

This brings us to the point whence we started. For among all the wars described in history, none have been more inhuman than those enacted in the conquest of the New World. Even conquerors before, had shown some disposition to establish a character for magnanimity and personal greatness, although their notions of virtue were grossly perverted. But the desperadoes who now sought for the kingdom, and strove for the spoils of a monarch, whose only existence was in the capacity of their proper master, dead as they were to human feeling, seemed to think that the infamy of their deeds would be overlooked amid the glare of their ill-gotten treasure. To prepare the way for the plunder they had in view, Cortez and his followers butchered the unoffending Indians by thousands, and laid their towns in ruins. On one occasion sixty caciques, or chiefs of the Mexican empire, and four hundred nobles, were burned alive with the utmost coolness and deliberation; and to complete the horror of the scene, the children and relations of the wretched victims were assembled, and compelled to be spectators of their dying

agonies. In the siege of Mexico alone, no less than a hundred thousand fell by the sword, besides those who perished by famine, and other causes incident to war.

Notwithstanding the rapid and relentless destruction of life in the West India Islands, yet an intelligent Portuguese writer represents it to have been insignificant compared with what was accomplished by the gold and slave hunters of Brazil. Yet Peru, under the conquest of Pizarro, was witness to the greatest atrocities. The Incas, or native emperors of that region of South America, were at once the most wealthy and the most refined of all the aboriginal sovereigns. The ruling monarch at this period extended to the strangers hospitality and kindness, commanding his attendants to offer them no injury.

The perfidious wretches seized upon their benefactor, put to death his alarmed subjects by thousands, and having extorted from the survivors "as many vessels of gold as would fill an apartment twenty-two feet long, sixteen wide, and eight high," as the purchase money of his freedom, they then burned alive the captive Inca.

In such facts we have the moral of the fable above narrated. Yet how many in both worlds are still in pursuit of El Dorado! Not only men, but maidens are chasing the phantoms by which this scheming monarch decoys them onward to the anticipated possession of a mimic kingdom, over which they may rule. Fortunately the pursuits of the many, though nearly as fruitless, are not so desperate as those of the early adventures.

Many republicans, however unwittingly, glory in their allegiance to the gilded king. What is worse, Christians sometimes so far mistake their calling as to court his favor. Then they become "most zealous when religion puts on her silver slippers, and they love to walk with her in the street, when the sun shines and the people applaud her." But how careless do they appear of her when in rags or bound in irons! Alas, how often and how soon do they become like the veritable characters of Bunyan, Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love, and Mr. Save-all, of the town of Love-gain, in the county of Coveting. These persons, after various discourse with the faithful pilgrims, Christian and Hopeful, were decoyed by Demas, who loved this present world, across the plain Ease, to the hill Lucre, to examine a silver mine. There they perished either by falling into the pit, having gone too near the brink thereof, or having gone down to dig, being smothered by the damps that commonly arise there. Ah, when shall we learn

"Where our true treasure? Gold says, 'Not in me,'
'And not in me,' the diamond. Gold is poor,
India's insolvent: yet all may find it,
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breast!"

We should act with as much energy as those who expect every thing from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect every thing from God.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A DAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

"Come sit by your father's knee,
My son,
On the seat by your father's door,
And the thoughts of your youthful heart,
My son,
Like a stream of gladness pour;
For, afar 'mong the lonely hills,
My son,
Since the morning thou hast been;
Now tell me thy bright day-dreams,
My son,—
Yea, all thou hast thought and seen!"

"When morn abune yon eastern hill
Had raised its glimmerin' e'e,
I hied me to the heather hills,
Whar' gorcocks crawin' flee;
An' e'er the laverock sought the lift,
Frae out the dewy dens,
I wanderin' was by mountain streams
In lane an' hoary glens.

"Auld frownin' rocks on either hand,
Uprear'd their heads to heaven,
Like temple-pillars which the foot
O' Time had crush'd an' riven;
An' voices frae ilk mossy stane
Upo' my ear did flow,—
They spake o' Nature's secrets a'—
The tales o' long ago.

"The daisy, frae the burnie's side,
Was lookin' up to God—
The crag that crown'd the towering peak
Seem'd kneeling on the sod:
A sound was in ilk dowie glen,
An' on ilk naked rock—
On mountain-peak—in valley lone—
An' haly words it spoke.

"The nameless flowers that budded up—
Each beauteous desert child—
The heather's scarlet blossoms spread
O'er many a lanely wild:
The lambkins, sporting in the glens—
The mountains old and bare—
Seem'd worshiping; and there with them
I breathed my morning prayer.

"Alang o'er monie a mountain-tap—
Alang through monie a glen—
Wi' Nature haudin' fellowship,
I journey'd far frae men.
Whiles suddenly a lonely tarn
Wad burst upon my eye,
An' whiles frae out the solitudes
Wad come the breezes' cry.

"At noon, I made my grassy couch

Beside a haunted stream,—
A bonnie blumin' bush o' brume,
Waved o'er me in my dream.
I laid me there in slumberous joy
Upo' the giant knee
Of yonder peak, that seem'd to bend
In watching over me.

"I dream'd a bonnie bonnie dream,
As asleepin' there I lay:—
I thocht I brightly roun' me saw
The fairy people stray.
I dreamt they back again had come
To live in glen an' wold—
To sport in dells 'neath harvest-munes—
As in the days o' old.

"I saw them dance upon the breeze,
An' hide within the flower—
Sing bonnie an' unearthly songs,
An' skim the lakelets o'er!
That hour the beings o' the past,—
O' ages lost an' gone
Came back to earth, an' grot an' glen
War' peopled every one!

"The vision fled, an' I awoke—
The sun was sinkin' doon
The mountain-birds frae hazles brown
Had sung their gloam'n tune:
The dew was fallin' on the leaf,
The breezes on the flower;
An' Nature's heart was beating calm—
It was the evening hour.

"An', father, whan the mune arose,
Upo' a mountain height,
I stude an' saw the brow of earth
Bound wi' its siller light.
Nae sound cam' on the watching ear
Opo' that silent hill;
My e'en war' fill'd with tears, the hour
Sae holy was an' still!

"There was a lowly mound o' green
Beside me risin' there—
A pillow whar' a bairn might kneel,
An' say its twilight prayer.
The munelight kiss'd the gladsome flowers
That o'er that mound did wave;
Then I remember'd that I stude
Aside the martyrs' grave!

"I knelt upo' that hallow'd earth,
While memory pictured o'er
The changing scenes—the changing thoughts,
That day had held in store;
An' then my breast wi' gladness swell'd,
An' God in love did bless,—
He gave me, 'mong auld Scotland's hills,
A day o' happiness!"

Original.
THE DAY OF CHRIST.

—
BY JOHN TODD BRAME.
—

"How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight!"

UPON the world "the midnight deep of ignorance had brooded long," when, in the fullness of time, the eternal Son of God made his appearance among men. Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the minds of its inhabitants. For four thousand years men had been groping their uncertain way in the gloomy dungeons of inquiry, doubt, and conjecture. In the expressive language of the prophet, "the people dwelt in darkness, and in the land of the shadow of death." Though the mind of man had received a degree of cultivation, and philosophy and science scattered their feeble rays, a pall was thrown over all spiritual subjects, and there prevailed an universal lack of knowledge with regard to the soul; its heavenly origin, immortal nature, and lofty destiny. The night, which enveloped in its sable robe the minds of men, was unpierced by a single ray; not a solitary star hung upon its black canopy; the gloom was complete and unlimited. The Jews formed no exception to this remark. They indeed had the means of instruction, but would not use them; they would not come to the light, which shone from the sacred oracles committed to their care; they had eyes, but they would not see. But it had not been determined in the Divine council that this gloom should last for ever—that this midnight should remain unbroken until the light of Eternity should dawn upon the ruins of Time. Malachi, the latest of the prophets, uttered the delightful promise, "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings." About four hundred years after this prediction, John the Baptist, like the morning star, arose upon the darkness of our world, to foretell the brightness of the approaching "Day." In due time the "true Light" himself appeared, and salvation's brilliant beams, in noon-tide splendor, burst upon mankind. The day-spring from on high hath come down; the day-star has arisen in our hearts, and the true and living and fadeless Light now shines, which enlightens "every man that cometh into the world." Now may the Christian sing,

"My Light, my Life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears!"

As the natural day reveals objects in their true proportions, so the Day of Christ—it shows us *truth*.

"In vain," says a fine writer, "had generation after generation of men asked, in its way to oblivion, 'What is truth?' The devotee had urged the inquiry at the shrine of his god; the priest at his altar of sacrifice; the sage had repeated it as he walked amid the works and wonders of creation; but nothing was heard in reply, save the faint and bewildering echo, 'What is

truth?'" It might be supposed that at least in the land of Judea, the footsteps of truth might have been traced. Even thence she had fled in despair and disgust, at the blindness and prejudice of men. True, to the Jew the sacred page was unfolded; to his keeping were intrusted "the law and the testimony;" but their voice was hushed by the buzz of tradition, and the clamor of bigotry. The obvious import of Scripture was obscured and mystified and misapplied. The masters in Israel, instead of displaying truth, in her amiable character and fair habiliments, forged a system, exclusive, dark and bigoted, with scarce a trace of original purity and loveliness.

From this view of the state of the world, we may adopt the language of John the Divine and say, "No man in heaven, nor in earth, nor under the earth, was able to open the Book" of truth, "nor to look thereon." And like the tender-hearted disciple, the lovers of wisdom and the friends of man, "wept much that no man was found worthy to open and to read the book." They lamented the imperfection of their knowledge, and the apparent impossibility of crossing that boundary on which they were standing, in sadness for the past, and despair for the future. How applicable to their condition the words of the poet—

"O sacred Truth! thy triumphs ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile!"

Does darkness follow an eclipse of that sun, which enlightens and animates the natural world? How great, then, the gloom which shrouded mankind, when the glorious orb of Truth withdrew its rays, and disappeared from the hemisphere of mortals—ascending far aloft and re-commingling its splendor with the fadeless effulgence of the eternal Throne! If we, in the meridian glory of the Gospel day, complain of a want of light, and of the limitedness of our vision, how keen must have been the regrets of those, who painfully conscious of their darkness, knew not the means of enlightenment, and upon whose doubtful path-way there twinkled but a faint glimmering at best of the far-off luminary!

But divine truth was not to remain for ever a sealed mystery. Though priests and philosophers, and

"Old gray-haired sages, who had spent
Their lives, sequestered in some lonely grot,"

had confessed their incapacity, and been struck dumb, like the magicians of Babylon when they looked upon the hand-writing on the palace walls of Belshazzar; yet conclude not thence that there was no one to be found worthy to open and to read the book of truth. "The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof." The veil has been removed; doubt has been put to flight; the mystery has been solved; the question of Pilate, so oft and so vainly repeated, "What is truth?" has been triumphantly answered. For this purpose came the divine Instructor into the world, that he might bear witness unto the truth, that he might open the glowing pages of the truthful record to the inquiring eye of man. The Lord Jesus Christ spoke as never man spake.

Never before were truth and error so nicely separated, and so exactly defined. He touched no subject without pouring upon it a blaze of light; to every objection he gave an immediate answer; with every difficulty, there came a simultaneous solution; no inquirer approached him in vain for instruction. The Jews were astonished at the extent of his information, the profundity of his wisdom, the boldness of his conceptions, the novelty of his discoveries, and the dignity of his language. Hence they inquired, "Whence hath this man letters, having never learned?" The great Teacher needed not the tuition of man; he approached not the schools of human instruction; he lingered not with the sons of science in the groves of the Academy; he turned from the halls of philosophy, and partook of the tree of knowledge, and drank at the living fountain of eternal Truth. And of the exhaustless stores of his hoarded and inherent wisdom, hath he imparted to us "to make us wise unto salvation."

We who stand in the full-orbed radiance of this glorious Sun, and are permitted to sit at the feet of this illustrious Instructor, are inducted into the kingdom of spiritual light and knowledge. Spiritual subjects are brought within the range of our comprehension, and we are enabled to understand "those things which belong to our peace." In a word, truth is taught—pure, unmixed, unalloyed truth—truth without a blemish, without a scar, without a wrinkle, without a spot—truth, which neither the rage of demons, nor the lapse of revolving years can falsify or deface; to which ages in their flight are but as triumphal cars, bearing it onward to its vindication and its victory; which shall stand unmoved and unhurt amid the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," and be attested by the approving seal of the final Judge!

Pittsburgh, N. C., July, 1841.

MARRIAGE.

DIFFERENCES of opinion, and taste, and infirmities of temper, ought, in some measure, to be anticipated; and the duties of the married state to be entered upon with the expectation that they will require *concession and sacrifice*.

Temper, while it has a very material bearing on the complexion of domestic life, is perhaps the most difficult point of any to ascertain. It is not always the apparently good-humored, who have the most agreeable temper; neither the seemingly severe who are always the most hard to please. Not infrequently the latter are, to those they love, the most uniformly tender; and are less subject to caprice, than others who appear more indulgent.

Similar tempers are not always the most suitable. On the contrary, as attachment often springs up between persons of dissimilar dispositions, so the points in which they differ at times, appear to suit them specially to each other. The sanguine is chastened by the sober; and again, the hopeful spirit cheers the anxious and desponding. A temper not easily disturbed, allays

the heat of one which is irritable; and if the easiness of the former borders on carelessness or indolence, it may be rendered more alert and scrupulous by the sensitiveness with which it is associated.

The tastes and pursuits of married persons must also, it is evident, be mutually of much importance. In these, similarity is, in some respects, desirable; suitability almost essential. Taste, in its extensive sense, bears on almost every particular of conduct. It has so much to do with the minutiae of life, that, where tastes are wholly dissimilar, they must perpetually be offending one another.

A mutual preference seems, itself, a guaranty for similarity in taste. Still, it is sometimes difficult to conjecture what attraction can have drawn together persons so little capable of sympathy. Perhaps it will be said that such pairs are happier than might be expected. But if some license be allowed for dissimilarity in matters of taste, if the coalition may even be, to an extent, mutually beneficial, so that the fastidious become less critical, the over-refined more simple, the exclusive more liberal, by association with a counteracting bias, the difference should be in measure, rather than in kind; or, at least, there should be no jarring, even in the disagreement.

A certain diversity in married persons is intended by nature, and is favorable to mutual improvement. The sedentary student will be agreeably enlivened by his vivacious partner, if her vivacity be the expression of an intelligent mind; and the woman of elegant accomplishment will receive from the superior sense and more valuable attainments of her husband, a higher tone, and will herself be stimulated to advance by her desire of assimilating herself to him. And here it may be observed, that similarity of pursuit, may possibly bring together persons otherwise unsuitable. There is a peculiar fascination in sympathy; and, in ordinary social intercourse, if we find we have a point exclusively in common with any individual, the attraction has a peculiar force. It has not unfrequently been the basis of an attachment which should have rested upon general grounds. For it is not because voices may blend well in a duet, or the flute harmonize with the piano-forte, because the cottage or the school may be visited with mutual interest, that there is a promise of harmony for life, or an assurance of congeniality on points involving daily interests. Inquiry, therefore, should be directed far more to accordance of character, than to similarity upon special points.

If the union be not congenial, no motive of an extrinsic nature should persuade to it. For, as it is the part of woman to adapt herself to her husband, let her ascertain, while still she is at liberty, that such conformity will be easy to her; that his opinions are generally of the same tone with hers; that his temper is suitable to hers; that his pursuits are not distasteful to her, and above all, that his affection is for *herself*—having the permanency of a principle, rather than the transitoriness of a passion, based upon acquaintance with her character, and upon suitable qualities in his own. For

such attachment, when really conceived, a woman can scarcely be too grateful. It is the offering of a virtuous heart—a tribute willingly rendered to the object of its preference; it is the link appointed by the Author of all good, to bind together the twin souls which he has formed for union. Surely it may be said that such sympathy is one of the choicest gifts of Heaven—an influence which, when it does bless the upward journey, is as an emanation from the fountain of bliss, and is a promise of a holier bond, when love will be perfected.—*Lady of Refinement.*



Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. I.

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

BEFORE entering upon a review of the classic writers of Greece, a brief outline of the history of that country may not be deemed inappropriate, by the readers of the Repository.

From the 2d verse of the 10th chapter of Genesis, we find that the fourth son of Japheth was Javan; and from the 5th verse we learn that "by these (i. e., the sons of Javan) were the *isles* of the Gentiles divided in their lands." The tradition is a very ancient one, that the *isles* here spoken of were the Grecian *isles*; and that the Grecians derived their name of Ionians (or Javanim) from their great progenitor, Javan. This tradition is not without support from the sacred writings. In Dan. viii, 21; x, 20; and xi, 2, we find the king, prince, and realm of Grecia (Hebrew, JAVAN) mentioned. In Joel iii, 6, the Grecians are called Javanim, or descendants of Javan; and again in Zech. ix, 13, their country is called Javan, or Greece. From these facts it seems evident that this country was originally settled by the descendants of this son of Japheth.

The Athenians, however, give a very different account of their origin. They claim to have been as old as the soil on which they lived. On this account they called themselves *Autochthentes*, (*Αυτοχθόνες*), which means persons produced out of the soil they inhabit; alluding to an idea, prevalent in ancient times, that all animated nature sprung from a common source—the earth. In allusion to the same idea, they sometimes called themselves *Tettiges*, (*Τέττιγες*), or grasshoppers. "And some of them wore grasshoppers of gold, binding them their hair, as badges of honor, and marks to distinguish them from others of later duration, and less noble extraction, because those insects were believed to be generated out of the ground."

Of the early history of the Grecian states, with the exception of Attica, of which Athens was the capital, we know but little. They were generally, at least in their early history, independent of each other, and acted independently, except in times of public danger, or to avenge a public injury, when (as in the case of the war with Troy) they acted in a confederate capacity.

Of Attica but little is known prior to the reign of Cecrops, who gathered the people together into one body, but not, however, into one city, and became their king. This probably took place, according to the best chronology of those times, about two hundred years after the deluge, or 2150 before Christ. At this time the regal and sacerdotal office were generally united. Cecrops divided the people into four tribes, and laid the foundation of a city which afterwards became the capital of the state, and "the eye of Greece."

After Cecrops, followed a succession of thirty kings, who ruled Athens for a period of 794 years. Codrus, the last of this line, was a brave and patriotic man. During his reign Attica was attacked by the Spartans, a neighboring kingdom. The oracle being consulted, returned answer that the invaders would be successful if they did not kill the Athenian king—"whereupon, Codrus, preferring his country's safety to his own life, disguised himself in the habit of a peasant, and went to a place not far from the enemy's camp, where, picking a quarrel with some of them, he obtained the death which he so much desired. The Athenians, being advertised of what had happened, sent a herald to the enemy to demand the body of their king, who were so much disheartened by this unexpected accident, that they immediately broke up their camp, and left off their enterprise, without striking another blow."

The Athenians fearing that they should never have another king so worthy, out of respect to his memory abolished the regal office, and instituted a republican form of government, which, for many years, was administered by ten individuals, annually appointed, and styled *the decennial archons*. Solon, an archon and legislator, about the year 593, B. C., introduced a new state constitution, which was adopted by the people, and continued, with little alteration, the law of the land so long as Athens maintained her liberties.

In the year 504, before Christ, some Grecian colonies in Asia Minor rebelled against the government of Darius, King of Persia. In this rebellion they were assisted by their brethren of European Greece, and particularly by Athens. This conduct greatly enraged the Persian monarch, and he determined to punish such *arrogance* in a summary manner. With an army of half a million, under Datis and Artaphernes, two of his most experienced generals, he invaded Greece. Having made some few conquests, which were well secured by strong garrisons, he proceeded with 100,000 infantry and a proportionate number of cavalry, towards Athens, and landed on the shores of Marathon. Here, under the prudent guidance of Miltiades, with an army of only 10,000 freemen and as many armed slaves, the Athenians and their allies met and completely vanquished them. The marble which the self-confident Persians had brought with them for the erection of a monument in honor of their anticipated conquest, was taken from them, and upon it the victorious Athenians inscribed the memento of their own preservation!

The intelligence of this event only served to exasperate still more the already enraged spirit of the Per-

sian government. Internal commotions, however, delayed a second invasion for more than ten years. At the expiration of that period, Xerxes, who, by the death of Darius, had succeeded to the throne of the Persian empire, having subdued all insurrectionary movements among his subjects, turned his attention towards Greece, and determined to inflict upon her a severe punishment for her former conduct. With an army of 2,000,000 disciplined troops, and a still greater number of attendants, amounting in all to nearly 5,000,000, he crossed the Hellespont to execute his bloody purpose upon his devoted victims. Against this formidable invader the confederated states raised an effective force of 60,000 freemen and a larger number of armed slaves. A detachment of about 18,000 were sent to guard the straits of Thermopylæ, the chief entrance from Thessaly—through which it was supposed the enemy would seek to enter. Here the invaders were met, and a severer battle, or one which reflected greater glory upon the Grecian arms, was never fought. Had not the allied forces been most treacherously betrayed by professed friends, Xerxes, with his proud army, could never have effected an entrance. Although defeated, they achieved a glory for patriotic Greece which will never fade while the love of liberty shall swell a single human breast; and the name of *Leonidas*, associated as it ever must be with his little band of three hundred faithful followers, will be honored and revered while the narrow straits of Thermopylæ exist, or tongue be found to tell the story of Spartan bravery! This battle was only the prelude of still greater disasters which befell the haughty invader. Defeated, both by land and sea, he at length returned home in disgrace, leaving his general, Mardonius, to do what he found himself inadequate to perform. At the battle of Plataeæ, which concluded this bloody tragedy, he also was completely defeated, and of an army of 200,000, left under his command, not 2,000 escaped.

Thus disgracefully ended an invasion which threatened a complete destruction to all the Grecian name. The glory of the victory was claimed by Athens and Sparta, as they had taken the lead in all the trials and dangers, being assisted by the other states only as allies. Being thus claimed, it was turned by each of these ambitious republics to her own private benefit. The spirit of rivalry, which had formerly been cherished between them, and laid aside only in time of mutual danger, now, when that danger was removed, manifested itself with increased virulence. Athens claimed and for many years maintained the proud title of "*Mistress of the seas*," and by the size of her navy, and the skill of her mariners, was enabled to extend her dominions on every side; while the arms of Sparta were everywhere crowned with success. This spirit of rivalry and jealousy was carried on until, by its insolence, it involved the whole of Peloponnesus in a civil war of twenty-seven years' duration, which eventuated in the entire subversion, for a time, of the Athenian democracy, and the suppression of free principles throughout the Grecian territories.

This state of things did not long continue. Sparta, as soon as she found herself without a rival, began to manifest her haughty spirit towards all her dependencies by severe exactions of money and troops. These exactions were endured for a time until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. Then rebellion followed revolt in quick succession, by which Athens and several other states recovered their former independence. During these civil commotions Thebes arose to the height of power and glory. Under the guiding hand of the virtuous and energetic Epaminondas, she, in the course of a very few years, became the rival of both Athens and Sparta. The haughty spirit of the latter, unbroken by the successful rebellion of Athens and other states, sought to crush the rising power of her youthful rival. But in the fatal battle of *Leuctra* she was stript of all her glory, and made to drink to the dregs that cup which she had so often mingled for others. Thus the whole country exhibited a scene of civil discord, which most successfully prepared the way for the encroachment of Philip of Macedon, and the final overthrow of Grecian liberty.

That designing prince, by intrigue, first gained the good will of Athens and Thebes, which latter was at that time in the meridian of her glory. Through her influence Macedon became a member of the Grecian confederacy, and consequently entitled to a representation in the Amphycion Council, a body composed of delegates from each state, and which met at stated periods to regulate every thing throughout the land connected with religion and the worship of the gods. Soon after her admission, this council, at the instigation of some of the emissaries of Philip, denounced the vengeance of Heaven against the Locrians—the inhabitants of one of the smaller states—for cultivating certain portions of territory previously dedicated to sacred purposes. Immediate war was consequently declared against the sacriligious nation. The emissaries of Philip succeeded in obtaining for him the chief command of the united forces. Under his guidance the guilty participators were defeated, and their cities taken. But the appointment of Philip as general of the Amphycions only prepared the way more completely for the consummation of his own designs. Demosthenes, alarmed at the continual encroachments of the Macedonian power, urged his countrymen, with all the strength of patriotic eloquence, to banish their inactivity, and arise to the rescue of their liberties—assuring them that if they would, even then, act with vigor, they might successfully check their powerful and insidious enemy, but if they remained inactive only a *little longer*, the most vigorous efforts would then prove unavailing. His eloquence and his patriotism partially succeeded. An army was raised, consisting of Athenians and a small number of allies from the different states. Unanimity of feeling and action, however, nowhere existed, except among their enemies. A final battle was fought at Cheronææ, in which the confederates were defeated, and a common sepulchre contained the slain of Cheronææ and the liberties of Greece!

It is not our purpose at this time to institute an inquiry into the true causes which operated in bringing about this melancholy issue. There was one, however, which doubtless exerted a great but silent and almost imperceptible influence, and which, in concluding this sketch, we may be permitted to mention. It is to be found in *the domestic institutions of the family*. During the heroic ages of Greece woman was the beloved and cherished *companion* of man. When the duties of the field called him away from the domestic fireside he parted with painful feelings from the faithful participant of his joys and sorrows, and the time of his return was anticipated with emotions of unmingled pleasure. Their children, too, were taught by precept, by example, and by the fear of the gods, to love and venerate each with equal ardor. As the heroic institutions gradually gave way to others, perhaps more refined in appearance, but often less pure in principle, woman lost her high but appropriate place in society. Throughout the Grecian republics female character was degraded, and her influence despised. Her husband ceased to regard her as a *companion*, and viewed her only as an inferior, competent for nothing but the menial duties of the household. The son, taught by the precept and example of the father, early learned to despise the authority and influence of that being who watched over his helpless infancy, and with maternal fondness anticipated every want of his youthful days. To ascertain the consequence which must ensue from such a course of conduct let us apply the same principles of action to our country. Let the wife and mother *here* lose her present standing in society—a standing guaranteed to her only by *THE BIBLE*—let her be reduced to all the degradation and misery incident to a debasing superstition—let her children despise her, her husband oppress her, and let her seek in vain for any redress from the laws and institutions of her country—let all these take place, and how long should we enjoy the present happy system of government under which we live? How long would it be before anarchy and misrule, like an overflowing stream, would sweep us away, leaving no other epitaph than that inscribed upon broken colonades and stupendous ruins? Let the history of the world answer this question, while the destruction of Grecian liberty shall echo the reply!



Original.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

LIFE is sustained by fleeting breath—
O, mark its transient stay!
For He who gave it suffers Death
To take that breath away.
How should we then the moments prize,
That God to us has given,
And use them, so that we may rise
To dwell with him in heaven.

MARY.

Original.

AFFLICTIONS.

WHEN all the mercies of my God
Encompassed me around,
Ere I had felt affliction's rod,
My feet the path with sinners trod—
My heart to earth was bound.

But when in judgment he withdrew
The blessings he had lent,
And all my schemes of bliss o'erthrew—
My stubborn spirit to subdue,
And teach me to repent,

O, then, with broken, contrite heart,
First at his feet I lay,
Like leper foul in every part,
And agonized with guilt's own smart,
Yet still afraid to pray.

Then God in mercy raised me up
With his almighty arm,
Grace offered me salvation's cup,
And Christ came in with me to sup,
And *spoke* my bosom calm.

'Twas then his Spirit warmed my breast,
And quickened every power:
I entertained the heavenly guest,
And found in Jesus that sweet rest
Which was unknown before.

What shall I render to thee, Lord,
For all these mercies given?
Who offered first the great reward,
Then loosed on earth love's silver chord,
To make it fast in heaven.

My "broken cisterns" I forsake,
And patient wait thy will;
No idols now my heart shall make,
Lest thou in mercy shouldst not break,
And I should perish still.

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.



GOD'S MESSENGER.

SERAPHS flash in flames along,
Cherubim his way prepare.
Hark! their rustling pinions strong
Thunder on the troubled air!
Loud as ocean's stormy roar
Breaking on the cavern'd shore.

From a cloud by whirlwind's driven,
Dark, surcharged from borean skies,
Brightness as of amber heaven,
Fiery forms resplendent rise,
Broad their burnish'd wings display,
Speed as lightnings on their way.

BULKER.

Original.

READINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.

THAT "the school-master is abroad," is an observation which meets us on every page, which has been so often reiterated that it is now an established truism. Though allowed by all, as regards the purpose of education, still are its methods sometimes to be questioned. One particular to which we would except, is the literary style of the day; and especially that which is provided for the ladies. And in the books usually addressed to them we find a falling off from the spirit and sense of literature, as well as from the canons of composition. We read that at the date of something less than half a century ago, there prevailed in England (from whence we then imported our readings) a style of literature, which, in the popular sense, was exceedingly faulty—that, in particular, which, as I have observed, was intended for the ladies. Poetry, so called, was much preferred to prose; and a school of the former, then in vogue, was styled the Della Cruscan school—of which the characteristics were an affected and overwrought sentimentality, hyperbole, panegyric, with high-flown epithets, and an inflated soaring, which often, like a balloon out of ballast, came down much faster than it went up, and ended in a complete bathos. In this there was, with some vivacity, much weakness and hardly any truth at all. The homeliness of plain, didactic truth-telling were an offering unsuited to ladies, unmeet for gentlemen to proffer. Such was the current literature of the day.

The volumes of the best British poets were lying on the shelves, and also of the standard prose writers. But a present and forth-coming literature every age will claim, not as its best, but as its best suited. Its occasional allusion, its timely discussion, its pointed and specific rebukings are both more lively and more interesting than are the broader and loftier teachings of a past day, partially veiled as they are, too, in the distance.

The day of the Spectator, the Guardian, and the Tatlers was already past—their pages were only occasionally resorted to, and their homilies consulted in cases of dilemma beyond the present resource—a sort of holiday reference, much too good and too wise for common use. Their authors were known to be men of extraordinary genius—too much beyond their readers to answer to the general want.

It has been observed that the literary taste varies and becomes changed about once in thirty years. This, I suppose, is conformed to that natural data which allows that space of time as a specific division of each generation of mankind. However it was, the current literature of that day was not as good as it had been, and of course it provoked comment, and worked a reform. But, alas! it would seem that this reform is itself become almost obliterated, and that the present loose, slipshod, burlesque mode of writing is sweeping away its last vestiges.

I have referred to English literature, as being identical with our own—indeed, at the date indicated, it was the very same, with hardly a reprint on our side of the water. But about that date, perhaps, technical education was commenced in our own country, which has resulted in the means and in a literature of our own; at least in a current literature, addressed to the popular patronage, if not to the popular wants of our readers. This is done mostly through the periodicals of the day. And shall we not out of these be able at least to select such reading as befits our republican youth—such as shall instruct and suffice, by information contained, and at the same time that it shall be made sufficiently engaging to attract and fix their regard? I should fear that in general we could not. Magaziners hold a responsible station—a station in which the literary editorship is by no means the highest concern; and when these works are so conducted as to make that idea apparent, there is a betrayal of the trust implied—it is as much as any the young who read these books. Some of these may possibly be able to criticise the mere style; yet would they not be able to detect the implicated principles and the lapsed moralities which the narrative might embody. Also there is too much aping of European writers—not by any means the best of their country—the magazinists. It should be remembered that every narrator of trifles has not the genius of a Boz to render trifles of moment. His strong sense and his just views redeem *his* pages from the charge of frivolity; yet surely for style we may find many a better model than is Mr. Dickens. The grotesque caricatura which he affects in the showing off of popular absurdity is a case almost specific to itself—a case in which dignity is not called for—in which grimace is recognized as a mask assumed, and is more effectual in a derisive rebuking of folly than can be done by the reality, which it conceals. The Pickwick school, though requiring uncommon capacity in the writers, is, nevertheless, the favorite vogue of the day. Could its spirit as well as its seemings be imitated, there would be no call for reprehension. But devoid of the former, its grotesque exhibitings serve only to deform the imagination, and to misguide the taste. Few writers can trifle with impunity. In many of the maudlin extravagant fictions of the day, it is the sense of novelty alone that is addressed—that sense so prevalent in youth, and which it should be our effort to repress and not to foster.

Which, precisely, say you, are these denounced books? where are they to be found? We submit a few tests by which to designate them. Turn the pages and see whether the subjects assumed are important or trivial. Scan them and see whether the mind and the heart, or mostly the fancy is addressed. See if the ideas are just to their own purpose, or whether bombast and epithet and verbiage fill the page. These, say you, are negative charges. Yes, as far as mere criticism is concerned, they are so; but we would refer ourselves to the more positive standard of that morality which admits of no negative and of no temporizing. Why, for

one thing, is so much fiction assumed! or why, being fiction, can it not conform a little nearer to common sense and to possible life? We know that some have taught excellent moralities in this way. Gay, for one, in the introduction to his *Fables*, says,

"Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart," &c.

Our modern novelists intend no such thing. It has been said that though the press teems with new productions, yet is there nothing addressed to the people. Immediately will occur to the mind the five or six exceedingly clever works, of recent date, from several of our country-women, which make honorable exception to this observation; but the exception is too limited to be of large avail. Our fiction is not only not conformed to human nature, but in republican America it assumes even the exclusiveness of "aristocratical superiority." How absurd! If such imitation must be attempted in actual life, yet is there worth enough in the thing that it should be put upon our pages and noted to our thought? Observe the gorgeous array of this lady's "superb" brocaded dress—her lace of "finest mechlin"—or the border of her Indian shawl, "recherche" in its pattern—the style of her "Buhl tables"—or her "vases of Herculaneum." Sad are we, in sooth, that "such things be" amidst us. But there is no teaching in this detail; and if they must be in the parlor, yet let us keep them out of the book.

Let us look at our fine heroine. What are her manners? Either she is supercilious and derisive, and entirely without the loveliness of kindness and of consideration, or else, perhaps, is she a sentimentalist, merely such, and without an idea of ever affording consolation to any sufferer, but only indulging in a worthless and barren sympathy, and aping awkwardly enough some better amenity of nature. And the hero shall be of a piece with this female specimen; for her affectation of softness, give him bravado and swaggering. Extremity is alike the element of both. They have neither thought nor deliberation, but they jump at all their decisions. Declamation takes the place of feeling, and the more imminent the occasion the greater display of passion shall you see. In life it is not so—even in very fashionable life. Though the frivolity is enough, and the affectations and the lightness, yet is there not an entire barring out of nature. There is presented no monster of unmixed selfishness. Our figurantes, when out of the pageant and at home, are often found accessible to much deeper humanities and interests—albeit not more impassioned than are our fictitious heroines. Often may we notice that when there is some important interest at stake, the character shall draw upon its resource of strength, or discretion, or judgment, or in its sobered mood, shall it seek the counsel and the aid of seniority and experience—if no better. Also in nature the very youthful are shielded by that timidity which is ever the guardian of extreme sensibility; and when they get a little older, they have learned to bear with life as it is. Even where no stronger resource is inculcated, simple endurance has strengthened them. For aught I know

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the arch derived its true masonry from this idea. Our story books, we have said, are too extravagant and too romantic; and if our young lady keeps pace with the forthcoming literature only, she has a slender chance of mental enlightenment. But if the girl shall find on her mother's book shelves (and why does she not?) all the best standard authorities, her case may be better—say the *British Classics*—the prose and the poetry—the dignified and essential poetry of every past age; for, with little exception, whatever was deemed worthy to survive, has survived. All these volumes she is instructed to read, and she does read. But no very young girl will at once form a taste out of these. The nurture is too strong for her. At present it answers for her holyday feast, not for her diet. Yet by and by, these being auxiliary, she will arrive at a taste. She will attain a right preference of these, by having compared with them and rejected many lively, engaging, seasonable things, which were very inferior—for awhile she will prefer the latter, as her usual reading, because they treat of manners and customs, and persons now living, (if tolerably good in their way,) and this is the hold which they have upon her indiscriminating sympathy. Also, the better authors are staid and didactic, and a little unsuited to her present wants, as beyond her present apprehensions. She has not yet arrived at that time when discipline of mind or of heart seems at all necessary to her. Because these both, in her own case, are running their outward course, with not one inverted glance—not one momentary retrospection, and especially without one single induction of self-cognition. No consolation is yet wanted; for the world has not yet been tried. Still the amusement of reading is occasionally and perhaps often desired; yet from the current literature of the day (I may say the fancy literature) more than of any past day—does it require of us to make a careful selection—a selection of limited engrossment and of large exclusion. Yet our young lady with the library fares a thousand times better than the hapless girl without such reference, and who makes her taste, such as it may be, out of the present models only. Why, say you, with all the better facilities of knowledge, shall the writers of the present day be inferior to those of an earlier period? I can give no good reason, truly. But I can assert that (as far as our pointing goes) it is so. A certain style prevails. And fashion, which ever dictated to the external head, has by a sort of Symmes' philosophy penetrated to the interior, and with very little advantage; for unspared is she there. Why, seriously, should so many with better minds and juster judgments yet conform themselves to a standard so deteriorating, I know not. But a large proportion do so.

I believe myself to be liberal in the allowance of entertainment and of liveliness, which I would accord to the young, should I cater for their tastes. I would grant a good proportion of what would suffice for the healthiness and gratification of that spirit of hilarity which is neither an affectation nor a perversion of the youthful character. Yet in considering this want in

youth, I would much sooner satisfy its cravings by the *sensible* pleasures of spectacles, and attendance on public occasions than I would by the more insidious and beguiling delights of a false literature. In the former case the reciprocities are too general to be very mischievous, and too versatile to be very absorbing or to engender fixed rules of liking. Their influences, like themselves, are extraneous, and are likely to pass away with the hour which they have consumed, and with the pageant which has presented them. These, too, were to be eschewed—but rather as idleness which hinders the mind than as dangerous by furnishing it with a wicked principle of engrossment. Not such is the effect of improper reading—it goes much deeper—the ideas inculcated are received into the mind and the heart, and sedulously should we guard, lest they stain and attain them. Let us impart of purity and truth to the innocent bosom.

Appropos of periodicals—your Ladies' Repository, Mr. Editor, though generally acceptable, (and I truly believe not obnoxious to any one of *my* objections,) has nevertheless not escaped animadversion; and this from a critic, who, in noticing the first number of the work, evinced a great want of candor.

The adage says, "new brooms sweep clean"—new pens, we think, do not; for most writers do much better by the occasional exercise than in the lapse of practice. Your first number was presented by this writer to the public through the medium of a selection, purporting to be "about a fair sample of the whole," but which, we think was by no means average to the whole contents. This observing was untimely, unfriendly, and unfair. The piece selected was written by a very young lady, quite the junior amongst all your contributors; and surely it were invidious to compare her ability with that of practiced writers of double or treble her years, as is mostly the case in your book. "Then why," it might be said, "receive her contributions at all!" We think it proper that a work of this sort, read by herself and those of her age, should, in every sense, be accessible to such. It stimulates to literary exertion; and, whether their offerings are regularly inserted or not, it is a method of improvement and of production. If the young lady's piece had contained any feature of frivolity, it would have been thrown out. But this was not the case; and although her assumptions are not specific to her subject, nor her deductions syllogistically regular, yet as the ideas are substantially just, and the composition is correct, we think it a good production from a tyro of the quill. But not so, as we have said, is it a fair sample of your work—of which let us recapitulate as many of the lengthy articles, as comprise three-fourths or more of its contents, viz: A treatise on Physical Science, by F. Merrick, very suitably prepared for the Ladies' Repository, being introduced by a short text history of each variety engrossed. A treatise on Female Education, by Caleb Atwater, a well known name, and sometime a writer for Silliman's Journal and other works of note. The Emperor's Birth-day, by Rev. D. P. Kidder, comprising a short narrative interesting, albeit of

royalty, to us, of the western continent—very agreeably written, and which commences thus: "The 2d of December is distinguished in the annals of royalty as the birth-day of the first and only native sovereign (with comment) of the new world." A piece on Fashion, written with the true spirit and subtle ideality which its subject claims, and which has given to this "airy nothing" a "local habitation and a name," by Q., who is indeed a very respectable Quid Nunc. Self-Cultivation, by the Rev. Isaac Ebbert. This, as its name would import, is an argument by induction. Its truth is attested by its acceptance in that court of appeal from which there is no repeal, namely, in the court and by the evidence of internal conviction. Arguing with Females, by the Rev. C. Elliott, editor of the Western Christian Advocate. The candor of his argument shows at once the scope and the depth of mind from whence the precious things of mind are to be had. Female Influence. The allowings—not concedings—of this writer, are almost identical with those of the last named; and the subject being similar, each has produced, without collusion, the same result of truth. It is from the well known name of J. S. Tomlinson, President of Augusta College. Also, which we have not named in their order, are two lengthy articles, one on Reading, and one on The Nativity, with several shorter ones by the Editor, and on which we do not here comment. The book contains many other good pieces, all severally much shorter than those noticed.

Can we suppose the production of a girl of fourteen to be a fair average with the compositions of such individuals as I have mentioned? Your work was presented not to advantage in that first showing; yet it seems the notice was professedly eulogistic, and is now claimed to have been friendly and laudatory to the Repository. Here, in the valley of the Mississippi, no damage has accrued in consequence. We are happy to add what we know, that its contribution list has had several valuable accessions—occasionally of a writer whose argument is of twenty cwt. power.* Also, the subscription list shows that its writers are properly estimated, where properly known. Supported by this public suffrage, you may fairly claim readers of a class with its writers, (as named,) and also, I am happy and confident in the assertion, that its pages afford not only an instructive, but also a safe and not unentertaining pastime to my class of youthful readers.

In observing upon the writer in question we would say that if we impute obliquity of judgment, then do we excuse the inadvertent error; but if sinister purpose were the origin of this false showing, then do we content ourselves that the motive has fallen short of its intended effect, and has done slight injury to the Ladies' Repository.

* See April No., Vol. I, p. 108.

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THERE are only two things in which the false professors of all religions have agreed; to prosecute all other sects, and to plunder their own.

Original.

"SWEET HOME."

BY MRS. J. A. STURTEVANT.

"Even so it is where'er we range,
Throughout this world of care and change.
Though Fancy every prospect glid,
And Fortune write each wish fulfill'd,
Still, pausing 'mid our varied track,
To childhood's realm we turn us back."

WHAT magic in the word home! It is the talisman of thousands. The man of business, tossed about by the caprices of fortune, to-day possessed of a princely estate, to-morrow a bankrupt, with character maligned, accused of knavery and crimes of which he is innocent, turns to the gentle endearments of home to find repose from distracting care—it is all that a faithless world has left him. The traveler, far away from his native hills, would annihilate time and distance, that he might look upon his own sunny home; that he might meet the smiling welcome of wife and children, and hear the joyous laugh of the cherub group which gladden his fireside. The stranger who roams a wanderer in a distant land, when met by cold complacency or chilling neglect, stills the throbbings of his heart with sweet thoughts of home. The laborer hies from his work—weary indeed—but weariness vanishes when the setting sun shines upon him in his own cottage door. He forgets that his is a life of toil, and proudly asks for nothing but his own sweet home. The refugee from justice, whose soul is dark with crime, pauses in his mad career, when home with its quiet scenes is portrayed. He recalls the time when a light-hearted boy he rambled over his father's fields, and formed many plans of future usefulness—his ambitious spirit was inspired with high hopes of future honor. He was once a cherished son—a father's pride—his first-born—a dotting mother and fond sisters weep over the loved and lost. O, that holy thoughts of home might win back the wretched one to hope and heaven!

How prone are mankind to turn to the homes of their childhood, to live over each well remembered scene! Those days are dear to the man in middle life, and the old man in his dotage weeps over them. I love to think of my home as it was when my heart was buoyant with hope, before I knew that the bright visions which my fancy drew could be clouded by the dark realities of life. Such thoughts are cheering as "the oasis to the weary traveler of the desert." I can see, on memory's landscape, the old school-house on the top of the high hill, beneath the shade of the wide-spread chestnut. There I first learned to love my book. I well remember each harsh and gentle teacher—he who won me with kind words, and he who dispelled each pleasant emotion with stern looks. There, too, is the hill, down which we used to ride. When the snow lay deep on our path, the school-boy, proud of his gallantry, never passed us by. Methinks the very stones must be there still on which we used to walk, as homeward we bent our course when the school was dismissed.

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The little urchin, too, is in fancy's eye, as he then stood with hat in hand to make his best bow to passing stranger, well paid by being called "a good boy." I should love to look again on the old stone fence, half pulled down by the idle truant in search of hunted squirrel. I loved at night to listen to the song of the whippowil as it took its stand in a porch overshadowed with honeysuckle. That yard, with roses and lilacs thickly set, seems yet blooming in beauty. I still can know the glad voices of those that met me in childhood's gay frolics, and the faces of loved companions, clad in smiles, beam on me yet.

Each act of childish disobedience to her who watched over my infantile years comes now to remembrance, and with it comes, too, a mother's affection and untiring care. I recollect the long Sabbath day, when we might not laugh, or sing, or play, nor even lesson learn. Nought but the Bible was meet book for holy time. Then, too, I see the little group arranged on Sabbath evening to recite the Ten Commandments, or the long Catechism, each face composed and solemn. We thought it quite too long, and wished the wise men that made it had shortened it. Sweet was the hour of prayer, which called down blessings on my path. All is brightly visioned how I would often steal away, lest my more than sire should inculcate heavenly truth. Still he would follow me with prayers which took hold of heaven.

Few years have passed since I left my happy home. They tell me it is changed—sadly changed. I will think of it as it was in early years, and then there will be nought but pleasure in the retrospect.

There is a *home* which is not affected by the changes of this sublunary sphere. It is a home far more beautiful than any that mortal eye hath seen. Sickness and sorrow can have no admission there—the withering touch of time cannot mar its loveliness, and sin can no more defile the inhabitants of that glorious abode. There our friends dwell, whose hearts were given to God, and there we shall meet them in joy to part no more, if we fight the good fight of faith.

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NATURAL good is so intimately connected with moral good, and natural evil with moral evil, that I am as certain as if I heard a voice from heaven proclaim it, that God is on the side of virtue. He has learnt much, and has not lived in vain, who has practically discovered that most strict and necessary connection, that does, and will ever exist, between vice and misery, and virtue and happiness. The greatest miracle that the Almighty could perform, would be to make a bad man happy, even in heaven: he must unparadise that blessed place to accomplish it. In its primary signification, all vice, that is all excess, brings on its punishment even here. By certain fixed, settled, and established laws of Him who is the God of nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution which temperance would preserve. The intemperate offer up their bodies a "living sacrifice" to sin.

Original.

PURITY OF HEART.

THE heart may be regarded as the fountain of thought, feeling, and action—especially is it so recognized in Scripture. Both experience and inspiration teach, that according as this fountain is pure or impure, the attributes of the soul will bear the impress of moral beauty or deformity, and the result of their various exercises will prove a source of happiness or misery. In view of such a result, well might the pious Psalmist exclaim, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" It is not my intention to enforce the claims of purity of heart from Scripture, but only to present a few of those claims as revealed in the volume of nature.

In this, as in every thing else, nature and revelation harmonize. Not only does the Holy Bible, in its exhibitions of the spotless character of Deity as spread out for our imitation, and in its development of reciprocal duties, enforce purity of heart, but the voice of universal nature, in its ten thousand soft whisperings, struggles to utter its heaven-born language. Go view the star-spangled canopy of heaven, and behold its glittering diadems sparkling in the crown of night. What say they? What is the meaning of those soft impressions that steal so gently over the spirit as it stops to muse on the passing scene? Why turns the eye from some brightly beaming star to look into the deep fountain of the heart, to see what is passing there? Purity sits enthroned in yonder sky, and sheds its heavenly radiance down to earth. Peradventure some pure ray has penetrated the darkness of the heart, and contrast awakes to meditation. Yes, purity is impressively written in every bright luminary, which the finger of God has made to glow in the firmament. They are

"— silver chains of light,
To draw up man's ambition to his God,
And bind our chaste affections to his throne."

Nor has the inspired writer passed unnoticed the purity of the heavens; for speaking of that attribute in God, he says, "Even the heavens are not clean in thy sight," as if summoning, by that comparison, the least objectionable thing in the universe. But why need we look to the far off evening sky to find out virtue's gentle monitors? They shine forth everywhere around, wherever we move—wherever we look. Why gaze we oft so thoughtfully, when stern winter shakes his hoary locks over the faded earth—when

"— the cherished fields
Put on their winter robes of purest white."

We see purity in the flakes of driven snow, and in the face of nature, so softly, so purely mantled. At such a moment, how quickly swift-winged thought contrasts the immaculateness of the scene with the darkness and depravity of the human heart! Yet we may find, even then, a gentle promise stealing upon the memory, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." Behold the crystal stream bursting forth from the cool mountain side, and murmuring along the verdant landscape. Nought but purity is shadowed forth in its pearly waters. It calls on man, noble man,

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to make the seat of his affections as pure as the fountain from whence its sweet waters flow. It seems to say, Wilt thou have a clean heart and constant peace? If so, drink of the pure water of salvation. It shall cleanse your heart, and "be in you a well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

Again, turn and view the flowers of the field, unfolding their spotless leaves to the pure light of heaven. The white lily of the valley that gently kisses the bosom of the passing stream, the modest, retiring wild flower that blossoms upon the mossy surface of some solitary cliff, are so many tokens of a holy God, and so many burning rebukes to the wickedness and vile affections of man. Each petal of the flowery race is a tongue uttering the language of chaste affections, and pleading in silent eloquence the injunction of the inspired writer, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

In no character, however, does purity of heart shine forth with such lustre and impressive loveliness as in that of *woman*. By virtue of her station in life, her mental constitution, and her relations to society, she should enjoy its rich blessings. Let the intelligent reader, then, as she glances over these lines, stop a moment and hold converse with her own heart. Let not the beautiful in nature be thy reprover, but go to that God who is the fountain of purity, and ask for a clean heart and a right spirit. Then, though your life be as the flower of the field, yet like the same, you may be lovely, even in death; for death has no terrors to the pure in heart, having the promise that "they shall see God."

LEANDER.

Original.

THE ORPHAN.

My mother! years—long tedious years have fled
In sadness by,
But still thou livest, though numbered with the dead,
In memory;
And many years—long dreary years have passed—
Their hopes and fears,
Since thy own sweet and soothing voice did last
Greet thy child's ears.
But there is in my stricken bosom still,
A chord on which that name alone can thrill.

My mother! O, that forgotten name
Hath magic power,
My sad and bursting heart's deep woes to calm
In sorrow's hour;
For something whispers me in accents mild
That thou art still a guardian for thy child.

And O, my mother, when I come to die,
My escort be,
And bear my spirit to my home on high,
To rest with thee!
O, blessed home, where friends no more shall sever,
But live and love, and love and live *for ever!*

S. A. C.

Original.
LIBERIA.

The following notice of the state and prospects of the Liberia colonies is from a gentleman who has resided several years at Bassa Cove.—Ed.

DURING the last year two companies of emigrants have been located in Liberia, at the interior settlements, and have lost none from the effects of the climate. Experience concurs with many other obvious reasons to show that the climate of Liberia is absolutely a very healthy one, and safe for the natives of this country. The reports which have represented that coast as one of the most unfriendly and dangerous to the health of northern residents were founded on observations confined to the very limited part of the country in which alone they could have originated, namely, to the mouths of rivers and the immediate vicinity of the seacoast. In the colony, within two or three miles of the ocean, all the rivers and their branches are bordered by mangrove swamps, which occupy about one-half of that part of the country; and the noxious exhalations from these swamps are almost the only cause adverse to health in Liberia. The utmost extremes of heat and cold which were observed by the writer during a residence of four years in the colony, were 70° and 87°, so that there are at least 100° of temperature in this climate which are never felt in that. Emigrants to Liberia, having been once acclimated, there is very little change afterwards to be encountered; and this accounts for the fact that among those who have resided a few months, even in the swampy district, near the coast, as little medical advice is called for as in the most healthy parts of the state of New York. The town of Edina, at the mouth of the St. John's river, was settled nine years ago by thirty-three men, shortly after their arrival in Africa. It is so closely invested by swamps that all the dry land is already appropriated to town lots. The company built a stockade for the defense of the place, and endured all the hardships and privations incident to the founding of a new settlement, and none of them have died by any cause referable to the climate. One was killed in battle, another died of consumption, and thirty-one were alive and in health on my return from the colony last winter. Among the acclimated population there is no season of general sickness, and nothing farther is observable than a rather greater frequency of bilious attacks at the change from the dry to the rainy season. It is, however, important that those who are to reside in unhealthy situations on the coast should select the best season for their arrival, which is about the first of July. Fogs are very rarely seen in Liberia, and the atmosphere is as clear as in the United States. The winds and rains are much more regular, and in the wet season, as the rain generally accompanies the land breeze, which blows only at night, the weather is not more inconvenient to laborers than it often is for entire months in this climate. Excellent water is everywhere abundant, and, in short, all the general causes affecting the health of the people, are in the highest degree favorable. A

very large part of the mortality in the United States results directly from the variable character of the climate, and it is probable that a greater difference exists between the healthiness of the seacoast in Liberia, and of the country only ten miles inland, than can any where be found here within the same limits. Although vegetation is astonishingly luxuriant and forms an object of novel interest to strangers from the temperate zone, yet the soil is generally a dry absorbent and gravelly loam, and resembles that of New England more than the alluvion of the Mississippi valley. Some of the most fatal diseases of the East and West Indies, such as liver and bowel complaints, are almost unknown in the colony, and fruit may be used, to a great extent, by the acclimated, with impunity. A healthier people than the natives probably does not exist. Although the slave trade and the constant wars occasioned by it destroyed millions of the people, and generally those of the most valuable class, and rendered life and property extremely insecure, yet the country has an immense population. In the territory of Grand Bassa, which is forty or fifty miles square, their number is supposed to be 120,000, or nearly as great as that of the Indians east of the Mississippi at the settlement of the United States. W. JOHNSON.

Original.

THE POET'S DEATH.*

"Tis not vain—they do not err
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute nature mourns her worshiper,
And celebrates his obsequies."

Uron a stranger's couch
His feeble form reclined,
And dimly shone that eye
Where genius sat enshrined.

Upon his lofty brow
The clammy death-drop hung,
And by his side his harp
Lay shattered and unstrung.

The world's unfeeling scorn
Had rested on his head;
His wreath of young renown
Lay withering and dead.

'Twas eve: he bowed in awe
At nature's altar-stone,
To catch the sun's last ray—
It faded: he was gone,

Now rest, thou child of song!
All nature mourns for thee;
And man alone could scorn
A spark of Deity.

* The author of these lines was very young, and he himself met the very end which he here describes.—Ed.

Original.

SELF-CONVICTION.

"Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It was Saturday evening, and I had returned home wearied, chagrined, and disappointed, from the conviction that I was reluctantly obliged to admit that I had been over-reached in a bargain of considerable importance; and where, too, I had felt doubly secure in having placed implicit confidence in the honesty of the individual in question, and also in having trusted in the sufficiency of *my own* judgment to appreciate the true value of the purchase. Alas! I was doubly deceived, and found I had indeed paid too dear for my hobby. Now, the conviction of a bad bargain, without any cause for self-reproach in the matter, would in other days have made me eloquent in the abuse of mankind. Even now I felt some risings of reprobation in my mind, that my confidence should have been so abused; but this implication of self with the subject, acted as a complete sedative, outwardly, at least, and like casting oil upon the waters, it calmed the waves on the surface, if it could not still their swelling below. Not being able to abstract my mind from the subject, I sat silently revolving the purchase again and again, to catch all its relative aspects and bearings, until I had quite philosophized, if not *christianized* myself into resignation, and in a quiet frame I sought my pillow. But no sooner were my outward senses sealed in sleep, than the subject again presented itself, and with all the variations of kaleidoscopic combination, demanded a new hearing. Again I could not escape from the dreamy conviction that I had indeed been *basely cheated*. So that after a perturbed and feverish night, I awoke on Sabbath morning unrefreshed in body and unfitted in spirit for the enjoyment of the day. But I resolved *not* to indulge a half inclination I had to stay from church. So determined was I to go that I found myself there much earlier than usual. The preacher had not yet arrived, and the congregation were only beginning to collect; and coming in singly, as they mostly did, I had ample opportunity to observe and ponder upon each individual that entered. And, verily, it seemed to me to be the gathering together of the way-side hearers. The lame, the halt, the deaf, and the blind were there. Their afflictions were various, their *want* was the same, and a similar impulse had probably drawn them together—a hope that the angel of the Lord might stir the Gospel pool for them, and that they might step in and be made spiritually if not physically whole. The first whose infirmities I particularly noticed was an aged female, who appeared to have lived beyond her three-score and ten years; for besides all the ordinary indications of age, she was lame, and came halting in with her crutch. After she had taken her seat, she appeared to be quite overcome with her exertions, and with the confined air of the church, and to gasp as it were for freer breath. She first wiped her face, then made use of her fan, and finally laid aside her bonnet, by which was exposed to

view a face that might have been a study for a painter. In it there beamed, through the shrivelled features of age, and physical traces of suffering, such a sun-lit expression of spiritual triumph, that it forcibly reminded me of the last poetical breathings of Cowper's muse—

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me ye cherubims up,
O waft me away to his throne!"

There came over her whole countenance such a sweet, chastened look of devout resignation, that my feelings were deeply touched; and in comparing her situation with mine, and also her spiritual condition with my own, I felt rebuked and ashamed to call myself a Christian. The next who entered was also a female, aged, but not infirm. She hastened in with a quick, if not elastic step, and took a seat just in front of me, and after reverently bowing her head in prayer, she raised her eyes to the pulpit as if in wonder why the preacher was so late. But *he* was not out of time—*she* had "*made haste*" to be there. She looked inquiringly about for a few minutes to see who had assembled, then seemed to call in her wandering thoughts, and settle down into a grateful remembrance of the past, as though she were counting up the mercies she had, through a long life, received from the hands of her Lord and Master, and to be looking forward to that rest that was soon to be hers. She was coarsely clad, and evidently belonged to the class, in the language of the world, of the indigent; but she seemed to have the Scriptural riches—she seemed content with the humble lot assigned her. Again I felt rebuked, and resolved to be more faithful to Him who "*had made me to differ*." A third female now made her appearance clothed in the habiliments of deepest mourning. Her countenance was expressive of the *anguish* of an *unsanctified* bereavement. Perhaps the partner of many years had been taken away by a sudden stroke; or, it may be, an only child had died, after protracted suffering. The unregenerate heart rebels against the removal of earthly friends, under whatsoever circumstances they may be taken. Whilst my fancy was drawing pictures of the probabilities of her case, my eye was caught by the tremulous motion of her head; and I now observed that unless steadied by her hand it had a constant vibratory motion, as though her nerves had rebelled against some dispensation of Providence, and the Lord had "*let them alone*" to witness against her. A third time I felt rebuked, and thanked God from the depths of my heart that I had been spared such a token of his displeasure, though in days that are past, perhaps my spirit had been equally rebellious as hers.

A hymn was now struck up, and another infirmity manifested itself. Sitting near the altar, I observed a man arching his hand at the back of his ear in the form of a trumpet, that he might catch the Gospel song; and I rejoiced in the reflection that there are no deaf ears, or blind eyes, or lame limbs in that heaven for which we should all strive.

The church now began to fill with the young, and

the gay, and the fashionable. Those who are not so much in earnest come not so early. The preacher soon arrived, and all wandering eyes were fixed on him. There was nothing very striking in his appearance. He made a suitable, but not a pathetic prayer, and it did *not* reach my excited feelings; but when he gave out that most beautiful of all hymns,

"O, for a closer walk with God,"
it touched, as it ever does, the right chord in my bosom, and awakened all that is good within me. I felt that I had wandered far from him, and that he was drawing me back by every fibre of my heart, and I yielded myself up to the sweet influences of the Spirit. The services now commenced. The first lesson for the morning was somewhere in Isaiah. It spoke of Christ giving sight to the blind, unstopping the deaf ear, and making the lame to walk, and must have been peculiarly acceptable to the class of sufferers, of which I have been speaking. We now had another of Cowper's touching hymns—

"God moves in a mysterious way,"
after which the sermon commenced. But scarcely had the text been given out, before a messenger was seen hurrying into the church, and after exchanging a few words with one of the brethren, they both went out together—an indication, I thought, of suffering at home, sudden sickness, perhaps, of some of his family. And although I had no personal knowledge of him or his, my sympathies were awakened for them, while there came up vividly before me former scenes of home suffering, and I felt fervently thankful that *this* summons was not for me. My feelings had been so wrought upon by all that I had seen and heard since I came into the church, that, although the sermon was but an ordinary one, rather doctrinal than practical, I had listened with a right spirit, and proved a profitable one to me, and I returned to my home refreshed in spirit, and strengthened in every good purpose of my soul; and although I still viewed my purchase in the same worldly light of a *bad bargain*, it had completely lost its power to disquiet me. When I entered the walls of the sanctuary, I had cast, as it were, my burden from me, and thus got rid of an oppressive load that no human hand could have removed from me. Let none absent themselves from the church, because they do not *feel* like going. It is the certain indication that they *ought* to be there. It is only safe to stay at home when our *spirits are right*, and some unavoidable hindrance is in the way of our going. How highly should we prize the privilege, if it were of rare occurrence! And shall we slight the goodness of God for the abundance of his mercies in permitting us to draw near to him more frequently? Let us, then, not neglect the assembling ourselves together on his holy day, if we would expect his blessing.

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.

WE should have all our communications with men, as in the presence of God; and with God, as in the presence of men.

Original.

THE NEW YEAR.

"——— the tide of time is rolling on—
We stand upon its brink."

Is Time could ope his closed book,
And we could there the future read,
Ah! who would dare within to look,
And learn the lot for him decreed?

The torch of hope no more would cheer
His darkened pathway with its light;
On all that now makes life most dear
Would seem to hang a sad'ning blight.

The distant ills we *knew* were ours,
Would all our present thoughts employ,
And tears would fall like April showers,
Amid the sunshine of our joy.

But He who reads the wayward heart,
And sees the way we'll surely take,
Shows each successive day a *part*,
Lest our o'erburdened hearts should break.

And if he loose the dearest ties
That bind us to an earthly love,
'Tis that the soul may "*swifter rise*"
To richer, purer joys above.

Ah! who would then the curtain raise,
That all life's ills so kindly shrouds?
He, 'midst affliction's darkest days,
Still paints the *rainbow* on the clouds.

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.

Original.

DEATH OF A SISTER

THEY tell me that my sister dear,
Is sleeping with the dead;
That in the grave so dark and drear
They've made her narrow bed.
And is it so? and shall it be
That I no more can hear
That tuneful voice, nor ever see
That face so loved and dear?

Are those bright eyes for ever closed,
That once so sparkling shone?
And from that cheek, where health reposed,
Are life and beauty flown?
Those lips, so often pressed to mine,
Are they, too, pale and cold;
That hand, so ready and so kind,
Is it o'erspread with mold?

'Tis so, alas! and, far away,
The tidings reach my ear;
I could not watch her slow decay,
Nor know her end was near—
I could not stand, with friends, around

Her sick and dying bed,
Nor could I hear the farewell sound
As hence her spirit fled.

Yet "all is well;" for God above,
Our Father and our Friend,
Has doubtless called her hence in love—
Hath bade her sorrows end.
And may I all the moments spend,
Which God to me has given;
So that I may, when life shall end,
With her inherit heaven!

MARY.

—••••—
GOD IS LOVE.

—
"Man cannot go where universal love
Shines not around."
—

O'er the fair face of earth where'er we roam,
In burning climes, or to the frozen zone,
In every state and place displayed we see
The matchless, boundless love of Deity.
In the rude desert, shaped by nature's hand
To no one end—a sea of floating sand—
A pathless, weary waste, where the glazed eye
Gazes alone on dull monotony—
Where, if the slightest breeze at evening stir,
Death and its terrors wait the traveler;
There the cool spring from its pure fountain wells,
And with its living draught his bounty tells—
With its fresh verdure planted there to bless
The wanderers o'er a sea of weariness.
To the high mountain, or rude ocean rock,
Offsprings alike of the dread earthquake's shock,
High reared in air, with their bold banners furled,
To watch the sent'nels over a slumbering world,
The storm-wind comes, and battles with them there,
And moans its dirges in the upper air.
Then, spent its strength, a zephyr soft, it plays
Around their lofty heights, speaking love's praise:
Thence, winding to the vales that sleep below,
Warm in the blush of beauty and its glow,
Nestles with fondling care among the flowers
That deck the waving mead or shady bowers—
Roams o'er the plain, or seeks the gentle streams
Where Naiads slumber in the land of dreams—
On their pure forehead plants the maiden kiss,
At once a taste and type of earthly bliss.
E'er reveling gay nature's charms among,
Love is its tale, its burden, and its song,
A part of that bright entity above,
Whose work, whose word, and very self is love.

The gem that slumbers in the ocean cave,
The flower that floats upon the heaving wave,
The streamlet that goes murmuring along,
With its enchantment and its joyful song,
In their united voice and gladness bear
A truthful witness of His fostering care;
While the dark woodland and the shady grove

Are vocal everywhere with notes of love,
Soft mingling with the balmy evening breeze
That dallies fondly with the whispering trees,
Till in one beautiful choir of love and glee
They raise a boundless swell of melody.
His love is on the ocean—on the shore—
In the calm sea, or its majestic roar—
Guides the bold bark upon its pathless way,
And whispers to the wrecked a brighter day—
Bears the freed spirit up thro' ocean's foam
To its last, best abode—its blissful home.
The stars, in their expanse of azure blue,
The heavenly theme and holy, do renew,
Unite their fires in one eternal light,
And watch the fairy guardians of the night.
Nature, with all her works, in every clime,
From the first morning to the end of time,
Hath, and for ever will her voices raise,
To sing of heaven, a Godhead's love and praise.
And man, with his proud mind, his feeling heart,
And noble soul, itself of heaven a part,
Taught far above the star-gemmed sky to soar,
To feel his goodness, mercy, and adore—
Earth, with its beauties and its loveliness,
That live to soothe the lonely and to bless—
The mount, the vale, the winding stream, and flower
That blooms ephemeral in earthly bower—
All things that are below, and all above,
Are but the marks of *universal love*.

—••••—
M A N .

BEHOLD! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay;
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of *May!*
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wind to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that, from the flowering thorn
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emit:
They neither plough, nor sow; nor, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-drooping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard-hearted *Interest* first began
To poison earth, *Astraea* left the plain!
Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

Original.
THE REPOSITORY.

—
BY MRS. WILSON.
—

ONE year has fled with noiseless wing
Mid checker'd scenes of joy and grief,
Since thy first votive offering
Was wreath'd in beauty on the leaf—
The first pure leaf thy "Gatherings" press'd,
Thy fadeless "Gatherings of the West"
And in that year thy tasteful hand
Has gather'd stores of varied hue—
Rejecting lays, however bland,
However lovely to the view,
Which, in the realms of fiction wove,
Told of ideal, earthly love.
But thou hast gather'd by the light—
Th' unerring light religion lends,
"Full many a gem" of radiance bright,
While *taste* and *science* sweetly blend
With living *truth*, and stand confess'd
The peerless "Gatherings of the West!"
And thou hast gathered from the stream
That flow'd from Inspiration's fount,
A draught that sparkles in the beam
Which shone o'er Moses on the Mount,
And dash'd thy ev'ry page with dew
Distill'd from drops of heavenly hue!
Thou'st garner'd, too, in holy lay,
The tale that broke on Judea's night,
And led the captive soul away
Entranc'd to Calvary's distant height,
To view with Fancy's moistened eye
Th' incarnate Lord of glory die;
And many a theme of holy lore
Is twin'd thy "Gatherings" among,
And gifted minds have conn'd them o'er,
And deck'd them with the robe of song,
Genesaret's howling storm re-woke,
Or watch'd with Rispah on the rock.
Thou, too, hast gather'd from the wave
Of dark oblivion's turbid stream,
The memory of *her** who gave
Her youth and all youth's joyous dreams,
Nay, life itself, on Rio's shore,
To plant the cross her Savior bore:
O, it is fitting that *her* name
Among thy "Gatherings" fadeless shine;
That, hallow'd by undying fame,
She slumber 'neath a tropic clime;
While every Christian heart should be
Her grave, and not "*the dark blue sea!*"
Thou'st garner'd here the gifts of *men*,
Who've largely quaff'd Pieria's spring;
And *woman's* pure and gifted pen
Has yielded many a "Gathering,"
While *youth*, as votive offerings, brought

Their first sweet images of thought.
And 'mong thy "Gatherings" brightly shine
Full many a charm to break the spell
Which, darkly cast o'er *woman's* mind,
Had taught her in the vale to dwell,
Nor seek to climb th' adventurous height
Which Science gilds with radiance bright.
Her glorious destiny she's taught,
By many a noble "Gathering;"
In words of breathing, burning thought,
She's led t' unfurl her spirit's wing—
With minds of sterner mold to soar
Through realms of light unknown before.

Thou'st garner'd in one little year
All these, and many other themes,
And mingled them with tasteful care,
To shed on us their blended beams—
T' improve the heart—the mind t' expand—
And point us to yon heavenly land.
Go on, then, with the blest employ
Of garnering up thy gems of worth!
Angels behold thy work with joy;
For 'twill improve and gladden earth,
And be to *some* the guiding star
That points to realms of bliss afar—
Go on, and when death's darken'd plume
Around thy closing scene shall wave,
Among thy works that light the gloom,
And live in beauty 'yond the grave—
The works that stand that solemn test,
Shall be thy "Gatherings of the West!"

—•••••

THE INDIAN GIRL.

SHE sits beside the lonely rill
With flowers her raven locks to twine,
The lucid stream is calm and still,
And bright the silvery pebbles shine;
But gazing in that tranquil tide
No objects but the streaming curl,
The laughing eye, the brow of pride,
Are seen by that lone Indian girl.
The woods are round her dark and wild,
The tall oaks fling their branches high,
Towards where the distant clouds are piled,
Like mountains scattered o'er the sky.
The vine hath clasped the bending bough,
Its silken tendrils closely curl;
Still gazing on that mirrored brow,
Remains the bright eyed Indian girl.
Gaze on, thou gentle, guileless one,
Fit mirror is that lovely stream
To show a form so fair and young,
True as a prophet's pictured dream.
Though pleasure flutters round thee now,
She'll soon her silken pinions furl,
Beneath a weight of care will bow
The young and thoughtless Indian girl.

LOIS B. ADAMS.

* The lamented Mrs. Kidder.

NOTICES.

THE GLORY AND SHAME OF ENGLAND: *in two volumes; by C. Edward Lester. Harper & Brothers.*—This, if not a labor of revenge, is at least the work of retaliation. It repays the mother country with interest the abuse heaped on us by her mischievous tourists for one half century. If its statements are slanderous, the two nations are now even—if true, England is left alone in her shame; for no other political community on earth perpetrates such wrongs upon the human family. We shall present the reader with extracts, and permit the author to make his own report of the enormities which came under his observation, and were testified to him by competent and credible witnesses. First, in regard to her own home subjects, the author says, in a letter to Dr. Channing:

"I think Americans, generally, have no adequate idea of the wretchedness of the poor of this island. Tourists have passed in stage-coaches, or in private carriages, over the smooth roads and along the hawthorn hedges of this beautiful land; they have seen the gray towers and pinnacles of old castles and churches rising from verdant lawns or crowning green hills; they have told us much about parks and pleasure-grounds, gardens and ruins; they have spoken of the moss-covered cottages of the peasantry—'trellises nailed between the little windows; roses quite overshadowing the low doors; the painted fence inclosing the hand's breadth of grassplot; very, O! very sweet faces bent over laps full of work, beneath the snowy and looped-up curtains: it was all home-like and amiable; there was an affectionateness in the mere outside of every one of them; and the soul of neatness pervaded them all;' and, to crown the picture, rosy-cheeked children were sporting away life's early morn amid fragrance and flowers. At every step the traveler witnessed some new landscape of rural peace and beauty. We have dwelt upon these descriptions till the very heart ached to gaze on scenes of so much loveliness for ourselves.

"But it has been well said by an Englishman himself, that 'to talk of English happiness is like talking of Spartan freedom—the Helots are overlooked.'

"But the mass of hearts beat in the bosoms of the poor, (the Helots of this country,) whose every desire is ungratified but the wish to hide away in the still, kind grave, from

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely."

"In no country can such wealth be acquired. But it is the one who grows rich by the labor of the hundred; and that hundred as wonderfully fashioned by nature; with hearts which can feel as deep anguish and as pure joy; all made by the same kind Father; and regarded with the same love by 'Him who is no respecter of persons.' To enrich the few, the many are sacrificed.

"One of the chief elements of slavery mingles in the condition of the English operative: he does not receive a fair equivalent for his labor; and, in addition, unjust legislation places a tax upon the necessaries of life so high, that a very large proportion of his scanty wages goes to his oppressors.

"The life of an English operative is a perpetual scene of suffering and wrong. He enters upon his task-work while he is yet a child. In his infancy he begins to fall under the curse which this state of society inflicts. Let me here quote the words of Southey in Esprella's Letters—a work with which you are familiar: 'They are deprived in childhood of all instruction and all enjoyment; of the sports in which childhood instinctively indulges; of fresh air by day, and of natural sleep by night. Their health, physical and moral, is alike destroyed; they die of diseases induced by unremitting task-work; by confinement in the impure atmosphere of crowded rooms; by the particles of metallic or vegetable dust which they are continually inhaling; or they live to grow up without decency, without comfort, and without hope; without morals, without religion, and without shame; and bring forth slaves, like themselves, to tread in the same path of misery.'

"The ignorance, vice, disease, deformity, and wretchedness of the English operatives, as a body, almost exceed belief. The philanthropists of England should relax nothing in their exertions for the emancipation of the millions still held in bond-

age in their foreign possessions; but I am persuaded the physical miseries of the English operatives are greater by far than the West India slaves suffered before their emancipation.

"The hundreds of thousands of a tender age employed in all these various branches of manufacture, are in all cases the children of the poor: many of them the children of paupers, apprenticed to the proprietors of factories by the parish authorities; for when the father goes to the workhouse, he has no longer any voice in the management of his children. They are separated at the will of the parish. It is said that this class, which is very numerous, fare harder than any other, which can readily be believed.

"They are, to all intents and purposes, as absolutely under the control of their masters as though they were slaves. There is hardly an instance in which the law ever interferes for their protection, let the abuse be what it may. They are too ignorant to understand their rights, and too weak to assert them; they are trained up to one single branch of labor, and for ever disqualified for every thing else; they are neither instructed in science, religion, nor the common business and economy of life."

Second, the author gives the following representation of the enormities enacted by British agency in India:

"We should probably search the chronicles of the world in vain for an instance in which a civilized nation has inflicted deeper wrong upon any portion of the human race than has been inflicted by England upon the millions of India. If the true history of the British dominion in Asia, with all its injustice and oppressions practiced upon a prostrate and unoffending race, could be read by the world, it would form some of the blackest pages in the whole catalogue of human suffering and wrong. Mr. Burke exclaimed, in one of his speeches more than half a century since, that the British empire in India was 'an awful thing.'

"A short time since, Parliament published an estimate of the extent and population of the territories of British India, by which it appears that the East India Company have at the present time control over nearly 150,000,000 human beings.

"The entire population of this vast empire are subjected to the most degrading servitude. Millions of them, it is estimated, are held in the most cruel bondage, while a vastly greater number are, in different forms, reduced to a condition of abject vassalage, bringing with it, in innumerable instances, a deeper degradation than any produced by West India or American slavery.

"It is said that in 1837 a famine in India swept off half a million of people, and that it was brought on chiefly by robbing the population of the produce of their soil, to fill the coffers of the East India Company. It is well known, indeed, that multitudes starve to death every year in India, because of the terribly oppressive land-tax.

"Another mighty evil has been inflicted upon India; and it has grown almost entirely out of this system of land robbery. During these famines uncounted multitudes sell themselves and their children into slavery for bread, to prevent their dying by starvation. Says Mr. Colebrooke, in one of his celebrated minutes on the subject of East India Slavery, (Parliamentary Papers, 138, 1839, p. 312.) 'The government permit parents and relatives, in times of scarcity, to sell children.' 'The number of slaves continually diminishing, a demand constantly exists for the purchase of them, which is supplied chiefly by parents selling their own children in seasons of scarcity and famine, or in circumstances of individual and peculiar distress.'

"The East India Company have not only sanctioned and upheld the Hindoo and Mohammedan systems of slavery, but also the enslavement of multitudes of free and innocent persons, and that of their posterity after them, by means of which the slave population has been vastly increased; and all this in open violation of Hindoo, Mohammedan, and British law.

"In regard to the treatment of slaves in the East Indies. On this subject Mr. Garling, a resident councillor in Malacca, says. 'Before I can believe that the slaves here are treated humanely, I must cast from my mind the remembrance of the cries which I have heard, and the mental degradation, the rage, the wretch-

edness, the bruises, the contused eyes and burns which I have witnessed; I must blot out adultery from the calendar of vices; I must disbelieve the numerous proofs which I have had of obstacles opposed to regular marriages, and the general humiliation of females. I must put away every idea of the modes of punishment of which eye-witnesses have given me account, and the short jacket must no longer be deemed a badge of slavery.

"Perhaps there is no feature in the whole system so painful to contemplate as the *degradation it brings upon woman*. It is said there is no part of the world where slavery entails so many direful consequences upon females. It is known that immense numbers of female slaves are kept for the vilest purposes by *very many* of the resident English in the service of the Company.

"There are some persons who pretend to say that even the Imperial Parliament (whose power is supreme) has no *right* to abolish slavery in the East Indies: 'It is a civil, a social institution; a matter of caste; something which had its origin in Hindoo and Mohammedan legislation.' But neither the Board of Control nor the Court of Directors have any scruples about sanctioning the abuses of which I have spoken: they seem to think they can invade the homes of 150,000,000 of the Asiatic people, and unceremoniously deprive them of their 'unalienable rights': all this they can do, and violate no law!

"At present, when we look at India, we see 150,000,000 mis-governed human beings, natives of the most productive climates on the face of the earth, who ought to be in prosperity and comfort, and under the British banner enjoying freedom, but who are actually in a worse condition than that of slaves, and rendered beggars by oppression."

Third, the state of Ireland, or of its poor under the oppressive burden of the Corn Laws, is seen in the following extract:

"What is the effect of these laws upon the laboring classes? STARVATION!

"The following extract from a letter written from Connemara last year, will show how these laws operate in Ireland. They enrich the idle absentee landlords and starve the people: 'I regret to inform you that famine still prevails, and is increasing to a frightful extent in this district, even among those who were considered above want. The poor people are coming in hundreds here, to see if any thing will be done' for them. I was present this day when application was made to ———, stating that they were existing by bleeding the cattle and boiling the blood till it became thick, when they eat it, and also eating seaweed and small shellfish. I knew cases myself where the children resorted to weeds in the fields to allay their hunger, being so for twenty-four hours, and another large family of children having no food for two days: one of them, a boy, dreading a return of hunger, took away the two sheep that were spared to pay the public money or cess, which, to add to the misfortune, is now collecting, and sold them for half price.

"Others are known to have, by night, taken away the carion of a cow drowned by chance, and unskinned for two days, and picked the bones that the dogs had feasted on. Many families are lingering through fever, and will feel want a long time, as their manure remains at their cabins, not being able to sow; and what is worse, the misery is not likely to end with many when the harvest returns, which will be late in this country, as they are now compelled to root out the potatoes before they arrive at one-eighth of their growth. So that in a week there will be as much destroyed as would serve for two months, if full grown. I need not name one village, for every one round about shares this awful situation. There are many actively endeavoring to relieve this distress; but, alas, it is only like a drop of water to the ocean.'

"The following instance of starvation I take from the Bolton Free Press:

"A poor widow, named Ellen North, sixty years old, who resided in Leadyard, Middle Hillgate, was found starved to death on Sunday morning last, without either sheet, or blanket, or any thing worthy to be called clothing, in a room for which she paid 8d. per week.

"The poor creature had been in the receipt of 1s. per week

2

from the town, which, with a little winding she got from Messrs. Hardy and Andrew, of this town, was all that she had had to subsist on for sometime past. Lately, when she had a little work, she has been known by her neighbors to sit up all night that she might take home the work in the morning, and so procure food for breakfast. A few weeks since she said to Mrs. Grimes, her next-door neighbor, "I believe I shall be starved to death, Betty, for I have only got fourteen pence in the last fortnight; and, if that will do, any thing will do." She had had no work for the last three weeks, and was supposed to have been dead about a week, when the door of her miserable room was broken open by her neighbors.

"The only food in her room was a hard crust and four cold potatoes, and all the money, one halfpenny. An inquest was held at Warren Bulkeley Arms, when a verdict of "Died from want" was returned."

SERMONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS: by Rev. Thomas A. Morris, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati: *Wright & Swormstedt*.—These discourses are designed for family and closet use. They are written in a plain style, intentionally dispensing with rhetorical ornament. They convey rich instruction, and pointed and forcible admonition. None can read them in a right spirit without profit. The whole Church is under obligation to the author for this extra service rendered to her members. May the benefit conferred be equal to the benevolent wishes of the writer and the merit of his work!

DEBT, OR THE MORALITY OF THE CREDIT SYSTEM: by Rev. John T. Brooke, Rector of Christ Church, Cincinnati.—This is a brief discussion of the text, "Owe no man any thing." The author teaches that the text does not prohibit every species of debt, but merely debts of *dishonesty*—of *avaricious speculation*—of *vanity*, and of *imprudence*. The discourse is in the usual chaste and faultless style of the author, and its doctrine concerns all persons of business.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TO OUR READERS.—It will be perceived that this number, which commences the second volume, is in some respects improved. We refer particularly to the paper and engraving. Several of our best correspondents have agreed to continue their contributions, and others are pledged to our aid. We think there will be no falling off in this respect.

This number contains part of a discourse by President Tomlinson, on the occasion of the National Fast. Although the particular occurrence to which it relates is many months gone by, yet the sentiments of the address are weighty at all times, and are especially suited to lead our meditations at the commencement of the year.

CRITICISMS.—Many have noticed this periodical in a manner which was calculated to lighten our toil, and promote its circulation. Indeed, from the periodical press it has met with unusual favor. What renders these favorable notices more valuable, is the fact they were often from the most respectable sources—from gentlemen who had no interest to promote by any opinion they might express concerning the Repository, and who were the very best judges of literary merit. We have not deemed it proper to crowd our cover with extracts from these favorable notices. This is customary; but we have chosen to submit the Repository to its patrons with the belief that they would be competent to decide whether it is worthy of their continued support. It is the only monthly authorized by the General Conference. Of course it is exceedingly desirable that it should be of so much merit as to obtain general circulation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Articles intended for insertion in the Repository should reach us *two months* before the time of publication. We are under the necessity of arranging the matter thus early in order to issue the numbers in time for distant subscribers. The article from D. P. K. is too late for February. Several other articles are laid over, and will appear in subsequent numbers.

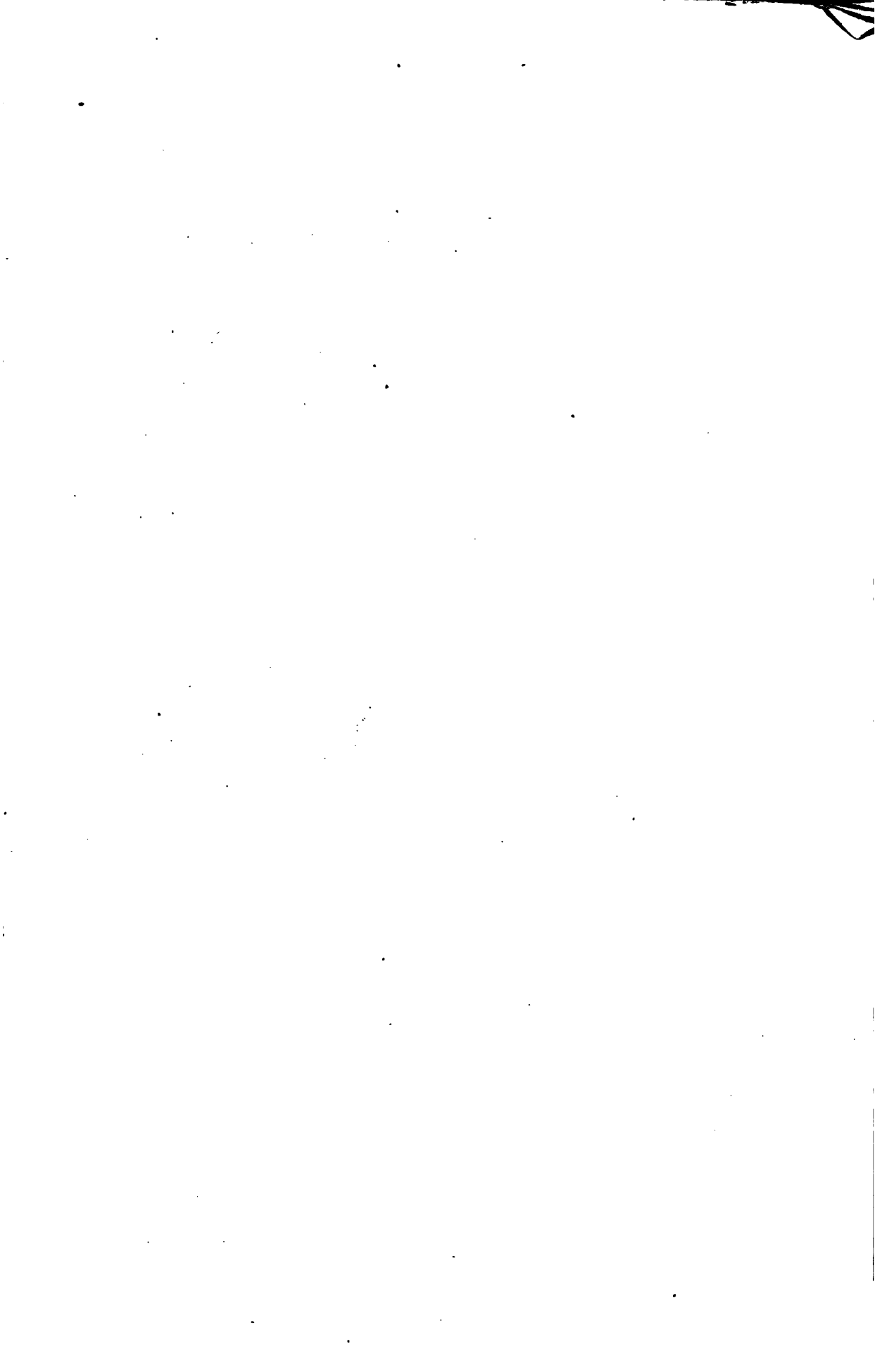


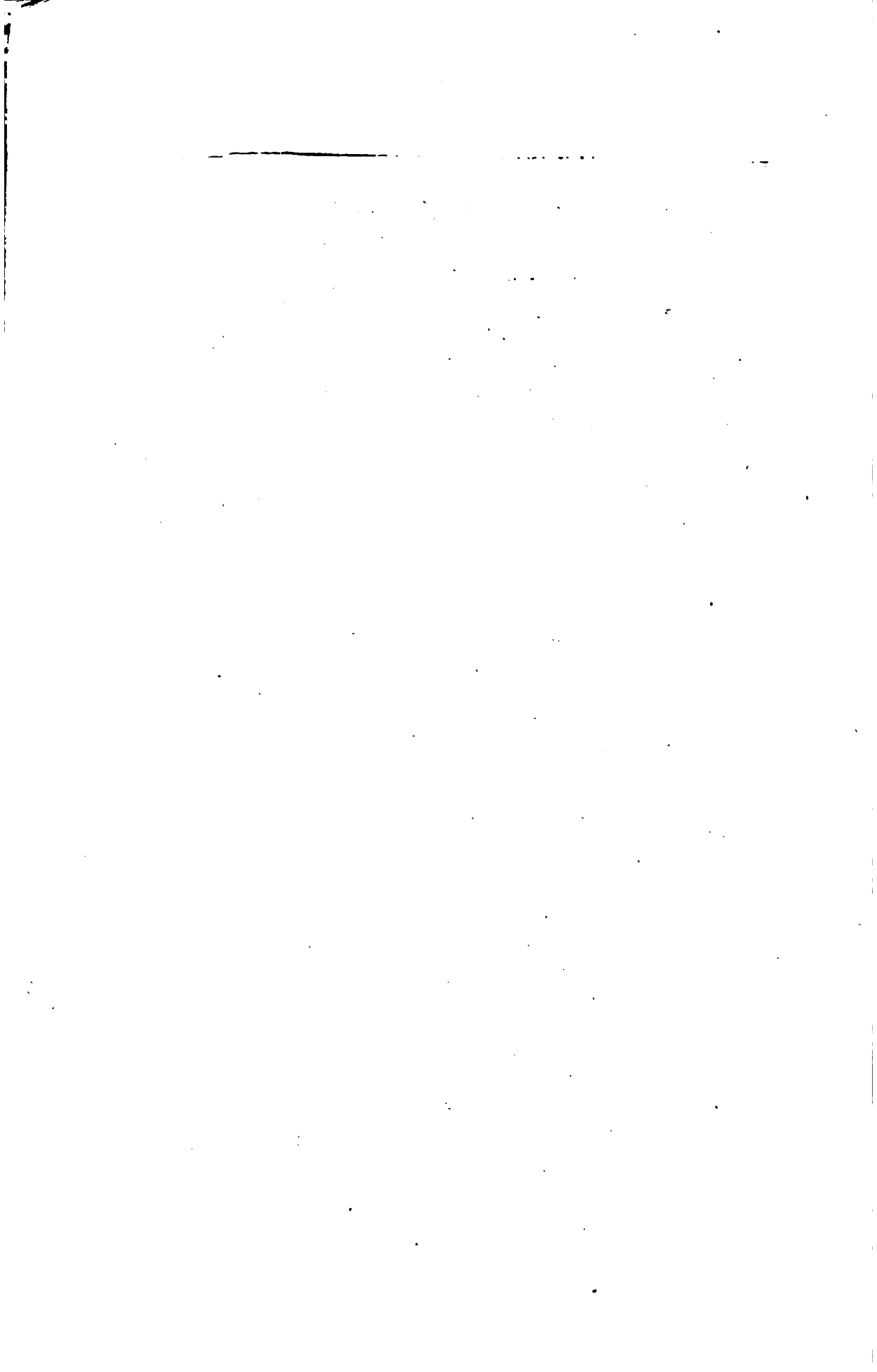


Fig. 10. Sheet by W. Woodcut, 'Cave' for the Ladies' Repository.

W. Woodcut, 'Cave' for the Ladies' Repository.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

tered a loud cry. The countenances of the Indians fell
Vol. II.—5 CAROLINE.



THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY, 1842.

SARATOGA LAKE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE regions bordering on our lakes present almost every variety of surface, whether wild or cultivated, which nature or art can bestow. In some places are vast reaches of level land, rich in forest wood of the best species, or richer still in cultivated soils and teeming products. In others are gentle and graceful undulations, rendering the scenery more varied and beautiful; while elsewhere the shores become broken into hills and mountainous elevations, presenting abrupt precipices, aerial tints, gloomy vales, and rushing cataracts, diffusing over all the most wild and picturesque aspects which can possibly be conceived. All this variety of scenery may be traced on our lake borders, and without journeying beyond the limits of our own territory. On Lakes Champlain, Ontario, Erie, and the northern seas, may be seen more of the bold and the tame, the rude and placid, the sublime and the beautiful of nature, than in the whole world beside, if we except, as in truth we must, volcanic action and its results, which probably exceed all other sublime forms and motions of nature belonging to our globe.

Another feature in American scenery is our smaller lakes, varying in size from two to forty miles in circumference. The state of New York contains a great number of these beautiful sheets of water. They are generally bordered with picturesque scenery, and on their shores are often seen neat villages, or handsome towns, adding life and variety to the prospect.

The engraving in this number is a view on Saratoga Lake. This body of water is about twenty miles in circumference. It is three miles from the Springs, and ten miles from the Hudson, and communicates with that noble river by a stream called, at its head, Fish Creek, but nearer its mouth Kayaderoseras river. The appearance of the lake is solitary, from which probably originated with the Indians an ancient superstition familiar to but few persons of the present generation. The Mohawks deemed it, in its unbroken quietness and stillness, a sort of dwelling place for the Great Spirit, and so sacred, on that account, that if a mortal should presume to speak, when sailing on its bosom, the craft which conveyed him would instantly go to the bottom.

"A story is told of an Englishwoman, in the early days of the first settlers, who had occasion to cross this lake with a party of Indians, who, before embarking, warned her most impressively of the spell. It was a silent, breathless day, and the canoe shot over the smooth surface like a shadow. About a mile from the shore, near the centre of the lake, the woman, willing to convince the savages of the weakness of their superstition, uttered a loud cry. The countenances of the Indians fell

instantly to the deepest gloom. After a moment's pause, however, they redoubled their exertions, and, in frowning silence, drove the light bark like an arrow over the waters. They reached the shore in safety, and drew up the canoe, and the woman rallied the chief on his credulity. 'The Great Spirit is merciful,' answered the scornful Mohawk; 'He knows that a white woman cannot hold her tongue.'"

The frontispiece represents a scene of placid beauty, such as is calculated to remind one of the superstitious reverence which the aboriginals were accustomed to associate with Saratoga Lake. It seems like a region of perpetual serenity—a sabbath for the warring elements of this creation which no fierce tempest would dare to invade or molest with its wrath. The engraving is well executed, and presents an apt show of nature in one of her most comely forms and moods, not in her entire solitude, but occupied prominently by two parents and their child, whose attitude betokens ease and a high sensibility to the charms which nature has prodigally scattered around them. On the right, others linger in the same spirit of undisturbed observation and pleased entertainment.

Original.

CHILDHOOD.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child."

WHEN a child I was innocent, happy, and gay
As a lamb in its sports on the meadows in May;
I gathered my boquet from flowers of the plain,
And plucked the rich rose as it bloomed in the rain.

By the brook I have sat in the beautiful bower,
And heard the glad sounds of the birds by the hour,
Whose strains were well suited my fancy to please,
Tho' they seemed to be sung to the listening trees.

With the pebbles I play'd in the bright sparkling rill,
Or drank at the fount as it gushed from the hill;
Its ripples, though wordless, were music to me,
As they murmured adieu on their way to the sea.

The woodlands I found an inviting retreat,
Where berries and flowers were strewed at my feet—
Where unbridled and free I could quietly roam,
Nor feel the restraint I was under at home.

All seasons I courted alike as they pass'd—
With the calm I was pleased, and was pleased with the
blast—

With the sunshine delighted, and yet I admired
The storm in the sky, as it came and retired.

CAROLINE.

Original.
OUR COUNTRY.*

—
BY J. S. TOMLINSON,
President of Augusta College.

IN enumerating those national sins, in the remembrance of which we should humble ourselves in the sight of God, on this solemn occasion, we cannot forbear to mention the degrading, wide-spread, and desolating vice of intemperance. We complain of the hardness of the times, and are startled at the indebtedness of our state and national governments, amounting in all, it is said, to the enormous sum of about two hundred millions of dollars; and yet it is estimated, by good authority, that for the single article of intoxicating drinks no less than one hundred and twenty millions of dollars are expended every year by the people of this country. So that if the traffic in this abominable article alone were abandoned, and the amounts thus saved were applied to the liquidation of the claims against us, we might, in less than two years, present to the world the sublime and most enviable spectacle of a nation, consisting of almost twenty millions of inhabitants, entirely free from debt. But, great as it is, the pecuniary loss is one of the *least* of the many evils that are entailed upon the country by the prevalence of the vice of intemperance. It is the fruitful source of almost all the idleness and vagrancy, crime and pauperism that are too prevalent among us, and of the numerous outrages that disturb the peace of society, and break up the happiness of families. Incredible as it may appear to one who has not attentively considered the subject, it has been satisfactorily ascertained that no less than three-fourths of all the domestic misery in our land is traceable, either directly or indirectly, to the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks. And when we reflect upon the numberless and nameless calamities that result from this source, and when we behold this destructive poison administered from day to day (and that, too, under the sanction of law) to every person that may choose to call for it, not excepting the inexperienced and inconsiderate youth, in what other light can we view it than as a species of legalized murder—a species of murder in which more than blood is spilt? And woe to that man that shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ with the horrible crime upon his head of having spent his time in the inexpressibly odious business of manufacturing drunkards, and thereby transforming his fellow immortals into brutes! It were infinitely better for that man that he had never been born. And fearful indeed must be the measure of responsibility incurred by that people that gives the sanction of law, or even the *connivance* of civil authority, to any such employment as this. Ah! my friends, the account which we, as a people, have to settle with the providence of God on this subject, is one of so much magnitude that we have great reason to tremble while we reflect upon it. And unless we are determined to

be utterly regardless of our duty to God and to the rising generation, we should lose no time in taking effectual measures to put a stop to the progress of this overwhelming evil.

And, furthermore, in lamenting and bewailing our national sins, we should not fail to remember and deeply to regret that among our conspicuous public men there is not a more distinct and general recognition, both in word and in deed, of the supreme authority of the Christian revelation, and a more habitual and reverential conformity to those sacred public institutions therein enjoined, and especially that of observing the holy Sabbath, by coming up to the house of worship, and there devoutly acknowledging the sovereignty and superintending providence of God, and our great indebtedness to him for the gift of his Son, in the redemption of our guilty and benighted world. The most of our public men are so extremely cautious to prevent a union of Church and state, that there is too little Church in the state—there are too many among us that are intrusted with the high and important functions of legislating for and governing a Christian people, who are themselves the votaries of infidelity, either in principle or practice, or both. I am happy to be able to say, on this occasion, that our late lamented Chief Magistrate formed a most conspicuous exception to this last remark—that he gave many gratifying proofs of his sincere attachment to our holy Christianity, not in word only, but in deed and in truth. In language worthy of himself, and worthy of the glorious theme, he has recorded his sentiments on this point in that imperishable document—his Inaugural Address. And, in this connection, allow me to repeat his own words in relation to this matter: “I deem the present occasion (says he) sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow citizens a profound reverence for the Christian religion, and a thorough conviction that sound morals, religious liberty, and a just sense of religious responsibility are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness; and to that good Being who has blessed us by the gifts of civil and religious freedom—who watched over and prospered the labors of our fathers, and hitherto has preserved to us institutions, far exceeding in excellence those of any other people, let us unite in fervently commending every interest of our beloved country in all future time.”

I rejoice to add, that we are furnished with corroborative evidence that these sentiments proceeded from a “sincere heart.” We are told by the reverend gentleman who attended him during his last illness, and had the mournful privilege of closing his eyes, after he had breathed his last, that the General informed him that it had, for sometime been his settled purpose to take the first suitable opportunity to identify himself, publicly, with the Church of God. The same gentleman also states that he had preached to several Presidents, (naming them,) but that he (General Harrison) was the first of them all who worshiped God on his knees—meaning, of course, in the public congregation in the house of God. These and many other circumstances

* Concluded from p. 7, vol. II.

that might be mentioned go to show that he, whose death we are now assembled to deplore, was by no means neglectful of the duties of our holy religion. And let us, my friends, all unite in fervent supplications, at the throne of divine Mercy, that his example in this respect may lead to a more general, healthful, and elevated tone of religious feeling than now exists among our prominent public men—recollecting that when the righteous are in authority the people rejoice, but that when the wicked are permitted to bear rule the people will inevitably have cause to mourn.

Before we pass from this part of our subject we would also include, by name, in the catalogue of our national sins, one of a very grievous, aggravated, and alarming character. We refer, in this expression, to those shameless and daring exhibitions of mobocratic violence with which our land has been so frequently visited and cursed during the last few years. These flagrant outrages upon all the sacred obligations of law and order are very justly entitled to the appellation of *national sins*; because were it not for the culpable supineness of the great mass of the people such abominable scenes would seldom, if ever, be witnessed among us. If, on such occasions, the people stand by and look on with indifference, or fail to exert themselves with becoming promptitude and energy, in the suppression of these things, they are, in the eye of reason, and in the eye of God, scarcely less criminal than the ferocious and unprincipled perpetrators themselves. The blood of the victims of mob violence will God require at the hands of that people among whom they were sacrificed, and who cared not, or dared not to step forward in vindication of the insulted majesty of the laws, by bringing the offenders to justice.

There never was a truer declaration than that a corrupt people make a strong mob, but a virtuous people a weak, a powerless mob. These lawless proceedings (like those bodily symptoms that indicate to the intelligent physician the real state of our physical health) are only so many external, visible signs, which point out, with too much precision, the internal condition of the social, or political body. They manifest but too plainly that, in the language of the Bible, "the whole head is sick, and that the whole heart is faint." Those excesses of which we are now speaking, I am happy to believe, are somewhat on the decline in this country;* but should they continue, and, especially, should they reappear among us, with all their former violence and frequency, I verily believe that it will not be long before God, in his providence, will deprive us of those blood-bought privileges, which, in this way, are so shamefully trampled upon, and hold us up to the scorn and derision of the whole civilized world, as utterly unworthy to be intrusted with a deposit so inestimably precious.

I have also stated that, on this occasion, we should humbly acknowledge the justice of God, in any afflic-

* I am sorry to say that, since the delivery of this discourse, there have been, in different parts of our country, several outbreaks of popular fury of the most astounding and alarming character.

tive dispensations that he may have been pleased to send upon us, and particularly in the one which is so forcibly brought to our minds by the solemnities in which we are now engaged. We should contemplate this occurrence with a deep, and an adoring conviction, that "the Judge of all the earth will do right." And while we do this, we should not forget to ask our heavenly Father, that the evidences of his displeasure may not be repeated and multiplied against us. But if, on the contrary, the people will not turn away from the evil of their doings, and humble themselves under the mighty hand of God, and sincerely deprecate his merited indignation, the afflictive bereavement which we now deplore may be only the beginning, as it were, of our national sorrows. Unless it is so sanctified as to produce a salutary effect upon the hearts and habits of the people, it may be that it will be to us like that distant, awe-inspiring sound, that precedes the convulsions of an earthquake, or a frightfully desolating tornado. It is for us to determine, by our conduct, whether this event, and the numerous difficulties and reverses with which we are beset, shall be productive, to us and to our children, of wise and wholesome lessons, or only conspire, with other causes, to precipitate us from that proud and lofty position which, for so many years, we have been permitted to occupy among the nations of the earth.

I know that there are those who are disposed to scoff at the idea that the God of the universe gives himself any special concern about the destinies either of nations or of individuals; and, consequently, such persons are accustomed to make themselves merry with what they would call the simplicity and superstition of those who feel it to be their duty to supplicate the Divine Being for national as well as personal blessings. But thanks be to God, that such have not been the sentiments of the wisest and best men that ever lived, whether in Christian or in other countries; and still more heartily, if possible, do I thank God, that such were not the sentiments of that illustrious personage, in consequence of whose death the whole nation is now covered with the weeds of lamentation and woe; for the reverend gentleman, to whom we just referred, has announced to the American public, over his own signature, that General Harrison, "in his first letter to his family after his inauguration, observed, that upon his return from the Capitol to the President's Mansion, as soon as he could command any time, he retired to his room and fell down upon his knees before his Maker, thanking him for his mercies, and supplicating his gracious guidance in the faithful discharge of the duties of his high station, to his country and his God." And I would here take occasion to say, that if his footsteps are followed, in this respect, by his constitutional successor, we may confidently trust that the fostering care of an all-wise and merciful Providence will be abundantly vouchsafed to this bereaved people. It was a contemptuous treatment of such pious sentiments as those to which we have just referred, that operated more than any thing else to open the flood-gates of that terrible

revolution among the French people, the progress of which was characterized by scenes of confusion, violence, and outrage, which, when taken together, constitute the "bloodiest picture in the book of time." I rejoice to believe that the leavening influence of that religion which teaches, in the most explicit and impressive manner, the doctrine of a special, superintending providence, is spreading itself with unexampled rapidity throughout every department of society. And my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that the time may soon come, when it shall have leavened the whole mass—when all our citizens, both public and private, shall be brought to subscribe to and act upon the principle that no foe to God, and, by consequence, no foe to the Bible of God, was ever yet a real friend to man; or the still more authoritative principle, that, in all our ways we acknowledge him, he will direct our steps, and so direct our steps as shall be most conducive to our individual good, and to our national prosperity and happiness.

And, finally, on such an occasion as this, we should not fail to cultivate charitable feelings towards our neighbors, and, as far as may be, to give *substantial* evidence of our willingness to meliorate the condition of the poor and the destitute. If we expect our offerings to be acceptable in the sight of God, they should proceed from hearts that are actuated by feelings of benevolence or good will, not only towards those of our own religious or political persuasion, but towards the whole of our fellow citizens, no matter of what particular sect or party. And, indeed, our benevolent regards should not stop here; but traveling beyond the limits of our own heaven favored country, they should be so comprehensive as to embrace within their range the whole of the wide-spread family of man—sincerely desiring, as the consummation of all human felicity, that the peaceful and rightful dominion of our blessed Redeemer may soon be established in every heart, and acknowledged by every tongue. And while we are bemoaning this overwhelming national bereavement, let us not be forgetful of the poor and the destitute, by whom we are surrounded. God himself has expressly given it as one of the characteristic traits of an acceptable fast that we deal our bread to the hungry, and that we bring the poor that are cast out to our houses. "Then (says he) shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily, and thy righteousness shall go before thee, and the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward." We may rest assured, that there is no social duty, the performance of which more effectually conciliates the favor of God, than that of delivering "the poor and the fatherless, and them that have none to help." For every such charitable contribution, or benevolent act, the God of the universe condescends to make himself our debtor; for we are told, upon the highest authority, that "he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." And on another occasion it is said, with peculiar emphasis, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep

him alive: he shall be blessed upon the earth, and shall not be delivered unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing, and will make all his bed in his sickness." The man that, in view of all such powerful motives as these, can shut up the bowels of his compassion against the cries of the needy, must have a heart that is harder than the nether mill-stone. All such persons as these should never forget that with what measure they mete to others, it shall be measured unto them again by the Judge of all the earth, in that solemn and eventful day, when God shall try every man's work, of what sort it is, and shall execute judgment without mercy, upon those who have shown no mercy.

But having already detained you longer than we anticipated, we must hasten to a close. While we reflect upon the irreparable loss that we have been called to sustain, in the death of our beloved and venerable President, let us determine in our hearts that we will, as far as possible, imitate those excellent and shining qualities, by which his character was adorned—his ardent patriotism—his readiness to do the bidding of his country, at any time, and in any way, that it might be pleased to demand his services—his devotedness to his friends—his magnanimity towards his enemies—his benevolence and bounty to the poor and the needy—his liberality of feeling and of conduct towards those with whom he differed, either in politics or religion—his unobtrusive, sincere, and amiable virtues, in the various endearing relations of parent and husband, brother and son; and, above all, let us endeavor to imitate his profound reverence, both in principle and practice, for the Christian religion, and especially as displayed towards the latter part of his eventful life.

Though we know that he was by no means unconcerned about his own eternal salvation, yet his dying words were expressive of such an ardent and all-absorbing love to his country, as to show that, for the time being, at least, he had utterly lost sight of himself. The words to which we refer, richly deserve to be inscribed, as with a pen of iron, in every conspicuous place in the nation, that they may be read, remembered, and admired by our children, and by our children's children, down to the latest generation. And with a repetition of these words, and a single additional remark, we will close what we have to say on the present occasion: "Sir," said he, as if addressing himself to his constitutional successor, "I wish you to understand the true principles of the government; I wish them carried out; I ask nothing more." The patriotic, the brave, the venerated HARRISON spake these words and expired.



He that has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For, as it surrounds us with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

Original.

THE PRAYER.

BY REV. WILLIAM WINANS.

Written in his daughter's album on leaving home.

MARY, farewell! a father's ardent pray'r
Ascends, though halting, to the throne of heav'n,
And supplicates for thee such benefits
As God alone can give—as frail mankind
Must have or die—must have or die for ever.

Wealth he asks not; though wealth, well us'd, is good
For man; and may be so applied as well
To honor God, and benefit mankind.
Nor would he ask that Fame should sound thy deeds
With trumpet clangor to a list'ning world;
And yet, the approbation of the wise,
Is object worthy of no small regard
To social beings, form'd to give and take
Each of the other. This approving voice,
When wide-diffus'd, is Fame; and, rightly won,
May, without censure, be enjoy'd by man.
Yet not for *this* thy father Heav'n entreats.
Much less for Pleasure's various stores he pleads,
Where Fancy revels, and where Appetite
Expatriates at will. These sink the soul
Below her proper mark, and chain her down
In ignominious bondage to the earth,
Whilst she should soar, on angel pinions strong,
Above the skies, and range with freedom there.

Nor does he ask the wealth of gifted mind,
So justly priz'd above all earthly treasure.
This might enable thee to span the heav'ns,
And calculate the grains that form this globe—
To class and name the various tribes of life
That people earth, and sea, and air—to tell
Their nature, habits, instincts, appetites—
To analyze the air, untwist the light,
Make solid substances take liquid forms,
Dissolve affinities by Nature join'd,
And drag the light'ning harmless to thy feet—
To trace the operations of the mind,
From apprehension, through ideas reflex,
To acts of high and God-like reasoning—
To mark those fruitful passions, Love and Hate,
Sorrow and Joy, with all their progeny,
As each prevails, prompting to act or feel—
To know the laws, the policies of men,
Their social actions, character, and fate—
All this and more can mighty mind achieve,
And yet that mind be seat of sin and woe.

The good thy father asks is grace divine—
Grace that will teach thy heart to fear the Lord—
To trust his mercy, love his word and way—
To shun the crooked paths of vice, though strewn
With fragrant flow'rs that charm disordered sense—
To seek thy pleasure only in *his* smile—
To follow him, though scorn be heap'd on thee
By a misjudging world; and true to him
Abide, till death transfer thee to that bliss
Complete, still height'ning, and without an end.

Original.

THE WITNESS.

"Lovest thou me?" John.

Am I indeed a child of God,
Or am I self-deceived?
Amid the thorny path I trod,
Oft I refused to kiss the rod,
And sore the Spirit grieved.

And yet I often feel distress'd
At my own weight of sin;
I mourn the peace I once possess'd,
When Jesus was my constant guest,
And kept me pure within.

The world no longer fills my heart,
Its pleasures all are pain;
And when I view *Thee* as thou art,
The contrite tear will often start—
I seem thy child again.

I love to meet thy children where
Thy symbols they dispense—
I love the house of social prayer;
And often when I'm sitting there,
Am freed from things of sense.

But if I am not *truly* thine,
Refine this heart from dross,
Enable me by grace divine
Its every idol to resign,
And slay them at thy cross.

AUGUSTA.

—••••—

THE SAILOR.

Bury me not in the sordid dust,
When life shall cease to be;
For where could I this body trust,
But in the deep blue sea?

In thy broad bosom, mighty deep!
So quietly I'll lie;
And, resting with my fathers, sleep,
While above the wilds winds sigh.

Thy weeds shall be my winding sheet,
My coffin be of shell;
And where I sleep, in the caverns deep,
No chisel'd words shall tell.

Roll on, roll on! ye mountain waves,
My dirge is in your roar—
Roll on, till all within their graves
Shall wake to sleep no more!

The sea shall then restore her dead,
And I from its depths will rise;
Then may I mount with Christ my head,
And dwell above the skies!

Original.
ORIGINALITY.

—
BY DR. THOMSON.
—

ORIGINALITY, in the sense of creation, belongs to God only. As there is no particle of matter of which he is not the creator, so there is no idea of which he is not the author. Men may change the forms, and alter the combinations, and vary the relations of matter; so they may modify, and decompose, and combine, and pervert the ideas which the Almighty furnishes, but they have no power to make an atom or an idea. Whether or not we admit the theory that all ideas reach the mind through the senses, this declaration will be obvious.

Originality does not imply the avoiding of all ideas which have been employed by others. We may use the ideas of others and yet be original.

1. By presenting them in new combinations. If we all go to the same great source of ideas, the universe, it is not unreasonable to suppose that several shall be attracted by the same fields, shall view them in the same aspects, and shall gather similar nosegays; but as optics, and tastes, and intellects, like limbs and countenances, differ, so that, to microscopic vision, no two can be found precisely alike, and as nature herself is subject to incessant mutation, perhaps it is impossible that two minds, acting independently, shall bind up the same ideas in the same combinations. Nevertheless, there may be approximation in the productions of different intellects, in almost infinite gradations, while each is entitled to the merit of originality. Important discoveries have been made simultaneously, by different persons, without correspondence or collusion. Truths, buried to the world for ages, have been revived by nearly the same process of ratiocination as that which led to their first discovery. Ideas selected and combined by a mind acting independently, constitute an original production, and will in all cases evince a peculiar taste and talent.

2. By giving them new applications. When the physician makes a medicinal use of some plants which were gathered for ornament, he is as much entitled to praise as if he himself had collected them in the wilderness. Suppose that, before the arts and sciences had made much progress, three men had experimented over a caldron of boiling water, heated for culinary purposes, and one had applied steam to the cure of disease, another to the formation of oxygen and hydrogen gasses, and the third to the propulsion of machinery—each would have been an original discoverer. When a writer makes a *new* application of the ideas previously gathered by another, he is original. We may therefore employ *combinations* of ideas, prepared to our hand, and yet be entitled to the merit of originality.

3. By decomposing and recombining them, so as to alter their properties. Suppose a chemist take a compound, and by the mere use of reagents, call into action a new play of affinities, and thus alter the nature of the article, and increase its medicinal virtue: is he not en-

titled to name it and employ it as his own? Nor would he be deprived of this honor, or advantage, even if it could be shown that the first combination required time, and labor, and expense, while the change was the result of a moment's exertion. It is hoped that many combinations of ideas, which are now poisonous, may be rendered salutary by some genius who may discover how to give a new play to their tendencies.

4. By transforming or abridging. Virgil has, in many parts of the *Æneid* and *Georgics*, imitated Homer, but he has in many respects so improved upon his master, that we can scarce regard him as a copyist. The natural theology of Mr. Paley is based upon "Howe's Living Temple." Scarce an illustration is to be found in the former which is not contained in the latter; yet the more modern writer has wrought out the illustrations of his predecessor in such a masterly manner—has given to them so much force and beauty, from the recent discoveries of science, and has adapted the whole work to the common reader with such felicity, that no one calls in question his merits, or his title to originality. When an individual, by the incorporation of his own industry, with matter previously prepared, immeasurably enhances its value, he is original. When a writer makes a new and more valuable work upon the basis of an older one, he is not to be regarded as a plagiarist.

5. By simplifying. If a man were to make a vast improvement in a machine, merely by rendering it more simple, more cheap, more portable, he would nevertheless be entitled to praise and a patent. It requires the highest kind of genius and of art to simplify. The untutored savage multiplies causes to multiply effects. As man emerges from ignorance he approaches his Creator, whose great secret is a simplicity of causes, reconciled with a multiplicity of effects. The greatest praise of a machine, a work, or a science, provided it answer the purpose, is its simplicity. That is evidently a meritorious kind of originality which can seize upon the valuable ideas of an author, and present them in all their power, divested of all incumbrances, and in a much smaller compass.

If such be the ample range within which a man may be original, there can be no excuse for plagiarism—no excuse for using the matter of another, verbatim, or for linking sentiment after sentiment, doctrine after doctrine, argument upon argument, illustration upon illustration in the same order, and for the same purpose, as another has done, (though the language may be different,) while the boundless universe is before us—no excuse for stealing a paragraph here, another there, and then calling the combination (like the image in prophetic vision) an original composition. It is an original conglomeration, or *juxta* position; for there is no combination among such incompatible elements. I pity the mind that can employ itself in such a task, and pity the conscience which cannot inflict a woful pang for such an offense. But my design is not to declaim against plagiarism, but to recommend originality. I proceed, therefore, to notice some of the advantages of original effort.

1. It exerts a favorable influence upon the judgment. This is the most important function of the mind. The imagination may revel among splendid ideas, connected by no fixed laws, but it can arrive at no useful result. The memory may link facts by laws of association irrespective of their relations, but it is incompetent to discover truth. It is the province of judgment alone to compare facts, to trace relations, to deduce conclusions. Extensive learning, an imagination splendid as the starry heavens, a memory capacious as the ocean would be of little consequence, yea, rather injurious than advantageous, unless controlled and employed by a sound judgment. It was a remark of Demosthenes, in reference to *fools*, that success above desert is an occasion of misthinking, and good fortune above desert an occasion of misdoing.

A man of sound judgment will accomplish much in whatever sphere he is placed, and will know how to use every advantage he gains. If you look into history, or mark the progress of events in Church or state, you will perceive that the men who make the most display are not those who control great results. Queen Elizabeth, of England, exhibited extraordinary sagacity in the choice of her public men. She had a cabinet equal if not superior to any that England has ever boasted; but she put no showy men into it. She kept working men for work, and showy men for show. On every stage there are men of judgment behind the screen, who use the men of noise and show, as the engineer regulates and employs his machinery. They of the latter class may propel the wheels, but they do so only at the pleasure of the former. In no situation will a man of sound judgment be at a loss for servants. Like a great orb projected among inferior ones, he attracts to himself, by a noiseless, yet efficient energy, a system of satellites which wheel around him in ceaseless homage and obedience. An impudent enemy once asked an ancient general, (Iphicrates), by way of taunt, what he was; for he had neither spear, nor bow, nor light armor. "I am," said he, "the man who commands all these." Thus, with that crowning capacity of the mind, judgment, though without learning, or brilliancy, or a store of facts, it will command them all. How important, then, to develop and train the judgment! This can only be done by the habit of original investigation. Such a habit will tend to improve it.

(1.) By producing accuracy. It is an easy thing to reason by rule, but this will not always lead to correct conclusions. A strict attention to each premise is indispensable. The arithmetician may do his sum by the right rule, but the result will be inaccurate, unless he shall take notice, in turn, of each separate figure. Fallacies are, however, more frequently to be traced to imperfect investigation than to illogical reasoning. They lie not in the argument but in the premises. Most men reason well. One has remarked that the difference between the fool and the madman is this, the former reasons incorrectly from true premises, the latter reasons correctly from false premises. The errors of men are generally of the latter kind. They fail in the examination of the

premises. Hence, the necessity for patient, original investigation. This begets the tendency to inquire into every thing, define every term, understand every fact—its bearings, relations, and tendencies. Sir Isaac Newton reasoned like an angel in philosophy, and like a child in politics or religion. Why this difference? His mind was as strong when applied to one subject as to another; but in physics he had made himself master of premises—in other sciences he had not.

Logic is of no consequence to a man who has not accurately attended to every part of the subject which he examines. If a man has not studied French he will not be enabled to read it merely by putting on spectacles.

(2.) By producing delicacy. Original investigation confers upon the mind the powers of nice discrimination and rigid analysis. The unpracticed surgeon may perform coarse operations; but when he undertakes to cut in the midst of important arteries and nerves, where the variation of a hair's breadth would occasion death, he trembles and desists. So the coarse mind may be suitable for coarse operations; but when the utmost nicety is indispensable, and when life or death, peace or war, salvation or damnation, is suspended on the nicest movement of the judgment, it grows blind and faint. Dr. M'C., noted throughout the Union for the celerity, and accuracy, and neatness of his operations, once informed me that his skill had been acquired by striking at minute points, and that he had spent hours in doing nothing else. The mind trained to independent investigation, which has learned to fix its attention, train its powers, concentrate its energy, move all its faculties in concert, may trust its power of discrimination when other minds grow giddy, and cut with calmness and firmness when splitting hairs. In the professions of law, politics, medicine, and divinity, this delicacy of judgment can hardly be too highly prized.

(3.) By producing solidity. The mind rests in its conclusions when conscious of having thoroughly examined each step of its progress, in arriving at them, as the student is confident of the correctness of his translation when he has examined each definition, parsed each word, and comprehended the grammatical relations of each part and particle. Such a man is not easily shaken. He is firm as the rock. His firmness is not, however, that of the mountains, which cannot move, nor the stubbornness of the mule, that has no understanding—it is the firmness of a mind conscious that it is right. Such a mind will court investigation, hail truth under whatever name it may come, cheerfully yield to conviction, but unless convinced that it is wrong, stand for ever in its position. A man of this description is fearless and independent, relying not so much on his talents, or ingenuity, or eloquence, but on the force of truth. He fears no opposition; but like a garrison in a castle that is impregnable, he *defies* assault.

2. Originality exerts a favorable influence upon the memory. The memory of facts depends much upon the attention with which they are viewed. The habit of original investigation fixes attention.

3. Originality exerts a favorable influence upon imagination. It restrains, regulates, refines the fancy; but it curbs it not. Instead of permitting it to run wild and lawless through the regions of space, it directs it to the noblest and most useful purposes.

4. Originality exerts a favorable influence upon mental habits.

(1.) It begets a habit of observation. If a man rely upon books or discourse for his ideas, he may pass through every scene of business, or pleasure, without observing any thing with a careful eye—neither countenances, nor sentiments, nor opinions—neither men, nor things, nor events—neither the amiable nor the lovely, the beautiful nor the grand awaken the reflection of his idle soul. He is like the heir to a fortune, who avails himself of no opportunity for profit, because he relies upon the accumulations of others. It is quite otherwise with the original inquirer. He sees a little world in every leaf, and sources of boundless contemplation in every star. Scarce a look, or action, or word escapes his notice, no event so trivial as not to excite useful reflection, or furnish a felicitous illustration. His mind is in a state of continual activity, so that it is pleased to find something on which it may exert itself; and in the exuberance of its thoughts it finds every thing with which it meets serviceable as a channel of communication. It was a remark of one of the ancients, that he was never less alone than when alone. Such were his habits of meditation, that in silence and in darkness, in dungeon or in desert, he found himself in a beautiful and busy world, over which his own active mind had spread life, and activity, and beauty, and every little pebble, and breeze, and bird, and flower seemed to crowd around him as children around a parent, anxious to listen to his discourse, to court his favor, to enjoy his smiles, and render him willing homage and obedience. An eminent writer of our own country and times was distinguished in early life for a habit of this kind. When riding alone he has often been observed to dismount from his horse, draw from his pocket a common-place book, and note down for future use some brilliant thought which had suggested itself to him in his solitary musings. Such a man will almost electrify an audience by a happy use of some trivial circumstance which scarce any one else would have noticed.

(2.) It begets a habit of philosophical association. Nature will not permit our ideas to be separated and independent. She takes care to link them together, but she connects them in a confused manner. We may direct her in her operations if we choose, and thus make her services in this respect of the utmost value. Instead of having our ideas all lying loosely in a box, like the papers of the careless merchant—notes and receipts, letters answered and unanswered, whether on business, or friendship, or religion, or politics—all thrown together into one huge pile, we may partition our memory into pigeon holes, classify them philosophically, label them neatly, and lay them where they may be safe, and where they may be found at any time after a

moment's search. Of what inestimable advantage this will prove, every one must at once perceive. The practice of original investigation will secure such an association of ideas by rendering it habitual and absolutely necessary. All ideas being in demand for practical use, are examined as they arrive, and assorted and filed.

It begets systematic habits of business. This orderly arrangement of ideas will be transferred to the business of its possessor. It will divide his time, systematize his pleasures, devotions, and pursuits, and exert a beneficial influence over his person, his habitation, and all his paths. It will almost of itself insure peace, and comfort, and success in this world of folly and derangement.

5. Originality exerts a favorable influence upon eloquence.

(1.) It confers clearness of expression. This is indispensable to eloquence. We may have bombast, and noise, and argument, and declamation, without perspicuity, but not eloquence. The language may be copious and beautiful, the voice harmonious, the subject interesting, the arguments, and illustrations, and appeals numerous and elaborate, figures on figures may be piled up to a pyramid, but after all the speaker or writer will fall far short of eloquence, unless he express himself with clearness. He may excite the admiration of the ignorant, the stare of the gaping idiot, but he will receive only the pity or contempt of the intelligent, judicious hearer. Clearness is generally associated with originality. A man can scarce be original, and at the same time obscure. The subject may be such as to require language and arguments which are not familiar to all, but yet it may be treated so as to be perfectly plain to those for whom it is discussed. Whatever views a man compasses by his own exertions, will strike him with more or less force, and whatever he conceives strongly he will express clearly. We sometimes complain that although we understand a subject thoroughly, we are unable to explain it. This doctrine enters more frequently into my apologies than into my philosophy; for it transfers the disgrace of failure from the man's mind to the nation's language, and leaves the impression upon the hearer that the speaker's soul contains depths unfathomed and unfathomable. That mind must indeed be great for whose lofty conceptions the flexible and copious English language, enriched by unnumbered accessions from ancient Greece and Rome, and from nearly all the living languages of the civilized earth, cannot provide appropriate expressions. It must be far above that of Johnson or Addison, of Milton or Shakspeare. It is a wonder that the great minds of former ages did not discover this difficulty. It is strange that we, who could make ourselves understood, when we were babes, cannot now that we are men. But, irony aside, the English language is transparent enough to show the treasures beneath it, however deep they lie, when it flows through a good channel. It is only when it passes over a muddy bed that it becomes turbid, and reveals no riches below. I can point to men, distinguished in the political world, who are authors of able

state papers, written not only with power, but accuracy and beauty, and who are perfectly ignorant of the first principles of grammar. They are men of original, independent minds, and they understand what they write so clearly that they express themselves without any confusion. The author of a grammar, in giving directions to avoid blunders, gives the following as worth a thousand rules, viz., "think well before you speak."

(2.) It secures an appropriate theme. Much depends on the choice of a subject. The period, the age, the education, the habits, the prejudices, and the state of feeling of the audience must all be taken into consideration. What may be proper at home may be unsuitable abroad. That which is adapted to the town may be useless in the country. An address which would delight youth, might offend old age. Arguments, language, illustrations, which would enchain one auditory, might be deemed pedantic by another. The Boanerges may throw his thunderbolts around him with salutary effect, when the moral atmosphere is in a peculiar state; whereas, under other circumstances, his power had better be restrained. The storm that refreshes the northern field, might tear to pieces the tender petals accustomed to drink nought but the oriental dews. There is in some communities a peculiar proneness to resist certain truths—a kind of moral idiosyncrasy. In such cases the wise physician of souls will dissolve that pill in sweetened water, which, in a solid state, might be instantly rejected. The effect of a discourse depends much upon the state of feeling of the hearers. When the mind is in a musing, melancholy mood, "Yankee Doodle," however skillfully played, will grate harshly upon the ear, and almost agonize the soul; whereas, "Roalin Castle," by a much less expert musician, will be to the ear charming as the harp of Orpheus, and will spread over the soul as oil upon the troubled waters.

That man who is always presenting the same doctrines and precepts in the same way, may have excellent matter, and may occasionally do some good, when his auditory happens to be adapted to his text; but his course is as unscientific as was that of Dr. Sangrado, in *Gil Blas*, who made the same prescription, viz., blood-letting and warm water, for every patient. The former character would be very useful, if God's providences adapted congregations to subjects; and such an one as the latter would be uniformly successful, if the Almighty fitted patients to prescriptions. How awkward is that warrior, who never takes off his armor, but goes to the forum and the fireside as he does to the field. There is a pretty illustration of this remark in the *Iliad*. Hector, going forth to battle, meets Andromache, attended by her little son and his nurse. The illustrious father extends his arms for his dear boy; but backward he inclines to the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse, crying aloud, alarmed at the sight of his loved father, terrified at the brazen helmet, and the horse hair crest. His father and mother laugh. Hector immediately takes the helmet from his head, and places it all resplendent upon the ground. But when Astyanax perceived the countenance of the *father*, not that of

the warrior, he was willing to be dandled and caressed. How awkward the minister who is always glittering in armor, and who goes forth to feed the lambs of the flock as he would to encounter the lion in his lair!

Who has not seen the splendid effort prove utterly worthless in consequence of its irrelevancy? and who has not known a feeble production to electrify in consequence of its perfect adaptation? When a distinguished clergyman was requested to furnish for publication a copy of a sermon which he had preached during a terrific thunder storm, and which produced a tremendous effect, he agreed to comply with the request upon condition that the committee would agree to print the thunder and lightning which accompanied it. He knew that it derived its charm from its appropriateness. One of the great advantages which the extemporary orator has over one who uses a manuscript, arises from the fact, that he can take advantage of every little circumstance that may occur to attract the attention of his hearers—the presence of some unexpected person, the appearance of a particular countenance, the entrance of a swallow through the window, the sudden rising of a cloud may suggest brilliant thoughts, happy illustrations, beautiful passages of Holy Writ, which, because fresh and appropriate, animate the speaker and startle the hearer. How thrilling must have been this passage uttered by an orator, when preaching before a monarch, whom he noticed to be talking: "When the lion roars the beasts of the earth tremble, and when the Almighty speaks let the kings of the earth keep silence."

This advantage is similar to that which the scientific physician has over the empiric. The latter prescribes for the *names* of diseases, the former for their symptoms. Solomon has beautifully described the charm of appropriateness: "Words fitly spoken, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

What can secure the advantage of appropriateness but that habit of reliance upon one's own resources which leads to a close observance of every thing around us? A man of sense can hardly fail to speak and write fitly, who speaks and writes what his own intellect furnishes. The man who derives his efforts from books is like the blind giant—his blows are powerful, and when they happen to fall in the right place they do execution; but they generally miss the mark. But he who draws his matter from the hearts of his hearers is like the skillful archer who sees the mark before he lets his arrow fly, and can scarce be said to draw a bow at a venture. An original minister can easily get a skeleton, and then clothe it with muscles, and give it organs of life and sense, and above all animate it with a spirit, by going into any house in his neighborhood and conversing with its inmates half an hour; and when he brings it forth on Sabbath, it will be sure to do execution *somewhere*. An original man has not only an appropriate subject, but his illustrations are generally appropriate. They seem to grow out of his subject. They are not like the flowers of the nosegay, gathered for the vase—pretty, but scarce viewed before

they wither; but like the flowers in the garden, rooted to the soil, and deriving nourishment from it.

(3.) It forms a suitable style. There can be no eloquence without propriety in this respect. A showy style, for instance, on a grave subject, is in as bad taste as the sparkling ornaments of the ball-room in the gloomy chambers of death. An inappropriate style is generally a mark of a feeble or dependent intellect. The mind never clothes thoughts purely its own in an unseemly dress. Nature suitably arrays her productions, whether in the natural or moral world. In the former she will not dress the animals of the polar regions as she does those of the equatorial. She will not ornament the beast that prowls the desert or the forest as she will the merry songster of the breeze—she gives no proboscis to the swallow that builds her nest by the altar—no wings to Behemoth, who trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth. Is she less judicious in her moral works? Not when she has her way. She will be chaste and dignified in philosophy, oratorical in oratory, swift and graceful in song and satire. She will vary the appearance of her productions as she passes from the dissolving heats of the equator to the eternal snows of the pole. She will vary her machinery as she swims the deep, or sails the winds, or crawls the earth. Be original and you will be simple or vehement, neat, elegant, or brilliant, according as your subject may require.

(4.) It suggests a suitable arrangement. This is indispensable to a good production. It is important in the adjustment of the different parts of an oration or composition, and also in the arrangement of the various portions of each part. An original genius will digest the subject before it thinks of the manner in which it is to be introduced, as naturally as a carpenter will erect his building before he puts on the roof. How awkward does that introduction sound which does not lead directly to the subject, and prepare the way before it. Until a subject is matured, how can one know what prepossessions will require to be removed before it is presented, or what considerations will attract attention towards it.

In making an oration, or writing an essay, a clear statement of the subject will of itself do much. The mind which has examined any subject thoroughly will be able to state it clearly and forcibly, divide it naturally, and in the narration and explication it will spread light around it at every step.

The management of arguments is of vast importance. *Æschines*, in a celebrated contest, requested the judges to confine *Demosthenes* to the same order in replying to his arguments as he had observed in making them; but *Demosthenes* was too well acquainted with the advantage of his own arrangement to be thus entrapped. It often happens that the ingenious disputant will reverse the order of his antagonist's arguments. Great ingenuity may be exerted here. Many good rules have been given in relation to this subject, as to when the climax may be used, and when the anticlimax, and when the order which commences with arguments that are tolerably good, places the weakest

in the middle, and reserves the strongest for the close. But to the sober, judicious mind, which has made itself master of its subject, no canons are absolutely necessary.

Cæsar, when he pushed his triumphs into Gaul, needed no rules of military warfare, but such as his good common sense and a knowledge of the number, weapons, and position of the foe suggested. He formed the tortoise, the circle, or the wedge, according as he wished to scale a wall to resist superior numbers, or rush to his camp through intervening ranks. I wish not to be understood that rules are useless, but that a thorough acquaintance with the subject may render them dispensable.

(5.) It produces *animation*. Nothing can atone for the want of this—nothing can insure it so well as originality. If a man's arguments are his own he will understand them perfectly—he will therefore use them for the right purpose—he will perceive their bearing upon the issue. The very reviewing, marshaling, commanding of them, the observing of their accurate movements, the manner in which they rout the foe, and take the field, is of itself inspiring. If his sentiments are his own, they will of course be *felt*, and being felt they will be forcibly expressed—heart will always find a way to reach heart.

There is generally a freedom from embarrassment, a kind of engaging ease of manner, attending the independent, original mind, which is of immense value. The attention being fixed upon the subject, it is not likely to be diverted by the audience, or any extraneous considerations. It must be admitted that the mind, though *strong* and *original*, cannot *always* command an animated expression or delivery. There are some regions of thought naturally cold, yet, even then, the mind may occasionally exhibit warmth, like Lapland, which, amid eternal snows, has here and there a boiling fountain.

There is a certain state of mental activity necessary to compass original thought, and this will always insure some degree of grace and animation. A ship, however poor, when in a storm, is a beautiful object. As she yields to the winds, and mounts the billows, now rising to the clouds, now sinking into the bosom of the deep, now cutting the white caps, and now shipping a mountain sea, she presents a spectacle of thrilling interest.

There is something sublime in the humble human soul, when afloat upon the wide universe—she rides the heaving billows of thought swept by the storm of passion. Her prow may be unornamented, her cargo poor, her movements irregular, but she has grace in every motion.

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WHEN young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes: the ripe, the fertile season of action, when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.

Original.
DEITY AND NATURE.*

BY W. F. LOWRIE.

THE great variety of and valuable qualities possessed by the metallic substances found in the crust of the earth, evince the beneficent design of an almighty Creator, who accomplishes all his purposes in a manner most suitable to the general object which he has in view, i. e., the present and future happiness of the human race. Prior to entering into an examination of these evidences, a brief description of the structure, uses, &c., of the principal metals will be advantageous.

1. *Gold*. This metal is of a yellow color, with a metallic lustre, and when crystalized, its primary form is a cube; it also occurs in filiform, reticulated, articulated, and laminar masses, in imbedded grains and rolled pieces. Its sp. gr. is from 19 to 20. Gold is found in veins, and in interspersed grains, and laminae; or small thin plates like scales; also in the beds of rivers. It is not confined to one locality, but occurs in the primitive mountains of all countries, and in the sands of rivers proceeding therefrom. The richest mines in the world appear to lie in the mountainous regions of the torrid zone. Many mountains in Austria, Spain, Siberia, and other parts of Europe, furnish it; but it is from Peru, Mexico, Brazil, and the adjacent countries we obtain the greatest supply. Here it sometimes occurs in masses of several pounds, varying from two to sixteen. The Ural mountains and several others in Siberia are quite productive. Gold mines are also found in the United States. The mining district lies within the states of Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia, and has been traced as far north as the Chaudiere river in Lower Canada, and is believed to extend in a nearly continuous line from the Rappahannock in Virginia, to the Coosa in Alabama. The mines of North Carolina are mostly within the three ranges of counties between Frederick and Charlotte, in a line nearly corresponding with the coast. The mines of Mecklenburg, which are principally vein deposits, are the most valuable. There are four kinds of mines in the United States. First, vein mines; second, beds; third, hill deposits; fourth, branch deposits. The gold in Virginia is found in a quartzose rock; in Carolina in argillite or blue clay, and in Georgia in alluvial gravel. The veins in the United States yield, in general, about one dwt. per bushel, though some are more prolific, or they would not pay for working.

In Hungary the gypsies are employed in obtaining gold from the auriferous sand of the rivers. For this purpose they procure a plank of lime-tree, some six feet long, by three broad, across which furrows have been cut. The plank is then placed at an elevation of about 45°, and at its upper end a trough filled with auriferous sand, which is washed down the bank by a stream of water, and the gold being heavier than the sand, falls into the grooves. Sometimes the board is covered with

cloth. A somewhat similar process is adopted by the inhabitants of the province of Huamelines in Chili. A large portion of the river Chucabamba is auriferous, and the people in the vicinity shear the wool of their sheep skins till about half an inch long; the skins are then anchored down, with the wool side up, by loose stones placed upon them, at and below the various falls and rapids, where they are left for several hours; they are then carefully taken out, and the gold dust washed from the skin. By this means from two to three hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold is obtained per annum. The mines are, however, the great European emporium of the precious metals, and of all its various countries Hungary is the richest.

The richest mines are those of Schemnitz and Kremnitz, in both of which the gold is always united with silver and other metals. At Schemnitz there are six principal veins, together with many smaller ramifications. These veins run parallel to each other in a north and south direction, with a dip or inclination from west to east, at an angle of 60°. The first vein, Theresa Schadt, is about twelve feet wide. Its matrix is clay and ferruginous jasper. The vein is chiefly traversed by small veins and crystals of quartz, and the ore for the most part is lead. At the distance of one hundred and twenty fathoms east of Theresa Schadt, is the Hospital vein, which is one hundred and thirty-two feet wide; and though not pure throughout, both these veins are near the surface and very rich. The two next are Oberbiber Stohln, and Johan Schadt. Their matrices are clay and limestone. Their ores are the same as the preceding veins, and their depth about 6000 feet. The fifth vein, Stephano Schadt, is an assembly of contiguous veins forty-eight feet wide, and the most celebrated mine at Schemnitz. It is wrought on a magnificent scale, with spacious and airy galleries, and large and excellent machinery. There is a sixth vein, named the Green Stohln, which was the last discovered, and is but slightly known.

The Kremnitz veins run in the north and south direction, the dip being from west to east, at an angle of 25° to 40°. The ore is an auriferous quartz, with an auriferous pyrites, and is penetrated by argentiferous sulphuret of lead and oxide of iron.

The process of working the mines is various, being always adapted to the position and size of the veins, as also to the quality of the underneath and superimposed rocks. A first mode is by a horizontal level, following the direction of the vein, whence, as the ore is extracted, it is removed. The second by an inclined plane, ascending or descending, as the dip requires, by forming the edges of wood as galleries for the workmen. The third by an inclined plane descending in the contrary direction. The fourth by an excavation on either side of the vein. This is the most common method at Schemnitz, as it answers better to the extreme width of the veins. The evident care and neatness, the economical advantages produced by the peculiar arrangement of every part of the works, their spacious entrances, dry and clean levels, the great encouragement given to mineralogy and mining,

* Continued from vol. I, p. 360.

show that the Germans surpass all others in skill and industry in this department of enterprise.

After the richer ores are brought out of the mines they are conveyed to the stamping machine, where they are broken with large hammers to the size of beans, and then mixed with lead. One operation of the furnace is sufficient to prepare them for the purification furnace. The common ores, after being stamped and washed, are smelted into a compound regulus, consisting of gold, silver, copper, iron, sulphur, bismuth, and cobalt. The second stage consists of the treatment of the present regulus. It is exposed to a furnace, the fire of which is made by a layer of wood, next one of charcoal, and thirdly one of the regulus broken into pieces. The fuel being lighted, the regulus is roasted to expel the sulphur. In the third step, after the regulus is roasted, and the powder of the richer ores is added, the whole is smelted in another furnace. In the fourth place, the result, or second fusion, is carried to another furnace, where it is smelted with the addition of the richest ores. This part of the process is called fusion on lead, because when the furnace is tapped and the metal begins to flow into the receiver of charcoal and clay, they cast lead on it, which after melting combines with the gold and silver, and sinks to the bottom. During this operation the lighter metals, as copper, iron, bismuth, cobalt, and arsenic, rise to the surface, and are scraped off in the form of scoriae. This is used again as a leech, to be fused again in the first operation. The lead which has combined with the gold and silver is collected in large crucibles and carried to the fourth fusion to be separated. The furnace used for separating the lead is called the purification furnace. It resembles a hollow sphere, the upper part of which is raised like a lid, by means of large chains. The very richest ores are added to the compound of gold, silver, and lead, and the whole is fused, not with charcoal, but with a flame drawn uninterruptedly over the surface for twenty-four hours. The lead becomes calcined. A portion of it is absorbed by the bottom of the furnace, which consists of wood ashes and silica. Another part escapes in the gaseous form, but the greater portion is raked off in the form of galena. The gold and silver concentrate till at last they are found pure and combined together in the shape of a cake at the bottom of the furnace. Then follows the sixth, which is the most beautiful of all the operations, and in which the two precious metals are separated. In the sixth part of the process the cake of gold and silver is separated into thin pieces, by melting and casting into cold water whilst in a state of fusion. By this means its surface is extended, and easily divided into thin scales. These are put into immense glass retorts of a spherical form, nearly filled with nitric acid, which dissolves the silver, a gentle heat being used to accelerate the solution. After the silver is dissolved by augmenting the heat, the acid holding it in solution is made to pass off into another retort, whilst the gold is left behind. The retort which now contains the silver is heated to drive off the acid, which ascends in yellow fumes, whilst the silver

is left behind, beautifully crystalized in the most lovely, graceful, singular, and grotesque forms imaginable. These retorts are then cast into a furnace, where the glass is melted, and being specifically lighter than the silver, floats on the surface, and is removed in the form of scoriae, leaving the pure silver in a state of fusion. The gold which has been previously obtained is melted into ingots of 12,000 florins each.

Gold is the most ductile and malleable of the metals. A grain of it may be made into a leaf of $56\frac{1}{2}$ square inches, and when put upon silver wire to gild it, will cover an area of 1400 inches, or nine square feet and 104 inches. Its leaves can be beaten out so thin that 280,000 are required to measure one inch.

Tractable in the hands of art, from its great ductility, gold assumes every form which we wish it to acquire. The goldsmith, the jeweler, the embroiderer, the gilder, and the painter, employ it with equal facility. As it is very soft, it is mixed with copper when converted into coin. It is capable of receiving a high lustre by polishing, but an inferior one in brilliancy to steel, silver, and mercury. Gold may be exposed for ages to air and moisture without change, nor is it oxydized by being kept in a state of fusion in open vessels. It may be dissolved by chlorine and nitro-hydrochloric acid. When intensely ignited by means of electricity, or the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, it burns with a greenish blue flame, and is dissipated in the form of a purple powder, which is supposed to be an oxide.

2. *Silver.* This metal, like the former, was known to the ancients, and frequently occurs native in the mines, both massive and crystalized in octohedral, or cubic crystals. Its primary form is the regular octohedron. It also frequently occurs in filiform, reticulated, and arborescent shapes; also, in plates and superficial coating. Silver is also associated with sulphur, copper, lead, gold, muriatic acid, and other substance, forming compounds of various kinds. Native silver is obtained principally in arborescences and filiform shapes, in veins of calcareous spar or quartz, traversing gneiss and other primitive rocks. The structure of these forms is sometimes quite beautiful, being formed of one or more series of octohedrons, either closely united or arranged perpendicularly in each row. The mines of Kongsberg, in Norway, formerly afforded magnificent specimens of native silver. They are now, however, chiefly under water. One specimen among the splendid suite from this collection, in the royal collection at Copenhagen, weighs upwards of five cwt. Jameson mentions a large block of the same metal which was discovered in the mine of Schneeberg, in Saxony, and was so large that the Duke Albert descended into the mine and used it as a dinner table. It was subsequently smelted, and produced 44,000 lbs. of pure silver.

Silver abounds in various countries of Europe, as Saxony, Bohemia, Austria, Dauphiny, and Cornwall. It also occurs in the primary mountains in Asia, Africa, and America. Mexico and Peru are at present the most productive in silver. In the former place it has been obtained from nearly all its ores, but in the latter

it occurs principally native. During the first eighteen years of the present century more than the value of \$2,700,000 were afforded by the mines of Guanaxuato alone. It is calculated that all the mines in the world furnish £8,000,000 sterling, or \$36,000,000 annually, of which two-thirds, or \$24,000,000, is obtained from Mexico. The mines of Mexico form eight groups almost all of which are on the ridge, or west slope of the Cordilleras of Anahuac. The tract which is most productive of silver, lies between the parallels of 21° and 24½° north, and corresponds in latitude with the greatest metallic wealth of Peru. The annual product of the Mexican mines is about 4,600 lbs. of gold, which is about equal to that obtained in Europe, and from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 lbs. of silver. There are near 3,000 silver mines in Mexico, though many are valueless. The elevation of the most prolific varies from 6,000 to 10,000 feet. The mines are not considered rich when compared with similar quantities of ore from the European veins. Thus, the Saxon mines commonly average 10 oz. of silver to one cwt. of ore. If they yield 15 oz., they are termed rich; but in Mexico, in the mine of Guanaxuato, which, if not the richest in the country, is among them, the ore does not contain over 4 oz. to 5 oz. per cwt. Many of the other mines do not average more than 2 to 3 oz. to the cwt. The Mexican veins, however, compensate this disadvantage by their greater width. Thus, the Veta Madre, one of the veins of Guanaxuato, is 130 feet to 145 feet wide, and about 4200 feet long.

The mine of Valenciana in Mexico is 1770 feet deep. The shaft, or circular cavity for ascent and descent, is perpendicular, and is cut in the solid rock, being, in addition, beautifully walled and furnished with steps for the ascent and descent of the bearers of the ore. It was built at a cost of \$1,000,000. This mine is free from water, which is a matter of much importance, as many have been abandoned from the difficulty of removing it; yet this may be obviated when steam engines (as in the coal mines of England now) may raise the water at small cost. The number of persons in this mine, who are engaged as miners, bearers, &c., is 3,000. The ore, after being obtained in the various galleries running parallel with the several veins, is carried in a kind of basket by men and boys accustomed to this labor. They ascend in files of fifty or sixty, each man carrying from 240 to 370 lbs. up many thousand nearly perpendicular steps; and they continue this labor six hours a day, with an average temperature of 71° to 77° Fah. It is said that the ore from this mine yields forty per cent. of pure gold.

Mines in Peru. About the end of the last century there were wrought in Peru four mines of mercury, four of copper, twelve of lead, seventy of gold, and seven hundred and eighty-four of silver. The annual product of these was about \$3,500,000. The most celebrated mine of mercury is that of Huancavelica, which was discovered in 1566, and yields an annual average of 4,750 cwt. of mercury, but has in two extraordinary years produced-17,371 cwt. Silver is ex-

tracted from its ores by two essentially different processes, one being employed to separate it from lead, the other process, by amalgamation, is adapted especially to those ores which are free from lead. The principle of its separation from lead is found on the different oxydability of lead and silver, and on the ready fusibility of litharge. When sulphuret of silver occurs in galena or sulphuret of lead in sufficient quantities to be worth separating, the compound is kept at a red heat in a flat furnace, in the manner described in speaking of the Crennitz mines, under the name of fusion on lead. The button, or cake of silver, is again fused in a smaller furnace, resting on a porous earthen dish made with lixiviated wood ashes, called a test, whose porosity absorbs any remaining portions of litharge or protoxide of lead, which may be found on the silver. The ores commonly employed in the process of amalgamation, which has been long used at Freyburg, in Saxony, and is now extensively practiced in the gold and silver mines of South America, are native silver, and its sulphuret. At Freyburg the ore is reduced to a fine powder, mixed with muriate of soda or sea salt, and carefully roasted in a reverberatory furnace. By this combination sulphuric acid is produced, which having a greater affinity than the chlorine for soda, unites with it and forms the sulphate of soda. The chlorine now disengaged from the salt unites with the silver, forming a chloride of that metal. The roasted mass is ground to a fine powder, and together with mercury, water, and fragments of iron, is put into barrels, which are made to revolve by machinery. This operation is intended to bring all the materials into a state of perfect contact. The chloride of silver is decomposed by the iron which possesses a greater affinity for the chlorine, than the precious metal. The silver thus set free unites with the mercury, and the chloride of iron remains in solution in the water. The mercury is then squeezed through leathern bags, the pores of which permit the pure quicksilver to pass, but retain the amalgam of silver, which is then distilled off in luted retorts, and the metals are obtained in a separate state. Silver has the clearest white color of all the metals, and is susceptible of receiving a lustre inferior only to polished steel. In malleability and ductility it is surpassed only by gold. It is so soft when pure as to be cut with a knife, and does not oxydize by exposure to the atmosphere.

(To be continued.)



RELIGION.

WHEN spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the zephyr's 'liv'ning sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark, around the vine,
The bee collecting honeyed wine;
And with a friend, whose every sigh
Is wing'd for heaven, low to lie
Where we may with Jesus meet,—
Say, is not this divinely sweet?

Original.
THE OLIO.

BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.

THAT "courtesy is the unalienable right of woman," will not be disputed by any gentleman claiming to be such. It will be accorded to her as of the weaker sex. It will be conceded as her privilege by every "man" in his own claiming of superior power. Of course aged gentlemen form a necessary exception to this rule, as having passed beyond the pale of society, in its active requiremgs. And the venerable claim their exemption from yet higher considerations; yet it is fitting and well that the rule exists. The order of society itself requires this concession of place and priority to the female; and on her part there is no selfishness in the appropriation of these little deferences and indulgences as prescribed. Indeed, she were placed awkwardly enough without them; for another part of the code deprives her of any assumption of right or equality, of ability or exertion on her own part. At least, on all occasions of state and form, a sort of self-annihilation, as to any efficiency, is prescribed to her as the order of the day. This is not well, even were she always sustained in it by the assistance of the other party—the gentlemen. On common occasions, indeed, she has nothing to complain of. In the drawing-room, (the theatre of her power, as allowed,) and in public assemblies, she finds herself guarded, protected, and cared for. She is assisted in riding or walking—the side-walk is hers—the chair is proffered or relinquished, &c., &c., and she is made to know that

"When a lady 's in the case,
All other things give place."

For the hour, indeed, it is so; yet I am afraid that she is not always deeply grateful; and that though, as a gentlewoman, she receives these services graciously, yet that she values them only at what they are worth. She does not accept them as an equivalent for rights and wrongs—she knows that they are things of no very costly sacrifice—she perceives that they are rather matters of conventional bienséance, than the promptings of benevolence; and the proof is that the gentleman rarely steps beyond the *rule*. Perhaps, also, in this way he illustrates his own gentle breeding, and his gracefulness of performance; yet we do not say that every gentleman has a motive of coxcombrty in these acts—he may put his character into them, or he may not, as the case may be. Indeed, our observation should point at only one set, and that set we are puzzled how to class; for

"A dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady if he could;
But since he can't, does all he can
To let you know he's not a man."

In their case, perhaps it is not so much a denying as an overlooking, the attention being engrossed by the more immediate interest of *self*, to the exclusion of all else. But let me present you with a beautiful contrast to this, both in the guerdon and the actor. Sometimes, in

traveling, perhaps the lady is thrown upon some little exigency, and receives assistance from a gentleman of so very plain appearance and demeanor as at once tests the sincerity of the motive and act. And here it is no less delightful than under "gentler guise," and claims from the lady not only thanks for the service rendered, but commands the spontaneous homage of her admiration. Perhaps he is a rustic; but the true chivalry of the act cannot be disguised under its exterior homeliness. Ladies have the Sibylline eye to chivalry.

But let us have done with this our foil-playing, and come to the combat. Let us ask, with the earnestness and the authority of truth, whether are not, indeed, all the substantial advantages of life engrossed by the harder sex, to the exclusion and the utter inconvenience of the weaker? And we would demand whether the few instances of ceremony and etiquette to which we have alluded are, in the intercourse of society, or rather in the commerce of the world, sufficient to sustain the weakness of the one party, or the manliness of the other—whether it is of true principle, or of specious imposing, that females, needy females, (for others hardly assume business,) are so circumscribed in their endeavors to participate, by industry and enterprise, in an emolument sufficient to the purposes of a livelihood? so that in fact the female, reduced from affluence to poverty, is necessarily *displaced* from society and its wonted enjoyments, with a hopelessness of possibly retrieving her condition—with a new despair at every frustrated effort of her ability and her energy. Why, under this mortifying restriction, and in the bitterness of her poverty, does she not exclaim, with Archimedes, "Give me where to stand, and I'll command the world!" not the whole of it, but only an area tenable to her feet and her position. The bounds of woman's walk are too narrow and strait for the necessity of her condition. A factitious delicacy has been prescribed and insisted on as the only "proper sphere of woman," until custom has assumed the name of propriety, and her ability has succumbed to the paralyzing influence of this false teaching. In European countries it is not so; and this immunity is doubtless a cause why the women of those countries are so superior to ours in ability and usefulness. A lady there passes on her missions of business without comment and without misinterpretation. It is better that the very young should abide in the security of domestic protection. But ladies of mature life should be allowed, unquestioned, to participate (certainly, within limit) in many of the occupations and engagements of productive enterprise. This inequality of privilege is not a necessity of nature—in its extent it is not—but, as we have said, only a matter of prescription and custom. And we would claim—but not with Mary Wolstoncraft, nor yet with Mrs. Royal, least of all with Fanny Wright, for we detest the whole unfeminine junto—but we would claim, in the name of our sex at large, (and let not those who are exonerated from the necessity of exertion, gainsay our claiming,) some more privilege, and scope, and freedom of participation in the facilities and the commerce of ac-

tive and business life—some immunity from those extra difficulties which custom and not either reason or delicacy has prescribed to the woman of business as the limit (however insufficient to its purpose) of her range of performance. Woman is happy in the strictness with which society remarks upon her discretion, and her moralities—happier than if there were any re-lentings accorded to her delinquency. And let her not be proud that *her* rectitude, reverently do we speak it, holds the world together, (say not *fi!*) and that if the latitudinarian principle of the other sex were extended to her, with its wretched concession of all that makes life lovely, that life itself were no longer endurable.

You ask do we mean what we say? Yes, we mean exactly what we say. But in our naming of the other sex, our proscription were certainly too sweeping unless we except all who are worthy to be excepted, and that exception we certainly do make. And here occurs to us a reflection which did never occur before, namely, that if the straitness and the strictness of the line which circumscribes the female, has also produced this immunity from sin, then is it *worth* all that it costs of inconvenience, and poverty, and suffering to the individual. And each woman should have a soul great enough to merge her own difficulties in this the general cause of conservative virtue. But we think that some more extension of privilege, and some more participation, both of avocation and emolument, may be granted her, without detriment to this paramount principle of her being, as it should be. Notice, for instance, the two countries in the world where the intercourse of the sexes, in social and civil life, is the most free and unrestricted, (at the same time that they have their canons of propriety, and these might be spelled with another *n.*) namely, the countries of Scotland and of New England. Will any one contradict me in the assertion that they are two of the most moral countries in the world? By the arbitrary fiat of custom, grounded in the cupidity of those of the other sex, the female has been debarred from a participation in almost every lucrative branch of business. There is *one*, indeed, lucrative enough, (thanks to the vanity of our own!) which by her better aptitude she has assumed, with but partial interference of man, if we can call a male milliner a “man”—*he* being indeed only the ninth part of one—not so much that he engages in the feminine process of bonnet-making, as for the *unmanly* over-reaching of the assumption. And for this class what unfair imputation is thrown upon the vocation at large, so much so (and *that*, perhaps, was the intended effect) that it debars many a needy girl from this resource. And yet do we think and believe that there are very many milliners of highly respectable character. To how few of the occupations, not to say professions, is the female eligible. She is debarred, indeed, from many of the branches of productive industry to which, by nature and constitution, she is peculiarly fitted. When, indeed, she does share in some of the sedentary employments, the emolument she receives is stinted by an unjust withholding,

and her share of pay bears an inverse proportion to the amount of work she accomplishes. She is auxiliary to the tailor, the shoemaker, the upholsterer, the saddler, and many others. She is found useful and competent, and yet, when shall the day arrive when a woman shall find any of these occupations sufficient to a comfortable support? Yet they all command their price; but the first hand holds it unjustly. Hence it is that so very many are crowded into the one occupation of sewing; (which of course is their proper business;) that by management of the penurious, it commands a very inferior pay, being no *price* at all, and the laborer is deprived not only of a sufficient recompense, but also of that source of comfort which might alleviate and soothe its monotonous and wearying pursuit; for it is “the hope of reward that sweetens labor,” and the poor sewing girl sighs forth in despondency her patient waiting on this poor earth. Can it seem other to her, young though she is? Why should not females work, and be paid too, in the department of the fine and delicate mechanism of watch-making with their father or brother? I have seen some few so employed, and they presented a pretty spectacle of contentment and industry. Why, in particular, are not the daughters of druggists instructed in botany, chemistry, pharmacy, and in the manifold varieties of the shop-service, and the vending of medicines? I know of nothing that requires a nicer hand, or a more circumspect attention than medical preparations. And girls, as possessing less buoyant animal spirits, and less divided attention, are better fitted for this place than boys are. Let the girl be a *sub* in the store, auxiliary to the father or the brother, and give her a certain small salary to elicit her ability, and she will do well. Indeed, I have ever thought that the science of medicine, with its diploma, should be won and worn by our sex in common with the other, each for each. Whilst the female is allowed the laborious though interesting office of nurse at the sick bed, why is she not also prepared and allowed to prescribe as well as to administer the medicine and treatment? Especially does the mother of a family require science of this sort in her domestic relations. Skilled she might be, eminently so; for anxiety shall bestow a prophetic sagacity, and affection supply that lynx-eyed vigilance which a whole college of doctors, with all their lights, might in vain expect to arrive at. In this department my own sex are in fault and wanting to themselves. If they would study the science, we should see perhaps not a Cullen, a Ruah, or a Parsons, yet we should see the *union* of physic and nursing, and we should, in the joy of our hearts, see the result, and know that the times and the seasons of medicines were at least equal to the medicines themselves, and that the grave-yard were not so densely populated or so rapidly filled, and that many of our dear ones were saved to yet more days upon earth.

For the “law,” we would not wish one of our sex, even were it suiting and eligible, to be a lawyer. No, not to the law, with its piles of untold gold, would we point a single daughter of want. The law may be good in itself; yet do we fear that in the conflict of right and

might, there may be more than human fallibility against its fair interpretation; and let the woman eschew along with its knowledge also its experience—let her not stand at issue even with its redress, with its delays, its devices, and all its tender mercies of supererogation, beyond either her gratitude or her ability to compensate; yet let her ever reverence the star of justice where it is.

Neither do we think it desirable that females should ever hold forth from the pulpit. We think they may receive of good, and impart of good in other place than in the tabernacle, and that their dictation in holy things (the pulpit being already supplied by the other sex) may be more effective from a less elevated point of sight. Indeed, we think at large, that woman's influence is best appreciated when least conspicuous. Neither do we presume to offer objection to the custom of female preaching as practiced by one respectable sect; though we think it a better propriety that the custom is not universal. It may be observed of the Friends, indeed, that all their forms and usages of life are so staid and regular as to do away, in great part, the principal objections to this method, namely, its familiarizing informality of aspect, and its seeming publicity of the female leader—strictly speaking, indeed, it is not the "pulpit;" for the Friends have none. The Quakeress throughout her life has had not only her deportment and demeanor, but also her vanity so subdued to "the rule," as almost to have eradicated the principle itself—which, if not entirely vanquished, is yet most completely veiled; also is all vivacity of utterance and expression strictly forbidden; and her words, especially on public occasions, are bestowed with a measured discretion, and are, indeed, like angel visits, "few, and far between." And if, in her speaking, she perceives a "call," it is certainly of "authority," and she has no right to resist it, nor have others a right to gainsay it.

With the march of civilization female warriors have gone out of fashion. Their day is past, and a Sesostris were as great a monster now as she was then.

However ambitious we are for our sex, we do not desire to see them in the legislative hall; though where one happens to be the wife of a statesman, and happens, also, to possess (what is very possible without any assumption of force or domination) a true, lively, and buoyant patriotism, she may collate opinions with him, and in perplexity jump at the right one, finding it in the bottom of her heart. We have our exceptions—they are not frequent enough to interfere with feminine subordination. Ability and benevolence are both salutary, and each carries its own warrant of power. United, they are too strong for us; and we do, to a Martineau or a Sedgewick, (for neither is a wife or a mother,) give a more expanded scope of human action, and allow to them not the freedom of "country" alone, but legislation for their "kind."

The cotton factory has for years engrossed the industry, and also rewarded the toil of the daughters of New England; and notwithstanding the closeness of the requirement, yet does their enjoyment attest to the salu-

tary influences of occupation and encouragement, whilst the "Savings' Bank" points to competency self-attained—happiness, respectability, and independence, all the guerdon of the female who has been allowed, in Yankee language, a "fair chance."

And now for silk. We do here solemnly and heartily admonish our sex to cherish the culture, and, as best suited to themselves, if possible, engross it—not the cocoon tending, the reeling, and the winding alone, but let them have spirit enough to *learn* and to assume all the superior and lucrative processes. And let the man, in these stirring times of external "speculations," and "internal improvements," also have "spirit" enough to leave to the woman (affording her the machinery and *paying* her for her service) this well suited source of emolument. Where are our patriots whose banner is of silk? May they unfurl it now—may it woo the breeze of every clime—may the culture grow and thrive—may the *morus multicaulis* spread abroad and throw her wide arms till they shall shelter every daughter of indigence in our land, absorbing her ingenuity and industry, and supplying her contentment. And though the day never returns when a pound of silk is equal to a pound of gold, yet shall the day be when (by proper encouragement) it shall yield a princely return—its millions of revenue to the treasury of America.

And now this fair view of the beneficence of nature inspires the taste of rural life; and let us see amongst our sex as many sweet rustic farmers, planters, and sowers and gatherers as may find place in broad fields, the pastures, the rich vales, the meadows, and the varieties of our north and south, our east and west.

Whilst we expatiate over the munificent possibilities of our land, we have half forgotten our appeal, of the weaker to the stronger, for privilege and immunity—for help and furtherance, and aid, occasionally, and repeatedly, and for ever; and that in the onerous walks of civilization the slighter figure and the weaker nerve of woman shall for ever prompt the thought and awaken the instinct of a "generous" superiority in "man."



If we steal thoughts from the moderns, it will be cried down as plagiarism; if from the ancients, it will be cried up as erudition. But in this respect, every author is a *Spartan*, being more ashamed of the discovery than the depredation. Yet the offense itself may not be so heinous as the manner of committing it; for some, as Voltaire, not only steal, but, like the harpies, befool and bespatter those whom they have plundered. Others, again, give us the mere carcass of another man's thoughts, but deprived of their life and spirit. I have somewhere seen it observed, that we should make the same use of a book as a bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it; and those sweets she herself improves and concocts into honey. But most plagiarists, like the *drone*, have neither taste to select, nor industry to acquire, nor skill to improve, but impudently pilfer the honey ready prepared from the hive.

Original.
THE SEA FIGHT.

BY A. M. LORRAINE.

Look out on the troubled ocean of life. Behold that gallant man-of-war! At her peak waves the bloody ensign of the cross. The pennant of just retribution coils gracefully around her towering main. She is laden with grace, and plentifully supplied with the bread and water of life. She is on a cruise of mercy, commanded by the eternal Immanuel; and the crew that are with him are called, and faithful, and chosen. On her stern may be seen, in letters of light, "THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL." Omniscience governs the helm, and her magazine is the Word of God. She carries four beautiful sky-lights, and in them are the names of the holy evangelists of Almighty God, and she is altogether lovely.

But do you see that dark group of picarons to windward? It is the squadron of human depravity, that is bearing down to make war with the Lord and those who are with him. The first ship that heaves into action is "INFIDELITY." She is as old as the Gospel. Although her rigging, at first sight, appears to some to be weighty and imposing, yet she has no depth, and if possible, less burden. She is commanded by the devil, high admiral of the black, and in company with other mutineers, is convoying the world to hell. Her crew are remarkable for their dexterity, and still more remarkable for a wrong application of their powers. While danger is at a distance, they are loud and boisterous; but in storms and engagements they skulk coweringly. Infidelity fights with Satanic spirit. She wages the war in malice—with a design to sink the Gospel, and turn her crew adrift on the ocean of time, without a plank of hope to escape on. However, her shot are formed of very brittle materials—satire, low wit, and ridicule, which can make but little impression on bulwarks formed of virtue. She belches out, also, many rockets of blasphemy and presumption, which fly harmlessly over the Gospel, like so much spoon-drift; or if they strike at all, rebound with ten-fold fury on the heads of the assailants. The war, on the part of the Gospel, is a war of mercy. She put out into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world by her might be saved. Hence we find that her guns are principally directed at the hull and rigging of Infidelity, which have long since been riddled and cut to pieces by the force and power of divine truth. It is the design of the great Captain of salvation, to expose the weakness of the shelter, that those who have embarked in such a wretched cause may be induced to quit the wreck, and seek safety in the ark of salvation. It is true the Lord, sometimes, by way of example, lays a notorious sinner low in the scuppers, that others may fear and repent. It has been thought by some, that this old frigate of hell would have struck long since, were it not for a little flat-bottomed tender, called "PRIDE," which is dressed up in all the colors of the

rain-bow, and is as taunt as Lucifer. She lays off and on, and supplies the enemy with ammunition, encourages them in their rebellion, and laughs to scorn all who talk about surrendering. It is a little amusing to see this craft manœvering. She is so very crank, that she is frequently down on her beam-ends; but is remarkably active in righting again. When any of the infidels are overcome, and jump overboard and swim for their lives, to lay hold on the hope set before them, she generally follows them with a volley of small arms, and a general hissing. There are some who dread the laughter of her crew, more than they do all the thunder of the law and Gospel. However, great numbers have deserted the cause of Infidelity, and have laid hold on the hawser of salvation. Sometimes Infidelity has been so weakened by the victories of the cross, that she has been compelled to haul off for a season, to clear the wreck, ship fresh hands, repair damages, reeve new braces, splice back-stays, stop leaks, paint sides, and so to disguise and mask her batteries, that she may again come into action under more imposing circumstances. And all of her crew, who have become any ways crippled or disaffected, are transferred on board the "PROCRASTINATION," which now comes into action. This vessel is not so formidable and martial in her appearance as Infidelity, and not so open in her hostility. She is a remarkably dull sailor, and is generally manned with those who are halting between two opinions. She is commanded by Presumption, steered by Delusion; and although slow, to a proverb, there is not a ship in all the navy of hell that is better calculated to carry souls to perdition. Every one who enters on board, does it with an intention of deserting at some future period. Indeed the captain favors the idea, and permits the vessel to be rigged with good desires. He feels that while they are contented to sail in Procrastination, he is as certain of them as if he had them in port, and safely anchored in Lake Infernal. As soon as Procrastination comes within gun-shot, she hoists a beggarly flag of truce, hails the Prince of peace, and professes to be convinced of the divine structure of the Gospel, and of her invincible power. She declares that she will strike and come under her lee; but—but—but not now. Meantime she continues slyly to ply her carronades. The Gospel does not abate her thunder at all; but pours it in, hot and heavy, broadside after broadside. However the weapons of her warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong-holds. Her shot, made of solid truth, and molded in love, are taken from the locker of Divine Inspiration. "Every bullet has its billet." They bear various inscriptions, such as, Ps. xcvi, 7, 8, "To-day if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts;" or, 2 Cor. vi, 2, "Behold now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation." Sometimes the Lord sends a shaft of judgment and cuts a sinner down, that the survivors may lay it to heart and repent. Even the arrows of God are dipped in compassion and feathered with mercy. The incessant firing of the Gospel often makes a good impression, and many cry out,

"We will submit." But it is only those who say, "We do submit," who have learned the happy art of escaping this fascinating hooker. When the word and action pull together, then the sinner leaps from the gunwale of Procrastination, saying, "My heart is fixed—O God, my heart is fixed." But it is to be lamented that when the enemy sees a disposition in some to surrender, he binds them hand and foot, and removes them to the old prison ship of DESPAIR. She may be called a prison-ship, because she is so strongly guarded by the officers of darkness; nevertheless, there is fighting on board. This ship is perfectly black—waists, bends, and bottom. She always carries her dead-lights shipped. She is commanded by Despondency, and her gunner is Blasphemy. She is much disabled in her head, and fights by fits and starts. Her shot are wild and scattering; and her crew, in their frantic and disordered state, often run out their guns breech foremost, and rake their own decks horribly. In one word, they view themselves as the marked objects of God's displeasure. But the Lord deals tenderly with them, and often throws out the most favorable signals. He sometimes hails them through his silver trump, and says, "Come let us reason together, and though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them as white as snow." And again, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Sometimes one of the servants of the Lord will encourage them by saying, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" or, "Such once were some of us; but we are washed, we are sanctified, we are justified by the Spirit of our God. O ye despairing sinners, cast yourselves on the unbounded sea of God's mercy, and trust a faithful Lord." And some do escape even the last, sad refuge, Despair, and are picked up by the life-boat of Zion's holy ship.

Such are the principal enemies which the Gospel has to contend with in the world at large, as well as in the bosom of many an obstinate sinner. But she is now getting the weather-gage. A little more tacking and beating—a few more long logs and short ones, and she will reach the pleasant latitude of the millennial trade winds; and she will have nothing to do but to square her yards, run out her stun'-sail booms, hoist every rag, make fast the halyards for a full dew, cut away the downhauls, and drive the triumphant flag of our glorious Lord through the blazing squadron of the enemy, demolish the kingdom of darkness, and capsize the throne of hell. And thank God, there is no danger of starvation—no fear of a short allowance. We have heaven for our store-ship, a bountiful Providence for our purser, the wine of the kingdom to splice the main-brace, and our bread and our water is sure. All that we have to do as a crew, is to keep a bright look-out ahead, watch the lee-lurch and the weather-roll, and stand every man to his station, and victory will be on the side of Israel. The sinner who renounces Infidelity, cuts loose from Procrastination, and does not sink down in Despair, but believes in the Lord Jesus Christ,

shall find peace—PEACE! O lovely word! I have sometimes thought that if a foreigner, a stranger to our language, should hear that sound, he would suspect from its inherent tone, that it was a favorite vehicle of mental treasure. Write it—how fair! Sound it—how melodious! Even national peace is great.

"When wild war's deadly blast is blown,
And gentle peace returns,"

two nations, at once, are struck tremulous with joy, and earth's most barbarous regions vibrate with gratulations. In my younger days I used to be singularly affected by a song, which I heard at sea. The song itself was homely—very imperfect, both as it regards the language and the rhyme; but somehow it always roused a train of feeling within me that was very pleasant. It was the poetical narrative of a poor man-of-war's man, who had been pressed and dragged away to fight the battles of his country. It represented the ship as having returned and come to an anchor, in full view of his native hills, and he goes on to sing—

"As on the yards we lay,
Our topsails for to furl,
I heard the pilot say,
'Tis peace with all the world."

In my imagination, I saw the poor man once more returned to his native isle; but no prospect of deliverance while the war lasted. He mounts the rutlins with a heavy heart, and lays out on the yard-arm; but just as he is bending over to perform a duty that he had often done, and from which he never expected to be released, he hears the pilot announce to the officers on deck, "'Tis peace with all the world." O how sweet was this to the poor weather-beaten sailor! And O, how sweet, when the young convert can lay his hand on his bosom, and raise his streaming eyes to heaven, and say, "I have peace in my soul—peace with my God—peace with all the world." Well might Isaiah say, "*Peace as a river.*" Rivers generally originate in small fountains. They can commonly be traced up to inconsiderable springs, where they head. But as the little stream flows along, other springs and streams unite their tributary drops; and as the rivulet increases, it spreads wider, and runs deeper. At first small obstructions may interrupt its course, and control its tortuous way. It may be sometimes surrounded by mighty mountains, and inaccessible hills; but as it is reinforced by its numerous and inexhaustible allies, "there gathering triple force, rapid and deep it boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through." And it runs on, widening and deepening as it goes, until it rushes into the almost immeasurable ocean.

So the peace of God progresses in the soul. It is subject to many interruptions in the youthful Christian; and though it may be diverted occasionally by uncontrollable circumstances, yet it will continually seek to return to the level of Christian humility. As the young convert grows in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord, new streams of comfort and consolation flow in. His peace becomes deeper, spreads wider, and flows stronger, until it becomes "a broad river—a river to swim in—risen waters that cannot be passed over."

Yes, until he is lost and swallowed up in the boundless ocean of redeeming love. O blessed peace!

The river in its rapid course,
By streams and fountains fed;
At every mile augments its force,
And ploughs a deeper bed.

'Tis first opposed by bars and shoals,
By rocks and mountains too;
But as th' increasing torrent rolls,
It cuts its passage through.

Then onward moves, with rapid pace,
And an impetuous sweep,
And strains an everlasting race.
To swell the mighty deep.

Just so the Christian's luscious peace,
Enlarges as it flows;
Till lost in Love's unbounded seas,
It quits its narrow shores.

Now scatter'd wide by winds and tides,
This sacred peace expands;
On waves of righteousness it rides,
And washes distant lands.

Lord, let its chrysal billows roll—
O let the flood increase;
Till love shall reign in every soul,
And wars for ever cease.

Original.

ADVERSITY.

BY R. J. AT LEE.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," Shakspeare.

HAPPY the man who can, in spirit, say,
"Sweet are the uses of adversity!"
Who bows, in meek submission, to the "rod,"
And owns, thro' all, the master-hand of God!
Like to the ocean rock, that proudly lifts
Its head majestic o'er the foaming wave,
So doth his soul, in faith's strong confidence,
Rise o'er distress, tho' hell impetuous rave!

What tho' the *pride of station* once was his—
His house a palace, and his acres large!
What tho' soft luxury's inviting couch
Stood, every ready, to support its charge!
All these, he freely owns, were far too weak
To calm the tumult of an anxious breast,
Or smooth the bed of pain, or cool the rage
Of feverish lust, whose fires never rest!

Riches had made him *selfish*; and his heart,
Grown fat with fortune's lavish gifts, essay'd
To swell itself above humanity—
A little god! whose will must be obey'd!

"All flesh is grass!" speaks forth the mighty One!
Lo! swift as flee the fancies of sweet dreams
Before the shock of some rude thunderbolt,
So all his glory dies! At first it seems
Some vain illusion, till the startling truth
Flashes athwart his mind—his riches all

Have "taken to them wings and flown away,"
And he is left alone with misery!

The world looks on and wonders! Not a few
Do pity and condole, while others smile
With undisguis'd contempt or fiendish joy,
To see the mighty fall'n! 'Tis thus with man.
He fawns, and flatters, and exalts the theme
Of endless virtues to the Great and High!
But let *misfortune*, with rude hand, step in
And plunge them in distress, and lo! the song
Of praise dies on his lip; and in its stead
Come the low scoff, the bitter laugh, and jeer!

But God is just! He smites us but to heal!
The proud heart *humbled*, is the man *reform'd*!
The false will, with its lusts, expiring, dies,
And new desires, and new affections rise.
Self, and the world, with all its glories, cease
To whisper to the soul delusive peace,
And faith exclaims, without one murmur'ing sigh,
"Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

GALLANTRY VANQUISHED.

"WHERE is the man," my vengeance cries,

"That dares revile the sex we love!

Where'er he be, whate'er—he dies;

I'll slay him, by the powers above.

I'll drive him to the shades below,

Where Pluto's horrors grimly reign,

To the fierce pains of endless woe,

Bound with a massy iron chain."

Thus spake a valiant warrior bold,

Advancing o'er a spacious plain;

His sable armor deck'd with gold,

Bespoke the greatness of his reign.

His mighty courser prancing high,

With furious swiftness gallop'd round;

He seem'd to spurn both earth and sky,

His noble spirit knew no bound.

As thus the hero rode along,

An ancient castle rose to view;

Its walls as adamant were strong,

Surrounded by the towering yew.

As he approach'd, the sound of war

Appear'd to issue from the place;

When he arriv'd, he found the fair,

Who dwelt there, plung'd in sore disgrace.

He heard the lady rail and roar,

Abuse her lord with impious words;

Which harrow'd up his soul far more,

Than threats, invasions, fire, or swords.

"I've err'd," he cried; "Ye gods, forgive,

I thought the fair were angels, sure

I've been deceiv'd, long as I live,

I ne'er will trust what's not secure.

I find that dress is mix'd with gold,

That though some women lovely are,

Yet some, imperious, rash, and bold,

Delight in nothing else but war."

Original.
OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

BY W. M. GILES.

THE thesis which I propose to write upon cannot from its nature admit either of novelty in its explanation, or great variety in its arrangement. The existence of God, and his attributes, are beyond our finite capacities, for he is infinite; but it may prove not an unprofitable exercise to attempt to define the bounds of human reason in its efforts to grasp the mighty idea. And should the attempt convince us that our mental faculties are narrow in their operation, and inadequate to a full comprehension of the Lord our God, we may thence learn that *humility* which is our reasonable service, and our bounden duty.

The little sum of human knowledge is derived from perception, from consciousness, and from the testimony of others. The five inlets of sense convey to our minds by some inexplicable process, a knowledge of the properties of external nature: these we compare, trace their relations, combine, and deduce those general principles which form so large a proportion of our knowledge. From our own consciousness, and by the exercise of reflection, we become acquainted with the manifestations of mind and will. But testimony forms the largest portion of our individual knowledge; and when it is guarded by those precautions in respect to veracity which are well known, its teachings are so well authenticated that they forge upon us belief, and we are willing to stake upon it life, limb, and property.

From these sources our idea of God is derived. But there is another source from whence it is supposed we draw our deepest impressions of the Deity—I mean the moral sense, or conscience. Certain it is that there does exist a property of the soul by which, when enlightened by the Holy Spirit, we attain to the fullest assurance of a God who created us, and rules over us; but whether it is an original faculty, or merely a peculiar and omnipotent conviction arising from the exercise of the reasoning powers, I say not: *adhuc sub judice lis est*. However this may be, this property or faculty of the soul undoubtedly has a most important influence in our moral constitution: as reason over the intellectual powers, so conscience seems to sit enthroned not only over reason, but the whole man. St. Paul distinctly refers to it, and its office in conveying to us the knowledge of God and his laws. It is that which condemns the evil-doer, (Rom. ii, 16;) it is that which bears witness to the rectitude of our conduct, (2 Cor. i, 12; 1 Tim. i, 5;) it is that still small voice which is heard even amid the wildest tempest of passion; it sits the vicegerent of God upon earth, and its approval is the strongest sanction of right which we can have; while its condemnation, or that state when, by neglecting its teachings and thwarting its purposes it becomes seared as with an hot iron, is the seal of that misery which the lost soul for ever feels. It is that which to the guilty makes "concealment weigh like sin," and drives him to confess his crimes, and prefer even the

terrors of the sternest law to that agony which he feels while withering beneath an unseen eye, and shrinking from the presence of a just and uncompromising Deity. "Such is the power of conscience; with an authority which no man can put away from him, it pleads at once for his own future existence, and for the moral attributes of an omnipotent and omniscient God. It ever raises its voice and asserts its right to govern the whole man; and though its warnings be disregarded, and its claims disallowed, it proves within his inmost soul an accuser that cannot be stilled, and an avenging spirit that cannot be quenched."

We now return to the other sources from whence we derive our idea of a God; and, *first*, from sensation, or perception. The impressions made upon the mind through the medium of the senses convey to us a knowledge of external nature. We thus find ourselves inhabitants of a material world, and wherever we look we find ourselves surrounded by the dread magnificence of nature—we find, too, every thing bearing upon it the impress of power and intelligence. We witness the manifestation of causes which, while they surpass our comprehension, are adequate to order, and arrange the most varied and intricate organization. Moreover, we can find nothing in the constituent elements of nature which of itself can, by any combination or juxta-position, produce these manifestations; and hence we conclude that there must have been some intelligent contriver who set this mysterious system in motion. And as we find it so well adapted to our wants and convenience, we conclude that its contriver was a benevolent being. We thus invest him with powers which constitute our idea of God.

Some have attempted to deduce from this argument the unity of the Deity; but it may well be doubted whether this is a legitimate inference. True, we may infer a *designing unity* of purpose in the creation of the world; but as in the case of the watch that Dr. Paley uses, which, though consisting of many parts, is still one, and though various in its operations, is an harmonious unity; yet while it would prove that power, and intelligence, and designing unity existed in the mind of the maker or makers, yet it would by no means prove that the watch must have been the production of *one*.

The knowledge of God from his works is a favorite theme with the inspired writers. St. Paul (Romans i, 20) says that the invisible things of God may be known from the diligent consideration of the things which do exist. Elihu calls upon the patriarch Job to "stand and consider the wondrous works of God." David says, (in 8th Psalm,) "When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" And again, in the 19th Psalm, he thus beautifully alludes to this knowledge: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is

not heard. Their sound* is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

The second source of our knowledge of God is consciousness, or reflection. The mere matter of attending to what is passing on in the mind at a given time is consciousness. Reflection is the power of calling up or reproducing past mental processes. It is thus closely connected with consciousness, and stands in the relation of primary and secondary. It is from this exercise of the mind that we gain all our ideas of hope, joy, fear, love, &c., and the relative ideas of time, motion, duration and extension. It is thus that we find within ourselves the best, though still a faint, analogy of the existence and attributes of our Maker. The mind is the most delicate and complicate of all his works with which we are acquainted; and though we cannot comprehend its nature, and know it only by the manifestations which we witness, in its connection with our corporeal nature, yet our conception of a spirit is this mind disembodied; and in speaking of God, who is himself a spirit, when our expressions are taken from the mental faculties and moral emotions of man, the ideas we convey will be far less gross than when we employ sensible symbols. It is by the soul that we hold communion with God; and though its power is limited, and its vision circumscribed to a span, so that it never can fully comprehend even one of the attributes of God, yet we still find in it the traces of that resemblance which he established when he made man in his own image and likeness. But,

Lastly. The main source of all our knowledge of God is derived from the testimony of revelation. Our first parents, though they sinned against their Creator, and received the reward with which he had threatened transgressors, must have retained a true knowledge of him. They would not fail to relate to their children and children's children that deed

"Which brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden;"

and at a time when human life was so protracted, it was an easy matter to hand down the facts, although written records were unknown. The transactions recorded in the Book of Genesis were too important in their consequences ever to be forgotten, and three generations would have brought the tradition down to Noah's immediate descendants. Both tradition and Scripture establish the fact that the second parent of mankind had true ideas of God, and walked in the ways of his Commandments. When his family began to increase, and the extent of the inhabited country was more and more enlarged, until cities were built, and distinct nations had their boundaries marked out, this knowledge of God would necessarily be extended abroad, and handed down, age after age, from sire to son. But when the Hebrew nation was separated from all others, records kept, a theocracy established, and a ritual prescribed, the knowledge of our Creator was preserved in simplicity and purity, and transmitted,

without defect and without adulteration, even to our own day. And though the wide-spread communities which peopled the world marred the beauty, and obscured the brightness of the precious casket which had been committed to their keeping by their forefathers, so that the glory of the incorruptible God was changed into images made like to corruptible man, and the inferior animals of the earth, yet there were few or none so degraded as to have lost all tradition of the Maker of the world, and the Author of their being. "What nation," asks Cicero, "so ignorant as not to worship a God who made and governs them!" The annals of the ancient world, and the discoveries of modern navigation have found no kindred or people who do not retain some traces of the wonderful facts contained in the first three chapters of the Book of Genesis; and while this fact furnishes a strong proof of the truth of the Bible, it at the same time testifies to the being and attributes of God.

But to return. It is from the Bible, and the Bible alone, that we may expect to get any satisfactory knowledge of God. It is worthy of notice that this book never formally introduces us (so to speak) to our Creator, nor does it ever attempt to explain his essence, or the mode of his existence—it always takes for granted his entity, and in the first verse of the book he is introduced as one already well known—"in the beginning God created," &c. The Bible is the store-house from whence we get the facts of God's self-existence, his independence, his spirituality, his immutability, his unity, his creative energy, his omnipotence, his omniscience, his conservative care, his omnipresence, and his eternity. Here his justice, his holiness, and his goodness are exhibited; and here it is that we learn that he is the *Lord our God*, and that we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his fold—in the midst of our sins remembering mercy, and in the waywardness of our rebellion alluring us back to the path of duty by every goodness—not remembering our transgressions when we turn unto him, and only requiring us to ask in faith that we may receive new tokens of his love, and new proofs of his superintending care. But, above all, here we find him exhibiting his inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, and in setting before us the means of grace and the hope of glory. It is in his book that we find him invested with that unapproachable light, and dwelling in that uncreated glory, alike removed from the sensual representations of those who "do not like to retain the knowledge of God in their minds," and the vagaries of that atheistical philosophy which identifies the thing created with the creator, and the laws of nature with the vital energies of the mind that spoke them into existence.*

When from his word we have acquired true ideas of God, then does the voice of conscience—"all nature throughout all her works," and the mysterious analogies which spring up from reflecting upon the existence

* Vide Gesenius' Hebrew Lexicon.

* The Pantheists and the Transcendentalists.

and operation of our moral and intellectual nature, all unite to deepen our impressions, and enlarge our knowledge of Deity. Wherever we turn, above, below, around, within, we discover the traces of his wisdom, and power, and goodness. We find that science and art have opened new channels whereby we may communicate with him; and if, with diligence and proper reverence, we follow the track of legitimate inquiry, our minds are so formed that they may advance more and more in this knowledge—tracing new relations, watching the operation of new causes, and discovering new manifestations of his goodness, until we reach that bound which limits our faculties in this state of being. There we must wait in patience and humility until the middle wall of partition be broken down, and death shall usher us into that spirit-land where no hindrances shall retard our progress, and no bounds shut in the horizon of our vision. Of the glories of that future world we know but little; for now we see through a glass darkly—no disembodied spirit hath ever retraced its steps from that mysterious bourne; and though holy Paul was permitted to view the glories of that after world, yet the things which he saw and heard there, were things “unspeakable, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.” This we know, that God is there, and Christ is there, and the Holy Ghost—*one God*—blessed for ever! and the innumerable multitudes who, having fought a good fight, and kept the faith, and having washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, are seated at God’s right hand for ever. Here we discover at best but faint shadowings of the Omnipotent, and but a dim miniature of the Uncreate; but there we shall *know* even as we are known.

“O, God! O good beyond compare,
If thus thy meaneer works are fair—
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin’d earth and fallen man,
How glorious must that mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!”

THE FUTURE.

THERE is an instinct of our natures, which, if not controlled by reason, may be productive of exceeding evil. It is a desire to lift the curtain which hides the future, and peer into its gloomy recesses. In the cottage and in the castle, by the hearth of the needy, and in the saloon of opulence, it bears a mighty sway. Man bows unto it as a God and worships at its alluring altar. Like a traveler who followeth the meteor through the morass, do the covetous of prescience pursue this object, till, plunging deeper and deeper into difficulties, he is at last lost in despair.

Providence has wisely ordained limits to our knowledge; for were our wishes in this thing gratified, what stores of misery would be in our possession! All the woes of life would be aggravated by the horrors of distinct apprehension. No longer happy, we would travel along life’s tiresome journey to plunge into danger which we clearly foresaw, but could not avoid. We should then find that ignorance was happiness.

Original. THE SEVERED TIE.

BY MRS. WILSON.

The following lines were addressed to a *dear friend*, (a female teacher in the Society of Friends,) who, at the funeral of her lovely boy, remarked to me, “*Another tie is severed!*”

“*Another tie is sever’d!*” Yes, my friend,
Another link is broken in the chain
That binds thy spirit to this lower world!
Another “treasure” added to the gems
Laid up in heaven’s pure mansions ’gainst the hour,
When all unfetter’d by the things of time,
Thy joyous spirit gains its blest release,
And soars to meet the spirits gone before.
Another seraph’s added to the throng
That mingle joyously around the throne!
Another harp has tun’d its golden strings,
To swell the anthem of redeeming love!
Another cherub voice has learn’d the song,
Whose chorus echoes through salvation’s realms,
In halleluiahs to the great I Am!
Another rent is made in the frail bark
Of earthly happiness, through which I know
The tide of grief will enter, strong and deep,
And sweep away full many a budding hope
That claim’d fruition, e’en below the skies!
Ah! who shall tell how oft delusive Hope
Pointed her joyous finger to the day
When the sweet buds of grace, that deck’d thy boy,
Should bloom in full luxuriance, and display
Their ripen’d beauties to thy anxious eye?
Perchance the syren whisper’d that thy own
Prophetic mantle should o’ershadow him—
That, when about to close thine errand here,
The languid lustre of thy fading eye
Would glow with radiance, kindled by the thought,
That he, thy loved one, (following in thy steps,)
Would take thy blest commission, and proclaim
Salvation’s tidings to a guilty world!
Rejoice, my friend, that He, the unerring God,
Remov’d him from the “footstool” to the “throne.”
Instead of calling him to serve below,
He bade him “reign with kings and priests above!”
Rejoice that those sweet buds of promise were
Not doom’d to blossom where the chilling gales
Of time could wither all their early sweets,
But were transplanted to the bowers of bliss,
To shed their ripen’d fragrance on the air,
That gently undulates around the throne,
Perfum’d and blended with the notes that swell
Redemption’s joyous song! Mourn not, dear friend,
That he thy darling, liv’d not to perform
The last sad duty to his mother’s dust;
Rather rejoice that his infantile voice,
Refin’d to angel strains, shall be the first
To greet thy entrance to a purer clime;
For now, methinks his cherub wing will wave
’Mong the bright throng that ope the azure gates
To welcome thee when life’s rough voyage is o’er!

Original.

FANCIFUL PHYSIOGNOMY.

BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.

THE board has been spread, munificently spread, yet have we not again presented what we a long time since proposed—our contribution of an *entremét* for the juveniles. With the gift we would impart a delectation to the *taste*; so we take a fair subject, and offer our first impressions upon the faces contained in the "National Portrait Gallery." These you will understand to be portraits in print of "distinguished Americans," done by eminent artists in each department—of drawing and etching—and invariably thought to be sufficiently good by which to recognize the like to the original, and so to have preserved the moral and mental *vraisemblance* of each—at least so far as there is truth in the science of physiognomy. This being our first reading of the series, (not certainly as to individuals,) for each portrait has its accompanying biography, we would go to the calling your attention to the portraits themselves (we hope you have the book on your table) as a study of character. And these combined portraits and biographies afford good opportunity—better to the system of physiognomy (treating of forms alone) than would the living face with its multiform varieties of feeling, physiology, fluctuation, &c. Yet let us compare the face with the character, and see how well they agree. And in this study you will also resolve action and pursuit into motive, before you can get the result you seek. This will generally be a fair deduction; for here mostly you see men who are in no false position—you see them in the urgent stirring times of revolution, of civil reform, or of some critical emergency that *called for* them, and such as were eligible *answered*—and such seems, by the strong impulse of natural ability, to have found and followed out the promptings of his particular genius.

The first face presented is that of Charles Carroll of Carrollton; but it has been done since he is old, so stricken, indeed, that the features appear, by the shriveling of the integument, to be swerved somewhat from their original place, and to have lost, in some measure, their relative bearing, or rather distance, each from each. Not a "fair presentment" this, we think, where expression and even formation has succumbed to age. What, indeed, may be precious to household affection, is yet an unmeet offering to the public gaze. But the book tells us what sort of man he was. At the first view of the face you have only the idea of a "gentleman" reposing in the undoubted security of circumstance and of consideration. Your reflection is that of these—of this sense he could not have become possessed without the right of ownership. The broad, fine, free forehead assures us that such an one was never given to a dunce. It is also such an one as could not, with its unruffled surface, consist with villainy or craftiness in any degree. Looking again at this superior region, we throw in the thought—how apt we are in viewing a face to take the active parts first to the eye;

for though this face seemed, as we have said, merged in the apathy of both age and ease, yet our first look was at the eyes, the nose, and the mouth, unaccounting at all of that fine forehead. That mouth, too, could never have been audacious or ungentle; and now glances to my thought the knowledge that he was proud. But along with that somewhat conventional pride here expressed is also a natural niceness which we never see apart from a delicate character. How often does this fastidious self-reserve, especially if combined with superiority of place, subject its owner to the charge of arrogance, hauteur, and an overstepping of others, when, indeed, "others" are not thought of. It is not always, indeed, an overvaluing of self; but its view is too partial, and we do not defend the position. Yet we would suggest, by way of extenuation, the apology that it admits of, namely, that it is the propriety of *reserve*. The elevated hold of the head seems natural, and not constrained to the painter, and gives the impression which it always indicates of something more than rectilinear—rectitude. There is somewhat about the whole which gives the idea that the face was once not fine—for the mouth is too feminine for that—and we will not use the word pretty, for it was superior to that, but that it was a face which possessed some beauty, and it still seems to us to indicate the yet remembered sense of this. Are females so much weaker than the other sex, or do they abide always in a region of weakness? Do we not see amongst others thousands of females who possess beauty, and out of these one in twenty will be unconscious or careless about it? But who ever saw the beautiful man who was free from this most belittling sense of prettiness. Read for yourselves the biography, and see whether there is any thing more than the disportment of fancy in the system of physiognomy. But remember that we have no reference to Lavater's Strictures—that we in *our* strictures of face are purely fanciful—that we do not, at the writing, recollect all the traits of character, as approved by acts and facts of our hero as per portrait. We wish you to compare the face and the biography of each—to look closely, think intently, and make your own comments; but, for the sake of a system, you must not sway the fact, for that is a perversion of truth, of more worth than all bright thoughts out of it. Converse with your mamma at the fireside—collate opinions with your companions over the centre-table, and laugh some, but let not all this book purpose make you what it certainly will not constitute you—a blue.

The accompanying autograph, done at a date when, as is there observed, "the keepers of the house tremble," we suppose is contemporaneous with the doing of the portrait, and mark a contingency of destitution to which long life is subjected. Read and you will see that to this face of repose was allied a character of energy, spirit, purpose—of self-deciding propriety and justice—of patriotism and truth; and that these United States owe a part of the independence achieved, to the effort and enterprise of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

The second portrait presented is that of M'Donough. We know him at large as a hero of the war of 1812. But let us con the face and tell what say these lineaments. Looking first, as is our wont, to the eye—observe we have an indistinct recollection of the biography, and *no* conformity to Lavater's Strictures—we are guessing out the signs from observation and comparison, and instinct—certainly not science. The eyes are bright and keen. They are small; but that is a physiological accident, and would seem to us to indicate access of temper, (a component, no doubt, in a man of spirit,) but by their steady, direct, straight on look, they would also say that it was a temper subjected to discretion. So, too, would say the firm set of the mouth, and also the rigid preservation of the whole flexible and muscular fibre of the face. There is great refinement about the mouth, indicating, without failure, as we have a fancy to believe, positive purity and niceness. Great possible softness, too, would the mouth suppose, and the chin has that mark of which the poet has said,

“————— Love's dimple shows
How soft the soul that feels his touch.”

And this household amenity, we believe, may consist with the requiring tone of other exactings of character specific to the professional life of our hero. The mood we should say was one of some anxiety as overruled by an habitual fortitude and calmness. The comprehensive forehead carries the mark of engrossed care—some pressure not wholly concealed within. Of a nose we seldom make much—only of two sorts are we positive in our opinion, and this is not either of them. Our opinion affects no authority, and is only sufficient to ourself.

The whole face together would tell of mental observation as acting in and in with the discipline of life, giving the result of what is termed talent in contradistinction to genius. It would show steadiness, firmness, positiveness—an enduring patience—considerateness of others, and without pride an appreciation of self—an entire decency, but no possible coxcombry—no littleness whatever—an honorable domestic man, but one before whom the delinquent might tremble, and one, too, whose commendation should be of price. But read the book and see what he did. We guess at the possible, which, with opportunity, becomes the actual of such as are both vigilant and *ædulous*, to seize the instant which “time and chance” present to all men. If we have guessed right, which perhaps in this instance we have, yet by and by we shall get hold of some whose faces we misread, or else give up our faith in phiz-craft. Our hero was a soldier—a disciplinarian—in turn obeying and exacting to the rule of subordination—but not a martinet, (the martinet is not of soldieryship, but of individual littleness.) See what he did, whether time and opportunity served him, or else reflect how more than fortunate he was in discerning and seizing the aptest moments of both, and how, by truth, valor, and discretion, he commuted chance into victory, and how the largeness of his character sufficed, whilst he gath-

ered the laurel for his own brow to illustrate the stripes and stars of his country.

The third portrait is Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchell. We like and we love this face. It takes at once the assent of head and of heart. It satisfies us well. There is no contradiction about it. All the traits are consensaneous, and of the softer charities. It looks as of a character reposing in the gentle philosophy of a kindly nature, unrebuked of sterner promptings. Impressible it is, but not excitable. The whole face is a pure synopsis of goodness, without the least admixture of other motive. No need for that mouth to speak words of comfort—kindness is its very self. That eye pities and considers us, and we are consoled. All the lineaments, the whole fibre of the face, is concerned for us. There is a concentrated and abiding charity from an outwelling spring of mercy. We never had the happiness to see the man—we warrant we should have garnered in “inner heart” any portion of his regard. At a second glance we see the head of intellectuality—the deliberative brow—an eye both sagacious and contemplative—a mouth whose curvature bears alike the impress of taste as of amenity. It is a positively handsome mouth without the least effeminacy or the smallest touch of affectation. The forehead, with its protuberant thought cells over either eye, hints and avers of lucubrations, both involved and felicitous. The nose is a “good honest chunk of a nose,” and looks as never to be the indicator of scorn or of other repulsion. There is no distrust in that face, no vacillating weakness; but an abiding in God and in man, without a doubt or a speculation. Pride was never thought of, but the unquestioned dignity of goodness—the respectability of virtue. There is some engrossment of care, but none of craft—none of avidity. No disturbance of ambition haunts there. We see the gentle philosopher of nature; and though there is much purpose, yet there is innocence. Dr. Mitchell's professional education was to physic; and this he follows out in all its collateral branches; and in him we ever remark the full mind, not in its tendency to innate expansion alone, but in its outreachings to relative science. In whatever he was engaged, we see him presently over the border and expatiating in neighboring fields of learning—he is a chemist, a botanist, a geologist, an agriculturist; and on all these subjects he is a writer and a lecturer. He is always interested and always busy. If he is interrupted in his collegiate pursuits, he turns to the study of law. If he travels he is appointed to treat with a nation of Indians, (and he scans them too,) and in this mission of diplomacy he acquits himself to the satisfaction of his own government, and also to the satisfaction of the Iroquois, of whom he purchased lands for his country. He experiments on the waters of Saratoga, and establishes their qualities and their character. He institutes a Medical Journal, of which he is co-editor. In the newly established college of physicians and surgeons, in the city of New York, he is appointed to the chair of chemistry, and gives lectures in mineralogy, botany, zoology. And if in his minute discriminations and his

wide credence of nature, he occasionally excited the derision of inferior and unworthy minds—if they found more things in his cabinet and his register than were dreamed of in their philosophy—if they found but the fatuity of taste in his curious analysis of nature—if they could not reflect that he commenced not at the minute, but assumed it in progress as an item of detail from more comprehensive speculations—if they did not forgive him, we can only say their ignorance is their best excuse for presumption and folly. But these, and they were but a class, and of an early date in our nascent hemisphere, and they themselves standing in broad contrast, were employed in the pioneering, outward career of active and reckless and unconsidered experiment—we can say that they were not the best judges of Dr. Mitchell's course. As a man he was beloved by all, and highly appreciated by such as understood him, in our own country then, and now the respect is universal. He theorized on man and all the forms of organized nature. The Savans of Europe honor the sapience of his research and his revelation, whilst the earth, the stars, the waters and all of elemental being shall still attest to his truth, as he of theirs; and though he has passed away, and is, in a specific sense, *no more*, yet shall unborn generations of his own kind acknowledge how many are the links which he contributed to that chain of philosophy, which converts nature into science; and his name, as embodied in the arcana of the universe, shall live to all memory and for ever. Dr. M. was a public-minded man—a statesman—a member of the Legislature of New York—in Congress as a member and as senator—and most efficient in particulars to the generalities of state economy. He also wrote numerously on political bearings, on physic, agriculture, natural history, and on biography; and in all his classical references enlivened and embellished the dryness of science. Referring to the number and variety of his performances, we are struck with admiration at the amount of achievement; nor would we offer an inferior homage of respect to the untiring industry which effected it. In antiquities, his peculiar taste, he was most learned; and we propose, as our sentiment, "Virtue and virtu—a memory: for ever conserved in the name of Samuel Latham Mitchell."

The fourth portrait is of President Jackson. This face is stern and hard. We are sorry that we have never seen the "very gentlemanly," and distinguished individual whom it portrays. Our comment shall be subdued to every discretion, but that which would implicate truth. And thus far we feel assured we were accredited by the candor of our illustrious prototype. The face is by anatomy, as by physiology and physiognomy, a hard one; and that it is thrice indurated, it calls for some commutation of our denouncing. We are quite sure there is no weakness—no regard of personality here; for we would not wound it if there were. About the mouth there is a deprecating positiveness. Perhaps, too, there is an assumed quietude and neutrality of look—the *no vanity* of not bribing the painter to a prettiness of face. It is a face, a head, an attitude, a

countenance of command, and that, too, genuine. We see purpose, steadiness, power, and an indomitable will in every and all of the combined lineaments. We see an eye which, if not speculative or ingenious in combination, is intent to its purpose, and sufficient for it—we should not, as a transgressor, like to abide its mercy. The brow is of determination rather than of hope; and the forehead, surmounted by upstanding hair, reaches up like a palisaded fortress inaccessible to invasion or encroachment. All outfigures the soldier. He has a complacency—perhaps it is that of acknowledged domination. A nose we can't often read; and the chin, with its large frame and ample integument, we give up (siding in as it does with the rest of our theory) to the vulgar (very vulgar) comment of "head-strong;" or to the more polite and discriminative verdict of Dr. Johnson, who tells us that, "Obstinacy is allied to all the manly virtues." But all this supremacy were of nought without what we had almost forgotten to notice—the precise adaptation of all the combined traits to the actual as they illustrate the virtual of bravery.

And so it was. The hero of New Orleans in 1812, though twice a President, did throughout his whole course evince a leading and a preference of warlike pursuits. And to the camp he was inducted at the early age of fourteen years. And although that campaign was fatal to two individuals of his family, and disastrous to himself, yet did it nurture and not wean his regard to the vocation. And in progress to whatever other pursuit do we find him engaged, yet we see that by intuitive taste, at the least opening, he returns to the martial camp, the theatre alike of his ability and his achievement. He was in succession a lawyer, a judge, a member of the State Legislature and of the National Legislature; he bore a commission civil and military, hostile and again pacific, to the subdued Indian tribes, (who had been suborned to revolt,) and these at the "Hickory" ground he quelled to order—and hence the favorite cognomen amongst the people of "Old Hickory;" and if in itself it partakes not of the wonted diminutive of fondness, it expresses as fully the regard and the hearty good will of those who use it. He was also both a member and a senator in the Congress of the United States, until finally he is elected to the Presidential chair; and having served out one term, with fully as much as the usual accordance of satisfaction to the parties of the country, he was re-elected by a majority of electors, and again served out the four years of office: and then—and here occurs our idea that what we most admire in him is his true and unsophisticated love of simplicity and of nature. We see him repeatedly, at every recess from business, and at the close of every campaign, *returning to his farm*—the Hermitage. And this rural taste savors not of itself alone, but of that honest, sober simplicity which we respect; and which betokens, especially under circumstances of elevation, a plain, common, good sense character, not always preserved amidst the adulation to state—amidst the glitter and glare of fine places. But the first magistrate returns to his farm, and the yoc-

manly of his neighborhood are his cherished companions. And since we deemed that his face was a hard one, let us not omit to recount, what, turning to the page we find recorded, that, "At the close of the campaign of 1812, he being then at Natchez, at the head of twenty-five hundred volunteers from Tennessee, and the danger of the anticipated invasion being dispelled, Jackson was directed by the Secretary of War to disband his troops on the spot. But a large number of his men being then sick, and destitute of the means of returning home, he felt bound by obligations to them and their families, to lead them back, and to disregard an order made without the knowledge of his peculiar circumstances. This purpose he effected, sharing with his men in all the hardships of the return." His subsequent representations to the Cabinet were accepted, and his course sanctioned. This was a great and a beautiful action—we think it the most beautiful of his life. The victory gained at New Orleans is much more important to the country than we have the power to make appear. Gen. Jackson is now residing at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee; and all of his acts are worthily narrated in the Biography accompanying the face, in the "National Portrait Gallery."



Original.

THE JEWELRY OF GRACE.

BY T. SPICER.

ORNAMENTS have always been favorite objects with females. They naturally admire them. Christianity is calculated to regulate this inclination. Its language is, "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart," ("the inner man," i. e., the *soul*.) Let it consist "in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." Its female converts may study adorning as much as ever, but it must be that of the *mind*, which is of the greatest value and of the longest duration—the hidden man of the heart, the ornaments of *meekness* and *quietness*, which are the crowning graces of the female character.

Meekness is a temper of mind which is not easily provoked to resentment, and is required by religion of both male and female, so far as forgiveness of injuries is concerned. This temper will not offer provocation, nor be irritated by the provocation of others. Moses was very celebrated for this virtue, and many other men have illustrated its superior value. This virtue, when united with *courage* and other *manly* virtues, helps to perfect the Christian character in *men*. But in women it should form a principal trait.

In females a masculine tone of voice and figure, or a masculine air and deportment, are always unpleasant. Men of sensibility admire in woman soft features, a flowing voice, and a demeanor delicate and gentle.

These are considered proper and natural by all who have any taste for elegance. Even the coarsest clown would be better pleased with them than with their opposites. Who is not charmed with the aptitude observable in all the better kind of women to commiserate and comfort—to melt into tears at the sight or voice of distress—to take the care of children and play and prattle with them? Who does not admire the wonderful dexterity with which they disarm fierceness, and appease wrath, the powerful eloquence they display in assuaging the cares, and calming the sorrows of those men with whom they are connected. But these triumphs are not achieved by "outward adornings"—they are achieved by a "*meek and quiet spirit*." Womanish softness, as it is styled, in men is a blemish, but in women it is certainly an ornament—a real beauty.

There is a sex in minds; and the basis of meekness and a quiet spirit is laid in the original make of woman. When upon this basis Christianity erects its superstructure—when this virtue is suitably improved by religious principle—when it is associated with the fruits of the Spirit, the character thus formed is almost the perfection of moral beauty.

It is observable that Christian graces are like the fruit of the vine—they always grow in *clusters*, not solitary and alone. She who is meek is gentle and courteous—she is forbearing and forgiving. There is no act of kindness, no instance of condescension becoming a Christian which she is not ready to perform. She enters into the spirit of that Christian precept that requires us "in honor to prefer others to ourselves." She practices the principle which requires that we should do good to all, especially to the household of faith. The salvation of her own soul, and the possession of that mind which was in her Savior, will be her principal objects to attain. With such a temper of mind she will not be easily affronted—the spirit of revenge she will abhor—she will not for a moment withhold that forgiveness to others which she is conscious of wanting from the great God to herself.

Beauty, as this word is generally used, does not fall to the lot of every female. There are defects, so far as the features of the face and the proportions of the body are concerned, which are natural, over which art has no control. The putting on of gold, or costly apparel, can never hide them. No outward adorning, however gaudy or gay, can make any amends. But that which personal *ornaments* cannot do, can be accomplished to a great extent by a proper cultivation of the inward man of the heart. That which *art* cannot accomplish, *grace* can. Those defects in nature, so far as beauty is concerned, are scarcely perceived or thought of when the person is adorned with a meek and quiet spirit.

The virtues of some of the Roman matrons have been greatly extolled. They were such as might be looked for among a people who regarded the martial virtues as the height of human excellence. But whatever glory might have been ascribed to them, I cannot but think it was greatly overbalanced by the loss of

that *gentleness* and *mildness* which should embellish the female character. I cannot wish *Christian* ladies to take on them the unnatural offices of the matrons of *heathen* Rome. There are models more suited to their sex.

Nature has endowed the greater part of the female sex with a constitutional softness which, under right direction, will render them much more pleasing than any possible attractions that are purely external. With this what universal esteem might they secure, and for how many amiable purposes might they turn this to good account! A cultivated mind and a delicate spirit, together with strict principles of conduct, would enable their possessors to make all necessary distinctions among those with whom they converse to join cautiously without freedom; and while with a *graceful ease* they give to others what their characters claim, with a *modest firmness* they support their own. What an influence would such exert in all the circles in which they move! Can the mind conceive of any being on earth that comes nearer to the angels in heaven than a pious female whose adorning is not outward, as the plaiting of the hair, and the wearing of gold or costly apparel, but consists in that which is not corruptible—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price!

Now, as the basis of this virtue is laid in the very constitution of woman, let my fair reader at once resolve, if never before, that she will assiduously cultivate these graces. Let her pray to the Father of mercies for the influence of his Spirit, that she may be clothed with humility and grace. Then may she hope to enjoy life, to be a source of pleasure to her friends, to find comfort in affliction, and support in death—then shall she ultimately have administered to her an abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord, to an inheritance among the saints in light.



Original.

FIRE-SIDE GLEANINGS.

CHAPTER I.

IN looking over the pages of the Repository, whose heart will not involuntarily swell with pleasurable emotion, as the eye rests upon the many tributes so frequently paid at the shrine of affectionate remembrance! and who would wish to check the rising tear, or suppress the smile which nature prompts when some interesting passage recalls to mind our own experience of joy or sorrow! How pleasant, too, is the assurance that we are not smiling or weeping over scenes which never existed save in the imagination of the writer; and although we may at first find it more wearisome to follow the straight forward path of truth than to revel in the alluring but false creations of a distempered fancy, yet what once seemed irksome will eventually become delightful, as a taste for truth is cultivated; and while thus employed we shall not be compelled to sigh over misspent hours. It is true the mind loves excitement, and is ever grasping for knowledge, either of good or

evil. How important that these tendencies should be properly directed, and how great the responsibility of those who seek to stem the current by opposing error or upholding truth. Yet surely there is ground enough upon which to labor, and ample materials for selection. Creation throws open her store-house of wonders, while the sciences, her noble handmaids, stand ready to initiate each earnest devotee of knowledge into her mysteries. Should we prefer to read what time has written, or to improve by reviewing the faults and follies—the trials and enjoyments—“the lights and the shadows” of human existence, we need turn to nought but the romance of real life to learn the moral lesson, or excite the sympathizing tear. Again, we may profit by noting with serious attention the passing incidents which happen to ourselves, or the manners and customs peculiar to different portions of our country. We may examine minutely the ever-varying shades of character, presenting that which is morally beautiful for imitation, while the dark coloring of sin and guilt may serve as a warning and restraint. In short, our resources are boundless; and we may follow the natural turn of our own minds in the selection and description of subjects, provided truth shall be allowed to chasten thought—to guide the pen, and to hold that reckless renegade, imagination, within due bounds.

I have just received the November number of the Repository, and have been much interested in imagining the character of the mental powers of its various correspondents; but I will not venture to sketch the result of my cogitations, for fear they have led me astray, and I might lose my credit (if I may be allowed the expression) of being a *literary phrenologist*. As for myself I do not always wish to be fettered with a given subject to which I must adhere, willing or not willing. I have therefore chosen a heading which will suffer me to wander where I please; although I do not know but the *bumps* of irregularity, so plainly visible, will bewilder the reader. If so, he must turn to some more orderly page, until his ideas are regulated; for I feel in a wayward mood, and must be allowed to express my thoughts and feelings as nature wills, or not at all. A grave friend who has been looking over my shoulder, says she cannot perceive what I am aiming at. I tell her the above is only a preface; that I intend to glean a little here, and a little there, from the page of every day's experience; and if, perchance, my fugitive lines should assist in adding by variety a slight degree of interest to the Repository, I shall be content to glean on.

CHAPTER II.

Have been thinking how much misery there is in the world, and wondering how large a share of it is real. Received a call from a lady yesterday, who is one of the favored ones of Providence in many respects. She enjoys a comfortable degree of health—is the child and heiress of wealth—has an affectionate father and mother, a kind husband and fine family of children—and more than all, is blessed (as I suppose from her profession) with the consolations of religion; yet she sighs for more. She feels desolate, because she has neither

brother nor sister, and thinks with many others, "Never was there sorrow like unto my sorrow." Alas! how many that stand in the endearing relation of brother and sister, evince any thing but a tender and affectionate regard for each other's welfare. How many, instead of assisting each other over the rough pathway of life, seem to delight in thwarting the hopes of their relatives and in destroying their comfort! I have seen families who seemed bound in bonds which death alone could sever. With what devoted love—with what a heart-felt interest would the brother regard his sisters—delighting in their improvement, and proud of their charms, either of mind or person—and how did those young confiding hearts glory in their brother—how warmly return his affection—how fully trust his love! Could time break those ties, or could selfish feelings tear them asunder? I have seen many such a loving circle separated by circumstances. As they advanced in life, I have seen the tide of selfishness sweeping on until their hearts were chilled to stone towards their first, their earliest loved; and well would it be if the foul fiend of mutual discord did not cherish mutual hate. Is this picture too deeply shaded by the truth? Let those who feel the effects of this sad change answer. But should these things be? Is there a dire necessity that life and peace should be so embittered? Those who have known the secret of preserving the hallowed influence of youthful affection will answer, no; and will answer correctly. But how shall this be done? Let the blessed Savior, the Prince of peace, give direction: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"—"forgive until seventy times seven," (that is, for ever.) If these golden rules were but adhered to, paradise would be restored; and although, in this fallen world, we cannot look for their universal prevalence, yet surely in the hearts of the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus they should reign supreme. The ties of grace should bind still closer the ties of nature. We should bear and forbear, knowing that we all have many faults to be forgiven; for "if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." And let us not repine at the dealings of Providence, imagining that we alone are drinking the cup of sorrow, when perhaps the very things we so earnestly covet would be sources of anguish to us were they in our possession,

M. A. DE FOREST.

RICHES.

Agur said, "give me neither poverty nor riches; and this will ever be the prayer of the wise." Our incomes should be like our shoes, if too small, they will gall and pinch us, but if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to trip. But wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more. True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.—Lacon.

2

Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. II.

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

ROXNE.

SOME men are great by nature; others by a concurrence of circumstances. The one class are said to be the arbiters of their own destiny—the other the creatures of those circumstances by which they may be surrounded. As an example of the latter, we may point to Napoleon Buonaparte; of the former, to the poet Homer. Each contended for immortality, and each has shared largely the admiration of the world. But the memory of the conqueror of nations will sink into oblivion or live only to be execrated, while that of the Ionian bard will continue to shine with increasing splendor, so long as true genius and intellectual greatness command the admiration or esteem of mankind.

The history of Homer is involved in doubt and obscurity. The traditions respecting him are various, and some of them contradictory. It becomes necessary, therefore, to select from the mass such as have the most probability on their side, and from these attempt to ascertain his true history. Most of these traditional accounts agree that he was a native of Smyrna, and born about 900 years before the Christian era. His mother's name was Crisheis. But the accounts differ in respect to his father; some state that he was an uncle of Crisheis, whose name was Mæon; others make her the wife of Mæon, a king of the Lydians, at that time a resident and ruler of Smyrna. Homer's original name was Melesigenes; so called from the river Meles, on whose banks it is said he was born. For what reason his name was changed is uncertain. Ephorus of Cumæ states that he was called Homerus when he became blind, the Ionians so styling blind men, because they were the followers (*ἡμερῶντες*, *homerountes*) of a guide. In the life of Homer attributed to Proclus, the story is, that he was delivered up by the people of Smyrna to Chios, as a *pledge*, or *hostage*, (*ἑμπερος*, *homereros*), at the conclusion of a truce. Others have derived it in different ways, and from different circumstances.

The stories generally state that Homer became a schoolmaster and poet of great celebrity in Smyrna, and remained there until *Mentes*, a foreign merchant, induced him to travel. That the author of the *Iliad* must have traveled extensively is very certain, from the descriptions of countries and scenery found therein.

In his travels Homer visited Ithaca, and there became subject to a disease of his eyes, which afterwards terminated in total blindness. This blindness was by some, however, attributed to a more dignified cause. Having determined in his mind to compose a poem of which Achilles should be the hero, and being desirous of obtaining an adequate conception of the warrior, he made a pilgrimage to the Sigeon promontory, visited the tomb, and besought the mighty shade to appear for one moment in all his former glory. Achilles arose into sight, but arrayed in armor of such intense bright-

ness, that the astonished bard became blind in the act of devout contemplation:

"He saw, but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

From Ithaca Homer is said to have gone to Italy. Wherever he went he recited his verses, which were universally admired except at Smyrna, where he was "a prophet without honor." At Phocæa, a schoolmaster named Thestorides obtained a copy of his poetry, and sailed to Chios, where he recited it as his own. Homer soon afterwards followed, and resided there a long time in the possession of wealth and reputation. Immediately upon his arrival the plagiarist left the island. It is generally reported that he died at Ios, on his way to Athens, and was buried with great magnificence near the sea shore—the inhabitants placing the following inscription upon his tomb:

"Here Homer, the divine, in earthly bed,
Poet of heroes, rests his sacred head."

For a more complete view of the traditions respecting Homer, the curious reader is referred to "*Coleridge on the Classic Poets*," and "*Anthons' Classical Dictionary*," art. *Homer*.

Although so little is known of his history, he has left behind him an imperishable monument of his greatness in the works which bear his name. To form a just conception of these, we should transport ourselves back to the semi-barbarous age in which he lived, and view men and things as they then existed. That age has very correctly been denominated the heroic age. In the times immediately preceding the Trojan war, an adventurous spirit had been awakened among the Greeks by the celebrated Argonautic expedition. The result of that expedition changed to a considerable extent the character of Greece. Internal peace prevailing, but little opportunity was afforded for the gratification of that spirit at home. The reports of countries beyond the seas—their wealth and greatness—only served to stimulate a spirit of enterprise and adventure which had already been awakened. This, united with that warlike disposition which appears an inseparable attendant of a semi-barbarous people, constituted the chief characteristic of the state of society in the heroic age: a state of society in which religion was united with the civil government, such as it was, and in which heroic exploits and deeds of chivalry constituted the glory of each aspirant after fame. Such was the age in which Homer flourished; such was the state of society which produced those works which time for nearly 3000 years has in vain endeavored to obliterate.

Both of the great works of Homer refer to the Trojan war. The scene of the first, the *Iliad*, so called from Ilium, or Troy, is laid near the walls of that ancient city. The historical facts which form the basis of the poem are these: Before the Trojan war piratical expeditions—the immediate offspring of that adventurous spirit of which we have already spoken—were the common enterprises of the more bold both among the Greeks and the neighboring nations of Asia. The leaders in these expeditions carried off men, wo-

men, children, and cattle. It also became fashionable for them to seize upon beautiful women of high rank, the abduction of whom was a matter of pride and exultation to the successful marauder. In consequence of this state of things, Tyndarus, king of Sparta, and father of the beautiful Helen, required a promise of each of the chieftains who sought her hand, that should she be thus stolen after her marriage, they would unite in securing her restoration. She was subsequently married to Menelaus, of Sparta. Shortly after this event, Paris, or Alexander, son of Priam, king of Troy, "who appears to have been a kind of piratical dandy, visited Sparta, and was hospitably entertained by Menelaus, whom he contrived to rob of his beautiful wife and a large amount of treasure." The chieftains of the different states were now called upon by her father, Tyndarus, to fulfill the pledges formerly given. They accordingly assembled with their different forces, and proceeded to the execution of their purpose under the command of the two brothers, Agamemnon and Menelaus. For more than nine years they maintained the siege with but little success. An oracle which informed them that the tenth year should prove successful, stimulated the desponding Greeks to a continuance of their efforts. During these nine years the different chiefs were employed in conquering the tributary cities of Troy. In one of these excursions Achilles, son of Peleus, king of Thessaly, destroyed Lyrnessus, a city of Mysia, and obtained as a part of the spoils the beautiful Briseis. He was finally compelled to give her up to Agamemnon: hence arose "the anger of the son of Peleus," which is the foundation of the poem under consideration, and with which it opens. The poem is contained in 24 books, and embraces in its narrative a period of 47 days. On account of the insult offered to Achilles by Agamemnon, in compelling him to give up his captive Briseis, the former retires with his Myrmidons from the scene of battle. From this point the Trojans under Hector are generally successful. No inducement can procure the return of Achilles until the death of his bosom friend, Patroclus, arouses him to action. All the powers of his great soul are called into exercise by that event. He resumes his armor, to lay it aside no more till the walls of Troy are demolished, and the ancient kingdom of Priam destroyed. The poem concludes with the death and burial of Hector, who is slain by the hand of the valiant son of Peleus.

This masterpiece of poetic composition existed for a long period in detached portions; and it was not until the times of Pericles that they were collected together in their present form. That statesman and scholar summoned several of the first poets of his age—among whom was the celebrated Simonides—and committed to them the task of arranging the several parts of Homer's works which he had collected. The work was afterwards improved by the Alexandrian writers under the Ptolemies, and by Aristotle. Alexander the Great possessed a copy by Aristotle, which he carried with him wherever he went, in a casket taken from the camp of Darius, the Persian monarch.

The other great work of Homer is the *Odyssey*. This contains a history of the adventures of *Ulysses*, after the sacking of *Troy*, until his safe return and peaceable settlement in his native *Ithaca*. During his absence his wife is surrounded by numerous suitors, who in vain seek her hand. After various misfortunes he arrives unknown and as a beggar in *Ithaca*, where he has a fine opportunity of witnessing the conduct of these suitors, from whom, while still unrecognized, he receives the harshest treatment. The length of this article forbids a more full account of this work. It was evidently written many years after the *Iliad*, and was probably the last production of Homer's genius.

Besides these two works, there are other smaller ones, viz., the "*Margitis*," the "*Batrachomyomachia*" or battle of the frogs and mice, the "*Homeri Hymns*," and some epigrams and fragments, which have been attributed to Homer, but which are probably the production of a later age.

The genius of Homer is pre-eminently displayed in his description, both of scenes and characters. In this he stands unrivaled. His characters are varied, full of life, and all perfectly natural. There is a unity in the character of each, which, while it possesses a proper variety of incident, is in every case recognized as the same. *Ulysses* is never taken for *Agamemnon*, nor *Agamemnon* for *Ulysses*.

Homer was held in high estimation by the ancients until about the second century after Christ. He was then attacked by the Christians, who regarded him as the great founder, or at least supporter of idolatry. Had they possessed the power, their burning zeal would have for ever deprived posterity of this rich treasure. His works, however, have outlived every storm—have maintained unimpaired their great and lasting reputation, and bid fair to concentrate upon themselves the eulogies of coming generations. Side by side will *Shakespeare* and *Homer* float down the stream of time, increasing at every step the host of their admirers. And although the one was a heathen and the other a vicious man, they possessed that genius and insight into the secret recesses of the human heart, which will for ever forbid their being consigned to oblivion.



GODLY SORROW.

SOME well meaning Christians tremble for their salvation, because they have never gone through that valley of tears and sorrow, which they have been taught to consider as an ordeal that must be passed through, before they can arrive at regeneration. To satisfy such minds, it may be observed, that the slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment, and that the greatest is insufficient if it do not. Therefore, by their own fruits let them prove themselves; for some soils will take the good seed, without being watered by the overflowing of penitential tears, or harrowed up by affection.—*Lacon*.

Original.

ON CHARITY.

How sweet are the influences of beneficence! how salutary are its effects upon the disposition and the heart, and we may add, upon the soul! We are called to this chain of reflection by a letter from a friend, by which we have been soothed and consoled under the oppression of disagreeable circumstances and irritated feelings. But it is not our purpose to speak of our sorrows, but of one who kindly accords to us aid for redress. And putting away all inferior considerations, we would wish to present our helper in a specific point of view.

First: that of a Christian, so as to deduce the true, natural impressions made on our mind, by his acts and his course; what we believe to be the possible influence of those within the Church, in effecting deeper apprehensions and more important results of piety upon those without the Church. And this we shall suppose to be done mainly by the methods and through the agency of consideration and charity. And here we mean not the mere appellative, spread over a widely diffused surface of various and undefined purposes, and which, like gold beaten to impalpable thinness, shall lose all its efficacy and its worth; but we do mean indeed the "fine gold," the kindness, the reality of help to our need, the liberal hand, the warm and comforting principle, which shall impart itself to the desolate and depending heart.

In this particular of a consistent charity, do any of the professors of righteousness think they pass free of comment? They mistake much if they do. A scrutinizing observation is fixed on them; a watchfulness, not the vigilance of sectarian jealousy alone, but the broader and freer seeing of the unregenerate, unconvinced questioner. The searcher after truth may err in his judgment of what is truth; but he will not be satisfied with any thing short of goodness in its professor; and he submits the question to the sensible tests of a kind heart and a liberal hand. Charity, we know, is a great text in the holy Book, preached about and often inculcated; but like all other precepts, it carries its most effectual argument in the practice of its apostle. The fulfilling of the law is of irrefragable authority. "Charity shall cover many sins;" it shall possibly also have the seal of many souls. Do the saints think of this? How great, how very great, are the importance and the result to the Church, in their winnings from without the fold, of such as may be so convinced, and so helped on? The merciful man and the giver shall say, Amen. Yes, how much does the looker-on, (constraining the best mood of mind to the consideration,) how conclusively does he decide by the test of heart and hand, whether, at least, he shall confide in the individual—whether there is consistency of precept and practice. If he trusts, he also adds, "I would fain imitate this man," in the beauty of his charity, in his moral demeanor, in his conduct of life. And to do this as he does it, I must enter the Church—the Church militant of sin and of weakness—I must be sustained

as he is sustained—I must imitate his piety to God, to reap a like reward of sanctity. And such is the comment passed on the Christian's course. 'Tis not alone the cursory glance of the worldling. The collar of creeds—the veritable seeker for right doctrines looks more closely—the serious and reflecting moralist, also a seeker after truth, says, "I must find his creed in his life, or else is his profession like 'sounding brass and a tinkling cymbol;' an argument not for, but against himself, and a dividing from himself and his Church. What he says is not substantial; for truth is of God, the 'same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'" And such inferences will for ever exist in the minds of unregenerate men, against those who would teach without a corresponding practice, above all of charity; and they will exist even to the hindering of their salvation. Could all the secret influences which sway men be laid open, (now a veiled mystery,) how well would it be known that not by preaching alone, nor by exhortation, nor by any outward hearing, was (often) the sinner called upon from time to time, and all along, to desire of holiness for himself—and varied they were after each manner of man. Here it was the influence of some timely aid bestowed upon the natural man, in his softened heart awakening with his gratitude some deeper sluices of soul—a comment on his benefactor, a furthering of piety, a desiring of grace, to thank and love, even the great giver, God. Yet this same, if denied, were peradventure stubborn, almost to reprobation. And must he then be coaxed to his own good? And does his neighbor owe him a greater duty than he owes himself? O no—he was at need, sorely vexed and in want; and he asked for help, such help as he, unregenerate as he is, would have accorded a suffering brother; and the other must say whether in refusing him he denied a prompting, a discerning of the right, the violated principle of sustaining humanity. This, we know, does not excuse the first—it only suggests his apology. But this sentiment, and these motives, you say are peculiar and occult. Occult they are, and of a more precious sacredness for that. The Christian requires no Phyrrie priest to interpret for him—no sooth-sayer to admonish. He hath a Book and his own soul. And let him venerate the records of both, so shall he find safety and an unction of belief.

We somewhere read the words, "God in us;" whether it is a special grace, or whether it is the stirrings of a Divine charity, we have no right to question, and none to doubt, for the brief moment which it abides with us. If we shape the prompting into faithfulness, we have done enough and well—if not, a speculation is uncalled for—the Holy Ghost of charity hath passed away, and you may not stay the penalty.

Again, shall we behold the man, not of want, for he is rich—neither wants he friends, nor the world's consideration in its sort. He has household felicities, and they cluster about him; he has abundance; his store-houses and his barns have been enlarged; and yet are other harvests ripening in his fields—his health is unbroken, and his strength is at prime. What wants he?

Verily, he compares himself to his poor neighbor, his meek and unassuming Christian acquaintance, and he says, "I am not as happy as he is! nor as good! I must look into this matter—for my power is greater than his in all earthly things. There is some root of bitterness in my soul! Ah, how do I admire his disinterested simplicity! Yet I cannot imitate it, I am so rich." Such is the grieving, the mental satiety of too much fullness. Yes, too much; for not only had he received, but he had garnered up—not stores for himself, and his alone; but in his barns there lay reeking in the impurity of excess, the corn grains that should have fed the poor. He perceived, but he regarded not the "still small voice" from within, nor yet the quick, strong cry of him that was ready to perish! Was it strange that he felt not happy? Is the providence of nature no better arranged? Hath God deputed giving to but one source to the bosom of nature alone, or does humanity share the trust? Yes, let man, responsible man, beware of the after reckoning; beware that this unholy vampire greediness destroy not his own soul. If "charity covereth a multitude of sins," surely its omission is of commensurate naughtiness. If "greater than faith or hope," how great is charity! And do we venerate it? Absolute misers are rare; but how many are the misers in degree! He is a miser who, though he deny not himself or his own, yet with a tender heart suffers the infliction of want by what he withholds from others.

Mania is the most common infatuation. See the father—he is old, even superannuated. He is beyond the solicitings of vanity or expense, yet he gripes hard and fast for lucre. Insensible of other cares, he is all alive to this. It is his besetting sin: a very money lust possesses his soul, albeit, near the parting hour. But he says, "I am careful for my children who come after me, that they may live." Hath he been equally careful in other sort for them? I wist not—for God and Mammon abide not together. Yes, but the superfluity denied to the claiming of his kind, he devises to his heirs. By scrip and bond, at best discretion, in the sacredness of the law, engrossed on parchment, he makes all sure. It is safe, and his care is no more about it. Yet his devices are but of human ingenuity. He guards against a world of craft and guile—a world of change and contingency, of involved and subtle fluctuation—whose continual mutation being outfigured in its very self, day and night do continually certify of change to man. Yet all of these chances provided for, truly what is his advantage? Is there not One who can will stronger than thou? God hath said, "Thou shalt not covet," nor hide away from the hungry. There were a promise indeed to thy heir, if with simple faith thou hadst "cast thy bread upon the waters." Surely, after many days hadst thou found it again. More beautiful is the course of the poor. By moments does humanity assert herself, and the rich man is softened and affected as he compares himself to his poor, God-thrifty neighbor; he looks on and is made better. He sees how simple and how guileless is his course.

And this she is, secondly, by the *power* of nature; by which I mean, that as, according to the existing economy of nature, none other can, so by the same economy, the mother does minister to the child. She is abundantly furnished for her office. This is proven by all the indications of nature. Her maternal affections, as already hinted, are unfathomable and inexhaustible. She is prepared to meet every demand upon her patience; every sacrifice of comfort, and ease, and reputation, and health, and at last, of life itself, for the sake of her child. There is no such love as hers among mortals—none so deep, so abiding, and so self-sacrificing; or if this be disputed, none certainly that runs back like hers to the fountain of being, taking its rise, as it were, at the throne of God, by whose command its streams flow out and become prolific of life on earth and in heaven.

But the economy of nature empowers the mother to minister not only to the physical, but also to the mental and moral necessities of her child. She is the first prophet whose mission is accredited, and the first whose oracles are heard and revered. See how the smiling babe, reposing on the bosom of maternal tenderness, fixes its gaze of deep attention on the moving eye and lip of its parent. Speechless as it is, it is even now gathering from the expression of her features food for its thought, and examples for its carriage. Her calm or passionate—her meek or haughty behavior, are already impressing its unformed mind and heart, with sentiments which wait for development in the progress of coming years. Her brooding fondness, as she sits day by day cherishing its young and growing life, is nourishing in its immortal affections the dove or the serpent—a heaven of holiness, or a hell of poisonous and destructive passions. So true is this, that there are few of the saved or the lost who enjoyed in infancy a mother's protection, but will trace their felicity or despair in a future world to maternal fidelity or unfaithfulness. Such, by nature, is the *power* of the mother over the nursing of her heart. She is to it an angel of light, or a demon of destruction.

Thirdly; she is the same by the *usage* of nature. That is, in all nations and ages, the same indications of nature exist; and they seem to be universally respected. There was never a people so at war with nature and her dictates, as to disregard her monitions in this particular. Such a thing was not possible; because, if humanity in any age or nation became imbruted, even the beasts are subject to the same law. The dam instinctively feeds and defends its young.

Mankind in all ages have paid respect to maternal rights, and regarded its affections and its functions as holy. For early nurture and culture, the child is resigned by common consent to the sympathies and energies of her who alone is believed to have the resources, physical and moral, for so burdensome and wearisome a toil. She is not interrupted or hindered in her work, but contrariwise, is by the silent suffrage of the world, designated as the nominee of nature to the holy office which she fills. Furthermore—fallen and depraved

as the world is, it retains traces enough of its primitive constitutional features, to abhor a mother's disaffection to, or her neglect of her offspring, as contrary to nature, and as indicative of a depth of depravity which no other act of sin and shame can equal. Thus, while the mother stands as the appointee of the God of nature to guard and cherish the physical and moral being of her child, the world spontaneously pays her homage, and dare not interrupt her. If she fail to execute the functions of her office, hers is the sin—her unfaithfulness shall be upon her own head. For that God who made her an angel to her child, gave none else a like commission, and even published to the world by the strong voice of nature that of mortals, she alone was made the nurse and guardian of its life and immortalities. Thus by the very usages of nature, or of society under the dictation of nature, the mother is an angel to her child.

And this she is, lastly, by the *fidelity* of nature. By this I mean, that such is the state of her affections towards her child, that she would spontaneously and gladly endure the toil, and make the sacrifices necessary to a faithful execution of her trust. Whatever her maternal errors are, they do not generally arise from disaffection, or from a want of love to her offspring. How can they, when that love is the strongest passion of her heart? when she willingly foregoes pleasure and comfort and ease on her child's account? when she stands ready at any moment to expose and sacrifice her life to guard it? Surely with such feelings she would not willfully expose her child in its person or its choicest interests to harm and ruin. No; nature, the parent of those glowing affections in the mother's bosom, which so tenderly embrace, and would so promptly guard her child at every hazard and sacrifice, has imparted to her a spirit of fidelity which we can never sufficiently admire. God has impressed her very constitution with a law which binds her to maternal fidelity, and renders it peculiarly proper to say she is guardian to her child. Why, then, in so many fatal instances do we see the mother's efforts thwarted, and her ardent affections busied in vain, to guide her child so as to secure it from fatal misfortunes? This question is as interesting as the facts which suggest it are sad and distressing. In replying to it, I shall maintain the analogy with which I started, and still view the mother as a ministering messenger to her child.

We must reflect then, that there has been a great revolution in heaven. In the beginning all the angels were holy. They were perfectly pure in affection and faithful in obedience. They were employed in the service of their Maker, and their bliss flowed from his approbation and smile. But it was so in the progress of his government, that a portion of them became guilty of defection from the law and the love of their Maker. They rebelled, and were driven from their thrones, and despoiled of their dominions. They were still angels, retaining I suppose, faintly at least, all their original attributes, except moral purity, which gave place to the most malignant passions, and turned their new abode

into hell. As angels, they still *ministered* in the kingdoms of God, but not beneficently, as heretofore—not to the good and happiness, but to the injury, and if possible, to the ruin of the creatures.

When this world was created and man was formed to tenant it under the smile of God, these fallen angels attempted its ruin. In a measure they succeeded. They brought down the honor of our race, and laid it in the dust. This they accomplished by making man the agent of his own undoing—by leading him through treacherous persuasion to rebel, like themselves, against their Maker. Our rebellion produced in us the same moral effect which had followed in them their treachery to God. Our affections, which till then were pure as the light of heaven, and benevolent as the purposes of its throne, became earthly, sensual and devilish. From that sad hour, grace, which came to our fallen world through the death of Jesus, has operated to check these diabolical human passions, and over all willing and waiting hearts gains a perfect moral conquest, by which the subdued are made holy, and are employed once more as angels of light, in ministering to the needy of God's creatures. Others remain the servants of Satan, and in league with fallen, invisible spirits, are constantly inflicting evil and misery.

It follows, then, that there are two sorts of angels, good and evil, in the invisible and in the visible world. In the invisible they are separated, occupying different habitations called heaven and hell; but here they are distinguished simply by their feelings and conduct, and not by outward appearance or classification. The good and evil angels in human form sustain, in common, the various public and private relations which belong to this world, such as result from constitutional compacts and civil governments, and from the more intimate alliances of domestic life.

Every human being is in his relations an angel of light or an angel of darkness. The magistrate, the teacher, the physician, the patron, the neighbor, the friend, the member of a domestic circle over which he exerts any power, are all good or evil angels, to shed a pure or corrupt influence in a limited sphere. With regard to the evil it may be observed, that Satan chiefly carries on his work of destruction in human souls by setting depraved mortals to ruin one another. He can appear to advantage in the form of man, because we do not instinctively dread or suspect our own species. And when he can approach us through those who are, as Eve was by Adam, especially loved and confided in, he is most sure of conquest. Now none are so fully confided in as the mother. Childhood is credulous, and its confidence is easily won even by strangers; but towards a mother that confidence is spontaneous and universal, approving all her acts and words, be they right or wrong. And so far as affection would warrant this confidence, it is not misplaced, since scarcely a mother can be found who does not desire the happiness of her child, and purpose to promote it.

But Satan does not destroy in his agents the natural affections. He rather strives to turn them to his own

account. He blinds people to the consequences of their conduct. He sweetens the poisoned dish, which he puts into the hand of the mother; and she finding it pleasant to her own, ministers it with fatal zeal to the taste of her child.

Of all evil angels on earth, (I had well nigh said in hell,) none are so injurious to the virtue and happiness of mankind as these fond, but infanticidal mothers. If their evil agency but killed the body, it were bad enough; but alas! it destroys the soul. It nourishes an existence which many a child will deprecate as a curse for ever. And they themselves will be witnesses. An impious mother, moved by the instigation of the devil, can do more than all the world beside to make her child a demon. And she does it. She may never dream of such a thing, but she guides her little one to perdition. She is its pioneer to the pit. She is its angel, but alas! she is a fallen angel. Ordained by Providence to train its young affections for the pure felicities of heaven, she betrays her sacred trust, and fashions the soul which owed to her its very being for the unutterable agonies of despair. How! Like Satan in paradise, she chooses for it prohibited delights—fruits which God pronounced poisonous to the soul. First she gives it an example of indulgence. When that fails, she whispers to it encouragement to partake. When it turns to flee under the strivings of God's Spirit, she allures it back by soothing, deceitful words. With tones as treacherous as ever waked the echoes of the infernal dungeons, she guides the reluctant hand of her child, who plucks, eats, and is damned for ever. Well may she be called a **FALLEN ANGEL**.

The pious mother is an angel of light. She vigilantly watches every influence which approaches her child, averting the evil and invoking the good. With the pure and steady affections of devotion, she pleads in prayer for the new-born spirit which God has appointed her to guard and cherish. Her voice of devotion whispers to the fondling the name of Jesus, and the unwearied energies of her devotion lead the little one up the cross-bearing steeps of religion towards the throne and the bosom of God. Will angels be ashamed of that sister spirit? Will Jesus refuse to confess her in their presence? Will God be displeased to hear his well beloved Son say to her, "Come, ye blessed of my Father!" Heaven is the proper home of such an one. Her sanctified spirit will be native to the regions which glow in the light of that holiness whose intense effulgence circles and pervades them for ever.

Well may we exclaim, **THE MOTHER!!** O the significance of that word! It suggests to the reflecting mind a scene more sublime than exists in the circle of creation. Connect it and its influences with probation, eternity, heaven and hell, and you will concede what I affirm. As to the faithful matron, who is the instrument of salvation to her child, angels might envy her. As to the godless mother, who is the instrument of her child's undoing, fiends themselves might fly her presence, accounting her too flagrantly vile to be received into the society of reprobate spirits.

Original.
ON DEATH.

BY L. M. LAWSON, M. D.

DEATH is the cessation of life. This definition, however, explains nothing beyond what is evident to the senses; and, as we attempt to unvail the process by which vitality is severed from its earthly associations, we seek not to lay sacrilegious hands upon holy and forbidden ground, but rather, to be the invited copyist in the great natural world.

Every species of organic matter, vegetable and animal, has a specific period of existence; in other words, peculiar laws *sui generis* in each instance govern and control the powers of life for a given period, when, through weakened energy, either by natural limitation or accidental violence, vitality becoming inadequate to sustain the failing system, death assumes control.

We distinguish two primary modes of death, *accidental* and *senile*; the latter signifies death from old age, the former from accident. Contrary to what might be presumed to follow the harmonious laws of nature, few individuals die from natural or senile causes. Inferences drawn from the most accurate statistics exhibit the solemn truth, that not more than one-tenth part of the human family reach that period to which the uninterrupted laws of vitality might extend.

If permitted to progress to a natural termination, the life of man would embrace about the Scripture period of "three-score and ten;" some, however, suppose that many circumstances combine to justify the belief, that a much greater time was never extended to any nation. True, say they, occasional individuals have greatly surpassed these limits. Thomas Parr, born in 1636, lived to the age of one hundred and fifty-two, and married at the mature age of one hundred and twenty. St. Patrick lived to the age of one hundred and twenty-two; Henry Jenkins, one hundred and sixty-nine; St. Mongah, one hundred and eighty-five. These, however, are individual peculiarities, and by no means illustrative of nationality.

Dr. Parr advances the opinion that prior to the deluge, one object of the Mosaic narrative was to preserve the genealogy of the children of Israel from Adam down, and successions of families or dynasties may have been represented as individuals. There has been no apparent change in the constitution of the globe, certainly none adequate to effect so material an abridgment of human life, and nothing to correspond with this change has been observed in inferior animals.

It is further argued, that if the term of man's existence has been diminished, it has occurred through the agency of natural causes; indeed, these are supposed to be numerous and potent, each directing an insidious but certain blow at the fated object, and achieving something towards the given end. If five thousand years ago human life extended to seven hundred years, whereas now it counts but seventy, there is of course but one-tenth part the period now there was then. Taking this as the basis of the calculation it will be found, should

the same causes continue to operate, that the human race would become extinct in less than five hundred years from the present time, and should now be rapidly diminishing instead of increasing. Opposed to all this, however, is the plain declaration of the Volume of Inspiration, which to most persons will be conclusive evidence.

Buffon estimates, that one-fourth part of the human race die before the end of five years; one-third before ten; one-half before thirty-five; two-thirds before fifty-two, and three-fourths before sixty-one. The mean period of the life of a child of three years is thirty-three—of an adult of twenty-one nearly the same. The age of sixty-six has equal chances with an infant. He estimates the most fatal periods at appearance of the teeth, puberty, twenty-one, twenty-eight, forty-five, and sixty-one.

Death from old age is with difficulty explained. We may turn to the various mechanical powers and combinations to exhibit analogies illustrative of man's decay—the action of wheel upon wheel, until by natural friction they cease to occupy their original space, and the failing power is followed by cessation of motion, is a feeble and imperfect figure when applied to the decay of animal life. True, the human organization is to a limited extent influenced by physical laws; but these are all modified and held in beautiful subordination by the vital principle, until that period arrives when Providence terminates life.

During adolescence, the vital principle maintains the ascendancy, and the system is increased and perfected, until physical organization is completed. From this period to about the fiftieth year, the mental and physical powers undergo many and important changes. Curiosity and activity of observation, so peculiar to youth, begin to mellow down in the more sombre shades of advancing years; and although the intellectual operations are prompt and energetic, and with an improved judgment subduing early passions, yet memory and imagination begin to fail, and change the mental constitution. The circulation during this period is reduced in force, but acquires regularity; and the development of animal heat is sensibly diminished. A desire and necessity for repose and sleep become manifest, and consequently the ability to sustain corporeal fatigue is greatly lessened.

When the meridian of life is passed, the beauty and harmony of laws that regulate the period of growth suffer a material change; the absorbing vessels gain the ascendancy, and the system wastes. A general, but gradual, and almost imperceptible diminution of vital energies, follows impaired nutrition; and, while the intellectual powers may glow with much fervor, the physical frame is rapidly passing down the vale of time. After the fiftieth year has been passed, all these phenomena are very remarkably augmented; and, while the external and visible signs are accumulating, internal causes are operating to effect such changes.

It was remarked in an article on LIFE, that in the lungs the blood undergoes important and vital changes,

capacitating it to sustain vitality; and that when this function was materially interrupted, the brain was immediately impressed by the morbid change, and deleterious effects, proportioned to the intensity of the cause, followed. In old age the action of the heart is enfeebled, and blood is not duly forced into the minute vessels; the consequence is, that the capillary system of the lungs, whose office is to transmit the circulating fluids for exposure to the air, contract in diameter, and exclude much that should be admitted. The brain is evidently that organ which *immediately* sustains the vital powers, and whatever impairs its integrity, reduces in the same ratio animal life. Then, the impure current of blood, which passes the lungs without due oxygenization, poisons the brain and nervous system, and rapidly reduces the energies of the entire body. Every function becomes impaired. The muscular power and contractibility become enfeebled, the superincumbent weight is imperfectly supported, and the body yielding to the laws of gravitation bows to the earth, as if already seeking an assimilation with its native elements. The external senses, particularly sight and hearing, are greatly blunted—observation and imagination become positively weak; but the retention of a good judgment renders the circumscribed intellectual operations still comparatively perfect.

The shadows of evening are now gathering around the path-way of the time-worn traveler. He beholds himself a scathed monument of decaying mortality. The cool zephyrs that fan his whitened locks, are the same balmy winds that met him in joyous youth. Yonder bright star that meets his dim vision, is the same shining orb that threw its sparkling rays upon his young life; and the burning light of day, is the same luminary that shone on his juvenile sports. But O! how changed the scene! While these remain the same, his own bright eye is dimmed—his cheeks are pale, and deep furrows mark the sinking frame—the nerves and muscles, that bore him onward as the agile deer, respond not to his tardy will, and the decrepid old man leans upon a *wooden staff* for support! The contractile power of the heart becomes slow and feeble, the blood is thrown imperfectly to the extremities—its temperature, and that of the entire body, is rapidly lowered—the warm blood of life cools as the stagnant pool—the vital spark, like the dying taper, glows an instant in the last struggle, sinks and burns again, as though aroused by renewed effort—the lungs expand not—the heart ceases to beat—the brain is inanimate—and the man is dead!

It is thus in man that a separation of the physical and spiritual relations occurs, and in the lower animals, the extinction of a more circumscribed association.

We next treat of *accidental* death.

The *immediate* destructive process in accidental death commences either at the lungs, the heart, or the brain. When one of these vital organs is at once invaded, death is sudden; but when disease attacks remote parts, the case may be protracted and lingering, but ultimately destroys life by interrupting respiration, circulation, or innervation. All men die by one of these modes, and

whether we recognize the intervention of ordinary disease, defective nutrition, effects of poisons, intense cold, mental emotions, or mechanical violence, the result is the same. The aid of the skillful physician consists in remedying an attack of the vital organs, or in preventing their invasion by remote disease.

Apoplexy is the term applied to death of the brain. Destruction of the cerebral organ—the seat of sensation, motion, and volition—occasions universal death, by annihilating respiration, and thereby the sensibility and contraction of the heart.

The most vital part of the human system is a portion of cerebral matter about half an inch square, intermediate between the brain and spinal marrow, denominated *medulla oblongata*, which is emphatically the “link that binds us to life.” The slightest injury of this part, mechanically or by apoplectic effusion, would at once extinguish life. Pressure of other portions of the brain, however, produces apoplectic stupor, but are less speedily fatal.

Cold-blooded animals possess great tenacity of life; and if there is a separation of the head from the body, that part in which the *medulla oblongata* is left, will retain sensation for the longest period. Thus, if the head is cut off so as to retain this vital part, it will evidence life longer than the body; but if it is left with the latter, then will the head die first. These facts account for serpents retaining life after decapitation, and even being capable of inflicting a wound.

In man consciousness does not exist, as some supposed, in the head after separation from the body. In the case of a criminal reported by Professor Bischoff, the countenance was examined immediately after the separation of the head, when all the features were observed to be tranquil without the slightest trace of pain or distortion. This criminal had confidently anticipated pardon, but upon the word “pardon” being shouted in his ear, not the slightest emotion was manifest.

Violent mental emotions, and electricity, instantly and permanently extinguish life, by producing cerebral palsy. Narcotic poisons, as the worara, opium, and others, act directly on the brain, and in large doses destroy life, unless speedily counteracted.

The circulation of black blood in the brain is another cause of death. This process, however, commences in the lungs, and the brain suffers in consequence of the impure current sent to it from the pulmonary organs. This condition has been termed *asphyxia*, or death commencing in the respiratory system. This, however, is not strictly true, because death does not occur in consequence of depriving the lungs of any thing essential to *their* existence; but by destroying respiration venous blood is thrown to the brain, and *there* displays its noxious powers.

Asphyxia is witnessed in death by drowning, hanging, inhalation of poisonous gases, inflammation and congestion of the lungs. It is characterized in ordinary cases by difficult respiration, violet color of the face, lips and nails, stupor, insensibility, cessation of the action of the heart, and death. As a general rule, if

black blood has circulated in the brain for the space of five minutes, recovery is impossible. But if in case of syncope an individual fall into water, he may remain much longer and yet recover, because circulation ceased *first*, and black blood did not circulate.

Syncope is death commencing at the heart. In this instance the circulation is at once arrested, every part of the system is deprived of that indispensable stimulus, and the consequence is, general and complete death. Syncope, however, is not always necessarily fatal; indeed, in its milder forms, it is of common occurrence, and as frequently only produces temporary inconvenience. In bleeding, for example, fainting often occurs, yet death does not follow that simple operation. Fatal syncope, however, may follow great loss of blood, violent pain, mental emotions, and certain impressions on the organs of sight and smell. The heart, erroneously supposed at former periods, and still referred to as the seat of the affections, is the great centre of circulation; and a suspension of that power is at once followed by a cessation of all the vital functions, and vitality itself.

Although death may commence at the lungs, heart or brain, yet a close analysis of the subject exhibits the fact, that the *brain* is intrinsically the organ upon which the destructive influences are *finally* spent. Thus in asphyxia, black blood poisons and paralyzes the cerebral organs; while in syncope the brain is deprived of all blood, which is instantly followed by complete loss of nervous power. Death, then, is the result of *exhaustion, or suppression of nervous energy.*

When death has taken place in vital organs, those of minor importance next catenate in the dying series, until the entire body is a lifeless mass. Vitality having left the system, it is at once deprived of the preserving influences of organic forces, and is of necessity immediately placed under the control of physical laws.

The *signs* of death, it would seem, are *terribly* plain, yet they are not always *certain*. They are divided into the *deceptive*, the *probable*, and the *certain*. The deceptive are cessation of motion, absence of exhalation from the lungs, fixed eye, paleness and coldness. The probable include rigidity of the limbs, opacity and sinking of the eye, and partial gangrene. The only *certain* sign is absolute putrefaction.

With regard to the *pain* of death, or that which precedes it, no general positions can be assumed. When the brain is originally implicated, and death is produced by apoplexy, all sensation being destroyed, it cannot possibly be connected with pain. In asphyxia, when brought on gradually by a combination of causes, the greatest amount of agony is inflicted which we are capable of suffering—I say *agony*, because *pain* does not compass its horrors. No sensation can equal the terrible struggle attending suffocation. True, sudden asphyxia prevents continued suffering, but the pain is equally intense, though less protracted.

In syncope, painful sensations are experienced in the first stage of the process; but an entire cessation of sensibility so speedily follows, that death commencing at

the heart is comparatively tranquil. In all these instances, we perceive that the action on the brain is the cause of death. The conclusion, therefore, follows, that in *articulo mortis* all feeling is lost, and not the slightest physical sensation can be experienced. Excessive pain is often endured during the progress of disease; but when that point has been attained, which is to loose the Gordian knot, the brain has been so completely destroyed, as a necessary pre-requisite to produce death, that no sensation can be appreciated.

Thus ends life. After having struggled through the pain and turmoil of the first existence, and endured the pangs of a last conflict, the kind hand of Providence draws a narcotic mantle over the writhing body, an euthanasia spreads a last sleep upon the sinking frame, and all is still in DEATH.

WOMAN'S REVENGE.

SOME philosophers would give a sex to revenge, and appropriate it almost exclusively to the female mind. But, like most other vices, it is of both genders; yet, because wounded vanity, or slighted love, are the two most powerful excitements to revenge, it is thought, perhaps, to rage with more violence in the female heart. But as the causes of this passion are not confined to the women, so neither are its effects. History can produce many Syllas, to one Fulvia, or Christina. The fact perhaps is, that the human heart in both sexes, will more readily pardon injuries than insults, particularly if they appear to arise, not from any wish in the offender to degrade us, but to aggrandize himself. Margaret Lambrun assumed a man's habit, and came to England from the other side of the Tweed, determined to assassinate Queen Elizabeth. She was urged to this from the double malice of revenge, excited by the loss of her mistress, Queen Mary, and that of her husband, who died from grief at the death of his queen. In attempting to get close to Elizabeth, she dropped one of her pistols; and on being seized, and brought before the queen, she boldly avowed her motives, and added, that she found herself necessitated, by experience, to prove the truth of that maxim, that neither force nor reason can hinder a woman from revenge, when she is impelled by love. The queen set an example that few kings would have followed, for she magnanimously forgave the criminal; and thus took the noblest mode of convincing her, that there were some injuries that even a woman could forgive.—*Lacon.*

PLEASURE is to women what the sun is to the flower: if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, etiolates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

THE CHARMS AND USES OF CHARITY.

On the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians; by Dr. Tholuck, of Halle. Translated from the German by Rev. A. Miller.

Who has such an exalted mind, and such a happy faculty, as to be able to tell us what charity is? If I were to call her a dew, I would only have set forth her reviving influence; if I were to call her a star, I would only have represented her gracefulness; if I were to compare her with a storm, I would only have illustrated her irresistible influence; if I were to call her a sun-beam, I would only have described her celestial beauty. If I were to say she was begotten in the inmost laboratory of the heart, when the aspiration from on high is united with the life-blood of the new man, the breath of the soul, I would still not have given the full idea, for I would merely have told what she was in herself, and not what she is to others. If I were to compare her with the prismatic colors, reflected by the drops of pure water through which the sun-beams pass, even then I would not have given her true character; as she is not so much an object of vision, as something that may be tasted and enjoyed in the inmost chambers of the human heart.

Who is endowed with gift to tell what charity is? She is a flame which many waters cannot quench, and the floods cannot drown. Yes, she is a flame—a silent light and pure, which first cleanses, enlightens, and warms the heart in which she has taken up her abode; and then enwraps the hearts of others in her blaze; and the more she kindles, warms, and enlightens others, the brighter she will burn in her own habitation. She possesses the wonderful power to open to every creature a door by which a communion may be kept up between man and his fellow. Yea, much more—she opens a door through which the Creator may approach the creature—through which the everlasting God may enter and take up his abode.

Take away charity! Alas, how solitary and lonely does all creation appear! How mute and motionless, with only some faint murmurings passing from sky to earth, and through all the ranks of being; for it is from her alone that inclinations to union from different parts of existence proceed, and she is a living, breathing melody in every creature. O who can describe the melody, when all creatures flow together in songs of charity! Thus the apostle, when dwelling in his exalted strain on charity, spake correctly when he represented a man having all knowledge and all faith, yet destitute of charity, as a brass which only gives a hollow sound; or at most only a tinkling cymbal, which has no life in the sound. Provided therefore it were possible for one, as the apostle says, without charity to have the gift of prophecy, and to understand all mysteries, and to remove mountains, and to bestow all his goods to feed the poor, yet all such rare virtues would only be like the visage of a beautiful person, upon whom is seen the paleness of death without a soul.

Since, then, it is charity* alone through which man

* Here charity is put for faith, or the proposition is unscriptural.

is brought into possession of divine life, (or a new life,) through an internal and joyous emotion of the heart, it cannot be otherwise than that such an one who has thus been changed, should desire nothing but God; and as he has opened his treasures of grace to all creation, that abundance and beauty might be distributed to all as much as they are prepared to receive, so also is the heart of one who has become a child of God always open to his fellow creatures around him, entertaining nothing but thoughts of kindness toward them, that from him might be distributed to his fellows of that which he has received. As the sun-beam passing through pure water will divide itself into seven colors, so it is with charity in a pure heart, that she will divide herself into more than seven-fold virtues; yea, much more, all virtues proceed from her. As Luther says, the command of charity is a short command extending far; a single command, embracing much; therefore it is said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." So the apostle also here shows a highly exalted and beautifully variegated mirror, reflecting that Christian charity which dwells in a pure and sanctified heart.

"She suffereth long and is kind," extending to every one a degree of that long-suffering kindness of which she is herself a subject. She also comes to the rebellious, not with the fiery language of "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," proclaiming that the axe is laid at the root of the tree; but with the gracious zeal of the Savior, who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

"Charity envieth not"—inasmuch as our gracious benefactor does not envy us, but daily offers himself to us with all the treasures of his grace and glory. Also where it may appear that a bounteous Providence has too profusely lavished his favors upon those who never offer up their thanks to their Benefactor, charity envieth them not; but resolves rather to wait the hour when they shall be brought to reflection.

"She vaunteth not herself; is not puffed up"—whereas our gracious Redeemer, notwithstanding he might have assumed an exalted station among his sinful creatures, yet chose to dwell among us in the form of a servant, condescending to visit the poor and the needy. Therefore, if her gifts are ever so exalted, yet she will always delight to dwell with the lowly.

"She does not behave herself unseemly"—that is, she never forgets the obligations she is under to others, where she can impart whatever of good she has in herself; much more recognizing in others what they have already received, and is therefore that principle of courtesy teaching us never to forget the honors that are due to rank, and talent, and virtue.

"She seeketh not her own"—as also her gracious Author did not seek his own in this poor world, having inscribed on every act, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"She is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil"—for notwithstanding all her sweetness is recompensed with wrongs, her sweetness will not be changed into bitterness, and she will only seek to reform the evil-doer;

Original.
ON DEATH.

BY L. M. LAWSON, M. D.

DEATH is the cessation of life. This definition, however, explains nothing beyond what is evident to the senses; and, as we attempt to unveil the process by which vitality is severed from its earthly associations, we seek not to lay sacrilegious hands upon holy and forbidden ground, but rather, to be the invited copyist in the great natural world.

Every species of organic matter, vegetable and animal, has a specific period of existence; in other words, peculiar laws *sui generis* in each instance govern and control the powers of life for a given period, when, through weakened energy, either by natural limitation or accidental violence, vitality becoming inadequate to sustain the falling system, death assumes control.

We distinguish two primary modes of death, *accidental* and *senile*; the latter signifies death from old age, the former from accident. Contrary to what might be presumed to follow the harmonious laws of nature, few individuals die from natural or senile causes. Inferences drawn from the most accurate statistics exhibit the solemn truth, that not more than one-tenth part of the human family reach that period to which the uninterrupted laws of vitality might extend.

If permitted to progress to a natural termination, the life of man would embrace about the Scripture period of "three-score and ten;" some, however, suppose that many circumstances combine to justify the belief, that a much greater time was never extended to any nation. True, say they, occasional individuals have greatly surpassed these limits. Thomas Parr, born in 1635, lived to the age of one hundred and fifty-two, and married at the mature age of one hundred and twenty. St. Patrick lived to the age of one hundred and twenty-two; Henry Jenkins, one hundred and sixty-nine; St. Mongah, one hundred and eighty-five. These, however, are individual peculiarities, and by no means illustrative of nationality.

Dr. Parr advances the opinion that prior to the deluge, one object of the Mosaic narrative was to preserve the genealogy of the children of Israel from Adam down, and successions of families or dynasties may have been represented as individuals. There has been no apparent change in the constitution of the globe, certainly none adequate to effect so material an abridgment of human life, and nothing to correspond with this change has been observed in inferior animals.

It is further argued, that if the term of man's existence has been diminished, it has occurred through the agency of natural causes; indeed, these are supposed to be numerous and potent, each directing an insidious but certain blow at the fated object, and achieving something towards the given end. If five thousand years ago human life extended to seven hundred years, whereas now it counts but seventy, there is of course but one-tenth part the period now there was then. Taking this as the basis of the calculation it will be found, should

the same causes continue to operate, that the human race would become extinct in less than five hundred years from the present time, and should now be rapidly diminishing instead of increasing. Opposed to all this, however, is the plain declaration of the Volume of Inspiration, which to most persons will be conclusive evidence.

Buffon estimates, that one-fourth part of the human race die before the end of five years; one-third before ten; one-half before thirty-five; two-thirds before fifty-two, and three-fourths before sixty-one. The mean period of the life of a child of three years is thirty-three—of an adult of twenty-one nearly the same. The age of sixty-six has equal chances with an infant. He estimates the most fatal periods at appearance of the teeth, puberty, twenty-one, twenty-eight, forty-five, and sixty-one.

Death from old age is with difficulty explained. We may turn to the various mechanical powers and combinations to exhibit analogies illustrative of man's decay—the action of wheel upon wheel, until by natural friction they cease to occupy their original space, and the failing power is followed by cessation of motion, is a feeble and imperfect figure when applied to the decay of animal life. True, the human organization is to a limited extent influenced by physical laws; but these are all modified and held in beautiful subordination by the vital principle, until that period arrives when Providence terminates life.

During adolescence, the vital principle maintains the ascendancy, and the system is increased and perfected, until physical organization is completed. From this period to about the fiftieth year, the mental and physical powers undergo many and important changes. Curiosity and activity of observation, so peculiar to youth, begin to mellow down in the more sombre shades of advancing years; and although the intellectual operations are prompt and energetic, and with an improved judgment subduing early passions, yet memory and imagination begin to fail, and change the mental constitution. The circulation during this period is reduced in force, but acquires regularity; and the development of animal heat is sensibly diminished. A desire and necessity for repose and sleep become manifest, and consequently the ability to sustain corporeal fatigue is greatly lessened.

When the meridian of life is passed, the beauty and harmony of laws that regulate the period of growth suffer a material change; the absorbing vessels gain the ascendancy, and the system wastes. A general, but gradual, and almost imperceptible diminution of vital energies, follows impaired nutrition; and, while the intellectual powers may glow with much fervor, the physical frame is rapidly passing down the vale of time. After the fiftieth year has been passed, all these phenomena are very remarkably augmented; and, while the external and visible signs are accumulating, internal causes are operating to effect such changes.

It was remarked in an article on LIFE, that in the lungs the blood undergoes important and vital changes,

capacitating it to sustain vitality; and that when this function was materially interrupted, the brain was immediately impressed by the morbid change, and deleterious effects, proportioned to the intensity of the cause, followed. In old age the action of the heart is enfeebled, and blood is not duly forced into the minute vessels; the consequence is, that the capillary system of the lungs, whose office is to transmit the circulating fluids for exposure to the air, contract in diameter, and exclude much that should be admitted. The brain is evidently that organ which *immediately* sustains the vital powers, and whatever impairs its integrity, reduces in the same ratio animal life. Then, the impure current of blood, which passes the lungs without due oxygenization, poisons the brain and nervous system, and rapidly reduces the energies of the entire body. Every function becomes impaired. The muscular power and contractibility become enfeebled, the superincumbent weight is imperfectly supported, and the body yielding to the laws of gravitation bows to the earth, as if already seeking an assimilation with its native elements. The external senses, particularly sight and hearing, are greatly blunted—observation and imagination become positively weak; but the retention of a good judgment renders the circumscribed intellectual operations still comparatively perfect.

The shadows of evening are now gathering around the path-way of the time-worn traveler. He beholds himself a scathed monument of decaying mortality. The cool zephyrs that fan his whitened locks, are the same balmy winds that met him in joyous youth. Yonder bright star that meets his dim vision, is the same shining orb that threw its sparkling rays upon his young life; and the burning light of day, is the same luminary that shone on his juvenile sports. But O! how changed the scene! While these remain the same, his own bright eye is dimmed—his cheeks are pale, and deep furrows mark the sinking frame—the nerves and muscles, that bore him onward as the agile deer, respond not to his tardy will, and the decrepid old man leans upon a *wooden staff* for support! The contractile power of the heart becomes slow and feeble, the blood is thrown imperfectly to the extremities—its temperature, and that of the entire body, is rapidly lowered—the warm blood of life cools as the stagnant pool—the vital spark, like the dying taper, glows an instant in the last struggle, sinks and burns again, as though aroused by renewed effort—the lungs expand not—the heart ceases to beat—the brain is inanimate—and the man is dead!

It is thus in man that a separation of the physical and spiritual relations occurs, and in the lower animals, the extinction of a more circumscribed association.

We next treat of *accidental* death.

The *immediate* destructive process in accidental death commences either at the lungs, the heart, or the brain. When one of these vital organs is at once invaded, death is sudden; but when disease attacks remote parts, the case may be protracted and lingering, but ultimately destroys life by interrupting respiration, circulation, or innervation. All men die by one of these modes, and

whether we recognize the intervention of ordinary disease, defective nutrition, effects of poisons, intense cold, mental emotions, or mechanical violence, the result is the same. The aid of the skillful physician consists in remedying an attack of the vital organs, or in preventing their invasion by remote disease.

Apoplexy is the term applied to death of the brain. Destruction of the cerebral organ—the seat of sensation, motion, and volition—occasions universal death, by annihilating respiration, and thereby the sensibility and contraction of the heart.

The most vital part of the human system is a portion of cerebral matter about half an inch square, intermediate between the brain and spinal marrow, denominated *medulla oblongata*, which is emphatically the “link that binds us to life.” The slightest injury of this part, mechanically or by apoplectic effusion, would at once extinguish life. Pressure of other portions of the brain, however, produces apoplectic stupor, but are less speedily fatal.

Cold-blooded animals possess great tenacity of life; and if there is a separation of the head from the body, that part in which the medulla oblongata is left, will retain sensation for the longest period. Thus, if the head is cut off so as to retain this vital part, it will evidence life longer than the body; but if it is left with the latter, then will the head die first. These facts account for serpents retaining life after decapitation, and even being capable of inflicting a wound.

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is brought into possession of divine life, (or a new life,) through an internal and joyous emotion of the heart, it cannot be otherwise than that such an one who has thus been changed, should desire nothing but God; and as he has opened his treasures of grace to all creation, that abundance and beauty might be distributed to all as much as they are prepared to receive, so also is the heart of one who has become a child of God always open to his fellow creatures around him, entertaining nothing but thoughts of kindness toward them, that from him might be distributed to his fellows of that which he has received. As the sun-beam passing through pure water will divide itself into seven colors, so it is with charity in a pure heart, that she will divide herself into more than seven-fold virtues; yea, much more, all virtues proceed from her. As Luther says, the command of charity is a short command extending far; a single command, embracing much; therefore it is said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." So the apostle also here shows a highly exalted and beautifully variegated mirror, reflecting that Christian charity which dwells in a pure and sanctified heart.

"She suffereth long and is kind," extending to every one a degree of that long-suffering kindness of which she is herself a subject. She also comes to the rebellious, not with the fiery language of "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," proclaiming that the axe is laid at the root of the tree; but with the gracious zeal of the Savior, who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

"Charity envieth not"—inasmuch as our gracious benefactor does not envy us, but daily offers himself to us with all the treasures of his grace and glory. Also where it may appear that a bounteous Providence has too profusely lavished his favors upon those who never offer up their thanks to their Benefactor, charity envieth them not; but resolves rather to wait the hour when they shall be brought to reflection.

"She vaunteth not herself; is not puffed up"—whereas our gracious Redeemer, notwithstanding he might have assumed an exalted station among his sinful creatures, yet chose to dwell among us in the form of a servant, condescending to visit the poor and the needy. Therefore, if her gifts are ever so exalted, yet she will always delight to dwell with the lowly.

"She does not behave herself unseemly"—that is, she never forgets the obligations she is under to others, where she can impart whatever of good she has in herself; much more recognizing in others what they have already received, and is therefore that principle of courtesy teaching us never to forget the honors that are due to rank, and talent, and virtue.

"She seeketh not her own"—as also her gracious Author did not seek his own in this poor world, having inscribed on every act, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"She is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil"—for notwithstanding all her sweetness is recompensed with wrongs, her sweetness will not be changed into bitterness, and she will only seek to reform the evil-doer;

and this as far as possible so as not to injure the sinner himself, but would much more rejoice to see her bitterest foes crowned with honors, and supplied with plenty, if by the exhibition of such long-suffering kindness they may be led to repentance.

"She rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth"—because she is herself so richly possessed of that light which comes from above, and from which all truth and righteousness among men proceed, as in this light being received by others, spreading itself in all directions she has an abiding joy; like the divine Savior who rejoiced at the faith of the woman of Cana, and the centurion of Capernaum: having a discernment so illuminated as to be able to distinguish between light and darkness, yet in darkness discovering some rays of light, which are hid from an obscure vision.

"She beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things"—that is, inasmuch as she only seeks the good of her neighbor, she is active and efficient wherever her aid is required. In fine, charity unites him that loves, and him that is loved; and is it not the fulfillment of that law which bids us "do to others as we would they should do to us." As there is no marriage union, at least such as God has pronounced his blessing upon, where one would not do for another what they would do for themselves, the two being one flesh; so also is he whose soul is filled with love to God—in every man he beholds his own flesh, and therefore labors and does for others what he does for himself.

Charity is greater than faith and hope, says the apostle; for beyond the bounds where faith and hope can go, charity will remain. All the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven are now only viewed as through a darkened glass; and all our knowledge is but in part, and of this we have no assurance but by faith. But the apostle speaks of a time when we shall know God even as we are known of him, from face to face: then, as we shall know the origin and being of all things, faith must come to an end. And again, as the sacred Scriptures have united faith with hope, as it fixes itself upon future objects, and especially on what we shall be ourselves; so when all shall be present, and time itself shall have passed away into eternity, hope with it must also pass away. But charity, which is nothing else than the door through which God enters the heart of man, and man becomes united with his fellow, never passeth away. This door in time was only a narrow gate, which even did not always stand open, but was frequently closed by some adverse winds; but it shall in eternity become a wide door, which shall stand open day and night. No storm of wind shall close it, and the soul shall have free course in her communion with God and the saints. O, has charity already made us so rich in this world, if it even has only been a faint brook which many a time, under the rays of a scorching sun, would almost become evaporated? How rich, then, will she make us when the small brook shall have become a stream, yea, an ocean; when in a full torrent from God the stream shall flow, and sin no more

raise an obstruction in the heart; and when there shall be a free, intimate intercourse between heaven and earth!

Original.

INFANCY.

"Gaze on—'tis lovely! childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought—
Gaze—yet what seest thou in these fair and meek?"

HERMAN.

Who thus can look upon the infant brow
And not feel strong emotion stir within?
If interest vast, in God's own cunning work
We ever feel—if in the babbling brook
And waving tree we read his wisdom deep;
How, when on this fair miniature of man,
Transfixed by quiet sleep, we fondly gaze,
Can we feel aught but wonder, at the Power
That gave it thus, all glorious as it is,
Into our charge to fashion for the heavens?
As gazing on its fair and peaceful brow,
We forward look when he his part shall act
Upon the world's great stage—the babe a man.
He in the smiles of fortune then may bask,
And by the wise may fondly be caressed,
Or from the great win well deserved applause—
He in that tiny hand the varying scale
Of empires yet may strongly, proudly hold;
And his now feeble, wailing voice may give
Mandates which shall unsheath the vengeful sword
Of nations outraged by tyrannic power.
And may this wee thing thus in coming years?
Then be it ours to wrap and cherish it,
Till it can climb the rugged Alpine heights,
And stand among their everlasting snows—
Upon the mounts of old Jerusalem,
The hills of famed Judea trace its way—
Or on the arid plains of Afric's waste,
Or by the Ganges' darkly rolling flood,
Or o'er the islands of far southern seas,
Its feet, obedient to God's will, may stray.

But look again—and think, as parents oft,
In serious, solemn hours, are wont to think—
What part he'll bear before the throne of God!
What sorrows deep may gather round his soul
In the deep realms of darkness and despair!
What seas of anguish may before him roll,
Through which his course must lie to that long sleep,
From which the trump of God his dust shall wake!
Disease and death his certain lot. But O!
Afflictions keen shall bring him to his God;
Shall sanctify the soul from earthly dross;
And death, although his hand be icy cold,
Unlock the golden doors of bliss, through which
The Lord's redeemed shall pass to endless rest.

SALINDA.

Original.
NATURAL SCIENCE.

BY PROFESSOR MERRICK.

BIRDS.

Who does not love the birds, with their beautiful forms, their graceful movements, their cheerful songs, and rich attire? What a blank in creation without them! But they are *useful* as well as beautiful; and not merely those which have been domesticated by man and appropriated exclusively to his private use—for the wild bird that frequents the solitary glen, often does man important service, though it may be unacknowledged and unknown. True, sometimes when the hawk picks up a plump chicken for his supper, or the crow uproots the young corn, or the robin supplies its wants from the cherry-tree, a curse falls upon the whole feathered tribe; still none would be willing that a law of extermination should be passed against the birds. What, no birds to tell us when the spring has come, to greet us on a summer's morning with their merry song, to mingle their notes with ours at the vesper hour, to flit along our path, to build their nests and rear their young in the shrubs and trees around the door, to destroy the noxious insects which would otherwise prove destructive to our flowers and fruits! No, let the birds live, and let the truant boy whose *destructiveness* seeks exercise in cruelly taking their lives without provocation, learn to love what is so "beautiful and fair in nature," and direct his destructive powers against something which contributes less to the happiness of all.

Though it is not the season of birds, I propose to furnish a few articles on their structure, size, covering, voice, &c., with the natural history of a few interesting species. This, I trust, will not be unacceptable to the fair readers of the Repository, for birds "improve upon acquaintance."

The average size of birds is much less than that of quadrupeds, the largest of the former not exceeding the medium size of the latter. Their range of size is also less; some species of quadrupeds being but little larger than the smallest birds, while the largest of the feathered race appear diminutive in the presence of some of the gigantic species of the former. Still, this range is very wide. The *ruby-throated humming bird* is not more than two and a half inches in length, and its wings do not expand more than four or five inches; while the *ostrich* sometimes measures from eight to nine feet in height, and the *albatross* expands its wings to not less than twenty feet.

In the structure of birds we meet with much which is highly interesting, and which, in an eminent degree, affords evidence of design, and equally exhibits the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. Most that is peculiar in their structure is designed to adapt them to the medium in which they move.

For a number of reasons it is necessary that the head of birds should be small, and on this account they are not furnished with the teeth, heavy jaws, and strong muscles of the mammalians. Being destitute of these, they do not masticate their food before swallowing.

This process is performed by a singular organ called a *gizzard*, which in its structure and mode of operation bears a strong resemblance to a common corn-mill. "It consists of two powerful muscles of a hemispherical shape, with their flat sides applied to each other, and their edges united by a strong tendon, which leaves a vacant space of an oval or quadrangular form between their two surfaces. These surfaces are covered by a thick and dense horny substance, which, when the gizzard is in action, performs an office similar to that of mill-stones. In most birds there is also a sac, or receptacle termed the *craw*, in which the food is collected for the purpose of being dropped, in small quantities at a time, into the gizzard, in proportion as the latter becomes gradually emptied."*

The pebbles always found upon opening the gizzard are undoubtedly necessary to assist in triturating the food. Thus furnished, the power of this organ is truly wonderful. The hardest substances scarcely resist its action. In experiments made by Reanmur and Spallanzani, "balls of glass, which the bird was made to swallow with its food, were soon ground to powder: tin tubes, introduced into the stomach, were flattened, and then bent into a variety of shapes; and it was even found that the points of needles and of lancets fixed in a ball of lead, were blunted and broken off by the power of the gizzard, while its internal coat did not appear to be in the slightest degree injured." After the food has been properly triturated, it is received into a thin muscular bag, situated in the lower part of the gizzard, where it undergoes digestion.

The *organs of respiration* in birds are also peculiar. The lungs themselves are not large, but there are numerous air-cells situated in different parts of the body, into which the atmosphere is received from the lungs. The cavities in the bones and larger feathers are likewise filled with air from the same source. The lungs do not expand and contract in respiration as in most animals; but by a peculiar movement the air is forced through them into the air-cells, and thence back through the same organ; so that the air may be said to be breathed twice at each respiration. It is obvious that this arrangement adds much to the lightness of the bird, and thus enables it to move with greater ease in its native element.

"In order that the body may be exactly balanced while the bird is flying, its centre of gravity must be brought precisely under the line connecting the articulations of the wings with the trunk; for it is at these points that the resistance of the air causes it to be supported by the wings. When the bird is resting upon its legs, the centre of gravity must, in like manner, be brought immediately over the base of support formed by the toes: it becomes necessary, therefore, to provide means for shifting the centre of gravity from one place to another, according to circumstances, and to adjust its position with considerable nicety; otherwise there would be danger of the equilibrium being destroyed,

* Boget.

and the body oversetting. The principal means of effecting these adjustments consist in the motions of the head and neck, which last is for that purpose, rendered exceedingly long and flexible. The number of cervical vertebræ is generally very considerable: in the mammalia there are always seven, but in many birds there are more than twice that number. In the swan there are twenty-three, and they are joined together by articulations, generally allowing free motions in all directions; that is, laterally, as well as forward and backwards. This unusual degree of mobility is conferred by a peculiar mechanism, which is not met with in other vertebrated animals. A cartilage is interposed between each of the vertebræ, to the surfaces of which these cartilages are curiously adapted; being inclosed between folds of the membrane lining the joint; so that each joint is in reality double, consisting of two cavities, with an intervening cartilage.

"It is to be observed, however, that in consequence of the positions of the oblique processes, the upper vertebræ of the neck bend with more facility forwards than backwards; while those in the lower half of the neck bend more readily backwards: hence, in a state of repose, the neck naturally assumes a double curvature, like that of the letter S, as is well seen in the graceful form of the swan's neck. By extending the neck in a straight line, the bird can, while flying, carry forwards the centre of gravity, so as to bring it under the wings; and when resting on its feet, or floating on the water, it can transfer that centre backwards, so as to bring it toward the middle of the body, by merely bending back the neck into the curved form which has just been described; and thus the equilibrium is, under all circumstances, preserved, by movements remarkable for their elegance and grace.

"Another advantage arising from the length and mobility of the neck is, that it facilitates the application of the head to every part of the surface of the body. Birds require this power in order that they may be enabled to adjust their plumage, whenever it has, by any accident, become ruffled. In aquatic birds, it is necessary that every feather should be constantly anointed with an oily secretion, which preserves it from being wetted, and which is copiously provided for that purpose by glands situated near the tail. The flexibility of the neck alone would have been insufficient for enabling the bird to bring its bill in contact with every feather, in order to distribute this fluid equally over them; and there is, accordingly, a farther provision made for the accomplishment of this object in the mode of articulation of the head with the neck.

"The great mobility of the neck also enables the bird to employ its beak as an organ of prehension for taking its food: an object which was the more necessary, in consequence of the conversion of the fore extremities into wings, of which the structure is incompatible with any prehensile power, such as is often possessed by the anterior extremity of a quadruped."*

The contrivance for closing the foot when the bird is on perch, is beautiful for its simplicity and efficiency. The muscles which bend the toes are made to pass over the outer angle of the two lower joints of the leg, so that as these are bent the muscles are mechanically tightened, thus the mere weight of the bird when at rest, bending the joints, involuntarily closes the foot upon the limb on which it is perched. As the firmness with which the limb is grasped depends upon the force which bends the joints of the leg, the bird rests as secure upon one leg as upon both.

The mechanism of the eye and of the wing of the bird is also well calculated to excite the admiration of all. Upon these, however, I shall not dwell; but the above, I trust, will be sufficient to lead the reader to exclaim with one who was accustomed to look through nature up to nature's God, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."



Original.

AMBITION.

—
BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

AMBITION'S triumphs! how they chain the soul,
And seize the strong conception! how we love
To contemplate the martial hosts that move
To conflict, and to read the trophied scroll
Of him who reaches glory's glittering goal;
Who stands upon the stary height of fame,
And leaves behind him an undying name.
Come, votary of ambition! and unroll
The record of the past. Behold the end
Of earth's aspiring sons, who would ascend
Fame's rugged steep; like them thou too wilt fall!
In vict'ry's hour, thy laurel'd form shall bend!
The armless hand inscribe upon the wall
Thy doom, and dim oblivion o'er thee fling its pall!



Original.

TO THE SNOW.

—
BY MRS. BRAME.

Thou art come, in thy beautiful mantle of white,
As spotless and pure as an angel of light;
Thy step is as soft as a spirit's light tread,
And noiseless thy voice, as the voice of the dead.
Thou art come, and the boughs of the forest are dress'd,
In vestments as fair as those of the bless'd;
Thou art come! and the hills and the vallies are bright,
And each point, like a diamond, now glitters with light.
* * * * *
Thou art gone! but a blessing behind thee remains;
Thou hast moisten'd the hills, the vallies and plains;
And man, as he welcomes the spring's genial showers,
Shall see thee burst forth, in rich buds and sweet flowers.

* Rogot

Original.
THE CHRISTIAN.

—
BY DR. THOMSON.
—

THEY are mistaken who imagine that the Christian religion is unfavorable to magnanimity. The Gospel is a fruitful source of true greatness. Every genuine believer is a specimen of the moral sublime. He stands before us a pattern embodying whatever is lovely, and whatever is great in human nature. His imagination is kept glowing by the constant presence of an object, in comparison with which, the united glories of all the angels in heaven, would be but as the glimmering of the glow-worm. He perceives that every word he utters, every action he performs, bears itself onward to the last day, and to the eternity which must follow. All his motives, his plans, his purposes, have an endless sweep. He stands in the midst of a world of care and folly, looking steadily to the rescue of an immortal soul from sin and death, and the acquisition of an eternal crown.

But I have particularly in view the tendency of the Christian's *unity of purpose*, to confer magnanimity of character. It is not the performance of a few great actions that constitutes an illustrious name. It is the governing plan of the agent. How do we form an idea of an epic poem? Not by the imagery, the episodes, the diction; but by the plan, or design of the poet—the connection of parts apparently disunited, into one harmonious and beautiful whole. Here is shown the genius of the writer; here kindles the imagination of the reader. Why is the cataract so full of majesty? Because with all its currents and counter-currents, in the calmest hour, it heaves its mighty sheet of water to the foaming bed below. Why are we charmed at the history of an illustrious warrior? It is not his forced marches, his long campaigns, his hazardous voyages, his hair-breadth escapes, his midnight battles, the seas of blood pressed from human hearts by his footsteps, the thrones and sceptres crumbled by his touch, the prostrate nations bowing at his nod; but the union of all these things to the accomplishment of one object, the concentration of power in the hands of the victor, that excite our admiration and astonishment. Why is it that in this unity of purpose there is sublimity? Because it is a characteristic of the Divinity, and mind was formed to admire God. Look into the universe, that shadow of God's natural perfections. What unity, what harmony, what simplicity of machinery, to accomplish a multiplicity of effects. Behold gravity, pressing the humblest plant that opens its petals to the morning sun to the bosom of the earth, and putting forth its hand to bind the universe in one. Look into providence—all events concur to a common end. Look at redemption. If the seer prophesy, if the altar bleed, if the tabernacle rise, if the temple lift its spires on high; if Jesus comes, if he burst the tomb, or heal the sick, or cleanse the leper—whether he lives, or dies, or rises, or ascends, or sends his ministers to the ends of

the earth: a common object is kept in view, the release of earth from the dominion of hell.

Although we are predisposed to admire unity of purpose, we cannot consistently estimate human character without scanning the motive by which its plan is directed. If actions are to be estimated without reference to motives, there is no difference between the lion watering his dry jaws with the blood of his victim, and Buonaparte surmounting the Alps. But if character is to be estimated by the motive of the agent, then where shall we find a character truly great, except it be that of the Christian? How shall we estimate a motive? Not, surely, without reference to man's nature and relations. He is a moral, rational, and immortal being; he is a subject of God's government. Can that plan be approved which is founded in disregard of God's laws, which overlooks the endless life that lies before us? Nay. Where then shall we find dignified character? Shall we find it in the miser, who spends his life in gathering gold which he knows not who shall scatter, while he descends to the treasure of eternal wealth which he has heaped up for himself? In the warrior, who writes his name upon the scroll, to be wiped out a few days hence, while he himself descends to shame and everlasting contempt? In the sensualist, who buries his soul in the sepulchre of his senses, to have a resurrection in the flames that are never quenched? Or shall we find it in him who pleases conscience, obeys God, avoids hell, gains heaven, writes his name in the eternal histories, and plants himself as a star in the firmament of heaven for ever and ever?

I think I have never dwelt with greater admiration on the pages of profane history, than when contemplating Pericles in the Peloponnesian war, contrary to the wishes and judgment of every man, woman, and child in Athens, resolving not to march out to meet the foe, but to fortify the city, and wait the approach of the enemy before the walls. He goes not into any assembly of the people, that he may not be forced into any measure contrary to his own judgment; but as the pilot of a vessel in the ocean, buffeted by the midnight storm, having arranged every thing carefully, and drawn tight the tackle, exercises his own skill, disregarding the tears and entreaties of the terrified and sea-sick passengers—thus he, having shut up the city and occupied all places, and stationed his guards, went on and *followed his own plan*; caring little for those abhorring and exclaiming against him. Although many of his friends kept urging him by their entreaties, and many of his enemies assailed him by their threats and denunciations, and many sang songs and scurrilous effusions to bring him into disgrace, stigmatizing him as a coward, and as betraying the public property and honor to the enemy, yet he steadily pursued his own wise plans, and wrought out the salvation of the city. And yet the humblest son of God possesses a unity and energy of purpose surpassing that of Pericles. 'Tis not because he has no avarice that he does not rake together the glittering dust; 'tis not because he has no propensities that he does not plunge into sensuality; 'tis not

because he has no ambition that he does not pluck honor from the cannon's mouth, or wreath his brow with the civic crown; 'tis not because he has no pride, that he rebels not against the heavens. No, no; but because he, by the grace of God, puts forth his hands and binds the passions of his deathless soul with restless cords. 'Tis not because he is unentreated and unassailed, that he pursues his simple plan. Friends persuade, foes denounce; one slanders, another sneers; now he is called cowardly, now enthusiastic, now unfeeling, now hypocritical, now stultified. Earth spreads its temptations all over her beautiful bosom, his own senses are avenues to temptations, his passions are allies to his foes: all hell surrounds him with a determination to destroy, and yet he pursues his way. No wonder that angels are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. The faithful Christian is worthy to be a spectacle to earth and hell and heaven. Methinks an angel might delight to leave the sapphire blaze of the eternal throne, to help him up the heights of glory.



Original.

SHADOWS AND REALITIES.

"O, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never rear'd a tree or flower,
But what 'twas sure to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

MOORE.

THE great defect in much of the sweetest poetry of the present day is, that while it awakens our sensibility and opens a current of feeling—while it pours a torrent of softness on the heart, and shadows forth to the imagination the bright imagery of its creation, it presents nothing safe and solid on which the mind can repose, when startled at the result of its own musings. The above lines are given as a fair specimen of this description, every feature of which is culled from the bowers of romance.

From "the cradle to the grave," the melancholy truth is stamped upon our memory—we *shall pass away*. Hence the dark and undefined forebodings that loom through the distant future. The minds of men, especially that portion of them just emerging from the indistinct dreams of youth to the meridian of mature life, are so generally plied with this feeble source of thought, that were it not for the benevolence of a Savior, who has condescended to instruct, and who still "*careth for us*," the works of the preacher and Christian philanthropist would be barren of fruit, a forlorn hope. The Most High comes to the rescue, and by an exhibition of his power, severe though it may seem to poor blind man, opens his heart to conviction, and cleanses it from the debasing sensualities to which it so fondly clings.

It was once remarked by a very young person, who knew but little of "salvation by faith" in Christ, or

the strangeness of some of the dispensations of Providence, "I walked in the garden amid the roses and lilies; the honey-suckle was over and about me; the innocuous shrubs down at my feet: all warmed into life by the sun-shine, and watered by the dew of heaven. The freshness of the air, and unsurpassed loveliness of all around, caused me to lift my heart in thankfulness to the great Jehovah. But, alas, the sad and sickening thought, '*all must perish*,' closed the scene on this delightful banquet."

Such admonitory reflections are not uncommon, even among children. They are taught, and receive without appropriating it, the simple truth, that there is a presiding Deity who made all things. And though they may not understand the precise character of that change which comes upon the vegetable world—why the flowers fade, and the leaves wither away and die—it is a sort of philosophy that disposes the heart to listen to the invitations of Heaven. It is a voice from the skies calling us home to God, alluring us to brighter worlds. It corrects that romantic fancy, which too often subdues the nobler faculties of the mind, and keeps it on a stretch for something great and grand in this world of sin, and tells us that, "like the poor beetle which we tread upon," we must come down to dust and ashes. How fatal is that error, which leads the *mind* to dwell with rapture on the gay and airy associations of reckless poets, or suffers it to be darkened by the obscurity they throw over their superficial ideas.

There is no ray of light in the whole circle of man's philosophy to dissipate the gloom. We see the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and understand the nature of the solar system, and the relation the planets bear to each other; Socrates defined what justice was, and celebrated the praises of virtue; but the knowledge of all this does not unfold to us our origin, or the attributes of the Deity. Invention loses its power in the confused mass of subjects, and our hopes and expectations are given up to astonishment and surprise. This is the sum total of all our efforts.

The volume of Revelation affords the desired information, and its authority is sanctified by God himself. Here we learn the depravity of our nature, consequent on the fall of man—the immortality of the soul—the redemption of the world by the coming of Christ, and the boundless limits of that grace which is freely offered to all who repent and believe.

How utterly insignificant and puerile do the effusions of Byron and Shelly appear, compared with the majesty of the Scriptures. Men who were swayed by unholy passions, or dashed about by the breakers of licentiousness—they glitter like an insect in the morning sun, and fall to rise no more. Go, proud one, to the cross of your Redeemer, and learn the purport of his sufferings.

J. L. S.



ENVY, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion, confined within a circle of fire, will sting *itself* to death.

Original.

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

"There's more beyond."

WHEN human life one unclouded day, in which pleasure was ever supreme, the very monotony which it would produce would tend to weariness, if not to pain. But such is not the order of Providence. Above, around, beneath us, change is the characteristic of all things. Day succeeds night—one season gives place to another—the ocean, though beautiful in its calmness, anon is lashed into fury by the wrath of the tempest—the heavens, now serene, presently become involved in clouds and storms. But not alone in the material world is change the order of the day; but man, who breathes the fury of the tempest and the storm, and brings under his subjection, so to speak, the elements of nature itself, is the theatre upon which changes, the most august and wonderful, are witnessed. In fortune, in circumstances, in his hopes, desires, and expectations, mutation is stamped upon all. Well might the poet speak of him as that

"pendulum betwixt a smile and tear;"

for there are moments when a feeling of sadness steals over even the gayest heart, and like the gathering shadows of departing day, mellow into tenderness the gairish beams of noon-day joy. However the busy pursuits of gain, the vaultings of ambition, or the simpler delights of domestic life may enchain us to one pursuit until habit begets a second nature, and our course seems still onward in this chosen routine, yet such is the law of our being, and such the order of Providence, that some obstacle springs up to break the even tenor of our way—to disengage the mind from the consideration of the evanescent things around our path, and by a reflex influence to look within to that complicated and mysterious agency which constitutes our being. For example—we all find ourselves possessed of every thing which can supply our wants, or gratify the more refined tastes of wealth or intellectual refinement. No accident mars our felicity—no misfortune clouds our brow—our friendships are sincere and reciprocal—our domestic joys know no diminution, and the heart luxuriates in all that the world calls *happiness*. But suddenly "a change comes over the spirit of our dream"—a wife—a child—some fond idol, with whom the affections of the heart were so closely entwined that it were like death to sever the link which united us to them, is snatched from our embrace; and that animated and beautiful being, in whom life seemed to wanton in excess now lies a tenant of the tomb,

"In cold obstruction's apathy."

No more can it soothe us in distress, or add energy in adversity. The gushing fountains of sympathy are chilled in the coldness of the tomb; and the lone heart, stricken by the bereavement, is left to bow in agony before the irrevocable decree. But though death thus invades our peace, and gathers to his dark domain the loved ones in whom our affections centred, yet with what force does the conviction come home to our minds

that they are not lost for ever!—that there is some spirit-land where, crowned with amaranthine garlands, they await our coming to join them in those bowers of joy! And why is this? wherefore the *assurance* which yields a solace to the wounded spirit, that "there is more beyond" this scene of toil and anxiety, and that this life is but the vestibule of the temple of *existence*? Is it but a fond fancy of my own, or does the common belief of humanity, and the teachings of an enlightened philosophy confirm this dogma?

I look abroad to the nations of the earth, and wherever I make the inquiry, whether in the refined halls of Grecian, of oriental, or Roman philosophy, or of the simple savage,

"————— whose untutor'd mind

Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,"

I find but one and the same response. Rude though the conception of what that existence is to the latter, and though the former may not have felt that unquestionable conviction which arises from a fully demonstrated proposition, nor the higher sanction of inspired revelation, yet it is not to be doubted that this belief was firmly rooted in the mind of both the one and the other.

The savage imagined that after the soul "shook off this mortal coil," it wandered in isles of beauty and light beyond the setting sun, and quaffed immortality from fountains of crystal purity, beneath bowers of undying fragrance. The arch imposter of the east debased his paradise to the level of sensual indulgence, and held out to his devotees the boon of immortality amid groves of perennial bloom, where Hours enraptured the soul of the brave, and were ever employed in unfolding new sources of delight. The more refined philosopher of the schools, though unable to gain any clear perception of "that bourne from whence no traveler hath returned," yet listened with docility to the voice of the soul; and from her aspirations—from

"The pleasing hope—the fond desire—

The longing after immortality"—

which filled his breast, "reasoned well" of her destiny. In short, all kindreds, and tongues, and nations, however diverse in their customs, or dissimilar in their intellectual or moral culture, are univocal in declaring that there is an immortality beyond the grave. And if we adopt that just canon of interpretation furnished us by Cicero, viz., *consensus omnium lex naturæ est*, we cannot but conclude that there is a rational foundation for this belief.

But leaving this argument, I turn my eye within, and consider the capacities of this mysterious agent. Unlike the body by which its energies are clogged and fettered, I find it simple and indivisible, exhibiting no appearances of decay or destruction, but possessed of powers too vast for finite conception. Surrounded by present pursuits, it knows no satiety, but is ever on the wing for new scenes of delight, and new sources of knowledge. It ever feels a vacuum—a desire for *something* which it has not, and for which it craves. Nor is this found to be the case in a part only of our species: it is seen alike in the simple hind, and the pol-

ished noble—in the wildest savage, or in the gravest philosopher. The soul, leaving the beaten track of every day experience, seeks for pleasure in the airy fictions of the imagination, and launching forth in fields of fancy, revels in the day dreams of its own creation. Dissatisfied with the past and the present, it wanders to the future; and finds only in the anticipation of endless progress towards perfection the full measure of its desires. With a full conviction of its own eternity, which no arguments can strengthen, it feels that this life is not the circle which limits its vision, and therefore it strives to leave the memory of its deeds in the recollection of its successors. Else why is it that men rear the towering pyramid, and the regal mausoleum—why perpetuate their memories in the breathing marble, and the glowing canvases—why wish their deeds eternized in the page of the historian, and the inspiration of the poet, if the soul is blotted out from the universe of its fellows, when the last grim messenger summons it to the silent halls of death? Why this restless pursuit of knowledge—this fond desire “to grasp the soul of ages in a single mind”—to talk familiarly with the dead of former times, and incorporate their wisdom with our own stores? Why this thirst to penetrate the inmost arcana of nature, and seek the hidden causes of the ceaseless changes which are going on around us, if, when we have “strutted our brief hour,” we must sink unconscious “to the vile earth from whence we sprung.”

And when we consider how vast are the fields of science—that one discovery is but the stepping-stone to new and grander revelations of truth, which rise like “Alps on Alps” in endless perspective, where is the sceptic so bold as to assert that the few moments which we can snatch—when the necessary calls of nature and the conventional demands of society are complied with—is the limit that bounds our investigation of these multifarious phenomena? And if, as is the fact, we acquire new ardor in the pursuit of such inquiries, until the mind is, as it were, sublimed of the appetites of sense, and the groveling predilections of self-interest, then why—if annihilation is the goal of our pursuits—why is the soul but refined to be debased below matter, and tantalized with hopes that lure us on, but like Dead Sea fruits turn to ashes when in our grasp? Not to know, in such a case, were a pleasure, and

“Where ignorance is bliss,
’Twere folly to be wise.”

But in all the investigations of the most scrutinizing analysis, philosophy has not found, amid all the mutations of matter, one instance of annihilation; and can we believe that the soul, so superior in its energies and essence to matter, shall meet with a direr destiny than the clouds of the valley which we spurn from our feet?

But not only in intellect is the dignity and grandeur of the soul seen, but even more so in the moral powers which it possesses. These unite us more closely than the former with our fellow beings around us; for it is by benevolence, reciprocity, patriotism, and the tender emotions of the heart, that civil society is upheld and embellished with all those courtesies which give zest to

the daily intercourse of life. And when we witness one of our species, whose expansive heart sympathizes with suffering humanity, wherever it is found—whose diffusive benevolence obliterates every local or sectional prejudice, and finds its own reward in the practice of true benevolence—or where we behold the patriot foregoing ease and comfort, and toiling day after day with unremitted zeal, sparing no sacrifice, and avoiding no danger, but willing to lay his life upon the altar of his native land, if thus he may thwart the tyranny of the oppressor, and give freedom and equality to his countrymen, can we suppose that either the one or the other will find in the grave the extinction of these noble emotions, and that the generations whom they have raised from the dust, shall enjoy the inheritance bequeathed them, when their benefactor “sleeps the sleep that knows no waking?” And is there nought of immortality in those tender outpourings of affection and love, which, while we witness them, assure us that, though fallen from our high estate,

“Some flowers of Eden we still inherit?”

The fond mother who bends over the bier of her departed infant, and seems to have drained the bitterest dregs in the cup of humanity, yet is soothed in the agony of her bereavement by the hope that though death hath chilled the fair fountain,

“It but sleeps ’till the sunshine of heaven unchains it,
To water that garden from whence was its source.”

And how often do we see the spotless in soul, and the refined in intellect fall into the snares of the crafty, or the malice of the cruel, until crushed and bleeding, earth has no charm for the eye, and no balm for the wounded spirit, yet even in the midst of sorrow,

“Like the plants that throw
A fragrance from the wounded part,”

exhibiting nothing but patience and innocency, meekness and resignation!

Time forbids me to dwell upon, or even to enumerate all those warm sympathies and tender sensibilities—the ties of friendship—the softer influences of love—those promptings of the free heart which form the “green spots in memory’s waste,” and throw their rainbow tints athwart the lowering realities of human existence. These are the feelings

“————— to mortals giv’n,
With less of earth in them than heav’n;”

and it needs no train of reasoning to establish the fact of their destiny; for they flash forth the doctrine of immortality to the soul of man. Besides these arguments, adduced from the universal belief of mankind, the nature of the soul itself, its powers and capacities, intellectual, moral, and social, we might dwell upon that unequal distribution of justice, by which the proud are exalted in their oppression, while the virtuous and good are trampled to the earth—upon the disorder and confusion consequent upon this unnatural state of things—upon the terrors and forebodings of the guilty, and upon the necessity of this doctrine to vindicate the benevolence and wisdom of the Creator; but we hasten to a close, convinced that so impregnable are the

defenses of this doctrine, that the madness of the sceptic, and the miserable expedient of him who gives the rein to his appetites and passions, by denying what his fears wish not to be true, will alike fail in their endeavors, until reason is transformed into her imitator, sophistry, and the teachings of sound philosophy into the dreams of the wildest enthusiast. Were any thing wanting to fill out the proof, or shed light upon what has already been said, the pages of inspiration furnish abundant evidence, that though the body returns to its parent earth, yet the soul, free and unfettered, will spring up radiant with immortality, ever progressing in the knowledge of nature's works—its powers strengthening—its capacities enlarging, until the mysteries which enshroud our being shall become clear to the eye of reason, and the "great eternal scheme, involving all," shall evince the expanding intellect, the wisdom, benevolence, and omnipotence of Him who, at his creation, breathed immortality into the spirit of man. G.

Original.

FIRE-SIDE GLEANINGS.

CHAPTER III.

THIS chapter shall be dedicated to remembrances of the past. I have before me a long list of names, all as familiar as household words—the names of those who for the last six years have at various times been under my instruction. The bond of affection between teacher and pupil (if not rudely severed by misconduct) is one that time can never destroy. Months and years may pass away—other friends may share in the affections—other scenes interest the heart; yet will faithful memory often recur to school-room avocations, renewing upon the retina of the mind the imagery of many pleasant hours. It may be called enthusiasm; but if it be, it is an enthusiasm which many share. In conversation with a valued friend, (the strength of whose life has been spent in teaching,) she observed, "I have many memorials of my former pupils; but I cannot look upon them—I dare not think of them. They blind my eyes—they fill me with thoughts which I cannot indulge, without detriment to my health and comfort." My friend has other duties now devolving upon her; but those who are not thus circumstanced may be allowed to cherish the reminiscence so grateful to their feelings.

I return to the manuscript which has elicited the above remarks. Upon reviewing it, how many interesting associations are revived! The first name inscribed is that of a dear girl from the far—the sunny south—as warm, as generous, as ardent in her nature as are the rays of her own native sun; yet restrained by a firm moral principle, she yielded not to levity of action. Her conduct towards teachers and schoolmates was ever a standard for her youthful companions; and if any envied her the suffrage of universal admiration, the kindness of her attentions to each and all soon converted envy into respect and love. I would not imply that she was faultless; but I have seldom known one

more naturally amiable. There was yet one thing needful, which she sought and found. The love of Jesus (as I trust) was shed abroad in her heart. How delightful to behold the morning of life devoted to the service of the Redeemer! and how expressive those lines of the poet—

"A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice!"

The hour of separation came. I saw my young friend pledge her hand and heart to "the long betrothed"—the parting embrace was given, and she left us for her distant home. Three years have passed; and with her, as with all others, "time hath wrought a change." She is now a mother. May she be an ornament to that sacred character, and spend a useful as well as a happy life!

The morning that saw Ann K. a bride, witnessed the marriage of one of her companions. The same bright horizon dawned upon both—hope penciled for each a gay perspective of the future; but while one was permitted to remain "the loving and the loved," the other was summoned to the spirit world away. L. H. had early been a child of sorrow; for she had early lost her mother—a loss which time can never restore. Her demeanor in school was uniformly cheerful, yet sedate and obedient to every wish of her instructors. She was not calculated to dazzle the gay world, or to attract observation; for she was of a thoughtful disposition; but those who knew her intimately, loved her well. Soon after her marriage I met her in the house of God, and was somewhat surprised at the settled look of sadness which she wore. Although at the time I attributed it to a slight indisposition, yet when I next saw her, the pallid brow and laboring cough told too well her destined fate. Consumption had fastened upon her with a relentless grasp. For some weeks she was not aware of her danger; and when the appalling consciousness that she must die came home to her heart, she trembled and seemed to cling to life. Her affectionate husband watched daily and nightly by her bed-side, supplying the place of father and mother, of brother and sister, for of these she had none living. Why did she thus cling to earth—thus dread to grapple with the king of terrors? Why was the tear ever glistening in her eye, and the sigh ever bursting from her bosom? She had connected herself with a Church sometime previous to the events I have narrated; but she did not feel satisfied of her acceptance with her God. The prayer of faith was raised to heaven for the dying one, and earnest were her own efforts to find that peace which the world knoweth not of. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, spoke peace to her soul, and there was light and gladness thrown around the gloomy grave. She lingered some weeks after this event, patiently bearing every trial, and ever ready humbly to give a reason of the hope that was in her. She died calmly and happily, and her death was blessed to him who had been her only earthly support in time of trouble. He connected himself with the people of God the day after her burial, and was soon enabled to rejoice that he

had been called to mourn by a God of infinite wisdom and goodness.

It would be difficult to represent, at length, the varied characteristics of mind and heart, all fresh before the writer, or to describe the many changes which have passed in a few short years; and neither do I feel at liberty to use freely even the initials of my scholars, though it were "to point a moral, or adorn a tale." However, I have ventured to speak of the absent and the dead, in hope that their example may be beneficial. I feel that I am almost on hallowed ground; but if unwarily I have intruded upon that sensitiveness which faint would shrink from observation, my motive must be my apology. Yet, did time permit, I would delight to dwell upon the highly gifted who struggled through adverse and opposing circumstances, to acquire an education—upon the nobly aspiring, who, though reared in the lap of luxury, were not content to remain in ignorance—the gentle and unassuming, whose yielding sweetness saved them from unpleasant collision—the playful—the sad—upon all, yea, all, save the wayward and ungrateful. Where are they now? Many of them have gone forth into society. The principles or passions which then alternately governed or overcame them have now a wider sphere of action, and are powerful in their influence, either for good or for evil. Many of them have learned what it is to suffer from the frowns of adversity. One has buried her first-born beneath the clouds of the valley. Several, upon whom memory rests with sadness, are moldering in the dust. They mingle no longer with earthly friends; yet could they return to this busy, trifling world, would they not whisper in our ears, "Be ye also ready!" One just entering into graceful womanhood, is enjoying the vanities of this frail life, and dreaming of nought but pleasure, while another, another, and yet another, have lain for weary months upon beds of suffering. O, could I tell them how sweet are the consolations of religion—how dear the promises of the Gospel to the sick and the sorrowful! They have other and better monitors. Kind hearted Christian friends are near them, ready to advise and cheer—the ambassadors of heaven are there to warn and to encourage, while the still small voice of the Spirit of God is even now knocking at the door of their hearts for admittance. Yet not alone around the sick are these sacred influences thrown—they encircle all, and none are free from their gentle visitations, though with them none may trifle with impunity; for God hath said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Then, whether in sickness or in health, let us all, while time and opportunity are ours, seek that preparation of heart which alone will fit us for the trials of life, or sustain us under the agonies of death.

M. A. DE FOREST.



INTIMACY has been the source of the deadliest enmity, no less than of the firmest friendship; like some mighty rivers, which rise on the same mountain, but pursue a quite contrary course.

2

Original.

DEITY AND NATURE.*

BY W. F. LOWRIE.

THE next metal which we shall notice, as being highly useful to man, is *mercury*, which was well known to the ancients.

The principal localities where it is now obtained are the mines of Idria, in Carnolia, and Almaden, in Spain. It is also found in Mexico and Peru; but a large proportion of the mercury of commerce comes from Idria, where it occurs in beds of bituminous shale, gray sandstone, and limestone, at a depth of several hundred feet below the surface. The mines of Almaden run through clay, slate, and shale; and though they have been worked for a period of more than two thousand years are still prolific.

Mercury differs from all other metals, by possessing the property of fluidity at all common temperatures. Its color is tin white, and its lustre strongly metallic. At 39° or 40° below zero it becomes solidified, and in so doing shows a strong tendency to crystalize in octahedrons; at the same time contracts so greatly, that while its density at 47° is 13.568, when frozen it is 15.612. When solid it possesses nearly the malleability of tin, and may be extended into thin sheets, or cut with a knife. When its temperature is raised to 662° Fah., it enters into ebullition, and the rising vapor condenses again on cool surfaces into metallic globules. If, however, it be subjected to the action of oxygen gas, it slowly absorbs it, and is changed into the peroxide of mercury. Mercury, when quite pure, is not tarnished in the cold by exposure to air and moisture. If, however, other metals be amalgamated with it, though in very small portions, oxydation will take place, and a film be collected on its surface. The only acids which act on this metal are the sulphuric and nitric, the former of which is inefficient in the cold; but when heat is applied the mercury is oxydized, pure sulphureous acid is disengaged, and sulphate of mercury formed. Nitric acid acts strongly upon mercury, both with and without heat, oxydizing and dissolving it with the evolution of binoxide of nitrogen.

Mercury occurs in a variety of forms. Thus we have the native mercury, native amalgam, muriate and sulphuret of mercury, as natural productions. The primary form of native mercury, when crystalized, is the regular octohedron; but it is found in small fluid globules, scattered in various quantities through its gang, or vein-stone. Pure mercury is a metal rarely found, that which is used in the arts being obtained from the sulphuret, or, as it is commonly termed, cinnabar. Cinnabar, in its crystalization, assumes, as its primary form, the shape of an acute rhombohedron, and as its secondary, various modifications of the primary. Its imperfect crystalizations are granularly massive, with the particles small, often impalpable, and sometimes forming superficial coatings on the minerals or ores

* Continued from vol. II, p. 45.

with which it may be in a state of proximity. Its color varies from cochineal red, to brownish red and lead gray—its lustre adamantine, inclining to metallic, and dull in the darker and friable varieties. Some varieties are subtransparent, others translucent—fracture conchoidal, and may be cut with a knife. This mineral is usually associated in beds with native mercury, native amalgam, and occasionally with calcareous spar and quartz; yet it has been observed in veins with iron ores. The finest crystals occur in the coal formations of Moschellandsburg and Wolfstein in the Palatinate; also, in Japan, Mexico, and Brazil, and several districts of Germany. This ore is the great source from which commerce is supplied, and from which the mercury is obtained by sublimation—the *modus operandi* of which is as follows: The ore is first pulverized, then combined with one-fifth of slacked lime, and put into retorts which hold about half a hundred weight each. From forty to fifty of these are built into a furnace, and have receivers fitted to them. Heat is then applied till the aqueous vapors are expelled. The receivers are then luted, or closely stopped with clay, the heat increased, and the mercury comes over in the form of vapor into the receivers, where it is condensed. One hundred pounds of ore yields on an average from 6 oz. to 10 oz. of pure mercury. Cinnabar, when pure, is identical with the manufactured vermilion of commerce, a beautiful and valuable pigment, employed in a variety of operations in the useful and fine arts.

Mercury is of great importance in the extraction of gold and silver ores, (see article in February number,) for which purpose it is transported in large quantities from Europe to South America. An amalgam of tin and mercury made to adhere by pressure to one side of plate glass constitutes the mirror in which beauty and deformity alike may gaze. Combined with gold it forms another amalgam with which the works of time-pieces are gilded to protect them from the corrosion produced by the oxygen and moisture contained in the atmosphere. In its pure state it enables man to form various instruments, as the thermometer and barometer, &c., which not only aid him in his researches in natural science, but also frequently minister to his physical wants, and by warning him of approaching and important changes in the atmosphere enable him to avoid certain destruction from the boisterous wind and howling tempest. Mercury is also prepared by chemical processes to act as a corrective to most of the physical ills which flesh is heir to, and in the hands of the skillful practitioner is doubtless an efficient agent in controlling disease and prolonging life. Nature would appear to have anticipated man in this use of the metal; for she has prepared in her deep and silent laboratories a substance of a similar kind to the preparation made by art. This substance is named muriate of mercury, and native calomel. It is found in small quantities in the cinnabar mines in Germany, in crystalline coats of a granular massive structure, adamantine lustre, yellowish gray, or yellowish white color, and when crystalized its primitive form is a right square prism.

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The similarity of its composition with the calomel prepared by art would seem to be the result of more than accident. Klaproth, a celebrated chemist, analyzed it, and found its components to be oxyd of mercury 76, hydrochloric acid 16.4, sulphuric acid 7.6. Artificial calomel is composed of mercury 84.74, chlorine 15.26.

Iron. This is the most important metal which the earth contains. It is even more valuable than all the precious metals together, and is more extensively diffused than any other. Iron was known to man in the most remote ages, and has a peculiar gray color and metallic lustre, which is susceptible of being heightened by polishing. It occurs in a great variety of forms and combinations, and to a greater or less extent in every part of the world. Among the most common of its ores are the magnetic, specular oxide, brown hematite, chromate of iron, &c., &c. Magnetic iron ore, when crystalized, puts on as its primary form, the regular octohedron—its secondary, are numerous modifications thereof. Its structure is frequently granular. It is strongly attracted by the magnet, and sometimes possesses polarity. Magnetic iron ore occurs in beds in primitive rocks, as gneiss, clay slate, hornblende slate, &c. The beds of ore at Arendal, and nearly all the celebrated mines in Sweden, consist of this ore. Dan-nemora and Taberg, in Smaland, are entirely formed of it. Still larger mountains of it exist in Lapland, and the most powerful native magnets are found in the Hartz mountains in Siberia. Very extensive beds of this ore occur at different places upon the western side of Lake Champlain, and in the mountainous region of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and also large masses in the Ozark mountains.

Specular iron ore is a variety possessing a dark steel gray, or iron black color, and a metallic lustre, which is often beautifully splendent with the richest hues of the rainbow. The most magnificent specimens of this species are brought from Elba, famous for the residence of Napoleon Buonaparte, and which is celebrated by Ovid as the "*Insula inexhaustis chalybdum generosa metallis.*" Europe and the United States abounds in localities of the different varieties of this species of iron ore, and it furnishes a considerable portion of the iron of commerce.

Brown iron ore, under its various names of brown hematite, bog iron ore, brown ochre, &c., is one of the most important ores of that metal, as it yields a pig iron easily convertible into steel. Though iron is inferior to several metals in ductility and malleability, it surpasses all in tenacity. At ordinary temperatures it is very hard and unyielding, and its hardness may be increased by heating and then suddenly cooling it. In combination with other substances, and especially with oxygen and sulphur, it is abundantly distributed throughout the whole field of nature. There are but few metals or minerals with which it is not in close association. It is a necessary ingredient in good soils. It enters into the structure of vegetable matter, imparting to the woody fibre strength, and to the leaves and flow-

ers many of their loveliest hues. To it man owes many of the colors which he uses in the decoration of his home and his person, as well as of the blood which courses, full of life and vigor, through all his frame. The iron is extracted from its ores by their exposure, after previous roasting and pulverizing, to the action of charcoal and lime at a high temperature. The carbon in the charcoal removes the oxygen from the ore, while the lime acts as a flux, by combining with all the impurities of the ore, and forming a fusible compound called a slag. The whole mass being thus fused, the particles of metal descend by their greater specific gravity, and collect at the bottom, while the slag forms a stratum above, and protects the melted metal from the action of the air. This, as it collects, runs out at an aperture at the side of the furnace, and the fused iron is let off by a hole at the bottom, which was previously filled with sand. This is the cast iron of commerce, and contains a considerable quantity of carbon, unreduced ore, and earthy substances. It is subsequently converted into soft or malleable iron by exposure to a strong heat, while a current of air plays on its surface. By this means the decomposed ore is reduced, earthy impurities rise to the surface as a slag, and the carbonaceous matter is burned. The oxide formed on the surface being stirred with the fused metal below, facilitates the oxidation of the carbon. As the iron increases in purity, its fusibility diminishes, until at length, though the heat be the same, the iron becomes solid. It is then, while hot, subjected to the processes of rolling or hammering, by which its particles are approximated, and its tenacity greatly increased.

How numerous the purposes to which man has applied this most useful of all metals! It aids him in commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and domestic operations. Scarce a physical instrument is used by him into the formation of which iron does not enter. It ministers to his wants and necessities in peace, and to his defense and protection in war.

(To be continued.)

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Original.
ON NIGHT.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

"Tis night! No zephyr stirs the leaves—the breeze

Has died away among the distant hills—

All nature sleeps, lull'd by the murmuring rills,

And guarded by those dim old forest trees,

The ghosts of buried ages!—fancy sees

In each the veteran of a race gone by.

Aloft, how glorious is the evening sky!

Diana floats upon her car at ease,

Amid her virgin train, and smiles on earth,

And earth returns the smile, and all is bright;

Those twinkling orbs, as at creation's birth,

When this fair world first greeted new-born light,

Hymn the Creator's praise, in heavenly mirth,

And shine like quenchless lamps, to light thy halls, O night!

2

Original.

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

"WHAT'S hallowed ground?" is the inquiry of a distinguished poet. Here is the response—

"———'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thought in souls of worth."

How hallowed, then, is the land of Palestine! What sacred associations are connected with every spot rendered memorable by our Savior's matchless precepts, his wondrous miracles, and consummate wisdom, benevolence, and love! How often, in imagination, have I followed the lowly Jesus in his wanderings amid the delightful scenery of the Holy Land! But, alas! he was a persecuted wanderer—a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Yet though his precious counsels were often disregarded, some there were who received his doctrines, and to many hearts, and especially to the daughters of Israel, he spoke in accents of mercy. The village of Bethany is consecrated ground; for there dwelt Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, the interesting family that Jesus loved. Let us contemplate the character of the sisters of Bethany; for those whom our Savior approved must be worthy of imitation.

They were distinguished for their hospitality. In all ages and among all civilized nations, hospitality has been esteemed, and its rites held sacred; but among the chosen people of God, whether under the Jewish or Christian dispensation, it is enjoined as a duty; and often in the performance of its obligations unexpected blessings have been realized. Angels have been the guests of mortals, and frail man has held converse with the messengers of Heaven. The sisters of Bethany had a guest whom angels delighted to honor; but such was the darkness that veiled the minds of even the pious Jews, that it is probable, though our Savior was at first received as a teacher come from God, yet the exalted character of his mission was but faintly understood. How great, then, was their reward, when, by receiving instruction from his lips, they were prepared to accept him as the long expected Messiah.

Another interesting characteristic of the sisters, was their affection for each other. Martha, on one occasion, complains that her sister had left her to serve alone. From this we infer that Martha had not been accustomed to bear alone the burden of service, but had ever been sustained by the cheerful co-operation of Mary. Martha erred in being perplexed and troubled "about many things," while Mary was commended, not that she was unmindful of her sister's claim, but for choosing the "better part" of sitting at the feet of Jesus, and listening to the important truths he uttered. Both sisters were eager to show proper respect to their Lord; and piety to God can only dwell in hearts where pure affection glows. The strong affection of the sisters for their brother was also exemplified during his sickness and subsequent death. The message sent by them to the Savior appeals directly to the heart: "He whom thou lovest is sick." Commensurate with their love was their grief when death ensued before the arrival of the great Physician.

A teachable spirit was also a characteristic of the sisters of Bethany. Mary, as before remarked, sat at Jesus' feet, and learned of him who was meek and lowly. It was the privilege of Martha to converse with her Lord on that most interesting subject, the resurrection of the dead. "Thy brother shall rise again," is the language of our Savior. "I know," replied Martha, "that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Consoling thought! Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of our God—then shall kindred souls be joined in an indissoluble union, where songs and everlasting joy shall be upon the head, and sorrow and sighing shall be unknown! "The meek will he teach his way," is the promise of God; and it was a teachable spirit in the sisters of Bethany which led them to the possession of that *faith* which forms another prominent trait of character. The language of Martha and Mary, when first they saw the Savior, after the death of Lazarus, was, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." They believed he had power to rescue even from the monster, Death; and they also had some hope that he would rescue even from the dominion of the grave; for Martha adds, "but I know that even now whatsoever thou shalt ask of God, God will give it thee." "I am the resurrection and the life," is the instructive reply; "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Believest thou this?" "Yes, Lord," answered Martha, "I believe thou art the Christ, the anointed one, the promised, the long expected Messiah." The weeping Mary and her sister were comforted. Lazarus was promised to their faith, and the astonished Jews, who had assembled around the sepulchre, saw Lazarus, at the command of the Savior, God, come forth, resuscitated by divine power, a living witness to glorify God.

Faith is omnipotent. It brings consolation in the darkest hour. It lifts the veil of futurity, and reveals to us the weight of glory which shall compensate the patient endurance of all our afflictions. Martha and Mary had their faith rewarded. So may every daughter of Zion; and like them, too, show forth their gratitude. Martha ministered to our Savior and his disciples a few days before his crucifixion. We may give a cup of cold water to a disciple in the name of a disciple. We may feed the hungry and clothe the naked. We may send the word of life to the destitute, and hear it said, in the day of final reckoning, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." Mary anointed our Savior with costly perfume. She wiped his feet with the hair of her head. In humility it is our privilege to bow before him. Our prayers may ascend as incense, and the "heart's adoration" he will not, cannot spurn. He will regard the cry of the destitute, and will not despise their prayer, for thus in mercy hath he promised.

The palm trees of Bethany still throw their "shadows of beauty," but the sisters are gone to the paradise of God. The blessed Redeemer, whom having not seen we love, has ascended on high; but in conclusion we

may adopt the language of Whittier, in his beautiful poem of Palestine:

"Yet, loved of the Father, thy spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

O, the outward hath gone! but in glory and power
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same."

L. E. A.

Original.

THE ADIEU.

A SCENE OF THE REVOLUTION.

The Revolution, by way of distinction, has been called the period which tried men's souls. There are preserved a great number of anecdotes of heroic deeds and sufferings, which prove that it well deserved that appellation. Were I attempting to picture the patriotic bearing of our fathers on that occasion, I would ask no deeper shades for the piece than are presented below.

"The wedding ceremony closed. Leander and Lavinia were seated side by side, and their friends were pressing near to salute them with friendly congratulations. The mother of the bride had impressed an affectionate kiss on the lips of each, and stood holding the hand of her daughter. That moment the door of the apartment burst open and one of the neighboring yeomen thrust himself into the midst of the circle, crying, 'To arms! to arms!' A moment's explanation revealed to the happy company the fearful scene which was then being enacted in the vicinity of Lexington. Blood was spilled. Leander sprang from his seat, gave his fair Lavinia one hasty, fervent kiss, and in five minutes more his fleet horse was bearing him, sword in hand, to the aid of his brave and bleeding countrymen."

I go, my love! receive my quick adieu—
False to my country, I were false to you;
'Twas late I met thee with a raptured heart,
The charm is broken, and we quickly part—
But, parting, many a thought will linger here,
And many a sigh will prove this heart sincere;
Fancy shall paint the beauty of these scenes,
And tread this carpet in nocturnal dreams.
The parlor where we pass'd the short-lived days,
The sofa where we sat and joined our lays,
The fire-side where our evening hours have sped,
While pleased and charmed on mutual thought we fed;
The rich parterre, bedecked with sweetest flowers,
Diversified with rural walks and bowers;
The modest seat where love has held discourse,
And charm'd each heart, imprisoned by its force;
The listening trees which waved their gentle boughs,
And heard with sympathy our solemn vows;
The balmy breeze which fanned the cooling shade,
And wafted up to heaven the prayers we made;
The mur'm'ring rill which choose its winding way,
To feast our sense and lead our thoughts astray;
The laughing meadows dress'd in hues of green,
And then thine own fair form to crown the scene;
Fancy, I say, in nightly dreams shall dwell
In this parterre, and watch my love. Farewell!

Original.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN BRAZIL.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

Voyage from Rio to Santos—A Coasting Steamer—Commandante—Mangaratiba—Angra dos Reis—Monasticism—Paraty—Island of S. Sebastian—Arrival at Santos—Mode of Travelling Inland—Transportation—Tropelros—A Traveling Party—Serra do Mar.

On the 15th of January, 1839, I embarked on board a steamboat bound from Rio de Janeiro to Santos. The latter town is the principal port of the province of San Paulo. It is distant from Rio in direct course 225 miles, but the passage is lengthened to about 300 miles, in order to touch at intermediate ports. The passengers having been severally required to exhibit their passports to the visiting officer, who came on board at Fort Villegagnon, we got under way at 5 P. M.

The afternoon was one of the most rainy I had ever witnessed in Rio. I had literally waded through streams of water at the corners of the streets previous to embarking. I paid but little attention to a thorough preliminary wetting, in anticipation of a comfortable shelter when once on board. My disappointment in this particular was soon obvious. The Paquete do Norte was one of the best boats then belonging to the great commercial emporium as well as political capital of Brazil; but she had been constructed to float on salt water, and not to shed rain. Her engines were of seventy horse power. She had been built in England for the Nitherohy Steam Company; but in view of navigating the high seas she had neither "hurricane" nor "spar-deck." There was indeed a cabin below, furnishing twelve berths; but what were these among from thirty to forty passengers!

The truth was, that in the mild weather ordinarily enjoyed on these passages, the majority preferred to spend both night and day upon deck. Only a short experience of the confined air and sweltering temperature of the apartment below, inclined me to a similar choice on the present occasion. Rather than run any hazard of suffocation, I determined to take my chance for keeping dry under a tattered awning, that extended over the quarter-deck.

Another peculiarity of our fare was, that each passenger was expected to "find himself" with provisions. Luckily I had escaped much concern on this score, by joining the party of which the reader will learn more by and by. In my visit below, I had found my friends preparing for a grand collation in true French style. But my apprehensions that their good cheer would be presently interrupted by sea-sickness, that unceremonious visitant of almost all landmen who are caught afloat, led me to decline all participation. The result proved the correctness of my determination.

Within the harbor all had been calm; but on passing out we encountered a head wind and a tremendously rolling sea. No sooner did the little boat begin to feel the force of the waves, than there was a general

rush on deck, and an outcry for the captain to put back. "Arriba, Senhor Commandante, arriba! nao esta capaz, vamos arribar!"

The captain was a large mulatto, adorned with a red woolen cap, shag overcoat, and big trowsers. The *tout ensemble* of his costume was not an indifferent caricature of the Turkish. He was somewhat agitated at first, but had decision enough to keep his boat on her course, and afterward seemed not a little desirous to show himself piqued with the attempted infringement upon his prerogatives. He belabored his countrymen sadly for presuming to address him in such a "*papa-gaiu*" style; thus comparing their cries of alarm to the screaming of parrots.

Owing to the small power of our boat, we made but slow progress. When darkness came on, we were still in sight of the Sugar Loaf. During the night the sea became more quiet, and our headway greater.

Daylight the following morning discovered to us several small islands on either hand, in the midst of which lay our course into the bay of Mangaratiba. This villa lies in an angle between two mountains. It appears almost inaccessible from the rear, nevertheless it receives from the vicinity, and ships annually to Rio, about four thousand bags of coffee, besides other produce. The mountains around are not very high, but are covered with a wild and beautiful vegetation. A house was apparent here and there, upon the less abrupt declivities. The villa contained one church, and about fifty habitations. Eleven small craft were at anchor in the harbor.

Getting under way duly, we came to anchor about noon in the Angra dos Reis. This name was given originally by Martin Affonso de Souza to the ample and splendid bay, at the opening of which Ilha Grande is situated. That individual known in history as the first Donatory, who received a grant of land in Brazil, proceeded along this entire coast in 1531, as far as the river La Plata, naming the places observed by him according to the successive days in which he visited them. Although several of these harbors and islands had been previously discovered and probably named, yet owing to the circumstance that Souza became an actual settler, combined with the fact that in following the Roman callendar he flattered the peculiar prejudices of his countrymen, the names imposed by him have alone remained to posterity. Having entered the bay of Nitherohy on the first day of the year, and supposing from the narrowness of the entrance that it was of course a river, he gave it the fine sounding, but geographically inaccurate name of Rio de Janeiro. The sixth day of January, designated in English as that of the Epiphany, is termed in Portuguese *dia dos Reis Magos*, day of the Kings, or Royal Magi. This takes it for granted that the wise men who visited the infant Savior in Bethlehem were either kings or princes! On that day Souza visited the places I am describing, and hence the two names, Ilha Grande dos Magos and Angra dos Reis. The latter is now applied chiefly to the town within the bay, and Ilha Grande is deemed sufficient to indi-

cate the island. The island of S. Sebastian, and the port of S. Vicente were named in like manner, on the 20th and 22d days of the same month. Angra dos Reis was at a very early period admitted to the denomination of a city, but its subsequent growth did not correspond to the expectation of its founders. I judged it to contain at the present time about two hundred and fifty houses, which are arranged in a semicircular form upon the praya or low ground, bordered by surrounding mountains. To illustrate the deficiency and contradictory nature of many statements, (statistics there are not,) respecting the population of Brazil, I mention the opinions of two gentlemen, apparently competent judges respecting Angra. One of them estimated the inhabitants at 4000, exclusive of slaves and colored people, who in any case must constitute about half. The other fixed upon 2000 as the entire number, which must have been much nearer the truth. The ecclesiastical establishment of Angra appears to have been gotten up in anticipation of the future greatness of the place, by the same policy which has secured to the Church of Rome the finest localities and the most costly edifices that are seen in the actual cities of Brazil. Said establishment consists of three convents and three churches. The former belong severally to the three orders of monks most prevalent in the empire; the Benedictines, the Slippered Carmelites, and the Franciscans of St. Anthony. These monasteries were severally occupied by a single friar, in the capacity of a superintendent. A gentleman residing in the place, informed me respecting them, and took occasion to express great contempt for a class of men, who, he said, spent their lives in surfeiting and indolence. If this is not the general sentiment of intelligent Brazilians, it is certainly one that is very common among them, respecting monastic institutions.

In March, 1838, the Carmelitic order presented a petition to the Provincial Assembly of Rio de Janeiro, praying for the privilege of admitting thirty novices into the convent at Angra. In the course of the discussion which ensued, one of the deputies, Senhor Cezar de Menezes, in an eloquent speech reported at the time, undertook to demonstrate that monasticism, from its history in past times, and from its essential spirit, could not harmonize with the ideas of the present enlightened age, nor be adapted to the government and circumstances of the country. His conclusions were these: "The measure is contrary to nature, unsupported by policy, and alike opposed to morality, to our financial interests, and to the Brazilian constitution." Were it compatible with the limits I have assigned myself to translate the whole speech, I could hardly present the reader with a better summary of practical arguments against monasticism. Suffice it to say, the privilege in this case was not conceded, although similar ones have recently been in other provinces.

Ilha Grande measures about fifteen miles east and west, and at its greatest breadth seven miles north and south. A considerable portion of it is under cultivation, devoted to the production of sugar-cane, coffee,

&c. It furnishes several good places of anchorage, and is frequently resorted to by American whale-ships, in order to recruit their stock of wood, water, and fresh provisions.

Paraty was the next port at which we touched, and the last belonging to the province of Rio de Janeiro. The villa is small, but regularly built, and beautifully situated at the extremity of a long arm of the sea, in which are sprinkled a number of diversely shaped and palm crested islands. It contains three churches, each dedicated to Nossa Senhora, our lady, first of the conception, second of grief, third of the lapa, or cliff. The territory connected with this port embraces the fertile plains of Bananal, Paraty - Merim, and Mambucaba; distinguished for their luxuriant production of many of the fruits of southern Europe, as well as coffee, rice, mandioca, legumes, and the choicest of sugar-cane.

The morning of the 17th found us navigating the channel to leeward of the island of S. Sebastian, and approaching the villa of that name, which is situated on the mainland. This island belongs to the province of S. Paulo. It is twelve or fourteen miles long, and of nearly equal width. It is well cultivated, and somewhat populous. Like Ilha Grande, it is a rendezvous for vessels engaged in the slave trade. Such craft have great facilities for landing their cargoes of human beings at these and contiguous points; and if they do not choose to go into the harbor of Rio to refit, they can be furnished at this place with the requisite papers for another voyage. For no other object could the vice consulate of Portugal, which is established on shore, be possibly called for. The villa is quiet and respectable, composed chiefly of mud-houses, among which is a church of the same material. It has a Professor of Latin, and two primary schools, one for boys and the other for girls.

On our egress from this roadstead we passed between two rocky islands, called Os Alcatrazes. The smaller one is of curious shape, and said at some seasons to be covered with the eggs of sea-fowl. Fishermen frequently collect whole canoe-loads of them. These islands are about five leagues from S. Sebastian, and eight from Santos.

Santos is situated upon the northern portion of the island of S. Vicente, which is detached from the continent merely by the two mouths of the Cubatam river. The principal stream affords entrance at high water to large vessels, and is usually called Rio de Santos up as far as that town. At its mouth, upon the northern bank, stands the fortress of S. Amaro. This relic of olden time is occupied by a handful of soldiers, whose principal employment is alternately to go on board the vessels as they pass up and down, as a guard against smuggling. The course of the river is winding, and its bottom muddy. Its banks are low, and covered with mangroves.

Passing up, we first came in sight of a few houses on the left, called, as the traveler in that country would be sure to anticipate, Villa Nova. Soon after, on the opposite side, appeared Fort Itipema, an old fortification

much dilapidated, and whose only garrison was a single family. Next became visible the masts of twenty or thirty vessels lying at anchor before the town, which is upon the southern or left bank as we ascend. On arriving, we were boarded by a port officer in regimentals. His visit was one of mere ceremony, as he did not demand our passports, but seemed only concerned to get his letters. Thus favorably ended our passage, occupying about forty-eight hours, rather more than the usual time.

Deferring for the present all notice of Santos, I will undertake the task of conveying to my readers some idea of the company that next morning set out for the interior. It is necessary to premise that not only rail cars, but also stage coaches, and all other vehicles of public conveyance, are entirely unknown in the country; owing, in a great degree at least, to the unsuitable character of the roads. All who do not walk must expect to be conveyed on the backs of mules or horses, and to have their baggage transported in the same way. For long journeys, the former are generally preferred. But it frequently happens at Santos that neither can be hired in sufficient number, without sending to a considerable distance. Although scarcely a day occurs in the year in which more or less troops of mules do not leave that place for the upper country, yet the greater part of those animals are totally unfit for riding, being only accustomed to the pack-saddle, and having never worn the bit. On the present occasion, a young German and myself had been each provided with a horse, and had left our heavier luggage to be sent on subsequently. The other members of our company, rather than to suffer delay, resolved to engage the requisite portion of a troop then ready to proceed up the serra. It may be here remarked, that ordinary transportation to and from the coast is accomplished with no inconsiderable regularity and system, notwithstanding the manner. Many planters keep a sufficient number of beasts to convey their entire produce to market; others do not, but depend more or less upon professional carriers. Among these, each troop is under charge of a conductor, who superintends its movements and transacts its business. They generally load down with sugar and other agricultural products, conveying, in return, salt, flour, and every variety of imported merchandise. A gentleman who had for many years employed these conductors in the transmission of goods, told me he had seldom or never known an article fail of reaching its destination.

I had been summoned by my friends to start at a very early hour; but in reply, requested the privilege of overtaking them on the road. Getting my affairs duly arranged, and proceeding to the place of rendezvous, instead of finding that they had gone, I myself had occasion to wait about two hours. After the busy scene of arranging saddles and cargo, and mounting and disciplining refractory animals, we at length found ourselves all started upon the atterrado, or cast-up road leading to Cubatam. The first characters that engaged my attention were the two Tropeiros, or conductors of the troop. They were not mounted, but preferred going

on foot, in order to give proper attention to their animals and baggage. The latter being mostly of an inconvenient form, and not easily balanced, gave them great annoyance from its propensity to get loose and fall off. The principal was a very tall and large man, apparently about thirty years of age. His features were coarse in the extreme, and a hair-lip rendered his speech indistinct. His arms, feet, and legs to his knees were bare, and soon after starting off came his shirt, exhibiting a tawny and properly yellow skin. His companion and probably younger brother, was not so large, but appeared to have equal nerve. He was better dressed, and walked with his shoulders inclined forward. His jet black hair was long, and hung in ringlets upon his neck. His eyes were dark and flashing, and his countenance not dissimilar to that of a North American Indian. These persons were a specimen of the Paulista tropeiros, who, as a class, differ very much from the Mineiros and conductors that visit Rio. They have a certain wildness in their look, which, mingled with intelligence and sometimes benignity, gives to their countenance altogether a peculiar expression. They universally wear a large pointed knife, twisted into their girdle behind. This *faca de ponta* is perhaps more essential to them than the knife of the sailor is to him. It serves to cut wood, to mend harnesses, to kill and dress an animal, to carve food, and in case of necessity, to defend or to assault. Its blade has a curve peculiar to itself, and in order to be approved, must have a temper that will enable it to be struck through a thick piece of copper without bending or breaking. This being a favorite companion, is often mounted with a silver handle, and sometimes encased in a silver sheath, although generally worn naked.

As to the travelers, we represented at least six different nations of the old and new worlds, presenting no small variety, both in character and costume. Mons. G., physically the greatest man among us, was mounted upon the smallest mule; and not being accustomed to riding in this style, often consoled himself with the reflection that if he fell, neither the distance nor the danger would be great, as his feet almost touched the ground. This gentleman holds a distinguished place in the botanical department of the Museum of Natural History in Paris, and was at that time sent out by the French government on a special scientific mission to Brazil.

Having not only had the pleasure of his company as *companion de voyage*, but also as a fellow boarder for several weeks at S. Paulo, and in repeated excursions in the neighborhood of that city, I must be allowed to mention several of those qualities which rendered his society agreeable. His sociability was only equalled by his cheerfulness of disposition. His fund of enlivening anecdote was almost inexhaustible, being drawn from a strangely diversified personal history, and from extensive acquaintance with learned men. His conversation, always interesting, was pre-eminently so when inspired by his enthusiasm in botanical pursuits. Hence *les fleurs magnifiques* which adorned *notre belle route*, imparted a double gratification.

The individual next to be noticed was Doctor I., a Brazilian physician educated in France, and extensively traveled in Europe; whose devotedness to the cause of science, equally with his noble and generous disposition, led him to make this entire journey for the sake of introducing Mons. G. at S. Paulo, and of making his sojourn in Brazil as pleasant as possible. Such attentions were the more desirable to Mons. G. as he was entirely unacquainted with the language and customs of the country, and they were amply realized in the spirited manner in which the Doctor discharged his office as general manager to the party.

Mons. B., a subject of the king of Sardinia, was a painter by profession. Senhor P., a young Fluminense, had spent several years in Paris, and was now going to take his course as a student at law in the University at S. Paulo. He, and a young Parisian associated with Mons. G., kept the road alive with their merriment, singing at the top of their voices. In addition to these might be mentioned Mynheer F., son to the secretary of the Rhenish Missionary Society at Elberfeldt; a third Brazilian; a third Frenchman, and a Portuguese. Respecting the only North American in the group, it is perhaps unnecessary to remark at present, unless that his paulista boots and other riding accoutrements must have assimilated his appearance to that of a genuine tropeiro, unprovided, of course, with either long knife or pistols.

The road was level as far as Cubatam, leading along the river, and twice crossing that stream by bridges. The principal house of the village mentioned was the Registro; where, in addition to paying a slight toll, each passer-by has his name and nation registered. A short distance beyond Cubatam we commenced ascending the Serra do Mar, or cordillera of the Sea. This range of mountains stretches along more than a thousand miles of coast, sometimes laved at its very feet by the ocean; at others branching off inland, leaving a considerably wide range of low and level interval, called by the Portuguese, Beira Mar. Its general formation is granitic, although in this region it is covered with sufficient soil to sustain a dense forest, and is destitute of those bold and barren peaks which shoot up at other points. Its height is by no means so great as has been repeatedly affirmed. Mr. Mawe gives 6000 feet as the lowest estimate: but Captain King, by actual measurement, determined its altitude to be only 2250 feet. Mr. M. made a still more palpable mistake in saying that Santos did not fall within the angle of vision from its summit. I know not how to account for the latter inaccuracy of statement, unless by supposing that the town and its vicinity were enveloped in fog, though the top of the mountain might have been clear when he enjoyed the prospect. This sometimes happens, although the reverse is much more frequently witnessed.

Or all the marvelous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man.

Original.

TO ELIZABETH.

HAVE we parted, my loved one,
Like foam on the sea?
Or the scattering rain-drop
That falls on the lea?
By the surge or the whirlwind
Divided and strown,
They may not be gathered
Again into one.

Then O! like the white foam
That wreathes the dark wave,
When the tempest breaks forth
From his nethermost cave;
On each whirling summit
Secure may we rise,
For the higher the billow,
The nearer the skies.

Or, like the clear rain
That 'mid sunshine descends,
And the bow of the Lord
In rich coloring blends;
Our errand accomplished,
Again may we soar,
Exhaled by the beams
We reflected before.

M.

Original.

TO A WILD ROSE.

I ASK not for a bloom like thee,
Thou beauteous mountain flower;
For, bright and lovely though it be,
It cannot last an hour.

A stranger pluck'd thee, as he pass'd
Along the mountain's brow;
Afraid thy beauties there should waste,
But lo! thou'rt withering now!

Mine be the charms of moral worth
That cannot know decay,
They bud and blossom here on earth,
But bloom eternally!

P. P.

Original

TO A MISSIONARY.

Go, servant of the living God, bear forth
Tidings of mercy to the tribes of men;
Go, and from east to west, from south to north,
Proclaim a Savior crucified; and when
Trials assail thee, may thy Master then
Uphold thee with his everlasting arm—
And spread the mantle of His love around,
To shield thy soul from each impending harm.
See! in His hand he holds a glittering crown—
Be strong, fear not, it soon shall be thine own!

P. P.

Original.

THE ERRING WIFE.

If the following narrative from the diary of a physician should be considered worthy of a place in your valuable Repository, please give it an insertion. The relation is strictly true, and the facts occurred under my own observation. There may be some little variation in the language, though as nearly recorded as I can at this distant day recollect.

J.

J. L., a gentleman of cultivated mind, lost a lovely wife soon after our first cholera in this city, leaving him *heart stricken*, with two lovely daughters, (the eldest about fifteen years of age,) whose love for their father prompted to every effort to make him comfortable and happy. The father, on his part, doated on his children, and spared no pains or expense in their education. About two years after the death of his wife, being desirous to reunite himself with a suitable companion, who might participate with him all his fortunes, he married a maiden lady whose parents were quite respectable in character, and venerable in age, and who had raised their children to habits of economy and industry, and who now, at an advanced period of life, depended on them for support.

A few months after their marriage, I was consulted in regard to his wife's health. I found her a lady of cultivated mind, quick of apprehension, and very sensitive to all the common-place transactions of the family. She was constitutionally scrofulous, and on this account predisposed to pulmonary disease. She informed me that she had for some years occasionally a small dry cough, which did not continue long at a time, and that she thought nothing of it until within the last two weeks, she had noticed some little blood brought up by coughing, particularly in the morning. These symptoms, accompanied with now and then a slight pain in the side and breast, and a burning heat in the soles of the feet and palms of the hands, in the latter part of the night, told a sad tale in regard to her future health. I made her a prescription, and directed a course of regimen, which I accompanied with every encouragement that a strict regard to the nature of her indisposition would in truth permit. I saw this lady occasionally, and was more than gratified to find that her health evidently improved. She attended to the ordinary duties of her family, and took wholesome exercise.

Some weeks after I had discontinued my professional visits, I was again invited to see her. I found her alone in her chamber, in a state of despondency. She had evidently been weeping. After a little conversation relative to her health, she told me "that she was *dissatisfied* with her situation, and that if she was again single she would not marry on any account—that a married life was so different from what she had been accustomed to, that she was sorry she had ever entered into it; beside, her husband's eldest daughter's manners were so different from hers that she did not like her society, as she did not pay that regard to her feelings which she deemed due to her station."

This information electrified me, as it was expressed with an earnestness of feeling that conveyed to my

mind the conviction that she meant what she said. I asked her if she had ever expressed this sentiment to her husband. She replied in the negative. I then wished to know if she was not well provided for, and kindly treated by him. She replied that she was—that no man could take more pains to make a woman happy than he did her.

This was *not the first* time in my life that I had been so situated. I had before been made acquainted with similar heart-rending difficulties. I never felt myself more seriously called upon to use every exertion for the salvation and peace of a fine family, than at the present moment. I addressed the lady, as she lay half reclining on the head-board, as follows:

"Madam, the confidence that you have reposed in me shall not be betrayed. But let me entreat you, as you value all that makes this life happy, to look well to your feelings on this subject, and *seriously* ponder the course of your future life, and the prospects of your confiding husband. Suffer me to entreat you not to allow your mind to be thus drawn aside by the tempter, to sacrifice your happiness here, and your well-being hereafter. Rely upon my word, madam, that if you suffer such thoughts as these to occupy your mind, you will not only break the heart of your affectionate husband, but alas! introduce into this happy family bitter pangs, and will destroy every comfort within its circle. You will go further still, and bring with all this sorrow, the stain of disgrace upon your connections. You knew your husband before you entered into any matrimonial engagements with him; you were well acquainted with his family, his children, his circumstances, and all his relations to society. Under all these circumstances and views in relation to this important connection, you *chose* him to be your future companion in life; you promised to be his of your own free will; and after all this, you seriously vowed before an *all-seeing Providence*, to love and obey him—to comfort and cherish him in his afflictions. In addition to all this, you came into this family with an understanding that you were to add your mite in promoting its peace and prosperity. Remember, I entreat you, that you are now strongly tempted to introduce into the family, and more particularly into the mind of your dear husband, the very afflictions that you vowed before the holy altar to mitigate and assuage.

"Was it possible, madam, for a lady of your information to bring your mind to believe that you could pass from a single life into a matrimonial state without a change of feelings, and also of the objects thenceforth designed by Providence to claim your particular attention? Remember that your husband's household affairs now demand your care. I don't wish to say that you should have no further regard for your parents, sisters, and brothers. I hope, as long as life remains, you will cherish a fond affection for them. But I beseech you to keep in mind, that you are to leave father and mother, brothers and sisters, and cleave to your husband, and you *two* are to be one. Now in your new situation *your* home and your husband's home are one, and

you are to preside over it in the capacity of a faithful and affectionate wife. You are to care for him and his children; and you are not at liberty to neglect the least of these duties. Now I most earnestly entreat you, by all the tender ties that can exist among mortals, to banish for ever from your mind those thoughts which you have dwelt upon this morning. Your health, your happiness, and the happiness of your husband and family, all depend on you. Rally your energies, and go cheerfully to your domestic concerns. Keep an eye to a kind Providence, and ask his protecting care, and do all in your power to make every thing pleasant and agreeable in the family on all occasions."

During all this time she gave me strict attention. I found that her mind was impressed with the sentiments I had uttered. I concluded, after giving some directions relative to her regimen, to leave her to her own reflections. I saw her again in a few days, and was greatly delighted to discover her apparently cheerful and happy, directing her energies to her household concerns; and I never again heard a murmur of unhappiness on the above accounts. She and her husband, together with his children, appeared to live happily together.

But this lady's health declined; her cough increased—the purulent expectoration became more copious—night sweats came on, her feet became endemitous, and nothing favorable could be anticipated in her case. A few weeks before her death, she asked me what I thought of her situation. I hesitated for a moment, which she noticed, and said: "Doctor, don't hesitate a moment to give me your opinion of my real condition." I told her that from the symptoms then present, there was much reason to fear that her lungs were seriously invaded by disease, and that after a careful attention to her case, my mind was led to draw an unfavorable conclusion.

"I am fully prepared for the event," said she, "and was well satisfied of my situation before. There is, (she continued,) Doctor, one subject on my mind that I wish to communicate to you before you go. You remember my complaints sometime since. Your kind admonitions were of great assistance to me, and I hope you will be rewarded, sweetly rewarded for them. But a merciful Providence saw into the inmost recesses of my heart; and rather than this family should be interrupted in its harmony by my admission into it, he has thought proper to remove me and take me to himself. And it is all right. I have been made as sensible of this as any circumstance could possibly be made to any mortal on earth. But O! Doctor, if I had my time to live over again, I would devote it to the welfare of this family. That dear girl that I thought was so ugly, and inattentive to my comforts, was not the least in fault. It was myself alone that was to blame. You have seen how she sits by the hour and reads the precious Bible to me. O! had I my time to live over again, how I would manifest my gratitude to my heavenly Father, and seek every occasion to render my dear husband and children contented and happy."

VOL. II.—12

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

"Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

My frighted soul! why is thy trust
So feeble in thy God?
He knows thou art enshrined in dust,
Thy Father wields the rod.
Fear not! His tender hand shall be
Thy own unfailing stay;
His love shall cheer and strengthen thee,
Through all life's tearful way.

Hence! ye dark clouds that veil my sky
With forms of coming ill;
My Rock, my Refuge, ever nigh,
Will guide, and guard me still;
And heavenly hope shall light the path
My trembling footsteps tread,
Her peaceful lustre shall illumine
The dwelling of the dead.

I will not fear that shadowy way,
Though robed in cypress gloom;
I will not shrink, for Jesus lay
Within the silent tomb.
A flood of glory lies beyond
Where Death's dark surges roll,
And *there* I know the Christian rests,
And bathes his weary soul.

I will not fear! for angels haunt
This vale we deem so drear;
And pour their heavenly melody
Into the dying ear.
It cannot be a grievous thing
To yield us to their trust,
And 'mid their gentle music, breathe
Away this worthless dust. M. R. K.

—•••••

Original.
SOLITUDE.

—
BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

Hold converse with thyself, immortal man!
Seek nature's lone retreats, where stillness reigns,
And where the boisterous shout of joys or pains,
That make the earth a bedlam, come not. Scan
The deeds which make up thy life's little span;
And view thy silent thought, thy secret hopes,
And pry into the curtain'd future's scope,
And wisdom learn, before time's dropping sand
Shall drop no more! The sighing of the grove,
Breeze-shaken, shall thy wanderings reprove;
The voiceless silence shall a tone assume,
And call thee back to God, and bid thee rove
No more; and bird, and rill, and fragrant bloom,
With heavenly wisdom shall thy darken'd mind illumine!

Original.

LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF.

BY JOHN McDONALD, OF POPLAR RIDGE.

THE biography of man is always interesting, because, like the phases of the moon, he is always changing. When we examine the history of the animal tribes we find them unchangeable in their habits. But man varies according to the circumstances by which he is surrounded.

The newspapers hereabouts have recently awakened considerable inquiry concerning the character and death of the illustrious Logan, a chief of the Mingo tribe of Indians. I have concluded that a sketch of this great man's life would be acceptable to your readers. It is thought the Ladies' Repository would be the proper place to record the character of this brave and highly gifted son of Ohio. Believing that the people of the west have inflicted wrongs upon the red men, it is but just to perpetuate the names of at least some of the highly gifted sons of the forest, among whom the name of Logan stands pre-eminent. The lamented B. Drake has done justice to the shades of Black Hawk and Tecumseh. It is my purpose to throw in my humble mite to commemorate the deeds of the brave, the eloquent Logan.

By the order of Providence the toils of the ladies are confined to the domestic sphere, such as nurturing children, attending to their education, and preparing them for the interesting drama which is being enacted on our planet. The males are exposed to the heat of the summer, and the frosts of winter. They fell the trees, raise cabins, clear the ground, turn up the furrow, provide subsistence, protect the domicile, and defend their country from invasion. When danger of any kind is present, the brave man instinctively steps in between woman and peril. He would be her sword and buckler, and defend her at the sacrifice of his life. The female heart, being made up of sympathy and gratitude, esteems or loves her brave defender.

The character and acts of Logan are only partially known at this distance of time; but in the little which has been handed down, he stands unrivaled in the lists of savage fame. His dauntless intrepidity in the field of battle was only equaled by his humanity and benevolence in peace, and his wisdom and eloquence in council.

Up to the year 1774, the Mingo tribe of Indians had their residence on the northwest bank of the river Ohio, at a place now known as the Mingo Bottom, three miles below where Steubenville has since arisen. There, in all probability, was the birth-place of Logan. Since the Mingoes retired, or rather were driven from that place, they have had no separate existence as a tribe or clan. They merged in the neighboring tribes, and lost their individuality. Indians who are now sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age, must, with solemn melancholy, reflect on the rapid innovations made upon them by the whites—their country wrested from them, and occupied by strangers, and they pushed off so fast and so frequently that they lost their own identity. Even

the names of their tribes are lost. If this was only a dream, it would be a most painful one; but when all is reality, how melancholy must be the reflection to the high-souled red man, who never brooks degradation, that he is thrust out from his home and the graves of his fathers!

“Logan was the son of Shikellamus. For magnanimity in war, and greatness of soul in peace, few in any nation ever surpassed him. He took no part in the French wars which ended in 1760, except that of peace-maker, and was always acknowledged the friend of the white people, until the year 1774, when his brother and several others of his family were murdered in the manner here related. In the spring of 1774 some Indians robbed the people on the Ohio, who were employed in exploring the lands to prepare for settlement. These land-jobbers were alarmed at the hostile carriage of the Indians, as they considered it, and collected at a place called Wheeling Creek, the site on which Wheeling is now built, and learning that there were two Indians on the river a little above them, one Captain Michael Cresup belonging to the exploring party, proposed to fall upon and kill them. His advice although opposed at first was followed; and a party, led by Cresup, proceeded and killed the two Indians. The same day, it being reported that some Indians had been discovered below Wheeling upon the river, Cresup and his party immediately marched to the place. At first they appeared friendly, and suffered the Indians to pass by unmolested and seat themselves lower down the river, at the mouth of Grave Creek. Cresup soon followed, attacked, and killed several of them, having one of his own men wounded by the fire of the Indians. Here some of the family of Logan were slain. The circumstances of the crime were exceedingly aggravating, inasmuch as the whites pretended no provocation by these Indians.

“Soon after this, other monsters in human shape, at whose head were Daniel Greathouse and one Tomlinson, committed a horrid murder upon a number of Indians, about thirty miles above Wheeling. Greathouse resided about the same place, but on the opposite side of the river from the Indian encampment. A party of thirty-two men was collected for this object, who secreted themselves, while Greathouse, under pretense of friendship, crossed the river, and visited them to ascertain their strength, which, on counting them, he found too numerous for his force in an open attack. These Indians, having heard of the late murder of their relations, had determined to be avenged of the whites, and Greathouse did not know the danger he was in until a squaw advised him of it in a friendly caution: ‘Go home! go home!’ said she. The sad requital this poor woman met with will presently appear. The wretch invited the Indians to come over the river and drink rum with him. This was a part of his plot to separate them that they might be more easily destroyed. The opportunity soon offered. A number being collected at a tavern in the white settlement, and considerably intoxicated, were fallen upon and all murdered except

a little girl. Among the murdered was a brother of Logan and his sister, whose delicate situation greatly aggravated the horrid crime. The remaining Indians on the other side of the river, on the hearing the firing, sent off two canoes with armed warriors. As they approached the shore, they were fired upon by the whites, who lay concealed, awaiting their approach. Nothing prevented their taking deadly aim, and many were killed and wounded, and the rest were obliged to return. This affair took place May 24, 1774. These were the events that led to a horrid Indian war, in which many innocent families were sacrificed to satisfy the vengeance of an incensed and injured people. The warriors now made ready for open conflict; and with Logan at their head, were prepared to meet the Big Knives, (as the Virginians were called, from their long swords,) in their own way.

“On the 12th day of July, 1774,’ says Mr. Withers, ‘as William Robinson, Thomas Hellen, and Coleman Brown were pulling flax in a field opposite the mouth of Simpson’s Creek, Logan and his party approached unperceived, and fired at them. Brown fell instantly, perforated by several balls; and Hellen and Robinson unscathed, sought safety in flight. Hellen being an old man, was soon overtaken and made captive, but Robinson with the elasticity of youth ran a considerable distance before he was taken; and but for an untoward accident might have effected an escape. Believing that he was outstripping his pursuers, and anxious to ascertain the fact, he looked over his shoulder; but before he discovered the Indian giving chase he ran with such violence against a tree that he fell stunned with the shock and lay powerless and insensible. In this situation he was secured with cord, and when revived was taken back to the place where the Indians had Hellen in confinement, and where lay the lifeless body of Brown. They then set off to their towns, taking with them a horse which belonged to Hellen.

“When they had approached near enough to be distinctly heard, Logan (as is usual with them after a successful scout) gave the scalp halloo, and several warriors came out to meet them, and conducted the prisoners into the village. Here they passed through the accustomed ceremony of running the gauntlet, but with far different fortunes. Robinson, having been previously instructed by Logan, (who, from the time he made him his prisoner, manifested a kindly feeling towards him,) made his way, with but little interruption, to the council-house; but poor Hellen, from the decrepitude of age, and his ignorance of the fact that it was a place of refuge, was sadly beaten before he arrived at it; and when he at length came near enough, he was knocked down with a war club before he could enter. After he had fallen they continued to beat and strike him with such unmerciful severity that he would assuredly have fallen a victim to their barbarous usage, but that Robinson (at some peril for the interference) reached forth his hand and drew him within the sanctuary. When he had however recovered from the effects of the violent beating which he had received, he was relieved

from the apprehension of farther suffering by being adopted into an Indian family.

“A council was next convoked to resolve on the fate of Robinson, which caused in his breast feelings of the most anxious inquietude. Logan assured him that he should not be killed; but the council appeared determined that he should die, and he was tied to a stake. Logan then addressed them, and with much vehemence insisted that Robinson should be spared; and had the eloquence displayed on that occasion been less than Logan is believed to have possessed, it is by no means wonderful that he appeared to Robinson (as he afterwards said) the most powerful orator he ever heard. But commanding as his eloquence might have been, it seems not to have prevailed with the council; for Logan had to interpose otherwise than by argument or entreaty to succeed in the attainment of his object. Enraged at the pertinacity with which the life of Robinson was sought to be taken, and reckless of the consequences, he drew his tomahawk from his belt, and severing the cords which bound the devoted victim to the stake, led him in triumph to the cabin of an old squaw, by whom he was immediately adopted.

“After this, so long as Logan remained in the town where Robinson was, he was kind and attentive to him. Robinson remained with his adopted mother until he was redeemed under the treaty concluded at the close of the Dunmore campaign.’

“The Virginia Legislature was in session, when the news of Logan’s depredations was received at the seat of government. Gov. Dunmore immediately ordered out the militia to the number of three thousand men, half of whom, under Col. Andrew Lewis, were ordered towards the mouth of the Great Kanawha, while the Governor himself with the other half marched to a point on the Ohio, to fall upon the Indian towns in the absence of the warriors drawn off by the approach of the division under Col. Lewis. The Indians met this division at a place called Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, where a very bloody battle ensued. A detachment of three hundred men first fell in with them, and were defeated with great slaughter; but the other division coming up, the battle was protracted during the whole day. Never was ground maintained with more obstinacy. Every step was disputed until the darkness of night closed in upon the scene.

“The Indians slowly retreated; and while the Americans were preparing to pursue, an express arrived from Gov. Dunmore that he had concluded a treaty with the Indian chiefs. In this battle above one hundred and forty Americans were killed or wounded. Among the slain were Col. Charles Lewis, brother of Andrew, and Col. Field. These officers led the first division. Of the number of Indians destroyed we are ignorant, though very probably they were many, as their numbers were said to have been 1500.

“It was at the treaty held by Gov. Dunmore, before mentioned, with the principal men of the Mingoese, Shawnese, and Delawares, that the far-famed speech of Logan was delivered—not by himself in person; for

although desiring peace, he would not meet the Americans in council, but remained in his cabin in sullen silence, until a messenger was sent to him, to know whether he would accede to the proposals—on which occasion Logan, after shedding many tears for the loss of his friends, made the speech to the messenger, who well understood his language.*

This messenger was the notorious renegado, Simon Girty, who was the principal guide of Gov. Dunmore's army to the Pickaway town on the Scioto river. Girty took with him Simon Kenton, (a name known to fame in our border wars,) who had been an inmate at his house in Fort Pitt for sometime previous. They went to Logan's wigwam, and there delivered their message, requesting him to meet Gov. Dunmore at Camp Charlotte, to treat of peace. He refused; but said if they would remain with him over night he would send his answer to Gov. Dunmore in the morning. This proposition being agreed to, in the course of the night he impressed his answer on Girty's mind, who immediately returned to Camp Charlotte, and delivered Logan's speech to the Governor and the Indian chiefs in council. This account of the matter I had from Gen. Kenton in 1830. The speech was as follows:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat—if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last, long, bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen, pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Col. Cresup the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan—not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it—I have killed many—I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor the thought that Logan's is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Thus ended those times of calamity commonly called Cresup's war.† The foregoing sublime address of the illustrious Mingo exhibits all the internal evidence of its savage paternity; although it is doubted by some if the production is not from one highly skilled in oratory.

Revenge is probably one of the strongest passions of the human heart. Where all the arts of civilization and Christianity, with its solemn sanctions, operate as a check to this passion, we see it burst forth. Perhaps it is more difficult to restrain than any other passion of the human heart. Although men, in a state of civilization, generally submit their grievances to the arbitration of law, yet we find that in many cases it is with the greatest reluctance. When we find ourselves injured in character, person, or property, what is gener-

ally the first impulse? Revenge. Such was the impulse by which Logan acted. He appealed to no umpire to redress his wrongs. He trusted to his tact in achieving ways and means for carrying his revenge into effect. Although he felt the softer sensibilities and sympathies of human nature, and wept for the death of his friends, yet with the next breath this noble savage proudly boasted, "I have killed many—I have fully glutted my vengeance!" as much as to say, "I have caused the white man to mourn in grief and sorrow for the injuries he has heaped upon me. I have not wept alone. My vengeance has caused aching heads and throbbing hearts. My revenge being satiated, I am now willing to sheath the scalping knife, bury the tomahawk, and live in peace." This is the language of nature.*

From this date (1774) we cannot learn that Logan engaged in war. The next official account we have of him, he is found performing an act of humanity and benevolence, by being the instrument, in the hand of Providence, of saving the life of that illustrious pioneer, Gen. Simon Kenton—an account of which can be found, beginning at page 230 of the *Life of Kenton*, by the writer of this article. In the year 1778 Gen. Kenton being taken captive by the Indians, a grand council was convened at Wapatomika (now Zanesville) to determine on the life or death of the prisoner. Several chiefs spoke in succession on this important subject; and with the greatest apparent deliberation the council decided, by an overwhelming majority, on his death. After the sentence of this grand court was announced, Girty went to Kenton, wept over and embraced him very tenderly, said that he very sincerely sympathized in his forlorn and unhappy situation, and that he had used all the efforts in his power to save his life, but in vain, for it was now decreed that he must die, and he could do no more for him.

It will be recollected that this was in the year 1778, in the midst of the American Revolution. Upper Sandusky was then the place where the British paid their western Indian allies their annuities; and as time might effect what his eloquence could not, Girty, as a last resort, persuaded the Indians to convey their prisoner to Sandusky, as there would collect vast numbers to receive their presents, and the assembled tribes could there witness the solemn scene of the death of the prisoner.

To this proposition the council agreed, and the prisoner was placed in the care of five Indians, who forthwith set off for Upper Sandusky. As the Indians pass-

* This shows how impure and hurtful all human passions are, and how needful religion is to quench in what are called "generous bosoms" the fires of hell; for revenge is diabolical, and has its origin with devils. Place such an one as Logan beside the Savior of the world. The former holds the reeking tomahawk in his hand, and exultingly exclaims, "I have fully glutted my vengeance!" The latter bows his head in crucifixion, crying, "Father, forgive them!" As to the tears of Logan for his friends, they were as meritorious as that instinct of the tiger which impels it to feed and guard its young. Christian philanthropy is another thing. It mourns not only for murdered friends, but it weeps and prays for their murderers.—Ed.

* Samuel G. Drake's Indian Biography. † Ibid.

ed from Wapatomika to Sandusky, they went through a small village near the Scioto, where resided the celebrated chief, Logan. Unlike the rest of his tribe, he was humane as he was brave. At his wigwam those who had the care of the prisoner remained over night. During the evening Logan entered into conversation with the prisoner. The next morning he told Kenton he would detain the party that day, and that he had sent two of his young men the night before to Upper Sandusky to speak a good word for him. In the course of the following evening his young men returned, and early the ensuing morning the guard set off with the prisoner for Upper Sandusky.

When Kenton's party set off from Logan, he kindly shook hands with the prisoner, but gave no intimation of what might probably be his fate. The party went on with Kenton till they came in view of the Sandusky town. The Indians, young and old, came out to meet and welcome the warriors, and to see the prisoner, of whom so much had been said. Here he was not compelled to run the gauntlet, as on former occasions. This he considered a good omen. Hope, sweet hope, buoys us up to bear the most grievous calamities, though that hope be evanescent as a passing meteor. A grand council was immediately convened to determine the fate of Kenton. This was the fourth council assembled to dispose of his life.

As soon as this grand court was organized and ready to proceed to business, a Canadian Frenchman, by the name of Peter Druyer, who was a captain in the British service, dressed in the gaudy appendages of the British uniform, made his appearance in the council. This Druyer was born at Detroit. He was connected with the British Indian agent department, and was their principal interpreter in settling Indian affairs, which made him a man of great consequence among the Indians. It was to this influential man that the good chief, Logan, the friend of humanity, sent his young men to intercede for the life of Kenton. His selecting the agent, who it was most probable could save the life of the prisoner, proves his judgment and his knowledge of the human heart.

As soon as the grand council was organized, Captain Druyer requested permission to address them, which permission was instantly granted. He began his speech by stating that it was well known to be the wish and interest of the English that not an American should be left alive; that the Americans were the cause of the present bloody and distressing war; that neither peace nor safety could be expected so long as these intruders were permitted to live upon the earth: This part of his speech received repeated grunts of approbation. He next reminded the council that the war to be carried on successfully required cunning as well as bravery; that the information which could be extorted from the prisoner might be of more real benefit, in conducting the future operations of the war, than would be the death of twenty prisoners; that he had no doubt but the commanding officer at Detroit could procure information from the prisoner that would be of incalcula-

ble advantage to them in the future progress of the war. Under these circumstances he hoped they would defer the death of the prisoner till he was taken to Detroit and examined by the commanding general, after which he could be brought back, and if advisable be put to death in any way they might think proper. He next noticed that they had had a great deal of trouble and fatigue with the prisoner without being avenged upon him; but they had retaken all the horses the prisoner had stolen from them, and killed one of his comrades, and to insure them something for their fatigue and trouble, he would give one hundred dollars if they would intrust him with the prisoner to be taken to Detroit to be there examined by the English general.

The council, without hesitation, acceded to Captain Druyer's proposition, and the ransom money was paid. These arrangements being concluded, Captain Druyer and a principal chief set off with the prisoner for Lower Sandusky. From Lower Sandusky they proceeded by water in a canoe to Detroit, where they arrived in a few days. Here the prisoner was handed over to the commanding officer, and lodged in the fort as a prisoner of war. He was now out of danger from the caprice of the Indians, and was treated with the kindness due to prisoners of war in civilized countries. The British commander gave the Indians some additional remuneration for the prisoner, and they returned satisfied to join their countrymen at Wapatomika.

Thus was Logan the instrument in the hands of Providence of saving, for future usefulness, the life of the prince of pioneers, Gen. Simon Kenton. Their bodies contained congenial souls. They were both thunderbolts in war. Both were humane and benevolent. Their hospitality was only circumscribed by their means to relieve the wants and distresses of their fellow men. Both were illiterate sons of nature. Their greatness and elevation of soul were not acquired in the schools of art. To the God of nature and of grace alone were they indebted for their excellences. In one particular the Mingo had the advantage over the pioneer. The high-souled Logan could pour forth a melting, a sublime, a thrilling eloquence which charmed the hearer, whilst the heroic Kenton had no skill to play the orator. The names and actions of these two lofty, dauntless spirits will live in the memory of the west as long as the Ohio and Mississippi roll their waters to the ocean.*

Although Captain Peter Druyer was the acting and immediate agent in saving the life of Kenton, the master spirit, the genius of Logan, gave direction and impulse to the machinery which eventually snatched him from a cruel and painful death. This is the last official account we have of the doings of the Mingo chief.

It appears from Logan's account of himself that he was an isolated being in the world, without children or kindred to soothe him in his declining years. Tradition says

* General Simon Kenton recently died, a Christian, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—Ed.

that a gloomy melancholy took possession of his once vigorous mind, when he reflected that there were none to mourn for or sympathize with him in his misfortunes or distresses, or even to lament his death. Under such an exquisite sense of loneliness, to drive off melancholy in his latter days he became careless of his former fame, and indulged in the baneful practice of intemperance to such a degree as to nearly obliterate all evidence of his former greatness. It is melancholy and heart-rending to behold so many of our highly gifted, debased and ruined by the use of ardent spirits. And what is much to be lamented is, that this vice is most prevalent among those of an exquisite sensibility, whose souls appear to abound in human kindness, and whose social, warm hearts impel them to rejoice with those that rejoice. Thus their social virtues, their accommodating, kindly feelings lead them in the way of temptation.

The last account tradition gives of the distinguished Logan, is that he was murdered in a drunken frolic, while on his return from Detroit to his house on the Scioto. No one knows where repose the bones of the illustrious Mingo, whose march "in peace was like the breath of spring, and in war like the mountain storm."

The foregoing narrative is respectfully inscribed to the ladies of Ohio for their amusement and instruction. The aim of the writer was to point out the virtues, the vices, the perils, the sufferings, and the magnanimity of one of the heroes of other days, a native son of Ohio. Should his humble lucubrations call forth their sympathy, for the calamities, errors, and sufferings of the brave, and turn their charitable attention to the remnant of our aboriginal tribes, the writer will feel amply compensated for his labor.

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THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

FLOWERS! fresh flowers, with your fragrance free,
Have you come in your queenly robes to me?
Me have you sought from your far retreat,
With your greeting lips and your dewy feet,
And the upward glance of your radiant eye,
Like angel-guests from a purer sky?

But where did ye hide when the frost drew near,
And your many sisters were blanched with fear?
Where did ye hide? with a blush as bright
As ye wore amid Eden's vales of light,
Ere the wile of the tempter its bliss had shamed,
Or the terrible sword o'er its gateway flamed.

Flowers, sweet flowers, with your words of cheer,
Thanks to the friend who hath sent you here;
For this may her blossoms of varied dye
Be the fairest and first 'neath a vernal sky,
And she be led, by their whisper'd lore,
To the love of that land where they fade no more.

Original.

A PARODY.

Mr. HAMLIN.—Supposing that one of the principal objects of the Repository is so to operate upon the minds of the female portion of society as to enlist their influence in opposition to anything in the habits or principles of the other sex, incompatible with correct taste, generous sentiments, sound morals, or Christian piety, I have thought that the following *extemporaneous* effusion might not be deemed altogether inappropriate to its pages; and, with this view, it is respectfully placed at your disposal. I will only add, that though the *manner* of it, in places, may appear to be somewhat playful and satirical, it is intended, in all sober seriousness, not merely to amuse, but to contribute (however little) to the edification of the reader.

THE COXCOMB.

HAD I subdued my country's foes,
Or could all nature's secrets scan,
I must be measur'd by my clothes—
It is the finery makes the man.

THE MISER.

Could I to all give balmy health,
And lengthen out their earthly span,
I must be measur'd by my wealth—
It is the gold that makes the man.

THE LIBERTINE.

What though with Howard I should go,
Where'er man pines in misery wan,
And thence expel the voice of woe—
'Tis rum and riot make the man.

THE DEIST.

Let fools and children—for 'tis meet—
Believe the Bible, if they can;
To sneer, and call it all a cheat—
'Tis this, as I think, makes the man.

THE ATHEIST.

What though your priests and men of lore
Behold in all things Wisdom's plan;
To scout a God, and chance adore—
'Tis surely *this* that makes the man.

THE CHRISTIAN.

'Tis not the coxcomb's dainty dress,
Nor yet the miser's heaps of gold,
The shameless libertine far less,
Doth man's true dignity unfold;
Still less than these the deist proud,
And least of all the atheist clan—
God from above proclaims aloud,
'Tis FAITH IN CHRIST that makes the man.

J. S. T.

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THE MILLENIUM.

Pass on—relentless years! Ye bring
Nearer the golden age of time—
When man, no more an abject thing,
Shall from the sleep of ages spring,
With new-born life, and proudly fling
Aside his bondage and his crime,
And rising in his manhood, be
What God designed him—PURE AND FREE!

NOTICES.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire. By Rev. H. H. Milman. With a Preface and Notes, by James Murdoch, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is not a history of the visible Church, only as the visible Church may historically, philosophically, and politically stand connected with naked Christianity. It is not intended to trace the open organizations of Christianity, but "its influence on the history of man, and its relation to human happiness and social improvement."

Milman is a well known and a most engaging writer. This may probably prove to be his *great work*, the fairest monument of his erudition. For his own sake and the public's sake it were better that his "History" had been composed in the spirit of a pure evangelism—with a more rigid regard to the just principles of Biblical interpretation. His first work, though possessing many historical excellences, created suspicions in the public mind which this history will not tend to allay, but confirm. His edition of Gibbon with notes is valuable, and may be read with comparative safety. But it is grievous to find that in the present work there are views taken of certain portions of Scripture, which are nearly in harmony with the school of Gesenius, and subversive of the plainest truths of the Bible. Let the reader be cautious in her progress through this volume to select the precious from the vile; its historical statements, from those comments on the sacred text which are rationalistic, and tend to corrupt the *pure Word of God*.

LABOR. *A Baccalaureate Address delivered before the Senior Class, Dickinson College, July 7, 1841.* By John M'Clintock, A. M., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.—This is an excellent production. It argues and urges the importance of diligence in the cultivation of mind, and in all mental enterprise. It insists that eminent usefulness must be the result of vigorous and unremitting effort—that brilliant genius is nought, unless it be trained by close application to years of toil. The doctrine is true, *totò calò*. We would not even allow the usual exceptions in cases like Shakspeare: for although there may be indications of native genius in some instances of an indolent course of life, there is no large amount of rich and wholesome fruit produced by minds subjected to such abuse. Even Shakspeare must have been a *working mind*.

The author of this address wields a vigorous pen. He is remarkable for original and sound views, which are expressed in very forcible language; and we read his productions with no ordinary pleasure. This Address should have been served up to the public in another form; like that of "The Witnessing Church," by Lane and Sandford. Its dress might yet be changed to advantage, so as to be welcomed to the drawing-room, amongst the ladies' Annuals. We extract the following:

"You are in the midst of an ever-working universe. Is it necessary to tell you that you cannot form an exception to the general activity? That as you have the power to work, and feel the command of your nature urging you to work, so you must work, or pay the penalty of your disobedience? It is necessary that you should be told all this, and that the lesson should be graven on your hearts by frequent repetition; for, after all, though the word of God, and his Spirit within us, and the multiplied voices of nature around us, all call upon us to fulfill our high destinies by constant activity and untiring labor, our degenerate hearts tend strongly to indolence, and our sluggish spirits fall in love with ease. * * * * *

"To point out the way of success in life, is no easy task. I cannot pretend to lay open any path which will lead unerringly to the goal; to offer any plan of life whose issue must be success. But the easier duty is before me, of telling you that you can travel in none of the beaten ways of the world, nor carve out any new road for yourselves, without labor. If I cannot assure you of success, even with the most faithful effort, I can foretell your failure without it. It does not need the prophet's eagle vision to penetrate thus far into the cloudy future; feeble as is the light which experience throws upon man's dim and

perilous way, it is strong enough for this. I sympathize with the poet's exclamation—

'O what a glorious animal were man
Knew he but his own powers, and knowing, gave them
Room for their growth and spread:'

but let those powers be what they may, they will not only remain without fruit, but wither and decay, unless kept alive and vigorous by exercise. The sinew and muscle of the mind, like those of the body, may be strengthened by activity or enervated by repose. But until you make the experiment of action, and put yourself to the test of toil, you know not what stuff you are made of, nor what faculties you possess. Do you wish to know what you are? Act, and you shall find out. Slumber, and you shall never know. In action alone does a man's nature project itself into a living, tangible, intelligible reality; in action alone is his true character unfolded. * * *

"There are many young persons of romantic temperament that look forward to the attainment of the highest ends of human life without dreaming of the price that must be paid for them. They are for ever building castles in the air. The future is their dreamy home. Their imagination is more potent than Aladdin's lamp. They dwell in cloud-land and fill it with their own gorgeous creations. To their ardent spirits, time and distance are nothing; they pass through space with fairy speed, and bear down barriers with a giant's arm. Alas! that they should wake from these enchantments, and say, 'Lo! it was but a dream!'"

THE ENQUIRER. *Containing a series of Letters to Professing Christians.* By Edward C. Delavan.—This is the first number of a new periodical in quarto form; published at Albany, N. Y., by the editor. It will be devoted to the discussion of the question, "What kind of wine is proper to be used at the Lord's supper?" The first number is sufficiently rich in information to excite the deepest interest. It gathers facts from sources near and remote—from the usages and testimony of Jews and Gentiles, which are of great moment to the Christian world, and which go to show that the question, "What kind of wine?" &c., may well be proposed for the consideration of the Church.

Mr. Delavan, if any one, is worthy to be heard on this subject, or on any other connected with temperance. He has done more for the holy cause than any other man in America, or in the world. It is said that he has freely contributed some seventy thousand dollars out of his own estate to promote the reform, extending his beneficence to Europe for that purpose.

He does not propose to *reject wine* from the eucharist. He only contends for such wine as the Jews are said to set forth at the passover, viz., "the unfermented juice of the grape." Whether he shall accomplish his aim or not, two things are quite certain. First: The wine now commonly used at the eucharist is in part whisky, or some other ardent spirits, disguised by admixtures impure and villainous. Second: Our worst reformed drunkards cannot partake of the eucharist in this sort, without the utmost danger; they themselves testifying that a sip of the cup awakens "the tiger" in them. In these circumstances it is a question with us if we ought not to triumph over Mr. Delavan in argument, or fall in with his proposition. The first will not be so easy as the last, by *several days' toil*.

N. B. Several Methodist, Presbyterian, and perhaps other churches in this city, now use exclusively, unfermented wine.

FACTS IN MESMERISM, with Reasons for a Dispassionate Inquiry into it. By Rev. Chauncey Hare Townshend, A. M., late of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. New York: Harper and Brothers.—Mesmerism is more commonly known under the name of Animal Magnetism. It has at various periods during the present century engrossed much attention, especially in Germany, that land of wonders, where credulity and scepticism go hand in hand—where sober truth is too often scorned, and the wildest fancies are received as sacred vestiges. The following contents of Mr. Townshend's book will inform our readers as to his plan and aim.

"Review of the Causes that have made Mesmerism unpopular, and which render it a Subject difficult to be treated. Mesmeric Somnambulism, or, more properly, Sleepwalking.

Showing the Claims of Mesmeric Sleepwalking to be considered a peculiar Condition of Man. Showing certain of the physical and metaphysical Conditions of Mesmeric Sleepwalking. Conformity of Mesmerism with our general Experience. On the Mesmeric Consciousness. On Mesmeric Sensation. On the Medium of Mesmeric Sensation. The Mesmeric Medium. Testimony of A. Vandevyver, M. Van Owenhuysen, Dr. Folsac, Viscount N——, Baron de Carlowitz, A Friend, Dr. Wild, Professor Agassiz, Dr. Filippi, Signor Ranieri."

For ourselves we have none, not the least respect for Mesmerism, nor for those who go about to practice it. Some, like Mr. Townshend, may good naturedly form favorable opinions of both, but we have more esteem for their honesty than for their judgment. Our opinion has not been made up without examination. But every step of the examination confirmed us in the belief that this "science," as it is called, is a dishonest imposture. This is no reason why those who wish should not read the book before us.

SKETCH OF A SERMON, delivered before the North Carolina Bible Society, at its Anniversary, in the City of Raleigh, on Sunday, the 12th of December, 1841. By Charles M. F. Deems, Agent of the American Bible Society.—We have had time only to glance at this sermon. Judging from some paragraphs, it treats forcibly and eloquently of the unspeakable value of God's Revelation, presenting it as *living light*, as *growing seed*, and as *powerful* in its influence over sin and sinners. The following extract will be acceptable to the reader.

"The preaching of 'the word of God,' how powerful it has been! Before it the bold face has blanched and the stout heart quailed. The proud boast of the wicked has been silenced, the mockings of the fool have been hushed. The lion and the tiger have been tamed, and the heart of the lamb has been made powerful for good. The torrent intellect which was devastating whole regions of mind has been turned into the channels of beneficence, and the powers that stagnated in indolence have been sent forth to irrigate the waste and weary land. It has thrown open the prison doors and set the captive free. It has poured light in upon the depths of darkness. It has gone into the midst of communities, and under its influence, the ignorant have become wise, the churl liberal, the spendthrift economical, the vulgar refined, and the sinner a saint. Like oil it has allayed the tumultuous waves of strife. It has dashed down misrule, trampled upon anarchy, and lifted up the comely form of fainting order. It has extended the sceptre of mercy, and arranged the scales of justice. It has reformed the laws and their executor. As the word of God has been spoken out by the lips of truth, empires have been convulsed, crowns have fallen, and kingdoms have passed away. Its consolations have been as powerful as its reformatory energy. The widow and orphan have had their hearts to leap within them, and the fainting traveler over earth's desert has felt the gift of new life as this Word of Power has called him to the waters. Its power has disrobed death of its terrors and deprived the grave of its victory; and the weak child and feeble woman have calmly walked down to their resting-place with a holy smile on their countenances."

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT of the Foreign Evangelical Society; presented at the Annual Meeting, held in the Mercer-street Church, New York, on Tuesday Evening, May 11, 1841.—This Report glances at the moral and religious states of Papal and anti-Papal Europe. It speaks of Northern Europe as presenting some encouraging tokens of moral improvement and returning life. Evangelical ministers and Christians are increasing, and there are hopeful signs of revival. Southern Europe contains a Catholic population of one hundred millions, and an anti-Catholic population of only thirteen millions. In regard to the prospects of Southern Europe, the following thoughts selected from the Report are of great and encouraging interest:

"But we meet here a still more important inquiry than that which respects the origin of this ecclesiastical division of the nations of Europe. It is this; are the delusions of the Papacy never to be removed from this interesting portion of the world? The elements which shall compose the answer, are probably to be found in prophecies and in the 'signs of the times.'

When we look at the prophetic page, which evidently refers to scenes not yet witnessed, we are induced to believe, that the day cannot be far distant when what is called the Man of Sin, that power which exalteth itself against God, and sitteth in God's temple, as if it were God, will be destroyed by the sword of the Spirit, and the brightness of His coming, whose right it is to reign, and to whom the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven will be given. Another aspect of this question is seen in those incipient movements which are now witnessed in southern Europe, and which are different from any ever made on that field; and which, while they avoid the political alliances that characterized the Reformation, are only the more potent in their independence. The single fact that the Bible has never been extensively read by the inhabitants of southern Europe, and is now rapidly introduced, is to him that knows the power of the Bible, a pledge given by the providence of God, that the day of redemption is approaching.

"And none can doubt that it is our duty, as it is our privilege, to concur with all that are laboring to bring about this glorious event. From our hearts we exclaim, *Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly.*"

No document in the form of a report has recently fallen into our hands, which contains more valuable and interesting matter than that of the "Foreign Evangelical Society."

POCAHONTAS, and other Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mrs. Sigourney has earned a fair fame among her contemporaries. Her productions, however, have hitherto seemed to be of an impulsive character. She has written much, impromptu, but many of her fugitive pieces were stamped with unequivocal marks of poetic genius. The work before us contains one poem, Pocahontas, of twenty 12mo. pages, with explanatory notes. Its theme is the facts which history has transmitted to us concerning the savage princess whom it commemorates, helped out by the fancy sketches of a fruitful, but chastened imagination. The work contains in addition to this respectable epic, more than one hundred brief effusions, several of them among her best productions. "The Winter Noddy" is a specimen.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. *Catalogue of the Corporation, Faculty, Students; and Laws of the Institute. Buckingham county, Virginia.*—This is, in our opinion, a model institution for young ladies. It is what its name imports, a college for females. The Collegiate Department has first, second, junior and senior classes, and the course of study is as thoroughly classical and scientific as that of most American universities. Its regulations for mental toil and moral discipline are excellent, and it is under the supervision of the following able Faculty: Rev. Perlee B. Wilber, A. M., President and Professor of Natural Science, Belles Lettres, and Ancient Languages. Rev. George W. Blain, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Moral Science. Mrs. Mary C. Wilber, Governess, and Preceptress in the Ornamental Branches. Miss Sarah A. Heustis, Assistant Governess, and Preceptress in the English Department. Miss Samantha Brightman, Assistant Governess, and Assistant Classical Teacher. Miss Mary E. Bailey, Preceptress in Instrumental and Vocal Music.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Many of our correspondents decline giving us their names. In such cases, if we publish their productions, we cannot give them as *original*. That word pledges what we cannot be responsible for before the public. We have already said that the names of our correspondents will not be divulged without their consent. Indeed, hereafter we shall not give the names of correspondents unless they may have already acquired some notoriety as writers. Those who are "unknown to fame" will in this manner, if at all, acquire reputation. Let them write on, till like the "Great Unknown," the world shall long to find them out. "Patience" should be their motto, and if they cannot adopt it, there is no great hope concerning them.





Engr. by W. Woodcut for the Ladies Repository.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.



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responded by plaintive strains, we went on deck, and to the pride of the world, and thus will he, being dead,
the venerable soil of Mount Vernon was before us. At still speak.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, APRIL, 1842.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

MOUNT VERNON is situated on the west bank of the Potomac river, in Virginia, about seven miles below Alexandria, and seventeen miles below Washington City. The plantation is large, but the view of it from the river is confined. The bank rises too abruptly to admit of an extended prospect. The family residence is in fair view of the traveler as he passes on the river. It is a large plain building, with scarcely any pretensions to architectural ornament or magnificence. It is accommodated, rather than graced with a piazza of its own full two stories height, whose plain columns indicate that this appendage is strictly for comfort and not for show. The grounds around present a very pleasing aspect, ornamented as they are with grass, trees, and shrubbery. Yet they do not impress the spectator with the idea of special pains, or skill, or taste, on the part of the occupant of the estate. The following sketch, copied from a description which now lies before us, will give the reader a correct idea of the appearance of these grounds, and of the tomb of Washington:

"The vault in which the ashes of Washington repose, is at the distance of, perhaps, thirty rods from the house, immediately upon the bank of the river. A more romantic and picturesque site for a tomb can scarcely be imagined. Between it and the Potomac is a curtain of forest-trees, covering the steep declivity to the water's edge, breaking the glare of the prospect, and yet affording glimpses of the river, where the foliage is thickest. The tomb is surrounded by several large native oaks, which are venerable by their years, and which annually strew the sepulchre with autumnal leaves, furnishing the most appropriate drapery for the place, and giving a still deeper impression to the *memento mori*. Interspersed among the oaks, and overhanging the tomb, is a copse of red cedar, whose evergreen boughs present a fine contrast to the hoary and leafless branches of the oak; and while the deciduous foliage of the latter indicates the decay of the body, the eternal verdure of the former furnishes a fitting emblem of the immortal spirit. The sacred and symbolic *cassia* was familiar to Washington, and, perhaps, led to the selection of a spot where the evergreen flourished.

"One of the most interesting associations with the tomb of Washington, is Lafayette's visit to it, as related by Levasseur:

"After a voyage of two hours, the guns of Fort Washington announced that we were approaching the last abode of the father of his country. At this solemn signal, to which the military band accompanying us responded by plaintive strains, we went on deck, and the venerable soil of Mount Vernon was before us. At

this view, an involuntary and spontaneous movement made us kneel. We landed in boats, and trod upon the ground so often trod by the feet of Washington. A carriage received General Lafayette; and the other visitors silently ascended the precipitous path which conducted to the solitary habitation of Mount Vernon. In re-entering beneath this hospitable roof, which had sheltered him when the reign of terror tore him violently from his country and family, George Lafayette felt his heart sink within him, at no more finding him whose paternal care had softened his misfortunes; while his father sought with emotion for every thing which reminded him of the companion of his glorious toils.

"Three nephews of General Washington took Lafayette, his son, and myself, to conduct us to the tomb of their uncle: our numerous companions remained in the house. In a few minutes the cannon, thundering anew, announced that Lafayette rendered homage to the ashes of Washington. Simple and modest as he was during life, the tomb of the citizen hero is scarcely perceived among the sombre cypresses by which it is surrounded. A vault, slightly elevated and dodged over—a wooden door without inscriptions—some withered and green garlands, indicate to the traveler who visits the spot, where rest in peace the puissant arms which broke the chains of his country. As we approached, the door was opened. Lafayette descended alone into the vault, and a few minutes after re-appeared, with his eyes overflowing with tears. He took his son and me by the hand, and led us into the tomb, where, by a sign, he indicated the coffin. We knelt reverentially, and rising, threw ourselves into the arms of Lafayette, and mingled our tears with his."

It has been urged by many admirers of the immortal Washington, that the Mount Vernon estate ought to be purchased by the government, and brought into a form of perfect order, and of high and elegant improvement. To the purchase there can be no objection, unless it be on political grounds. But we do not think it would be in good taste to remodel the improvements, and blot out the traces which it bears of the private life and domestic walks of the father of his country. If any thing be desirable, it is to see fifty or one hundred acres, surrounding the domicile of the hero, inclosed by an iron fence, so fashioned that it will guard these walks. But let the improvements be preserved in their original form. Public monuments can be erected elsewhere, to attest a nation's gratitude, and perpetuate the fame of him whom the nation delights to honor. But let the remains of Washington repose in that rustic vault, re-edified, when necessary, in its present form, as long as the republic endures. It will be a rebuke to the pride of the world, and thus will he, being dead, still speak.

Original.
RELIGIOUS MEDITATION.

—
BY DR. THOMSON.
—

RELIGION carries her own bliss with her. There are flowers enough in all her paths to attract and reward the traveler. Were there no world of light to which the heaven-born pilgrim tends, wisdom would still point with undeviating index to religion's ways of pleasantness—to religion's paths of peace. There are no hills like the hills of Zion; there are no songs like the songs of Israel; there are no joys like the joys of the redeemed. How great is the happiness of the Christian! This is seen even in his trains of thought. "I meditate," says the Psalmist, "on all thy works: I muse on the work of thy hands."

Religion attracts her votaries into the sublimest walks of external nature. There can be no theology without philosophy. I do not mean to be understood that the Christian must have a library and a telescope, and an herbarium and a laboratory; that he must be confined to the study; that he must spend his days in experiments, and his nights amid books. There is an artificial philosophy and a natural philosophy. The one traces the laws by which the world is governed, the other surveys the world itself; the former busies itself with explanations, the other with facts; one is intellectual drudgery, the other mental pleasure. The mere philosopher concerns himself with the former, the mere Christian may enjoy the latter. The courtier in Shakespeare asks the shepherd: "Have you studied natural philosophy?" "O yes," says the shepherd, "my philosophy is all natural. I know it is the property of water to wet, and of fire to burn—that good pasture makes fat sheep; that he that lacks money, means, and content, lacks three good things." This affords an amusing illustration of the foregoing remark. Have you never reflected, gentle reader, how slight was the difference between the peasant and the sage; that the great field of important facts lies open to both; that the one contents himself with isolated truths, the other generalizes?

Having premised thus much, we return to our proposition, that there can be no true theology without philosophy—and proceed to observe, that God is the Alpha and Omega of all theology. His attributes are natural and moral. Power and wisdom are the chief of the former; justice and mercy the foundations of the latter. Can Almighty power and wisdom be learned as a lesson in the spelling book? To be understood they must be illustrated. It need scarcely be said that words are arbitrary sounds—that they must be associated with the ideas they are intended to convey, or they are destitute of meaning. Does a father wish to teach his son the meaning of human power? He takes him where he may witness its operations—perchance he takes him to the blacksmith-shop, and while he shows him the arm of the artizan raising the ponderous hammer, and bringing it down upon the anvil, and by repeated strokes

causing the shapeless iron to assume the form which he designs—he says, that is human power. Or he points him to the majestic city raising a thousand spires to the sun, and says, "Mark these streets, these walls, these cathedrals, these towers—they are the results of human power." Does he wish to teach him human wisdom? He may point to the philosopher calculating the eclipses and stations of the heavenly bodies for far distant years, and to the accuracy of a moment, and say, this is human wisdom. Or perhaps he takes him to observe the steamer, with her proud pendant floating in the breeze, freighted with the merchandises of a city and the population of a territory; yet buffeting the winds and surmounting the billows, and progressing to its destined port with unerring prow! and explaining to him the machinery by which the results are accomplished, he says, this is human wisdom. Thus would a father teach his son God's power. Let him take him out in the freshness of the morning, and open his eye upon the sun issuing from the chambers of the east to spread light upon the mountains; or let him lead him to the contemplation of the midnight heavens, and show him the Most High walking among the stars as a shepherd among his flocks. Would you learn what is meant by Divine wisdom? Go view the ordinances of heaven—or look into your own wonderfully and fearfully made frame. Would you learn lessons of Divine goodness? Go to the green of earth, or the freshness of ocean; to the beauties of spring, the glories of summer, the fruits of autumn, the fetters of winter; to the gentle dew that distills upon the tender grass; to the refreshing showers, and revolving seasons, filling the earth with joy and gladness. Would you know God's providential care? "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." "Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly father feedeth them."

Nature cannot lead us to God without Revelation. The condition of the heathen world teaches this. Yet Revelation does not attempt to lead us to God, but through the medium of nature. She points to the works of God at her very portals. She opens the way for her glorious truths through the heavens and the earth. Her *first* page describes the creation. She shows us light issuing from the Creator's fiat—the firmament stretching itself out in the midst of the waters—the seas gathering together to their appointed places, and the dry land rising at the Creator's bidding—the earth bringing forth grass, the herb yielding seed, the tree shedding fruit—the lights taking their appointed stations in the firmament—the fruitful waters bringing forth abundantly—the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly in air. Then she presents the earth bringing forth living creatures, cattle, and creeping things, and beasts of the earth, after his kind. Finally she shows man coming forth from the hand of God—in his image, after his likeness, invested with dominion over the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air,

and over the cattle, and over all the earth. The work is finished, and the universal approbation pronounced, and the general blessing sent down; the morning stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy.

By referring to this grand and beautiful universe, she impresses us with a sense of the majesty and glory of that God whose words she is about to utter. Thus does she prepare us to listen with awe and reverence. She does not pretend to teach us philosophy; but in teaching us religion, she leads us through all its paths. Can any one read this chapter without taking a jaunt into the fields of astronomy, geology, natural history, chemistry, and botany?

Nor is it only at the commencement that Revelation calls us to the contemplation of the works of God; but as she progresses in disclosing her heavenly lessons, the "range of the mountain is her path, and she searches after every green thing" for illustrations. She leads us through the vegetable world from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that springs by the wall; from the ant that provides her meat in the summer, to behemoth the chief of the ways of God, trusting to draw up Jordan into his mouth; pointing as she passes, to the wild goats of the rock, the wild ass of the mountains, the unicorn with his strength, the war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder, the peacock with his goodly wings, the ostrich with his feathers, the hawk stretching her wings to the south, the eagle making her nest on high.

The prophets are generally poets of the highest order. As the profoundest philosophy of ancient Rome and Greece lighted her taper at Israel's altar, so the sweetest strains of the Pagan Muse were swept from harps attuned on Zion's hill. Mark how the prophet's soul pushes its way through the most majestic scenes, gathering metaphors of the sublimest cast as she passes: "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Behold the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing." "It is He that sitteth upon the circles of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in."

The religious meditations of the patriarchs and apostles were associated with the scenes of nature. Abraham called on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God, amid his flocks and herds, in the plains or on the mountains, or in groves which he had planted. Isaac was in the habit of walking forth at eventide, to meditate in the field; and Jacob learned to worship leaning upon the top of his staff.

Religion conducts us not merely into the field of external, but into the depths of internal nature. The world has been endeavoring by its own observations and reflections to learn the human soul. But though capable of penetrating into every thing else, the intel-

lect is incapable of searching out itself. No system of metaphysics has been devised which men can agree to call truth. Yet there are metaphysicians—profound ones too—and they are to be found among those who have never read a systematic work on mental philosophy. They have learned the laws of the human spirit from the teachings of its Maker; they have studied the Bible, and it has led them through all the chambers of the soul. True, there is no *system* of metaphysics in the Bible—God makes no *systems*. He made the Bible as he made nature. He threw truths, mental, moral, and natural, irregularly in the Bible, as he scattered trees and shrubs and flowers over the face of nature. Here in the Bible is metaphysics, and it may be systematized. Let a man sit down and take for granted all that the Bible asserts or assumes in relation to the human mind and heart, and he will have a perfect and unexceptionable system of metaphysics. Hence it is that the apostle James compares the Bible to a mirror. As we turn over its pages it is perpetually presenting new phases of human character, ever true to nature, ever true to experience. No sinner can sit down before the wonderful little instrument without perceiving his own likeness in all its native deformity. He will be able to trace his alienation from God, his native proneness to sin, his defilement, the perverseness of his affections, the turpitude of his nature. It is for this reason that the sinner turns away in disgust from the most sublime productions ever afforded to mortals; and will plunge into the most profound abyss of science, and wander in the most intricate mazes of speculation, or amuse himself with the low ribaldry of infidelity, or shiver in the icy regions of atheism, rather than gaze upon the gorgeous drapery of Isaiah, or the beauteous moral scenes drawn by the Savior's pencil. It is for this reason that the minister, deriving his discourse from the Bible, is accused of personality even by the stranger. Hence also it happens that he that is spiritual judgeth all things. The divine mirror shows him his own soul, yea, the soul of every rational man, its propensions, laws, hopes and fears; its motives, temptations, and corruptions; and he stands judge of the rational world. Is metaphysics an elevated science? Is the soul a sublime subject of meditation? Surely the Christian's contemplations are of the highest order.

Rational devotion leads to true philosophy, as true philosophy generally leads to rational devotion. The caves and mountains and plains of Judea inflamed the devotion of the Psalmist. At times, that he may kindle his soul with holy flame, he goes forth to the isles and the ends of the earth; he walks forth at morning to behold the sun as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race; he goes abroad to survey the heavens, which declare God's glory, and the firmament, which showeth his handy-work. He marches forth from his midnight couch to consider the glittering hosts of heaven—the moon and stars, which God has ordained; and as he advances through the beautiful and the sublime, sweeter, stronger, deeper are the notes which issue from his harp. The

devotional soul soars away from mortal habitations to the temple of her God—pluming her wings, she dwells in scenes such as might emparadise an angel. She finds a fane in every grove, and a lyre in every leaf; every voice in nature is an organ to her ear; every star in heaven touches a new chord in her heart; and every gale that sweeps by her, wafts fresh praises from her lips. She meets no breath that doth not soften, no scene that doth not enliven, no flower that doth not beautify, no sound that doth not solemnize. The whole universe is a temple fitted by Jehovah's hand to inspire devotion; and everywhere she finds herself between the wings of the cherubim: ascending from world to world with glowing raptures, she carols in the embraces of her Father and her God. 'Tis thus the angel does: plunging through the regions of space on voyages of discovery, he flings his silver lyre on the breeze, and as new scenes pass before his vision, ever fresh, ever glorious, ever lovely, he perpetuates and multiplies his raptures, and returns to the skies with the swelling song, always one, and always fresh, yet better and better understood, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty."

Let Moses stand before the burning bush—burning, yet unconsumed; or let him view the Almighty from the cleft in the rock—why need we complain, who may see God's goodness and power and love in the visible universe. No limited demonstrations of the Divinity, however glorious, can equal the world's on high. O let me learn God in an unlimited universe, that my ideas of my Maker may admit of unlimited expansion, and my devotion of unbounded swell.

Religion, by delightful associations, heightens the pleasure arising from the contemplation of nature. The rose and the lily have new beauties for him who thinks of the Rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. Even the desert gushes with fountains, and the wilderness blossoms for him who meditates of the Holy One of Israel, before whose footsteps earth shall be transformed. The sun in heaven suggests the Sun of righteousness, who rises on the soul with healing in his wings; and every star in the galaxy beams with added lustre upon the eye that views the Star of Bethlehem. Winds, ye are gales that waft to heaven, when ye suggest that Spirit which comes we know not whence, and goes we know not whither, and breathing, blesses. Cities, villages, rocks and mountains, hills and plains, lands and seas, earth and skies, ye all come crowded with pleasing recollections—for Jesus once animated such with his divine presence. Religion fills the universe with glorious suggestions, and descending from above, hallows the earth we tread, and spreads our meanest blessings with holy associations. How fresh is this atmosphere—how beautiful this earth—how glorious these heavens! Thus cries the mere philosopher. Yes, adds the Christian, and these are my Father's. The child of God can look up and see the Almighty's hand wheeling the planets in order and harmony, and can be cheered by the reflection that it is the hand of One who loves him. How much sweeter the perfume of the

gales, and the fruits of autumn, and all the blessings of earth, and the unnumbered attractions that make "all nature beauty to the eye, and music to the ear," when we can regard every blessing as sent from our heavenly Father in token of his love.

Religion weaves the contemplation of nature with many salutary lessons, which are usually lost to the mere philosopher. Nature teaches by her *magnitude the humbling lesson of man's insignificance.* It was when the Psalmist considered the heavens that he cried out, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him or the son of man, that thou makest account of him?" How healthful to the soul such humiliating meditations; how do they eradicate pride and ambition, those roots of bitterness, which springing up, deform and defile that garden which might else be a paradise. How effectually do they cast down every vain imagination, and every thing that opposeth or exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, bringing our thoughts into captivity to Christ.

Nature enforces the lesson, "Lay not up treasures upon earth." Every thing upon her bosom is subject to mutations. The law of change is written everywhere. We see it not merely in the passing cloud, the revolving sun, the rolling seasons. It is written in every leaf in nature—it is graven with an iron pen on all her tablets of lead—it is inscribed in the rock for ever. Thus religion would impress us with the truth, that the fashion of this world passeth away—that here we have "no abiding place," "no continuing city"—a lesson which strikes a death-blow to those ten thousand cares and anxieties that often prey upon the heart, and make existence a burden.

Religion teaches us to learn from nature, by *analogy*, our own *frailty*. As she leads us through the green, she reminds us that "all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the field." As the grass withereth and the flower fadeth, thus perisheth mortality, and all the comeliness thereof. At the same time, she teaches by *contrast* the durability of that world which abideth for ever. The Christian can contemplate his own frailty without any anguish, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." To him indeed the frailty of humanity is a pleasing theme—

"For he would not live always, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode."

"For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." The transitory nature of things seen increases our attachment to the eternal things unseen. The Christian can mark the earth crumble beneath his footsteps without sorrow, when it leads his thoughts to the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven.

Religion leads beyond philosophy. The Christian rises side by side with the philosopher into the starry heavens. They tread, foot to foot, the zodiac around.

Together their souls expand and burn, and wonder and adore. And here the Christian bows to his learned companion, leaves him in the milky way, and on his wings of faith ascends the upper skies, enters the paradise of God, soars through fields of light, and surveys the mansions of the blest. He wears the crown of life, and waves the palm of immortality. He mingles with the blood-washed throng, and repeats their halleluiahs. He bows at the altars where saints perfected worship, and enters the chapels where rejoicing angels sing. He soars to the heaven of heavens, sees God the Father, Jesus his Son, and God the Holy Spirit; and lifting his eye upward he cries, "This is thy throne, dear Father—these are my native skies." At length, however, sense encumbers the wings of faith, and he gravitates to earth again; but like the deputation which Israel, when encamped upon the banks of Jordan, sent across the river to explore the promised land, he bears back a cluster from the vine-hills of the celestial Canaan, and as he feeds upon the delicious fruit he sings—

"In such a frame as this,
My willing soul would stay;
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss."

In such a frame as this the apostle wrote, "We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be with Christ, which is far better."

What prisoned eagle would not wish his cage to burst, that he might mount to the morning sun and make his nest on high? Wonder not that the Christian, when his eye of faith catches a glimpse of heaven, should wish the coil of mortality in which his spirit is imprisoned to unravel, and let the prisoner free. Well may he pray—

"O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break;
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek."

But let us leave the Christian's intellect, and pass to his heart. We have seen what are his meditations, let us see what are his feelings.

Religion opens a world of grace, adorned with brighter scenes than nature knows. Here she teaches divine love and mercy and justice, God's moral attributes. Here she shows how God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus—a lesson which angels desire to learn. Amid the brightest scenes of nature the soul may be in hell. The *angel*, whose happiness is the award of innocence, may find a paradise in nature—but not so *rebel man*. Let him reflect, as he must at times, upon the purity of God's law, his personal liability, his bold and repeated transgressions, the justice of the penalty, and for him at least the sun and moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining. Methinks I see the sinner, humbled by some solemn Providence, and led to reflect on his ways, entering the closet with his Bible. He opens and reads with prayer—his sins rise before him—clouds encompass him, "and a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness," comes upon his soul. The earth quakes as if willing to shake the

rebel from her bosom—the pillars of heaven totter as if impatient to crush him—"a spirit passes before his face—the hair of his flesh stands up. Fear comes upon him, and trembling, such as makes all his bones to shake. Hell is naked beneath him, and destruction is uncovered: a fire consumes before him, and behind him a flame burneth!" What shall he do? Is God just, or merciful? Will he punish, or may he forgive? Thrilling question! where shall he find the answer? The earth says, "It is not in me;" the deep cries, "It is not with me." The Star of Bethlehem rises on his midnight. He cries, O blessed Jesus! He faints, he falls, but falls in mercy's arms.

This is a world of sorrow. The wounds and bruises and putrefying sores—the groans and shrieks and death of the body, are enough to make a God incarnate weep. Alas! these are nothing to the sorrows of the heart. The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear? Doth not anguish at times cleave to thee? Doth it not follow thee to the table, and from the table to the bed, and cause thee to inquire—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow—
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivion's antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart!"

How mighty are the passions of the soul—how strong its hate. When once it penetrates an object, its hold is unshaken. The principle that binds the planets lets go its grasp in the wreck of dissolving nature; but mortal hate rises victorious over the dissolution of all things. Survey its love. The shock of battle, the loss of all things, the flames of the martyr's stake, death itself, which destroys every thing physical, cannot shake it, for it "is stronger than death." Behold its ambition. Earth is lost in it, as a drop in the ocean—the universe cannot fill it. Measure now the depth of its deathless passions, and then tell the depth of its capacity to suffer. My God! thou only canst tell what this little human heart can suffer. O for some fountain to cool its passions! O for some balm to heal its wounds! O for some meditations to bless its pulsations! Religion leads to a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins—points to the dying Savior, and cries—

"Here bring your wounded heart,
Here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow
That heaven cannot cure."

—●●●—
Miserable at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain. But a Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than stoicism; he is pleased with every thing that happens, because he knows it could not happen unless it had first pleased God, and that which pleases him must be the best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a father who will prove him with no affliction that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure.—*Lacon*.

Original.

FANCIFUL PHYSIOGNOMY.*

BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGHS.

Portrait 5.—A lady—and we are truly happy that a female has a place amongst the American worthies. But she looks a little disinclined to the sitting. This, we think, (for we know her reputation,) rather unreasonable in a lady of her standing. But of the head. The eye is fixed on a point—a mental speculation no doubt—an abstract one, too—something more than a reverie. It admits not of emotion or change of feature of any sort. How close she is to the thought! If she were only speaking the least word, we could get an inkling of the subject; and we should know whether she were in the negative or the affirmative. But one thing we do know, that she is in the positive, and this at the behest of truth. The direct, unquailing eye, with its judicial brow, is serious in its appreciation, and receives the unbiassed impression of either fitness or absurdity, and gives instant verdict to each. Its scrutiny, though earnest, is not hypercritical, but discriminative. The moral demanding is of common sense propriety, for which nothing else shall commute or suffice. The temper is not vehement, but fixed and not easily persuaded. The mind is ardent and contemplative, with more of elevation than of enthusiasm. No weakness obtains, no littleness, nor any form of vanity. The sensibility is at discretion, yet perfectly genuine, with compassion in its train. If the fancy moves not often, it is because reflection and judgment hold the ground. If there is more of goodness than amiability, it belongs to the order of the character, which, in its broad and fair proportions, admits not the addition of such ornament to its strength. In her judgments there is that scope and range of charity essential with the wide-seeing mind, yet a deliberative restricting lest the sentiment overstep the principle; and as Jenny Deans hated a lie, even so would we read for our portrait. But every body knows Miss Sedgwick, though never so well as since the "Letters from Abroad" have enriched her accustomed readers with the lucubrations of foreign travel. Albeit, the two volumes contain not a single word of egotism, personally or relatively; and though we have said nothing about taste—the poetical of judgment—yet do these volumes attest to its existence; and their writer has presented us with pictures, statues, Alps—each in the right phase of each. And it is more than a phantasy that some of us see better with her eyes than we could have done with our own.

Portrait 6.—Whom have we here! Sure, 'tis mine host of the Boniface; and he gives us joyous welcome to the hostel—for social he is, earnest to hear, and prompt to tell—perhaps, too, he chuckles over a guest obtained. But no, let us look a little closer. We do, indeed, see a coarse, jocund, jolly-faced son of the soil; but from other indications, we doubt whether he ever

cared to earn a dollar. Other behest, we think, was his. Look again, and see how informed is that mass of flesh. We deny that the eye twinkles or swerves. We affirm that it scintillates—we think, too, it is of instant sagacity. The mouth, petulant, vulgar, and saucy as it is, shows yet a spicery, possible of discriminating satire. Humor, too, lurks there, and a sympathy accessible to all outward solicitings, but more of mirth than of other folly. Within that forehead we should say there was somewhat more specific to the man, and that without guile himself, he were yet not easily over-reached by another. Plenty of ideas, too, there are, and very good ones, but not continuous—he "hasn't time for it." An abstraction did he never think of; for his "young spirits are all abroad"—they are of the sort that are always young. Stir and action are his proper element, unknowing of fame. Bravery is his instinct; and half unconsciously he identifies himself with some bidding of war, for which he perceives himself best able. I would think him the very opposite of a selfish man, or a double dealer. But let us turn the page, and see. Yes, most of the years of his life were spent in the service of his country. He had served out the whole ten years of the French war in Canada, previously to the breaking out of the Revolutionary war of our country, in which he decided, like an honest man, to sustain the soil that sustained him, and repelled indignantly the overtures of promotion and wealth from the opposite party, to bribe him to their standard—tendered by his superior officers of the French war, who well knew his weight and ability; for it was said of him that "he dared to lead where any dared to follow." In this war he passed up orderly to the post of Major General, with the confidence of his officers, and the love and devoted obedience of his men. Generous he was, and clever too. Once, in the chances of the campaign at Princeton, Captain M'Pherson, of the British army, who had been found languishing to death on the field, was succored and attended by Putnam, and requested that a friend should be called from the British lines to assist in making his will. Nothing could have been more inconvenient to our hero. But he could not deny a claim of humanity. And he performed a *russe de guerre* with the most adroit skill; and so managed that by night the British officer believed him, with his poor fifty men, to be at least "four or five thousand strong." And all these things you shall read in the Biography in the National Portrait Gallery. And many mighty acts he did. Let us take another glance, and then adieu. He looks, indeed, like a man, though not apt of the inspiration of glory, or to obey the behest of the breath of other men's opinions, yet he looks mightily "like" he had one of his own. He died in 1790, being aged in service as in life. And are they now (at Boston) arraigning you, "Old Put," at the bar in this 1841-2 for possible want of bravery? Your tongue attests not for or against; and though once voluble, it is now made fast in the true discretion of nature, and hath not a voice to embroil amongst the irreverent of another generation. But there are some

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incidents of occasional and unostentatious happening, that shall speak for you, and afford at least presumptive evidence, on your side, and tell that you were brave. Is there a wolf infesting the barn-yard, and the folds of the neighborhood, and is no one hardy or persevering enough to ferret and destroy this old offender? Yes, there is one, a mere youth then. He looks as if he were saying, "Pooh, pooh! it's all nonsense, that a man, that's bigger than a wolf, and has a gun to boot, can't settle the varmint—I'll try." And this you know he *did*. Albeit, there was more danger than glory in the thing; and, if in the obscure den of this beast, his impulse was to expel and destroy him, *do* we believe that, when his country and his kind were suffering from the aggressions of an invading foe, and with his known and pure patriotism, Israel Putnam would be found shirking?

Portrait 7.—"He bides his time." This motto we have chosen as our conception, taking all the lineaments together, of the character here presented. At the first glance, we thought the face both weak and common place; but by a closer and more continued inspection, we feel corrected of this opinion. Yet that brow rebukes us not. It has more important matter of meditation than the semblances of things; and the misprising of others should neither alter nor disturb the modest self-appreciation of this true-minded and good man. That forehead is of power. It wears the token of habitual and deep thinking. The brow contracts—'tis not alone because that full dark eye has taken in too many rays of light—'tis rather of the engrossment of responsibilities, and of unremitting cares—his nation's weal, perhaps. The nose, soft in itself, is such an one as never goes with a hard or pertinacious character. The physiology, as shown by the broken surfaces, is altogether of a yielding temper. But the hold of that head assures us that no weakness shall accrue of its mercy. The mouth suits well, and has propriety without primness, &c.

We say he bides his time. We find he has ever done so. Humane and gentle, guileless and good, he traversed not the intentions of nature by moves and motives of false authority. All of heart service which nature designed, has been by him justly rendered to the Supreme, and to his fellows of this earth. His mental course was also good. In childhood bidable to the dictates of seniority, he commenced well; and as no step had to be retraced or amended, so his progression was regular and of constant advancement. It occurs to us, how few, how very few do indeed follow out their destiny. By destiny we mean the very opposite of the heathen idea of an irresistible fate. We see, and of the gifted more than others, that by some false leading the ardor of the infant mind is often embodied in principles adverse to its own furtherance. How often, by custom, does the superior mind bow itself to the inferior—of higher station, perhaps, or of some other extraneous and artificial predominance! But for our portrait we claim exemption from the narrowing influence of such thralldom. And the circumstance of a residence

remote from "city air" is to the youth, we think, almost as beneficial in a moral as in a physical sense, especially as combined with the means of instruction and associations of intelligence. John Marshall was born in Farquhar county, Virginia, whilst that was yet a remote and frontier settlement; and his early education was derived from his father alone, and in succession he received instruction from two other gentlemen, both of high respectability. But he never attended any public seminary; and we contemplate him, under the guidance of these few, as a *self-made* character, which epithet also implies obedience to *higher* authority, as perhaps vested in these guardians at second hand. He was formed to a character of moderated ardor, of steady, well balanced, and confiding trust. And we can almost and quite say that he had a "wise youth" as well as a wise manhood. As he was well fitted by temper and disposition to partake of the enjoyments of life, so likewise did he not withhold himself from sharing its more onerous duties. And in addition to his profession of the law, we find him successively engaged in civil, municipal, military, and diplomatic life, and always to acceptance; for no sinister purpose was mixed with his services. Neither selfishness, nor arrogance, nor cupidity narrowed and destroyed their influence, nor did ambition, or the desires of pride widen them out into unprofitable and untenable results. Though the willing servant of the public, and a true patriot, he yet "pleased not himself." We read that at the time of the adoption of our Constitution as independent states, the measures being zealously opposed, that Mr. Marshall, with other eminent men, acted with "a wisdom and prudence almost surpassing human power; and after twenty-five days of ardent and eloquent discussion, the question was carried in favor of its adoption." And whilst we read, do not "our hearts burn within us"—do not we seem to taste of their ardor, their devotion, and their happiness! At intervals, and as he could be spared, Mr. M. (better known to his countrymen as Chief Justice Marshall) retired from public life, and by industry acquired a sufficiency for comfort, ease, and sober elegance, which bounded his desires, and found his fullest delights in his domestic home, the charmed circle of intelligence, affection, and piety. Truly was he a great man—not even so much for his high offices, and great achievements, as for the singular independence and disinterestedness of his sentiments. And did we for an instant mistake him? The poet tells us that "no meaning puzzles more than wit;" and so in characters of place does *simplicity*, until we presently discern that though unwonted, it has the legitimate authenticity of greatness. And we also acknowledge that the highest claiming is not always of the best desert.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

PARENTAL ADMONITIONS.

The following address was delivered by the Rev. F. M. Marzials, President of the Consistory of Montauban, in France, on the marriage of his eldest daughter to the Rev. Charles Cook, Methodist missionary, in the Church of the Carmelites, June 1, 1826.

To the short exhortation contained in our marriage ceremony, I think it my duty, considering the holy calling of your husband, to add something more peculiarly adapted to you. The ministry of the Gospel is a most holy, important, and weighty charge. Its end is to advance the kingdom of God, to propagate the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ, for the salvation of sinners, the edification of the soul, the comfort of broken and contrite hearts, and the establishment of moral order. He who is devoted to this great and excellent work, no longer belongs to himself; but is the minister of Christ, and the servant of others, for his sake. The zeal of God's house should eat him up. Conscious of the importance of his mission, he ought to preach the Gospel in season and out of season; full of Christ, he should glory only in him, and boldly proclaim the doctrine of the cross, though it should prove foolishness and a stumbling-block to them that perish. His life, conformable to his preaching, should have nothing in it in common with that of the worldling; he should be "vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach, not greedy of filthy lucre, but patient, not a brawler, not covetous, one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." Now, my dear, she who is one flesh with such a man, ought to be penetrated, like him, with the high excellency of his office; she should feel the great responsibility attached to her situation, and be convinced that all her thoughts, sentiments, and actions, should, like those of her husband, tend to promote the great objects of his ministry. O, how delightful and encouraging is it, for a minister of Christ to see his partner in life join, as far as she can and ought, in his labor; and, instead of being cast down, grieved, and discouraged, cheerfully bearing her part of the reproach that his devotedness to Christ brings upon him! And how is the Church edified and made joyful by such an example of harmonizing feelings and actions in the minister and his partner! O, how do the pious bless God for it! But suppose, my dear, that the wife of this servant of Christ, without, however, being entirely devoted to the world, should look with a favorable eye on its maxims, fashions, and customs, and avoid them only for the sake of that decency required by her husband's vocation; how could she aid, second, or encourage him? What sweet religious discourse could they have together? What holy emotions could they experience in the mutual declaration of the state of their souls, and of the grace and hope by which they are comforted and edified! Alas! between them there could be nothing like this; on the contrary, it often happens that such a wife as we here suppose, is so far from entering into the views and feelings with which

sincere piety, true Christian faith, and a regard to the divine commands inspire her husband, that she is the first to despise and treat them with disdain, and perhaps to oppose them. The fear of blame from the world, the desire of its applause and favor, render his preaching exceedingly disagreeable to her, if it do not accord with the principles and taste of the age. She is the first to be weary of that testimony which he constantly bears to the love of Christ; and if her husband change not his doctrine, nor relax in the exercise of his functions, it is not her fault; and the marriage union, formed, on her part, from motives of self-love, vanity, or other worldly considerations, is an unhappiness for both; but especially for her who has been actuated by these motives. Yes, my dear, woe to the wife of that minister of Christ, who has paralyzed his piety and zeal! The unhappy effect of her fatal influence necessarily extends to his family, where there will be only the form of piety; and his Church will have to deplore too frequently the sad consequences of it. Alas! she not only loses her own soul, but labors to destroy her husband's. Blessed be God, I have the consolation to believe that the salvation of your soul is your chief concern; and that you love, with all your heart, that merciful Savior who has redeemed us by the price of his blood. I have confidence that you desire, above all things, to make progress in spiritual life, and to experience more and more that God is good. You have seriously considered the new duties to which you are called; you have seen what renunciation of the world and yourself is required of you, and that, as a Christian woman, nothing can excuse you from taking the yoke of Christ, and bearing his burden; but more particularly, as the wife of a servant of Christ, you are bound still more and more to choose the better part, which shall not be taken from you. And in the presence of the Lord, moved by his grace, I love to cherish the thought in my heart, that with this disposition you have formed the resolution of uniting your days to those of the minister of Christ with whom you are become one. Thus you have fully declared your intention to devote yourself entirely, with him, to the service of the Lord; to join in his labors, and have the same mind and intentions in this glorious, though difficult service. Follow his advice, be encouraged by his example, imitate his zeal; and, in all humility, let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven. May God grant that you may never cease to pray, and that I may never cease to pray for you; that he may enlighten, strengthen, and help you faithfully to discharge all the duties of your new situation, to the satisfaction of your husband, and the edification of souls. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, who lived in the fourth century, in one of his letters, congratulates himself, that his wife seconded him, by her zeal and love, in the exercise of his important functions. You know that I also have cause to bless God in this respect; and by his grace I hope that your husband will also rejoice before God on your account.

And you, whom I love as my brother in the common faith, as a good and faithful servant in the work of the ministry; and to whom I am still more tenderly attached, as the husband of my beloved daughter, and a new son, I have but little to say to you. You do not vainly deceive yourself in the character of your wife, nor expect from her a perfection without defect: such a perfection is not in nature. Then help her to acquire a knowledge of herself, so that she may see more exactly how far she is still from the end at which she ought to aim, and persevere in seeking it. Your conjugal affection, and your Christian love, will point out to you the most proper method of quickening her progress in that life which is according to the Spirit of God; and, by his grace, she will rejoice to put your advice in practice, for her own happiness, and your satisfaction. Happy is that wife, who has in her husband a man whose chief desire is after the heavenly life, as well for his partner, as for himself. With what purity of affection does he love her! With what tenderness does he give her his advice! With what kindness does he reprove her! What delicacy in his attentions! What joy in fulfilling her wishes! One would say, he lived only for her. My dear son, your well established Christian character, your strong conviction that every good disposition and feeling come from God, your perseverance in the holy practice of prayer, lead me to bless the Lord for the union of my daughter with you; and on this account I congratulate both myself and her. You will make with her but one heart and one soul in the Lord; you will love her as one of his redeemed, even as Christ loved his Church. That this may be the case, let both of you increase in the love of God, which is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost; then nothing shall ever weaken your mutual affection; nor shall you ever have the sad experience of those whose affections in the marriage state are all earthly and human. Alas! their happiness is but a momentary intoxication or delirium. Ah! how many, the second instant of their union, could wish they had never formed it; they trusted to temporal or worldly advantages, for the continuance of their happiness, but soon they prove that these produce only a temporary passion, which is followed by weariness, satiety, and disgust. Certainly vanity can only beget vanity, and consequently unhappiness and regret. But the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us, is a fruitful and inexhaustible source of all those fine affections, the mutual communication of which produces the joy and happiness of families.

Watch and pray; this is a duty, and is necessary in all circumstances and states of life. All states have their changes and trials, all are exposed to snares and temptations; and that of marriage not less than others. Afflictions are also its lot; cares, fears, and alarms often hasten to it with precipitation, and in tumult; and then if God be not with us, if he do not reign in our hearts, if we do not live in continual communion with him, marriage is a deplorable state, and we shall bitterly la-

ment that ever we entered upon it. In affliction, those persons of whom the world is the idol, far from comforting, load each other with reproach; instead of strengthening and supporting each other, perhaps they shun and detest one another. Yes, it is doubtless painful to see even strangers insensible to our sufferings, and not weep with us; but for a husband or wife not to do this, is a redoubled and inexpressible affliction. How does it diminish the pains of husbands and wives, when, through faith and piety, there exists a mutual sympathy! Nothing can equal their encouragement and comfort. But I ought to say to you, flatter not yourselves that you shall be screened from afflictions; you will certainly experience your part. They are the portion of God's children, as well as of the children of the world. Fortify yourselves, then, against their bitterness and sting; not by human means, which will leave you void of help in the time of need, but by prayer: a proud reliance on artificial strength, or those amusements or diversions by which we hope to render ourselves insensible to our sufferings, increase rather than diminish our pain. Never rely on yourselves, but on God; see his hand in all his dispensations, whatever you may experience; enter into his designs, which are always full of mercy. Never for one moment forget, that with God, and by him, all things work for the moral, spiritual, and eternal good of those who sincerely love him. What comfort does it afford, to feel that we prefer his will to our own, and to be able to say in all the trying occurrences of life, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." Pray, and such shall be your disposition and will.

My dear children, I shall rejoice to see you blessed in temporal things; but much more so, if, instead of drawing back, you advance more and more in the ways of the Lord. The most valuable riches is piety. God grant that both you and I, (who am yet so poor in that respect,) may more earnestly seek this! The fuller the heart is, the more abundant are the fruits. Purity of thought, modesty in our deportment, mildness of speech, simplicity of manners, humility in all our conduct, and charity towards all, on all occasions, are some of the excellent things that it enjoins and produces. Far from you for ever be those partial, too indulgent, or even relaxed sentiments of the age on this subject. The world apparently experience a degree of pleasure in seeing us act as they do; but in reality they condemn us for imitating them, even at a distance. As they are not certain that a worldly life is not wrong, they are charmed to find a kind of justification in the minister and his family, who aim at following their footsteps. But, as they conceive that every thing in us should be worthy of our holy calling, they feel a secret contempt for those who, through complaisance to the world, and its ways, do not live conformably to their profession. Then, fear not; by living according to the strict rules of Christian piety, you will force them to give you their esteem. If they murmur against your regularity, exactness, and severity, in the practice of your duty, this will only be in words; for in them you will have

a silent approver, the voice of their conscience. I have, perhaps, my dear children, already said too much, at this time; but, on an occasion so solemn for you and for me, is it not a duty, as well as a dictate of affection, to address to you a few words of exhortation and encouragement?



Original.

TRIP FROM JERUSALEM TO JAFFA.

BY S. T. GILLET.

THE night of the 26th of August, 1834, was one of the most enchanting that ever witnessed the departure of a pilgrim band from the Holy City. The hour of midnight had passed away. The uproar of our Arab muleteers, and the husky growl of the Egyptian guard died away upon the ear, as the city gates were closed upon us, and we permitted quietly to wend our way toward the west. The mountains around Jerusalem were bathed in moonlight—all nature was hushed in silence—not even the sighing of the wind among the rocks of Judea was heard, as our party quietly organizing took up a line of march for the ship, reluctant to leave a place of so much interest as Jerusalem, with only the superficial examination we had been able to give it. A sterile scene lay around us, rocks partially coated with moss covering the earth, without leaving a tree or scarce a shrub to relieve the monotony of the view; yet in the uncertain light of the moon, the inequality of the surface, together with the clusters of rocks, presented appearances which a fertile imagination might construe into enchanted ground. An hour brought us to the extremity of the summit level of the "Hill Country" of Judea, on whose eastern border stands the city of David, while to the west yawns the deep and precipitous valley of Elah, into the dark recesses of which we were about entering. A hasty glance at the scene behind us, where lay Jerusalem, insensible alike in moral and in natural sleep, and the Holy City at once was lost to our view. The region formerly noted for robbery and violence now lay before us; and although it became us to adopt prudential measures to prevent surprise, yet our minds were occupied with reflections naturally arising from the places we had visited; and yielding to our disposition to muse on the past, we quietly threaded our way down the sides of the valley, and across the bed of the stream which separated the armies of Israel and Philistia when the champion of Gath fell before the youthful shepherd of Bethlehem, as recorded in 1st Samuel, 17. Possessing ourselves of some "smooth stones from the brook," as memorials of our visit, we hastened onward, anxious to get clear of the mountain defiles. The unburied bodies of those who a few weeks previous had fallen in an attack of the rebels on Ibrahim Pacha, gave proof of a dangerous vicinity. On our left the hills abruptly reared their summits, with large masses of rock suspended, nearly vertical, over our heads, and which if

rolled down would carry destruction before them—beneath us on our right lay the dry bed of a torrent, while our narrow and tortuous pathway was darkened by undergrowth and projecting points of rocks, affording suitable convenience for an ambuscade. Along this track we were quietly pursuing our journey as another party slowly approached us from the opposite direction, doubtless meditating bloodshed and robbery. Unconscious of our danger, we made no preparation for an onset; but the guide, more experienced, anticipated a deadly combat, while the proximity of the robbers prevented the communication of his fears. At this juncture, the light of the friendly moon gleaming on our weapons, and revealing our number and armor, served in the hands of Providence to intimidate the freebooters; and without speaking a word each party gave the road in passing, and were soon separated by the intervening masses of rock. The dawn of day soon lit up the east, and offered its friendly aid in passing the mountain defiles of Ephraim. The summit of the dividing highlands being gained, a fountain, pouring forth its silvery stream, invited us to halt beneath the shade of some friendly olives, and restore the energies of nature. Soon a part of the company were seated on the mossy rocks with the "caterer's wallet" before them, while the more vigorous pursued their course for the plains of Sharon. Here, while breaking our fast, an opportunity was afforded to gratify a taste for interesting scenery. Indeed, our position bordered on the sublime. Far to the west lay the Great, or Mediterranean Sea, with its border of white sand marking the boundary of its waves eastward, while on its farther visible limits the sea and sky seemed to blend—Mount Carmel in the northwest, sinking into the plains of Sharon, farther south, and the coasts of Philistia lay before us—to the east and north a succession of hills and valleys met the eye, clad in drapery alternately sterile and luxuriant. At our feet opened a deep gorge issuing forth into the plain of Sharon near the ruins of Nether Bethoron, through which annually thousands of pilgrims find their way to and from the Holy City. The plain of Sharon, in its length and breadth, spread before us, with here and there a village, and an occasional cluster of trees, reminding the western traveler of the savannas of America. Its occupants, too, sparsely settled, and predatory in their habits, may fitly be compared with the aboriginals of our prairies, by substituting the pastoral life and cowardice of the former for the hunter's life and intrepidity of the latter. Although the plain, in former ages, has been peopled by millions, and might now support a nation, it is mostly an uncultivated waste, affording a scanty support to a few indolent wandering Arabs, subsisting mostly by the pastoral life and an occasional attention to husbandry. In former ages these mountains also supported a vast population, although now so destitute of soil and inhabitants. The manner of rendering the sloping ground available, is by the construction of stone walls at different intervals along the face of the hill, affording a stair-like formation, and an aggregate area equal to

the horizontal superficies of the hill; but if these walls are neglected, the heavy rains of this country wash the soil off, depositing it in the narrow valleys below, where it forms a deep mold, in luxuriance equal to the alluvial deposits of the Ohio valley. Such has been the instability of the government for ages past, that protection was not afforded the occupant of the soil in his improvements, to prevent his stronger neighbor from taking forcible possession when his cupidity became excited, as in the case of Naboth, 1st Kings, 21. Hence, these mountains have become barren, except where wild shrubs and dwarf forest trees have obtained a hold and retain a portion of the soil.

Having finished our repast, we resumed our journey, and entered the plain of Sharon through a deep and narrow ravine, the pathway lined by rocks and undergrowth, which occasionally interlocked overhead. As we neared the edge of the plain, and approached a safer latitude, our anxiety to reach the ship broke in upon our arrangement for close traveling; and in the endeavor of one of our party to overhaul the company ahead, he slipped from his animal and fell to the earth, at the expense of a broken limb. Never was accident more unlucky. From the halt in the mountains all hands commenced a race for the ship. The restless nights, weary days, and wretched fare endured since leaving our vessel, created a desire once more to gain her noble decks. Under these peculiarities each one put his animal to his speed; and as our great number had drained Jaffa of its supply of beasts of burden, we were variously mounted, some on donkeys scarce two cubits and a span high, others on mules, jacks, or horses, and these of different qualities, lame, blind, spavined, or perchance sound. Thus, John Gilpin like, we stretched it over the plain, covering some miles of the road with our motley cavalcade. When the officer fell from his horse, his companions were in the rear; but an unknown hand was extended to raise him from the earth. It proved to be an American missionary, on his way from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The party in the rear coming up took charge of their crippled companion, but were at a loss how to transport their charge to the ship, distant eighteen or twenty miles. Such a convenience as a wheeled carriage is unknown in Syria, every thing being transported on beasts of burden. A village being near, an unsuccessful attempt was made to buy the door of one of their huts. Finally a litter, constructed of a piece of canvass stretched out by the aid of walking sticks, was placed on the back of a donkey, with four persons to support the corners; and on this he was carried nine miles to Ramla, the Arimathea of the New Testament. In the meantime the senior officer present took command, and placed the sumpter mules and baggage with some drunken sailors under the care of a junior officer. The biped part of his charge proved in the end far the most troublesome. One of the sailors had procured in Jerusalem a bottle of *aqua ardiente*, and stowed it away in his clothing. To this he frequently applied, until becoming "top heavy," he took a "lee lurch" into the grass, determined to anchor for

the day. Here the reefer was at a stand. His companions were out of sight ahead, and he worse than alone, with suspicious looking Arabs around him, and all the baggage to tempt them to plunder, and not a rope-yarn with which to lash the sailor to his donkey. In this extremity he discovered the bottle of spirit, and dispossessing Jack of his prize, who parted with it as with life, he went ahead and tolled his troublesome charge along as a backwoodsman would a herd of swine, until he was able to navigate without such attraction. In past years the traveler moved through Palestine in great danger of robbery; but these regions having been recently scourged by Ibrahim Pacha, the risk is much diminished. Still the separation of our party, and the isolated position of the baggage, offered so strong a temptation, that we did not feel safe until about mid-day, when we entered Ramla. Here we left our disabled companion in care of the American consul, and proceeded on towards the coast, passing over the sandy plain which skirts the shores of the Mediterranean. We succeeded in arriving at Jaffa before the closing of the gates, and without any accident, other than an occasional fall from a horse, and a noisy altercation with the muleteers, who commenced their usual system of extortion, in the course of which pistols were drawn but no blood. By eight o'clock we were all on board, but so much exhausted that some had scarce strength to mount the bulwarks by the man-ropes. The distance from Jerusalem to the sea is about thirty miles, and not over thirty-five to Jaffa, as some of our party were on board by ten o'clock, accomplishing the whole journey in eight hours.

Thus terminated a week in the Holy Land, during which we saw many places and objects of interest, but much as a person lounges through a museum, with only time to glance at objects as he passes; yet our visit was profitable to all, and served to establish the believer in his faith, and even to convince the sceptic not only of the truth of the sacred record, but of the reality of the religion of Christ. The writer of this article was gratified to learn from a medical officer who had been an unbeliever, that during his attendance on the Rev. Mr. Nickolayson, then quite sick, such was the effect upon his mind. "I have," said he, "heretofore regarded missionaries as more shrewd than their friends at home, and as traveling at their expense to see the world, under color of benevolence to the heathen; but my association with that gentleman, and his amiable lady, under the most trying circumstances, leads me to another conclusion. With learning and accomplishments that would grace a drawing-room in London, they resign the pleasures of refined society, and the comforts of civilized life, and submitting to voluntary exile for years in succession, they take up their abode in the most disagreeable place I have yet seen, their lives in constant jeopardy, and without a single visible attraction, devote their whole time to the task of instructing the despised descendants of Jacob. I not only believe them sincere, but that they are influenced and sustained by principles which can only be accounted for by admitting the reality of religion."

Original.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS USES.

MAN is a religious being. He is naturally inclined to seek some object of worship. Among all the nations of the earth there is, perhaps, not one but that has its god, either spiritual or material. Man is also a rational being, and requires an object of worship suited to his exalted nature, that is, an object higher than himself—one in whose power, wisdom, and goodness, he can confide. Such is the *Christian's* God. By knowing and loving him the mind becomes expanded, and the heart purified. He fills, and more than fills, our largest capacities. Our minds cannot grasp the bounds of his infinite nature—we cannot attain to a perfect knowledge of him. Here we have ample scope for the exercise of our powers during our whole life, yea, in all eternity; and yet there will remain heights and depths unapproached and unapproachable. And this employment can never cloy; for something fresh, something new, will be continually breaking upon the mind.

Again, not only will our intellectual faculties find sweet and appropriate employment, in the contemplation of God, but our moral feelings will be improved by it. God is infinite, not only in his natural, but in his moral perfections.

He is a holy God. There is no impurity or guile found in him. In a word, he is such a character as challenges, not our wonder and admiration only, but our approbation and love.

He is altogether lovely. Now, we cannot love, laying aside his instructions, we cannot sincerely and truly love such a being without, in some degree, becoming like him. But look at the moral sublimity of his law. What power hath that to mold the heart, and form the character! Christianity, we say, elevates man—it enriches his mind and draws forth all the better feelings of his nature. But with all his lofty powers of intellect, man is still a dependent being, and requires a God that can sympathize with and help him. The wind blows not too roughly, the lightning flashes not too vividly, the wave rolls not too high, but he feels his need of aid from some superior power. In the sorrows and afflictions, too, incident to this life, he wants a *friend* in whom he can trust. But this is not the worst of his case—there are evils of a more enduring nature, from which he would be freed. His conscience is ill at ease. He is conscious of having lost his innocence, and thereby forfeited the favor of Heaven, so that now, instead of a blessing, the curse of God rests upon him. And there is a fearful foreboding of something not yet revealed. What can he do? In his distress, he looks around, and behold! a *ransom* is found. *A Savior dies.* His guilty fears are quelled; and he may now look up to God as his father and his friend. He may now seek pardon through Christ—he may tell him his wants—he may implore his protection—he may trust in his mercy—he may enjoy his love—he may hold communion with his Spirit—he may cast his very soul upon him—he may have joy in sorrow, comfort in affliction, and

hope in death. Our God is in every way suited to our wants—he can pity and relieve.

But in order more fully to appreciate the value of Christianity, let us compare, or rather contrast it with other systems of religion. The Jews have one God, but *no Savior.* Mohammedanism, in some respects, approaches to Christianity, but is wholly divested of its moral bearings. It does not address itself at all to the heart—it throws no check upon the vices of men. Its votaries seek to promulgate their theory by physical force, rather than by an effort to convince the understanding; while they themselves seek for no higher happiness—no purer enjoyment than a heaven of sensuality. What is there here to elevate the mind or purify the heart? What is there here to support under afflictions, or cheer in the dying hour? In short, what is there in their system that can *save* them? It is a system of mere earthly power—a carnal system. It lacks spirituality—it lacks efficacy; for *they have no saving knowledge of Christ.*

Again, paganism, or idol worship, is another remove in the downward scale. Here men feel their need of a God. They have some crude notion that there is a being whom they ought to worship, and to whom they may look for succor; but having lost a knowledge of the true God, they, in their ignorance and desperation, I may say, make an image with their own hands, and bow down to it. The pagan feels his guilt, and his need of an atonement; therefore, he afflicts himself, and calls upon his idol, yea, he sacrifices his child to appease the wrath of his god. What a melancholy picture! How degrading is such worship! How it brings down the noble powers of man almost to a level with the brute! But, O, it is the corruption of his heart we pity more, if possible, than the degradation of his intellect. His very gods are full of impurities, and he is taught to worship them by impure ceremonies. Still he is not satisfied—he looks around him on every side; but no ray of light breaks upon his benighted mind—he thinks of the future, and all is thick darkness. He knows not what to do; therefore, he performs penance, and sacrifices again to his god. *He has no knowledge of a Savior.*

The North American Indians, it is said, have no idols. "They worship the Great Spirit by feasts and dances." But their ideas are so confused that their light is little else than darkness. *They never heard of a Savior;* and they look forward to—they scarcely know what. Does any one inquire how came they in this condition? I suppose it was originally their fault—that all nations had once a knowledge of the true God; but as his holy laws did not suit their carnal appetites, they sought to hide themselves from him. They chose to forget God, and in process of time succeeded. But is this any reason why we should withhold from their descendants the light of the glorious Gospel? Does any look with indifference upon the heathen? Know that if any thing but God is the object of thy supreme attachment, thou art worse than he; for with all thy light thou art an idolator.

ISABELLA.

Original.

THE MISSIONARY MARTYR.

There is, in western Louisiana, on the bordering parishes of St. Martin's and St. Mary's, an uncommonly wide prairie, with its southern side lying coastwise. Here, although the temperature is never extreme, there usually prevails, during the winter, one or more chilly rain storms, which, in this bleak and bare region, leave the traveler exposed to great hardship and suffering. This place, in the early settlement of the country, was the scene of the catastrophe narrated below. A missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the name of Nolley, a very devoted and peculiar man, was, while going from one station to another, overtaken by a storm of this kind; and night coming on, his indistinct path became quite obscured, and after probably wandering for awhile, he alighted from his horse, and resigned himself to the event. The next day he was found by the way-side, on his knees, frozen to death—a result, however, which could hardly have occurred but for the extreme attenuation of his body, from his habitual system of fasting and abstinence. With what associations of veneration and love should his brethren of the mission regret this—*hard station!*

The wintry blast was damp and chill,
The prairie wide and drear,
When, to obey his Master's will,
And his high destiny fulfill,
The man of God drew near.
He oft this cheerless plain had crossed,
To seek beyond the stray and lost.

Where late the flowers had bloomed around,
And nature looked so gay,
No sign of verdure now was found,
And songsters of the sweetest sound
Had, frightened, fled away.
So sunshine friends no longer stay,
When adverse clouds obscure our day.

One anxious glance around he cast,
O'er the wild waste he oft had trod;
Then turning made his mantle fast,
And on his pathless journey past—
He knew it was the path to God.
Smoother and brighter it will grow
To him who trustingly shall go.

His flock are waiting to be fed,
And shall the shepherd pause with fear,
Or from his duty shrink with dread?
To him who deals the children bread,
His God is always near,
And ever in his darkest hour,
Sustains him with his mighty power.

As prayerful on his way he passed,
His heart grows warm with holy zeal;
He heedeth not the howling blast,
Or the chill rain, now falling fast,
'Till round him night begins to steal.
So saints the woes of earth despise,
When borne by death above the skies.

And now the light fades fast away,
And night her sable curtain draws;
Lonely and chill, and far astray,

No voice to guide, no hand to stay.

He makes a sad and solemn pause.
Tho' cold and wandering in the storm,
With kindling love his heart is warm.

He thinks of home, of household friends,
He never more may see;
Then from his heart the prayer ascends,
That He who "shapes our various ends,"
Their present God may ever be;
Then thanks his Master he was sent
Thus in his service to be spent.

Nature now wears her darkest frown,
Death's icy arms around him steeled;
From his check'd steed he struggles down,
And bowing for his martyr crown,
Resigns his spirit as he kneels.
The traveler finds a frozen statue there,
All lowly bent in attitude of prayer.

Tho' no memorial marks the spot,
Made sacred by his dying love—
Tho' time should from her record blot
His name, his sufferings and his lot,
Yet still he wears the crown—above;
And he who would like prize obtain,
Recks not of loss for "so high gain."

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.

—•••••

Original.

MARY AND THE ANOINTING.

HERE at thy mercy seat,
Redeemer, I adore thee,
Low at thy sacred feet,
My soul would bow before thee!
My hopes and fears,
My sighs and tears,
This box that I have broken—
To thee reveal
What now I feel,
My penitence unspoken!

Daughter, arise in peace,
Thy sins are all forgiven;
Now let thy wanderings cease,
And thou shalt live in heaven.
The spikenard shed,
Upon my head,
Shall be a sweet memorial;
And I appoint
It to anoint
My body for its burial.

P. P.

—•••••

O, Thou, whose purity can never brook
Thy law's infraction—whose eye cannot look
On sin without abhorrence! teach us now
To lay this warning to our souls, and bow
Humbly to thee, that we may yet attain
The promised land above—that heavenly Canaan gain.

Original.
WOMAN'S SORROWS.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is a common opinion that the sufferings of the sexes are unequal. And the advantage is claimed to be on the side of man. But wherefore, since woman is the weaker vessel, should she be burdened with more than half the woes which beset mankind? We cannot answer. The question carries us beyond the legitimate field of human inquiry. But the fact being granted, that woman is the victim of more sorrows than fall to the experience of the hardier sex, let us inquire if her disadvantages are not counterbalanced by privileges peculiar to herself.

First. Are not her joys equal to her sorrows? Do not her griefs and pleasures bear to each other about the same proportion as those of man? She certainly has, in some instances, a depth and fullness of satisfaction which man never experiences. For proof of this, we need go no farther than the family circle. Some of the severest sufferings of woman are supposed to flow from her domestic relations. A peculiar ordinance of Heaven subjects her to fearful evils in the progress of her home cares and labors. But let these evils be ever so much accounted of, are they not mingled with the highest enjoyments? Do not her domestic delights equal all her sufferings and woes? As a parent, she certainly loves with a devotion to which man is a stranger. Her children are dear to her in proportion to the pain and toil which their being and their comfort may have cost her. She loves them with a devotion which has no parallel in the unsanctified experience of the human heart.

This fervent affection she is placed in circumstances to gratify to the utmost. Home is to her what it is not so strictly to the partner of her bosom—a place of habitation. She has no call to forsake it. She is encumbered with no avocations or business which force her away from this scene of her enjoyments.

Cornelia said, "These are my jewels." The proverb is handed down to successive generations, as though there were something in it to be admired. It may well be admired; but not because the sentiment was peculiar to the Roman matron. She expressed not so much the sentiments of Cornelia as the feelings of the mother. In this instance she was the representative of her sex—the expounder of human nature in the mother's bosom. If she differed from most mothers, it was not in her feelings, but in this, that she guarded her jewels with successful vigilance, and polished them with judicious skill. So far as affection is concerned, there are few mothers in modern times who would not claim their children as their jewels.

And how gratifying it is to be near our treasures—to abide by those cherished objects which engross our warm affections! This is the mother's happy lot. Her jewels cluster close around her, day by day, and she has but little else to do but entertain herself by com-

munion with these objects of her fond solicitude and love. This repays all her watchings and all her sufferings in their behalf. She may have sacrificed ease for their sakes; but who can estimate the revenue of bliss which the sacrifice procures her, in the form of intense, gratified affection.

Recollection supplies an example. My friend W. buried two lovely children. He had a feeble wife, who, in ordinary circumstances, could scarcely endure with impunity an interruption of one night's repose. When that dread disease, scarlet fever, fell upon one and another of the children, she was roused and nerved to feminine endurance. Night after night, for many long weeks, she watched by the couch of one and then another of the victims, with a strength and perseverance which seemed almost superhuman. The first that died was borne to its burial, when a second, much younger, and in its helpless babyhood, was smitten on her bosom.

"Where best he loved to hide him,
In that dear sheltering spot,
Just there his tender spirit pass'd
To realms of life and thought:
His fond lip never trembled,
Nor sigh'd the parting breath,
When strangely for his nectar'd draught
He drank the cup of death.

Full was thy lot of blessing,
To charm his cradle-hours,
To touch his sparkling fount of thought,
And breathe his breath of flowers,
And take thy daily lesson
From the smile that beam'd so free,
Of what in holier, brighter realms,
The pure in heart must be."

And there it lingered for weeks, fading and withering, and then at last it expired; nor could she, feeble as she was, feel weary while her little one survived. Nay, when its coffin was closed, and she could no more kiss its pale, cold lip, she was not to be hindered by any persuasion, but must follow it to its burial, and see it laid in the resting place where both, side by side, wait the resurrection.

"No more thy twilight musing
May with their image shine,
When in that lonely hour of love
They laid their cheek to thine.
But now their blessed portion
Is o'er the cloud to soar,
And spread a never-wearied wing
Where sorrows are no more;
With cherubim and seraphim
To tread the ethereal plain,
High honor hath it been to thee
To swell that glorious train."

All this while, wherein lay that feeble mother's strength? First in God; but second in the warm glowings of maternal affection, which can endure more than all human sympathies, except those which grace supplies. Sad as is her lot, that mother, should she speak as a philosopher, would testify that her gratification in ministering to her dear children, exceeded the sorrows which their dependance may have cost her, and that, too, without reckoning her transports at the

thought of their being sanctified and admitted into paradise.

It is true, as an inquisitive philosophy will have it, that man is seldom called to these offices of long continued vigilance and exposure. But his exemption is two fold; namely, from gratification as well as from endurance. His is not the mother's toil, nor is her rapture his. The two seem inseparably joined. It seems, then, that if woman's domestic sorrows are greater than those which oppress the harder sex, she is repaid in her superior domestic enjoyments.

Second. But let us proceed to connect this question with other considerations. To meet her exigencies of severe affliction, woman is endowed by an all-wise Creator with a peculiar *power of endurance*. She seems formed for suffering rather than for action. She bears with meek composure what drives man to despair. How often is this exemplified under severe family afflictions, in which the father and husband is paralyzed, and rendered helpless, while the wife and mother is roused to efforts almost superhuman, to sustain her household, and repair its ruined fortunes. "The Wife," by Irving, presents, in shades almost inimitable, the picture of such a scene. And, whether its author wrote from observation, or from fancy, the sketch is true to life.

I knew an instance for myself. An opulent citizen was ruined by underwriting for his friends. When the shock first reached him it robbed him of his senses, and he committed suicide. His effects were sold, and his business was settled up. His widow, with several lovely children struggled on in decent poverty until the issue of their trials found them still blest with the comfortable fortune of twenty thousand dollars. The children were educated. The sons entered professional life—the daughters were eligibly settled, and at this day they move in the very best circles of society, and are unconscious of any loss. If the mother had been like the father they would probably have become blots or cyphers on the page of human life.

Third. Let it also be remembered that sorrow has its moral uses. It is a school of pure religion, in which they who will may be trained for eminence among the saints in heaven. "Our light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Afflictions well improved wean us from the world. They are thorns which, by severely wounding us, make us let go the flower, and turn away from the withering attraction which we grasped. Then we can, with less reluctance, seek a higher good. Affliction is the best of earthly soils, wherein to grow those plants of piety which are more annoyed by cloudless skies and withering sunshine, than by the severest storms of sorrow.

The favorable influence of adversity upon the heart is witnessed to us in the examples of early Christians, who were persecuted even unto death for their attachment to Jesus Christ. They were buffeted and sawn asunder—they wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins; but they patiently took both the spoiling of their

goods, and the pains of martyrdom for their Lord and Savior. Such glowing devotion to holiness and its Author, could scarcely be, without that severe school of the graces which is found in a "great fight of afflictions."

"For He who marks us in our vain career,
Oft smites in mercy what we hold most dear,
Shreds from our vine the bowering leaves away,
And breaks its tendrils from their groveling stay,
That the rich clusters, lifted to the sky,
May ripen better for a world on high."

Fourth. Afflictions liken us to our blessed Lord. It should strengthen those who are heavily pressed with trouble, that Jesus was "a man of sorrows." The suffering female may say, "True, my heavenly Father afflicts me; but when he visits me with breach upon breach, till all his waves and billows go over me, have I not an example of severer inflictions in my blessed Savior? It pleased the Lord to bruise *him*, and put him to grief—to expose him to hunger and thirst, and the scorn of men, and the persecutions of the wicked, and the desertion of friends, and the treachery of his household, and the wrath of the rulers, and to derision and revilings amidst the agonies of death; and last of all, under so great a burden of outward woes, the hidings of his Father's face! And shall I refuse to *suffer* with Jesus, or repine because as Jesus was so am I in this world?" With such thoughts, let the sorrowful female quench the fiery darts of the adversary when he would provoke her to murmur against God and his righteous providence.

Lastly. The afflicted will find it comparatively easy to obey the summons of death, and resign a world which, aside from religion, has afforded them but a bitter lot. If affliction has served its great end, and brought them to seek diligently and effectually a heavenly inheritance, with what undivided desires will they wait till their change come; and how willingly and joyfully will they receive the messenger who approaches to effect their enlargement! His visage may be terrible, but they will overlook the grim aspect of the messenger in the joy which his errand will bring to their hearts. It is enough that they are to be conveyed from a *vale of tears* to the *mount of eternal smiles*; and as they unfold their pinions, the shadows of grief which had chilled them so long, will dissolve in the far-reaching glories which beam upon them from the face of the Lamb. To attain this deliverance, we must receive afflictions as divine chastisements—as ministers of grace. Then shall be fulfilled in us that saying, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

"But God alone
Instructeth how to mourn. He doth not trust
This highest lesson to a voice or hand
Subordinate. Behold! He cometh forth!
O sweet disciple, bow thyself to learn
The alphabet of tears. Receive the lore.
Sharp though it be, to an answering breast,
A will subdued. And may such wisdom spring
From these rough rudiments, that thou shalt gain
A class more noble, and, advancing, soar
Where the sole lesson is a seraph's praise.
Yes, be a docile scholar, and so rise
Where mourning hath no place."

Original.

THE PAINTING FROM MEMORY.

BY MRS. M. B. HARLAN.

THE earth is cold above him—long ago
 They laid him down upon a dreamless bed,
 And smoothed the fresh clay o'er, and not a trace
 Of what with many tears was there consigned,
 Remains. For well I know his crumbling form
 Even now is mingling with the cold damp earth;
 For I have seen the freshening dew and rain
 Of many springs give birth to the young flowers
 Around his grave, and in the summer breeze
 I there have often seen the rank grass wave,
 And many times have paused by that lone spot,
 While autumn winds scattered the seer leaves round.
 The earth is cold above him; for to-day
 The wintry storm wails through the leafless trees,
 And flowerless shrubs, drifting the falling snow
 Upon his resting place; but sullen death
 And time, with their dread ravages have wrought
 No change in his dear image on my heart.
 Nor hath the sorrow that, like lava streams,
 Poured its o'erwhelming torrent on my soul,
 Effaced his loveliness. The cheek's soft hue,
 As I beheld it oft when pale disease
 Blended its fading bloom—the golden locks,
 Thrown careless back from the calm, thoughtful brow—
 The lips of a faint tinge, mutely compressed—
 Those eyes, that fatal sorrow dimm'd too soon—
 The pale hands, meekly folded on the breast,
 And that young form, beneath the fearful weight
 Of a protracted suffering, slightly bow'd—
 These I remember. But within my heart
 He hath a brighter being. There he lives
 As I beheld him ere the withering blight
 Had touched his cheek's young roses, or pale grief
 Shaded his brow—ere misery bowed his form,
 Or disappointment crushed his faithful heart.

And now a rush of glorious images
 Are brightening up from the dim shadowy past,
 Blent with the music of departed years—
 E'en now they throng, they thrill my glowing breast.
 Methinks I hear the melody of streams
 That gladly murmured round our happy home—
 Æolian breathings through the quivering reeds—
 Birds chanting sweetly through the summer shades,
 And kindred tones that rang through those bright days;
 For we were nursed with the same parent care—
 In childhood both reposed on the same breast,
 After the same voice lisped our infant prayer,
 And learned to hymn our first sweet melody.
 That voice is now as the remembered tone
 Of a crushed harp—like his, 'tis broken—gone.

But this rich halo of the past hath touched
 Even his memory with a brighter hue;
 For here he is before me in the light
 Of undimm'd beauty, with no touch of time,
 No blight, no trace of death or dark decay
 On his fine face; and I'll the canvass give

This form of beauty, these loved lineaments,
 That they may there, young, lovely, still exist,
 Serenely smiling on through change and blight,
 When this fond heart, which hath so long enshrined
 His memory, shall like him repose in dust.

E'en now, beneath my hand his image fair
 Comes brightening forth, as the young flower of spring
 Unfolds its leaves when by the south wind stirred.
 How sweet the smile upon his rosy lips,
 And the round cheeks, how deep their youthful glow!
 How calmly beam these eyes—this soft, smooth brow,
 How delicate its shade! and the rich hair,
 How like these golden tresses are to his!

O, could I make them to the fresh air wave,
 As erst when by my side he gathered flowers
 In our sweet vale, to form those bright bouquets
 That withered, emblematic of his bloom!
 And could I bring to those sweet lips the voice
 That made my heart's glad music; and the light
 To the loved eyes that was my sunshine then,
 And the pulsation to this quiet breast!

But no, we may trace out the virgin rose,
 Give it the neat proportion, shade the leaves
 With its own hues; but then the bee shall find
 No banquet there—the breeze waft no perfume.
 We can portray the landscape, but no voice
 From fountain fall, or vocal grove, can break
 Its everlasting stillness. We can mold
 The statue of the mortal—God alone
 Can give it life and soul—he shall inspire,
 Not this that I have fondly, sadly traced,
 But his frail form, within yon lowly grave
 With vigorous life and with immortal bloom.
 And I shall greet him where no blighting frosts
 Fall on the rose, nor shade blends with the light,
 Nor pain nor grief with everlasting joy.

THE CHURCH BELL.

WHEN glow in the eastern sky,
 The Sabbath morning meets the eye,
 And o'er a weary, care-worn scene,
 Gleams like the ark-dove's leaf of green,
 How welcome o'er hill and dale,
 Thy hallow'd summons loads the gale,
 Sweet bell! Church bell!

When earthly joys and sorrows end,
 And towards our long repose we tend,
 How mournfully thy tone doth call
 The weepers to the funeral,
 And to the last abode of clay,
 With solemn knell mark out the way,
 Sad bell! Church bell!

If to the clime where pleasures reign,
 We through a Savior's love attain,
 If freshly to an angel's thought,
 Earth's unforgotten scenes are brought,
 Will not thy voice, that warn'd to prayer,
 Be gratefully remember'd there,
 Bless'd bell! Church bell!

Original.
ON PRIDE.

BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.

Of all the sins to which the heart of man is by nature inclined, the most universal and the most engrossing is pride. Whilst the age is professing education, general and specific; whilst the mind is instructed and assisted, and thousands of books are proffered to its enlightenment and its facility, yet do we see few commentaries upon the progress of the heart. The heart, which makes more than half our nature, and out of which are the "issues of life," is yet left comparatively stunted of admonition and of counsel, and is in measure given over to the rebukings of life, to the bitterness of experience, to the evils of its own waywardness, for warning or for instruction. At least, the ethical department might afford some assuagement, some salutary homiletic to this tendency of evil, to this outgoing of sin. In the pulpit the discourse is well managed to strike home the conviction of error, and to point its final retribution: faithful are the laborers, happy are they who attend—they are indeed wise unto salvation. To such our feeble voice is extended only in gratulation. But we do apprehend, that amidst the dense population of civilization and of refinement, and of religious opportunity and impurity, there are yet millions who hear not the counsel, because their ears are sealed—they are engrossed and absorbed in the world. Preaching is to them an abstract—an ordinance which it is the vogue of the time to respect and to notice, and which civility and politeness require of them to attend, without any outward demonstration of impatience or of disregard. By consistency they are conformed to this, as to the other dictates of the multitude who rule them—and so the form is served. But "God is not in all their thoughts"—so distant, indeed, that they can be approached at present only by motives somewhat of concession to their own partial view of life and of being. Of being, indeed, the inner sense of man, they as yet ken little; they have gone out into the world; they are conformed to it, and they consider rather of their relative, than of their entire and real position. Selfish though they be, they see not. But let us once win their ear, and perhaps we keep it; or give to them the clue, and step by step they may retrace the dark labyrinth of their own wanderings, until they shall emerge into the full light, and discern what *is*. I have said that we would address the worldling on his own ground, and we will so manage, if possible, as to present the fault in necessary connection with its penalty; and that penalty not final alone, but immediate and direct—the ultimate of its own action. Such illustration were to the corruption of nature a more persuasive argument than the nobler one of practicing virtue for its own sake. The love of our kind—and we mean not the coarse sentiment of popularity, but the sufficient regard of our fellow men, as a sustaining principle of our affections, our exertions, and we may add, our self-love; and though the poet tells us that "true self-love and

social are the same," yet we are obliged to say that we take not so elevated ground. Whilst we assume that unmixed motives belong to the regenerate of heart alone, with such we have not at present to do. Yet we are all social; and one comment we throw in, namely, the vast amount of influence which popular sense has in directing our thoughts and apprehensions. Even in matters of moment to ourselves alone do we receive the bent of society at large—or worse, through the promptings of vanity falling in with the tendencies of nature, and upon a structure so insufficient in itself, is it wonder that we err, and are betrayed? And where we commit not overt sin, yet by the negative disregard in which we hold the vice, there shall accrue to the young a proportionate degree of error by this false appreciation of it. We claim the prescriptive superiority of age and observation, and, alas! of experience in the evils arising out of our subject—the practice of pride in all the matters of life. Our teaching is for the putting away this most flagrant, pertinacious vice.

We suppose that there are thousands of young persons—yes, in our republican states—who are trained up to a system of pride—who have lived all their life-long in no other practice of conduct—who do daily and hourly violate the affection, and revolt the long-suffering and forbearance of their associates, their equals and their inferiors, by its aggressions. And yet many of them are unconscious of the sin; they act by custom and prescription, and have only now and then an indistinct conception that they err. These young persons at the same time know, perhaps, in any specific case, that pride is both unreasonable and unlovely—and so bearing a direct and immediate influence against the perpetrator. Yet they hardly know how much worse it is than all this—that it is odious in the sight of God—that a downfall is denounced upon it—that retribution awaits its impending fullness! But they have not read the Book; and no Cassandra—not one of earth's daughters cries, woe! woe to them! And still the world goes on, thinking pride, unless in the guise of affront, or personality, a common matter—an unnoticeable thing. And so it hath been from the beginning, not of our Christian record alone, when Christ, the meek and the holy, came to tell us that God loves not the haughty of spirit; but ancient heathen date tells us the same story, with the same result.

To tell how the angels fell, is too signal and too high for our example. Would we tell of Babel and its catastrophe? That, say they, was a pride of compact and of audacity, an outbreak or direct rebellion—it suits not us! Tell of warrior hosts drowned in the sea. That was also peculiar—there is no propriety of application, say they. And each one, making the whole, says that; else should all of history, both sacred and profane, minister to our argument, which is the manifest visitation of God's displeasure upon this, the sin of pride; an overweening assumption of power that is world-derived. There is folly and fatuity in the very naming. A power which opposes itself to God—how profane. It must be weakness, for it is sin; and strength

in the moral as in the physical nature, doth still consist with purity. The most indomitable of human engines, the will of man, is weakness and foolishness in the sight of God. And how nearly allied is pride to that most unamiable feature of the mind—the will; what depth of depravity is in its obstinacy—what impiety in its opposition to every behest of nature and of kindness. For God's providences are still around and about us; and but for the many affectations—and pride the chiefest—our life should flow in gentler current, and pluck on perhaps to wiselier winnings in its progress. But we afford no example—our wide world range is of too broad a ken—we narrow it then measure by measure, and at every step, alas! it finds its application of fact. Everywhere do we see pride and its punishment; from the demolition of a world, the destroying of an empire, the extirpation of a nation, a country, a faction, a tribe, and finally we narrow it to the scale of a domestic household. And this too, is our proper scale of illustration, the aptest sphere for our simple and direct commentary.

The family may be either rich or poor. It is a vulgar idea that pride is a less blamable sin with the rich than with the poor; also is it a vulgar error that much more of it obtains with the former than with the latter. By rich we mean such as are comparatively so, in place and neighborhood, having a superiority of power, derived from wealth, over those about them. And by poor, we mean those whose relative position is exactly the opposite of this—the comparatively poor—for the positively poor, the needy, are merged in a necessity that for the present nullifies all “superfluity of naughtiness,” and circumscribes the outgoings of character to the narrow limits of its own immediate cravings and discontents. And the most conclusive indication of pride in such, is not of pretension, but of jealousy; and these shall be most offended at the pride of another, by reproach and envy. With “all appliances and means to boot,” we doubt not they were liable to it themselves.

The rich have a freer scope of folly allowed to them in the particular of pride, than was thought suitable in their poorer neighbors. A very questionable advantage it is; or to speak with more propriety of reprehension, an immunity it is of evil augury, of sin and of punishment. The rich might dispense with their pride—society would still respect them without it, such is their estimate of the thing. We once heard a lady declare, that “were she rich she would put away her pride.” “How magnanimous you would be!” observed a satirist. Her remark proved in what estimation she held the foible—the vice. We still speak of putting on and putting off, and indeed is pride not half so often the sin of constitution as of assumption—and thousands from infancy have its habits and practices made into them, by the usage of every day, who are not aware or at all conscious of the fact themselves; they swim with the tide, and think all common-places innocent. And yet is this scourge, this gangrene, eating into them, as it were the flesh and the bone—growing with their growth and strengthening with their strength, and nur-

tured and cherished. Ah, how hardly shall it be eradicated—it shall seem to touch life—it shall indeed be extirpated as by fire. And who is to blame, that pride is allowed to grow and to gain its head of power? To come more distinctly to our subject, and to give it a more didactic form, we will suppose the ground already gone over which treats of the experience of the poor, and which illustrates our argument in the negative, by showing the disastrous results of this most common and inveterate sin of pride.

Perhaps there is hardly a reader who, upon reflection, can claim exemption to the personal conviction of its disadvantages and of its retributive rebukings. Let such, then, as have been not only mentally convinced, but also sensibly punished in this matter, take precise and circumspect and prayerful care, and attention and practice, for their children, that they be not trained with the high heart of sin. And it is not warning alone that shall do it. Let them watch from day to day, in all of home usages; and also guard against the routine of society, that it be not made into them a rule of life. And this we apprehend shall be no easy matter. It shall require a strength of resolution and of purpose, to be every day renewed and every day acted upon, and this in resistance to its dictates of folly in the youthful bosom. Also shall it call for a strength of mind, best tested by its opposition to a derisive and gainsaying world; even they who in all their usages and all their performances set up their idol of pride, and call upon their children to fall down and worship it. Their innocent, unconscious children are apt of folly and ready victims of the snare, and greedy of the bait which entices them. Ignorant and unsuspecting are they of the bitter day of its retribution.

Every human sin awaits its doom and final audit after death. Yet none are so unobservant as to pass without seeing and feeling and knowing, the signal mortifications and punishments which during this life are put upon the outbreaks and the aggressions of pride. Whether we look through society at large, or with more precision contemplate its details, we can see by the concatenation of events in each family, and in each of its individuals, either more or less of prosperity and success as graduated to the scale of this one vice of pride, more almost than of all other sins of character together. We would remark, that although pride is denounced of God—although a “fall” is prescribed as its issue, passing over the deadness that disregards it—we would remark, yet has man pronounced no judicial penalty on its action or its access.

Perhaps in the rude state of the primitive ages, it lay an incipient guilt—the possible of unelicited humanity, and came in with the progress of refinement; for we find that the greatest access of luxury still holds with pride in its ascendant. Then, also, is it nearest to its fall. Although no formal and vindictive fiat is instituted against it, yet is there not a single act of pride without its punishment. If not by the instant resentment of the affronted and despised individual, yet the very order of society, vague and uncalculated as it is, is

commensurate to an undeviating result of this sort. By sufficient scope of time and attention shall we ascertain the fact. Do we not see these same persons, who are regardless of others, also the victims of self-calculation and conservative pride. Acting from this false principle, do they not often forego their proper walk of life, and miss the opportunities, which with more simplicity had guided them to comfort and to happiness! But they live in their element of pride, and that suffices them for all things. Look close enough at the subject, and is it not matter of admiration how this delusion blends itself with all the purposes—the worldly purposes—of all people. Tell the exceptions—they vary only in degree of guilt. One says his neighbor is proud—truth—he is prouder than himself; but they vary only in the comparative degree, for both are positively proud. And some are more conscious and prouder of their pride than others; but none, who have not “been washed,” are free of the taint.

Society, we have said, is the agent in this reaction of pride; yet do we in faith perceive the very hand of God in the mercy of his providence admonishing and rebuking us, and also hindering us in our course, that too great an amount of pride may not be the cause of our eternal undoing. For pride, in its course, walks not alone, but is the adjunct and the auxiliary of all worldly greatness. It is the concomitant, as the instigator of too much wealth—of soul-devouring avarice. And the politician desires, above all other promptings, to be sustained in his supremacy and his pride. And all the officials of state—are there any exceptions? desire a furtherance to the ultimate result of gratified ambition—the pride of place. Our civic rulers, too, do they not look at these others as patterns for themselves! Do they not say, “I prefer the place of two thousand dollars over the place of one thousand dollars; though to the latter I am competent, to the former I am not. I know the man who is sufficient to it; he is a candidate too; but if I can over-reach him through my good friends, I will do it. Then shall I be able to overstep them, and take a higher place in society. I and my children, whom I love!” Foolish man! he would build up his children in pride—but he places their feet upon a quicksand. Had he commended them to God, and put them in a course of industry, they should have always enough. And another with riches as much as he desires—for he abounds—shall despise the purse-proud man, for his pride is of family, of his ancestors. And yet pride, we should say, were a hollow sentiment to the memory of the good; but does more than honor them departed, he holds them up to his children in the place of personal merit in themselves. He teaches that they shall claim consideration for the deeds and the performances of one who has long slumbered in the grave—a soldier, may be, whose might is now crumbled into dust; or the statesman, whose eloquence once swayed the councils of a nation, though now 'tis mute and cold, and the “dull cold ear of death” is all about him. But the grave continually warns the quick, that life *now* is. 'Tis not greatness, but the

“sweet savor of the just,” that shall suffice for a patrimony to his heirs. And this they shall receive not in pride, but in the lowliness of Christian hope. There is great foolishness in the assumption of our grand-sires' merits as our own—and it is as little applicable to the rule of our present state of being, as it is to that of Gospel truth. No man, we believe, will boast of the merit of his ancestor's character, who does not feel that merit sinking in his own. At best, when we tell a child how great or how good were his ancestors, it should be done with nice discretion, and as a motive to the same exertion, to the same sober industry, and the same conformity to the golden rule of right—that made the man worthy to be remembered. But any claim of lineage will be derided by the envy of all such as can sustain no similar boast, and we believe is more often a fantasie of pride, than an honest homage to worth. There is perhaps an admixture of what the world calls glory in the sentiment, and this is what will most naturally attain to the youthful apprehension in its estimate.

But let us teach substantially; let us show the youth that whatever act of life has whatever admixture of pride in it, by performance or by motive, by just so much is it weakened of its efficacy, and robbed of its merit. Above this we know that there is a much simpler teaching, and one out of all comparison more efficacious if accepted, and which at once shuts out all false views from our sight, and admits not even the name of pride—even our great exemplar, our Lord, the Christ. We grant that the parent who at this date of the world shall essay to train up his child free of pride, assumes a most onerous duty—inculcates a hard and a long lesson—both shall it be. It has probably not only to teach on, but to teach off—to unwind the tangled meshes, may be, of half a life of error. And in doing it we shall see how many of the difficulties, the vexations, and the embarrassments of our course originated in the unregulated, the overweening, the continual action of pride—pride in great and in small—until by continual practice the habit has become so inveterate, that no sacrifice, no power of human magnanimity shall overcome it, or serve to outroot its bitterness from his bosom. But prayer and grace shall do it.

Yet all this sinning and suffering might have been prevented by the watchful, requiring guidance of a faithful parent. We do believe it possible for the parent in any grade of society to check and subdue this tendency in the child—and that not only as to overt acts, and the decencies of society alone, but also to conquer it to that rule of grace, that its possible outbreak shall be a conscious grief to its possessor; and in the conquest, a joy and a conviction that all other sin may also be essayed and buried in Christ. But how vigilant shall that parent be (we know not if we have ever seen such an one) who shall effect this conquest over nature and custom; how hardy shall he be who shall dare in the face of society as it is, to dictate to his child a course directly opposed to all its forms and fashions. With what admiration of wonder should we behold the

family so trained. In a family commencing from infancy, so soon as childhood should discover a taste and a choice of folly, that folly should be repressed, and each one should be taught, combining the joyousness of life with the soberness of wisdom, to forego its preferences of evil, to relinquish its desires after vain, fine, proud things; and to accept in their stead, fitness and propriety and goodness, and a conformity to Christian rule in all things. Think you that one sin shall be subdued alone? A moment's reflection affords the negative. Strip character of pride, and how innocuous were many of its now offensive traits; and along with banished pride shall we see also the disappearance of its train of supporters. Disregard the inconsiderate exacting from others—the hard-heartedness, the selfishness, the offensive pretension, and all the attendants of this unamiable and unameliorated vice. What is so exacting as pride? Does not the same bosom that harbors it detract from all its better qualities? And yet enough seems never given to the craving and its sacrifice. The baby is often taught the fairy tale of horror, how that the giant of iniquity, close in league with the devil, draws for supplies of luxury and supremacy and dominion, up to a certain date; then, if he meet not his bond—and he never does—the forfeit is claimed, and that is his soul. And almost such, should the babe be taught in the wisdom of allegory, is the rigorous exacting, if assumed, of a pertinacious and life-long pride. But our story, instead of frightening the child, shall serve by its application to build him up in the strength of faith; in that assurance which shall say, "Get thou behind me, Satan;" and straight he is gone.

But to our system of practice. Say we are a family of "condition," as it is called, or of the "better sort;" or designate us by any of those epithets which pride has claimed, and meanness has conceded, to that class which holds superiority in the station of artificial life—and this station shall have its advantages and its disadvantages as applied to our experiment, the suppressing or nullifying of pride in our children. The advantages are, that we have experienced, above those of lower place, the mistakes and the misadventures happening out of the indulgence of this vice. Few persons, indeed, are so dull or so inexperienced as not to have perceived and detected in a chain of events, the cause which has produced them—the pride, which gave impetus to many another unrighteous agency of our being.

Another advantage which persons of condition have over their inferiors, is, that having according to their means participated more largely in folly, so have they been better enabled to test its hollowness and its unsatisfying insufficiency—its positive and its negative; therefore, both plead for its suppression.

Those in the lower grades of society have also their advantages for this effort. Their families having been prevented of large indulgence of pride, of course its habits are not so fixed or so difficult of expulsion. Also, as compared with others, shall the world look with less derision upon their attempted amendment, their innovation of reform.

But suppose all these outward obstacles, these extraneous hindrances and awkwardnesses to be overcome or over-ruled, "how," say you, "shall we persuade our children to adopt ways and fashions, contrary to all with which they are associated, and also adverse to their own feelings and inclinations? The matter, too, were so very strange, the change so very great, that we hardly know ourselves where to draw the line; or when we would require enough, whether we be not indeed requiring too much; whether we shall not unfit our children and embarrass them, and surround them with impediments to their respectability and their furtherance in life? &c. And finally, whether the effort will not be of too costly sacrifice for its object?" To this last clause make up your mind distinctly, and to the whole: whether will you do it, or will you not? If you will, then God speed, and not one of your objections shall be tenable in the case. For you do it by a principle of piety, if you do it at all. And though unresolved and unaided you were likely to faint and fail; yet now you go forward in the strength of Christ, nothing doubting. Now you are sustained in the effort by faith and trust and humility and prayer, and by the casting behind you all other views of the case. Your simplicity assures and encourages you. You require of your child to abstain from those usages which are essentially of pride, and in all other cases to separate this principle as a motive from the act or the deed. Give him, according to his age, to understand the rule distinctly—and 'tis indeed but addressing the instinct of truth—and he knows at once how to judge. With as much precision as the reformed inebriate refrains from alcohol, and drinks of pure water to increase his sobriety, even so simple shall be this rule; and by this close looking the child shall be strengthened in the very wisdom of philosophy. And every body, high or low, plain or pretending, shall excuse him of his pride; so he is still docile, still retains his civility, his obligingness, his gentleness, his frankness, firmness, his courteous amenity, his goodness and truth. Not one of these could he have had still holding it—he can afford to do without pride.

But there comes a cavalier. "My case," says he, "is an extraordinary one. What shall I do with the child who from the cradle has shown high and aspiring tendencies, and a spurning of common things. If we repress his ambition we have nothing left of him! he will take no other bent." Like the germ whose tendency is sunward, though you crush and crowd and place the recumbent rock upon it, yet shall it find, by sinuous course, its upward way, and reach the light. Yes, and so shall your child. What the sun is to the plant, that be you to him. The insensate vegetable but obeys its law; it is acted upon by the sun, and cannot choose but rise.

But in your child you have a larger access, a diviner approach. The attraction is the same; but unlike the plant, it has within itself a power of resistance which awaits conviction—a volition. For to man has been dispensed a portion of light in himself, which we call reason; and this, being breathed on by Deity, is a

"living soul." In your child you have a higher assurance of multiform ability. Afford to him the perfect model of truth, and the inner soul shall reach both by volition as by affinity to its attraction. Also how much of the confusion, the wretchedness, the perversion of humanity is occasioned by false models; the very essence of goodness seems changed, as it were, by its perverse application. All pride is a lie upon goodness.

But your child is of the best hope. The trifles about him are not sufficient to his ability. Give him enough to do; suit him in what is good, and he will find it proper. And as the finest gold is still the most ductile, so shall you find it easier, by proper methods, to manage this child, than one of duller apprehensions, resting in contented sloth. If his vocation is of talented ability, give him such. Surely there is no necessary connection between pride and intellectuality.

Let also another child be suited to his inferior capacity. Why does an American call himself a republican, if he will not allow one son to follow the bent of his inclinations and his ability, and become a mechanic, lest he disgrace his brothers of the professions? The writer, too, was educated in the full impression of this narrow prejudice. But time and observation have produced a better conviction of right, and of justice. How often, looking on amidst a numerous family of adults, do we see one or two waste characters, genteel idlers, who being incompetent to mental application, and having been prevented in the line of operative life, are drones in the hive. Or possessing physical energy without any methods of excitement, are sunk below themselves, into a miserable and pitiable hypochondriacism. What wickedness of pride to have thrown them away, and caused them so much suffering.

The same thing would we say of daughters, as of sons in a family. And the mixing of the higher and the lower occupations of life should not be allowed to weaken the chain of family affection: where it does, the link drops out by its own baseness of alloy, and must be repaired as best it may.

By such conduct of his children, some here, and some there, shall the wise and sedulous parent dress and trim his little household ship. Some are arrayed a-high, sail-wise for speed and progress; whilst others of just as much account, though less elevated, shall serve to steady the ship and keep it in ballast, until at last, by circumspection and humility and discretion, the good ship shall have out-sailed every adverse current, and weathered every gale of life—shall gain and gain, and finally reach the haven of its destination—where even the name of pride has never been heard, since Lucifer for its sake was hurled out of heaven.

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, this is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with his own acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

Original.

WINTER.

HAST thou come again from the frozen north,
With unbound belt just sallied forth,
To visit the earth with thy freezing breath,
And scatter around us the shafts of death?

Ah! yes, thou art known by thy frowning brow,
And snowy wreath encircling it now;
With thy fierce, upbraiding, relentless air,
To strip our green fields and forests bare.

O'er our emerald earth a gloom is spread,
Like a funeral pall enshrouding the dead,
Where the young and beautiful silent lie,
Concealed from the light of earth and sky.

See how the last leaf is whirled by the blast,
Which tore it away, as it fiercely past,
From its parent bough, where it quiv'ring hung,
Tenacious of life, to its branches clung—
Unwilling to leave its summer bower,
And yield to the tyrant's resistless power;
Though late with such beauty and freshness blest,
It has fallen in nature's cold to rest.

Ah! how reckless of all which bloom'd so fair
In the flowery field, or gay parterre.
He throws his white mantle around them now,
Beneath which the sweetest and loveliest bow.
The beauties of nature he triumphs o'er,
From the mountain's height to the sea-girt shore.

The streams of the north are tightly bound,
That nothing is heard of their murmur'ing sound,
Which broke on the ear in the lov'd retreat,
Like the dying cadence of music sweet.
While the feather'd choir to the south repair,
To chaunt their lays in a sunnier air.

But alas! even here thy power is known,
By the piercing winds and their angry tone;
The change which comes o'er our balmy air,
Its shiv'ring touch, which we dread to bear.

Our orange groves shrink at its icy breath,
Which brings to the pomegranite sudden death—
While with blistered petal the rose is seen,
Scathed in its bloom, though its leaf is green.

But ah! what a glorious sight appears,
As the morning sun our soft clime cheers;
The sleet which enamel'd our flowers so gay,
Reflects in each leaf the splendor of day.
The queen in her gems ne'er dazzled the sight
With a gorgeous display of jewels more bright,
Than deck our sweet plants, our snow-drops fair,
When winter's fine touch of ice-work is there.
But ah! like the queen of the diamond crown,
The weight of their jewelry boweth them down;
But this, like all other of earth's fading scenes,
Dissolves by a touch—melts away like our dreams.

SUSAN.

Original.

THE SURE WORD OF PROPHECY.

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place; until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts," 2 Peter i, 19.

MUCH satisfaction may be realized by a careful investigation of the evidences of Christianity. "Be ready always," says the apostle Peter, "to give an answer to every man that asketh you, a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." The apostles often referred to the grounds of their confidence in the Gospel, and in giving "a reason of the hope" which it afforded them, they sometimes adverted to the external evidence of miracles and prophecy.

On the day of Pentecost Peter rebuked the mockery of those who charged the disciples with drunkenness. By referring to one of the ancient prophecies, he proved that the Holy Spirit was poured out upon them from on high. This interesting prophecy, as quoted by the apostle, is as follows: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants, and on my hand-maidens, I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy," &c. In his discourse, the apostle thus appeals to the Jews: "Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know," &c. Thus did the apostle adduce evidence in favor of Christianity, which the multitude could not gainsay. Their attention was called to a prophecy of one of the Old Testament writers, the fulfillment of which they then witnessed—to the "miracles, and wonders, and signs," wrought by Messiah in the midst of them, which they had also seen, and to the resurrection of Christ, a fact too notorious to be contradicted, and which conclusively proved the truth of the divine origin of Christianity. Hence the power of the apostle's word; for on the day of Pentecost, three thousand were converted to a belief of the Gospel.

The apostle Paul, when arraigned before Agrippa, pursued a course of argumentation similar to that of Peter. "Having obtained help of God," says he, "I continue unto this day, testifying none other things than Moses and the prophets did say should come: That Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light to the people and to the Gentiles." Having shown that Christ came, suffered, died, and arose from the dead according to prophecy, and that "these things were not done in a corner," the apostle appeals to the king in the following impressive manner: "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." It is by no means surprising that the king was almost persuaded to embrace Christianity, after having listened to such a vindication of its authenticity.

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We may therefore say with the apostle Peter, that "we have a more sure word of prophecy." Dr. Clarke supposes the apostle here gives an intimation that prophecy is a stronger confirmation of the truth of religion than miracles. Of this, however, we are not well assured; for when we consider the miracles of Christ, that he by the exercise of his omnipotence healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, restored sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf—that he multiplied a few loaves into a repast for thousands—that he stilled the boisterous sea, cast out devils, raised the dead, &c., we cannot conceive that any but an exceedingly wicked generation would deny the sufficiency of such evidence, and require in addition to it, "a sign from heaven."

Mr. Watson, in examining the authenticity of Christianity, considers miracles as its leading evidence. And it is manifest, that the apostle Peter considered miracles as of the highest moment; hence he says, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount." The transfiguration of Christ here alluded to, which was the effulgence of that Divinity hitherto concealed in human nature; the appearance of Moses and Elijah; the bright cloud overshadowing them, and the voice from heaven proclaiming the Sonship of Christ, were proofs of the divine authority of his mission, than which nothing more satisfactory could have been afforded. We hardly think, then, that the apostle designed to present prophecy as a more powerful evidence of the truth of the religion than miracles, by saying, "We have a more sure word of prophecy"—because the apostle seems to set forth, not so much the comparative force and importance of miracles and prophecy, as he does the infallibility of the latter. This view of the subject, we think, is sustained in the declaration that "no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Here the apostle sets forth a doctrine of great importance to Christianity—the plenary inspiration and the infallibility of the inspired writings. The sacred Scriptures are of the highest authority, having been given us by an omniscient Teacher: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

Let us consider the Divine Word in the light of a "sure word of prophecy." Without entering into an examination of the antiquity and uncorrupted preservation of the sacred writings, we may view the fulfillment of Scripture prophecy as affording conclusive evidence, that Christianity is of divine origin. Christianity alone can adduce prophetic evidence in proof of its divinity. To the evidence of prophecy, heathenism never made any well-founded pretensions. "Moham-

medanism, though it stands as a proof of the truth of Scripture prophecy, is itself unsupported by a single fulfilled prediction. The heathen oracles were celebrated for their equivocation and falsehood. Many were the instances in which they practiced fraud upon those who came to them for counsel. Some of the great heroes of antiquity were deceived by answers that might be differently interpreted. Cæsar, when preparing to engage in a war with the Persians, inquired of an oracle respecting his success, and from the equivocal answer he received, he was induced to make an attack upon the Persians, which however proved unsuccessful. In a similar manner was Pyrrhus deceived in reference to a war with the Romans. Demosthenes charged the Delphic oracle with being "gained over to the interests of King Philip." During the wars between Constantine and Maxentius, the former gained two victories over the latter—one at Turin, the other at Verona. Maxentius, whose military resources were unexhausted, determined to hazard another battle, and upon consulting the Sybilline books, received answer that "the enemy of Rome was about to perish." Giving the response an interpretation favorable to himself, he proceeded to battle, but suffered a defeat. The difficulty of charging falsehood upon the oracle will at once be seen; for if the success of arms had turned out differently, it might have been maintained that Constantine, instead of Maxentius, was the enemy of Rome.

In the sacred Scriptures, no such equivocation can be detected. It is true that some of its prophecies are obscure, and some of them profoundly mysterious. "Clouds and darkness" envelop them, so that in view of the limitation of human knowledge, we may with propriety adopt the language of Paul, "We know in part, and we prophesy in part." But while a degree of obscurity is thrown around some portions of the prophetic writings, we have other prophecies that are sufficiently plain and clear, and their fulfillment has given most satisfactory proof that "prophecy came not by the will of man, but by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

It is a source of great comfort to the Christian to know that his foundation stands sure. In reading the Scriptures, and in comparing their prophetic statements with the facts of history, he finds such an agreement that he can rely with entire confidence upon the truth of the Christian religion. And if infidels deny the authenticity of the holy Scriptures, and speak contemptuously of the Christian system, the true believer remembers that the same apostle who exhorts us to "take heed unto the sure word of prophecy," admonishes us also, to "be mindful of the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets, and the commandment of the Lord Jesus Christ. Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things remain as they were from the beginning of the creation." How many there are, who, notwithstanding their ability to examine and weigh the evidences of this religion,

remain "willingly ignorant" of its claims. It is fearfully true, that "men love darkness rather than light." But while infidels reject the Bible, the Christian takes it as "the man of his counsel." With holy fervor he reads, prays, meditates; "compares spiritual things with spiritual," and with singleness of heart, "looks into the perfect law of liberty." While delighting in the law of God after the inner man, the light of truth and grace and love shines into his heart, and imparts "the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ."

We have much encouragement to take heed unto the word of prophecy. It is "a light shining in a dark place," illuminating the world, and saving them who believe, from ignorance, sin, and death eternal. Through it the devout Christian partakes of those spiritual comforts and graces which are the gift of the Holy Spirit.

Thanks be to God, "the day-star from on high has visited us." Jesus, "the bright and morning Star," pours light upon our path-way, which will cause it to shine "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." Jesus is "the way, the truth, and the life." He is "the light of the world," "the light of life," and having entered into his glory, has left to us the records of his will, and the promise of the Spirit, by which we may "travel all the length of the celestial road," until the light of glorious eternity shall break upon our raptured vision.

The fulfillment of Scripture prophecy in the spread of the Gospel, is a subject which, by the Church of God, will ever be contemplated with delight. And we are called upon to bear our part in the great work, that heathen nations may become "the inheritance of Christ, and the uttermost parts of the earth his possession." The present state of things may discourage us, but the inspired prophecies assure us, that "he that is coming will come, and will not tarry." He will come to "avenge his elect, who cry unto him day and night." "He will suddenly come to his temple," and his worship will be established among all nations: "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountain, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it." He will reign until he subdues all his enemies, and "bruises Satan under our feet." The prophetic writings have given most encouraging views of things that will shortly come to pass. They point us to "the stone cut out of the mountain," rolling majestically onward, until it becomes a mountain, "filling the whole earth." "The period is swiftly hastening, when "the high praises of God," from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, shall meet and commingle, and the rapturous song of salvation shall be chanted by the redeemed, both in earth and in heaven. In heaven, the voice will be heard, "Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night." The Church militant will echo back, "Halleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." In view of this glorious state of things, the Church should rejoice, knowing that her redemption is drawing nigh.

Is the knowledge of God now limited to a small portion of mankind? Prophecy tells us that "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea." Does "the prince of darkness" now "work in the children of disobedience," and so darken their minds and blind the eyes of their understanding, that they cannot see the "light of the glorious Gospel?" Prophecy informs us that the reign of spiritual darkness shall cease, and that the light of divine revelation shall shine in those dreary regions upon which "the shadow of death" is now resting. Does Satan now, as "a roaring lion," prowl through the earth, seeking his prey among the fallen sons of men? Prophecy assures us, that a messenger from the court of heaven shall be commissioned with authority to chain him in the bottomless pit. Do we now discover the fierce conflicts of malignant passions, creating wars, and spreading desolation among the nations? Prophecy holds out the pleasing prospect of universal peace. "Jehovah shall make wars to cease unto the ends of the earth; he will break the bow and cut the spear in sunder: he will burn the chariot in the fire." "He will judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people, until they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: until nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more;" and until "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain." Does "darkness now cover the earth, and gross darkness the people?" Through the light of prophecy, we see the infernal shades fleeing away, and "Satan, like lightning, falling from heaven!"

L. D. H.



Original.

ENCOURAGEMENT IN DESPONDENCY.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

WHENCE, O my soul, is this anxious disquiet?

God is thy Father, then wherefore despair?

He ever listens, (thou canst not deny it),

And willingly answers thy penitent prayer!

When father and mother and friends shall forsake thee,
And earth with her deepest afflictions shall shake thee,
Then under His sheltering wings he will take thee,

And guard thee from danger, and shield thee from harm.

Hope thou in God, for he feeds the young lion,

Who, when enhungered for meat, cries to Him;

He is the Friend whom my heart shall rely on,

Tho' tears of deep sorrow my mournful eyes dim!

Though father and mother and friends shall forsake me,

And earth with her deepest afflictions shall shake me,

Then under His sheltering wings he will take me,

And guard me from danger and shield me from harm.

P. P.

Original.

THE DEPARTED.*

AWAKE, awake, fond memory, from thy home,
Once more o'er fancy's sunny fields to roam;
Tell me of joys for ever passed away—
Of pleasure's beam which brighten'd to decay:
Go, seek the past, all radiant and fair,
Find one "green spot," and linger sweetly there!

O! where are they who once in beauty pass'd,
Like a bright dream, too pure, too blest to last?
Who revel'd in the hall of joy and mirth,
And seem'd too fair, too beautiful for earth;
Whose step was heard amid the festal throng,
Whose lute like voices mingled in the song?
Their last farewell is now to memory dear;
Their accents sweet still linger on my ear!
But shall I hear those gentle tones no more!
Is love's bright dream for ever, ever o'er?
Ye stars, that revel "round the midnight throne,"
Say, do they make your pure, bright climes their own?
At eve's sweet hour they often loved to gaze
Far, far away, and picture in your rays
A brighter clime than this, a land of rest,
Where earth's lone pilgrims are for ever blest!
O! tell us, if in your bright home above,
Our loved and lost ones sing redeeming love;
And strike their harps of gold in concerts sweet,
And cast bright crowns before a Savior's feet!

But we shall meet them yet! O yes! a ray
Of comfort glimmers through life's darksome way;
The star of promise, with its heavenly light,
Hath risen and dispell'd the shades of night;
A hope immortal through the gloom appears,
To soothe our woes and wipe away our tears!
Yes! when these scenes shall all have pass'd away,
When time shall cease o'er earth to hold his sway,
We too shall meet on that immortal shore,
Where tempests dire shall vex and rage no more!

Then farewell, loved ones! once again farewell,
Till that bright hour when death shall break the spell
That binds us here; and then, on wings of light,
We too shall soar to regions pure and bright;
Shall join the seraph bands around the throne
Of God, and "know, as also we are known."



BEHOLD! behold the wondrous scene—
A Savior's arms extended wide;
Behold the streams of cleansing blood,
And wash in yonder purple tide.

Jesus for rebels bore the curse,
Endured the cross, despised the shame;
By faith the sinner may receive
Pardon and peace in his dear name.

* These lines are from the pen of a young lady only sixteen years of age. She should assiduously cultivate her taste and talent for poetry.—Ed.

Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. III.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

HESIOD AND ARCHEILOCHUS.

IN the times of the early Greek poets, literature of every kind was in its infancy. Few nations possessed the means of preserving their rude attempts at poetry, the first species of literary composition, otherwise than by traditions; and those few made but comparatively little use of their superior advantages. Except the Hebrew Pentateuch, and two or three other books of the Old Testament Scriptures, and the imperishable inscriptions upon the Pyramids of Egypt, (if indeed these last may properly be called *written*,) we know of no specimen of written composition anterior to the time of Homer. The works of that poet constitute the foundation of all the literature of the world, which is not strictly sacred. His influence and example awakened a new spirit among his countrymen, and eventually among mankind. After him, poet followed poet, and historian orator, until Greece became the seat of learning for the world. After Homer, whose works have already been noticed, the next in order of time is—

HESIOD.

This poet was probably a contemporary of Homer, or at most, but a little subsequent to him; although it is perhaps impossible at this late period to determine exactly the time of his birth or death. It is generally thought that he was born at Cumæ or Cyme, in Æolis, and at an early age was brought to Ascra in Bœotia. His father had removed from the former place in consequence of his poverty, and remained until his death a resident of Ascra—although it seems he did not obtain the right of citizenship. His residence here, it would seem, had been profitable to him in a pecuniary point of view; for at his death he left a considerable amount of property to his two sons, Hesiod and Perses, of whom Hesiod was the elder. The two brothers divided the inheritance between them. But Perses, by bribing the judges, obtained the means of defrauding his brother, and of obtaining his portion of the estate. This baseness of the Ascrean judges may account for the severe epithets which he afterwards applied to the inhabitants of that village.

It is probable that he was a shepherd, and tended his flocks upon the sides of Mount Helicon—although Pausanias makes him a priest of the Muses at that place. His poetry evidently shows that he was accustomed to rural pursuits. The beauty of the scenery, the salubrity of the air, and all the associations of that spot, rendered famous by the supposed residence of the Muses upon its summit, together with the rural quiet of a shepherd's life—all these conspired to awaken within his soul those emotions which give life to the imaginations of the poet, and vigor to every thing within the range of his thought.

Of his death we have the following account. On a certain occasion he is said to have consulted the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, with reference to his future desti-

ny. The Pythian priestess in reply, directed him "to shun the grove of Nemean Jupiter, since there death awaited him." Hesiod, supposing that she referred to the grove and statue of Nemean Jove at Argos, directed his course to CEnce, a town of the Locri. Unknown to him, this place also was sacred to the same divinity. Here he was the guest of two brothers. While here, their sister, whose name was Cremene, hung herself in consequence of an outrage committed upon her person by a companion of the poet. This man the brothers slew in revenge; and suspecting Hesiod as an abettor of the crime, killed him also, and cast his body into the sea. The murder, it is said, was detected by the sagacity of Hesiod's dog. By some it is said that the corpse was brought to the shore by a company of dolphins, at the moment the people were celebrating the festival of Neptune. The body of Hesiod was recognized, the houses of the murderers were razed to the foundations, and the murderers themselves cast into the sea. "Another account states them to have been consumed by lightning. A third, that they were overtaken by a tempest while escaping to Crete in a fishing boat, and perished in the wreck."

The works of Hesiod which remain are, 1. "The Works and Days;" 2. "The Theogony;" and 3. A fragment entitled the "Shield of Hercules." The first, the "Works and Days," is a pastoral addressed by Hesiod to his brother Perses, giving advice concerning agriculture, and the general conduct of life. It was most probably written while he was engaged as a shepherd on Mount Helicon, and before the death of his father and subsequent conduct of his brother. The first part of the poem refers to agriculture, in which he advises his brother to seek wealth by labor rather than by other means. Interspersed are proverbs, mythical narratives, descriptions, &c., which are ingeniously wrought into the poem, and all of which are intended to enforce the general subject upon which he is treating. The second part relates to navigation, which is treated of in equal detail. As the work is generally intended for the guidance of life, the poet proceeds to speak of marriage, the time when it should be entered into, and what rules should guide a man in his selection of a companion. Sundry moral precepts referring to the worship of the gods, the government of the tongue, the days on which certain things should be commenced, &c., make up the principal remaining part of the poem. "One thing," says Professor Anthon, "must be very evident to all who read the 'Works and Days,' that in its present state it shows a want of purpose and of unity too great to be accounted for, otherwise than upon the supposition of its fragmentary nature."

The "Theogony," as its name indicates, consists of an account of the origin of the world, including the birth of the gods. It contains a great many personifications. It is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it is the most ancient monument of the Greek Mythology which time has spared us. "When we consider it as a poem, we find no composition of ancient times so stamped with a rude simplicity of character. It is with-

out luminous order of arrangement, abounds with dry and insipid details, and only by snatches, as it were, rises to any extraordinary elevation of fancy. It exhibits that crude irregularity, and that mixture of meanness and grandeur, which characterize a strong but uncultivated genius."

The remaining work is but a fragment of a poem, written in celebration of the heroines of antiquity, and those who have become the mothers of gods and demigods. It derives its name, "The Shield of Hercules," from a lengthy description of the shield of that warrior which it contains.

As a writer, Hesiod has been variously estimated. Some parts of his productions are wearisome and insipid; while others are full of the genuine spirit of poetry. Quintilian places him at the head of writers of the second class. Virgil has acknowledged that in the composition of his *Georgics* he followed the "Works and Days," as a model of pastoral poetry—thus indirectly giving it the highest eulogium in his power. In this poem are found many passages which are remarkable for their sweetness and beauty. Speaking of the description of the battle of the gods, which is perhaps one of the finest passages from the pen of Hesiod, Elton, in his edition of his works, says: "Milton has borrowed some images from these descriptions; and the arming of the Messiah for battle is obviously imitated from the magnificent picture of Jupiter summoning all the terrors of his omnipotence for the extirpation of the Titans."

ARCHILOCHUS.

We now come to a writer of very different character from the last. Archilochus was a native of Paros, an island in the Ægean sea. His father, Telesicles, was one of the most influential men of the island; but his mother, whose name was Enipo, was a slave. His father, while Archilochus was a youth, in obedience to a Delphic oracle, led a colony from Paros to Thasos, another island of the Ægean, about 250 miles north of the former. This expedition Archilochus accompanied. Here he probably remained several years. In a battle between the Thasians and Thracians, the former were defeated; and in a disgraceful flight, Archilochus, to save himself, threw away his shield. For this act, so despicable in the eyes of every true Greek, he was never forgiven. In a subsequent visit to Sparta, he was ordered by the magistrates to quit the city immediately, they not being able to endure the presence of any one so weak and cowardly. His whole life seems one continued scene of misfortune; or if at any time the cup of bliss was presented to his lips, the next hour dashed it from them, and left him in the bitterness of disappointment and mortification.

The situation of things at Thasos becoming desperate, it would seem that he left that island and returned to his native Paros. Of his subsequent history we know nothing certainly, except that he lost his life in a war between the Parians and the inhabitants of the neighboring island of Naxos.

As a writer, Archilochus was esteemed by the Greeks

as second to none, not even Homer. He is generally acknowledged as the inventor of the Iambic verse. Ancient writers attribute the invention of several other kinds to him also. But the proof is wanting. The Iambic verse was well adapted for rapid and vehement thought, and hence well suited for satire—the kind of writing in which Archilochus especially excelled. The keenness of his sarcasm was unequalled. The misfortunes of his life produced no other effect than to sour a temper naturally ardent. Believing all mankind his enemies, he made them so by the bitterness with which he assailed them in his writings. As an illustration, ancient writers relate the following anecdote, which, perhaps, is as worthy of credit as most of those times. While he resided at Paros the charms of Neobule, the beautiful daughter of Lycambes, won his affections. A more wealthy citizen of the place was also a suitor. Interested motives, and perhaps also the advice of her father, led her to break her plighted faith to the poet. Thenceforth she became the object of his most relentless hatred and bitterest satire. "He loaded her with charges the most opprobrious to her sex, and pursued both her and her parent with such merciless invective, that they were happy to find a refuge in suicide from the scorn and infamy to which they were exposed by the vengeance of their unrelenting persecutor." Others were alike made to feel the keenness of the viper's tooth, which he carried with him wherever he went; but not with the same fatal consequences.

His poetry, besides being thus marked by satire, was often also extremely licentious. So much was this the case, that the authorities of Sparta, on a certain occasion, forbade it being introduced into their city, lest it should corrupt the youth, and thus unfit them for the toils and hardships of a military life!

While as a man he was despised, as a poet he was, by many, held in high estimation. Those productions of his which were not liable to censure from the last mentioned reason, were generally commended. He wrote one piece, a hymn in honor of Hercules, and entitled *Kallinikos*, (Καλλινικός,) which he himself recited at the Olympic games, and for which he obtained the highest prize. This piece, after his death, was solemnly recited every year at these games, in honor of the victorious champion.

Only a few fragments of this poet have escaped the destroying hand of Time. Almost all his works have perished in the general wreck of ancient literature. But whether the world has lost any thing really valuable in their destruction, is a question which we are not prepared to answer.

If the weakness of the head were an admissible excuse for the malevolence of the heart, the one half of mankind would be occupied in aggression, and the other half in forgiveness; but the interests of society peremptorily demand that things should not be so; for a fool is often as dangerous to deal with as a knave, and always more *incurrible*.

Original.
DEITY AND NATURE.*

BY W. F. LOWRIE.

LEAD, which was known to the ancients, rarely occurs in its native state; and when it does, its crystals are regular octahedrons, but its more ordinary forms are delicate membranes, and small globular masses. This species has been found in small quantities on the Au-glaise river, in Michigan, forming thin filaments in the joints of galena. The sulphuret of lead, or as it is commonly called, galena, supplies all the lead of commerce. Its primary crystalized form is the cube; it also puts on a variety of reticulated, tabular, and other imitative shapes, and is massive and granular in its structure. Streak and color pure gray, fracture flat subconchoidal. When pure, it contains sulphur 13.34, lead 86.66. When before the blow-pipe it decrepitates, unless heated cautiously, when it fuses, gives off sulphur, and leaves a globule of lead.

Throughout Europe and America galena occurs in beds and veins, both in primitive and secondary rocks. At Freyburg, in Saxony, it occupies veins in gneiss; at Clausthal and Neudorf in the Hartz, and at Przi-bram in Bohemia, it traverses similar veins in clay slate; at Sala in Sweden, it forms veins in primitive lime-stone; through the graywacke of Lead-hills, and the killas, or slate-rocks of Cornwall, are disseminated veins of this ore; and in transition or mountain lime-stone, are found the rich repositories of Derbyshire, Cumber-land, and the northern districts of England, as also those of Bleiberg and the neighboring localities in Car-inthia. The most extensive deposits of this ore in the United States, and probably in the whole world, are found on the banks of the Mississippi river, from the Arkansas to Prairie du Chien. The ore occurs in lime-stone, and is also disseminated in clay. The following is a description of the mines as they appear at Potosi:

"The shafts descend perpendicularly through a tenacious clay, intermixed with masses of sulphate of barytes, and sulphuret of lead; a soft gray rock of calca-reous particles (termed by the miners a sand-stone) succeeds, which with a very uneven surface lies hori-zontally, and has numerous drusy cavities, lined with minute crystals of quartz, and is traversed by veins in which these crystals occur, intermixed with barytes and galena. It is succeeded by red clay, barytes, &c., simi-lar to the former; and near its surface, and sometimes in it, and sometimes in the red clay, the largest quanti-ties of lead have been found."

The lead is so very abundant that large shafts are seldom excavated; but if mining becomes difficult, new locations are selected where less labor is required. The mines of this extensive region furnished from the year 1821 to 1833 inclusive, 63,845,740 lbs.; since which period it has very much increased. Galena is also found in Illinois, Kentucky, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, most of the New England states, Virginia,

and doubtless will be in the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains, which run through the southern and south-western states.

Lead is soft, flexible, inelastic, ductile and malleable to a considerable extent. In tenacity it is inferior to all ductile metals, and fuses at about 612° Fah. Its pecu-liar qualities admirably adapt it for the uses of man in his domestic and economical operations. By means of tubes made of it, he avoids incurring the immense cost and labor which the ancients were at, in constructing their mighty aqueducts for the conveyance of water; and of it are formed combinations with other metals, which are highly useful in the arts. To it, as well as to iron, copper, silver, and other metals, the medical art is much indebted for the valuable aid it affords, while to the painter it yields an important pigment, under the name of white lead.

Copper was well known in ancient times. It occurs native, and in combinations with a great variety of sub-stances, of which the sulphuret is the most common form. It is distinguished from all other metals, except titanium, by its red color; it takes a considerable lustre by polishing; its density when fused is 8.895, and is increased by hammering. It is both ductile and malle-able, and in tenacity is inferior only to iron. Its hard-ness and elasticity confer on it the property of sonorous-ness; hence in combination with tin, it is extensively used in the manufacture of bells. Copper occurs in beds and veins accompanying its various ores, and some-times associated with iron. It also is frequently found in loose masses imbedded in the soil. It abounds in Norway, Sweden, Hungary, England, the Uralian mountains, Siberia, Chinese Tartary, and Japan. Several islands between Kamtschatka and America produce masses of the native metal; it seems, indeed, common to all countries in a zone of 45° of latitude around the north pole. But it is found also on the other side, over all the south of Africa, from Congo to the Cape of Good Hope, in Madagascar, the southern extremity of America, and Brazil. This metal has been found native throughout the red sand-stone region of the United States, particularly in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and more abundantly in New Jersey, where it has been found in different places in fine crystalline masses. A magnificent mass was found near Lake Superior; and Mr. Schoolcraft describes one on the Ontanawgan river, which in 1821 weighed about 2200 lbs. A survey of the shores of this lake has recently been made, and the discoveries of mines of copper ores are exceedingly gratifying. They have been traced for more than one hundred miles, and found on analysis to be of the rich-est kind.

Copper is extensively used in the arts. In its pure state it forms a variety of instruments and utensils, and amongst other uses, a sheathing for ships. Alloyed with tin it forms brass, and furnishes to the watch-maker, the mechanical philosopher and geometrician, many instruments of exquisitely delicate workmanship, and at the same time, of great durability.

Tin was known to the ancients, and was by them

principally obtained from Cornwall. It occurs in the states of an oxyd and a sulphuret, which latter is associated with copper, and termed tin pyrites. Tin, when crystalized, assumes the form of the right square prism. It has a color varying from brown or black, to red, gray, white and yellow, and an adamantine lustre. It also occurs in imperfect crystalizations of numerous forms, but most commonly granular. Pure tin has a white color, and the metallic lustre of silver. It possesses the property of mallability to a considerable degree, as common tin foil does not exceed 1.1000th of an inch. Its tenacity and ductility are not so great as in many other metals. It is soft and elastic, and when bent backwards and forwards, makes a peculiar crackling noise. This ore is met with in veins traversing granite, gneiss and mica slate. When the fissures in mountains expose the veins of tin, and the action of the elements bring portions of the ore down into alluvial soil, it is termed stream tin, simply from being separated from the soil and rocky debris by streams of water.

Tin is found in Bohemia, Saxony, Galacia, Greenland, the peninsula of Malacca, Japan, and the island of Banca in Asia, and slightly in Brazil. Cornwall in England is however the great commercial emporium of tin, which it has been from the remotest ages—the Tyrians having in the days of Moses, 1500 years A. C., traded to it for their metal. These mines now afford 4000 tons of tin per annum, the average value of which is \$1,350,000. The purest metal is obtained from the stream ore, which often yields 70 per cent. Small quantities of tin have been found at Chesterfield, Mass., and it is said that a mine of it has recently been discovered in Maine. Copper and iron, when exposed to the action of air and water, oxydize freely; and the oxyd of copper is highly poisonous, and that of iron disagreeable. Tin, when melted, is run over the inner surfaces of vessels made of these metals, and as it does not easily oxydize, protects them from the action of the corrosive agent, and thus renders them much more valuable to man. It also, with mercury, forms the amalgam used in the construction of mirrors.

In order to a thorough comprehension of the argument in favor of benevolent design in the structure of the universe, which is furnished by metallic substances, it is necessary to take into our consideration, that man was intended to become a civilized being while an inhabitant of this world. That it was to be the school in which not only individuals, but nations collectively, and all mankind *en masse*, were by the controlling force of moral and physical laws, to be improved and fitted for higher states of moral and intellectual duties and enjoyments. With the immense population which even now exists on the earth, a state of civilization such as is now practiced, could not be carried into effect, unless some other means of providing for the physical wants of man were discovered than those produced by the soil or waters. There have been, and there still are nations on the earth, who derive their subsistence only from agriculture rudely practiced, pasturage, hunting and fishing; but their populations are not numerous,

and wherever they become too much so, must be emptied by emigration, or some of those numerous diseases which ever attend on a crowded and indigent people. Metals are subservient to the civilization of man; first, because the labor of obtaining the ores, separating and preparing them for use; the manufacture of them into their various forms to suit them for the purposes for which they are ultimately intended; whether for coin, instruments for the use of the farmer, mechanic, philosopher, or for complicated machines, which, performing the unnumbered operations of our multiplied manufactures, give employment and the means of subsistence to a much denser population than could be otherwise supported on the same extent of earth.

A second mode is by the manufacture of different kinds of articles, suitable for use and ornament. They minister to man's comfort and pleasure. Compare if you will, the wigwam of the savage chief and the civilized man. In the one you behold a few skins for his bed, a rifle, and some other offensive or defensive arms, and a very few domestic utensils or instruments of comfort; on the other hand, metals and manufactures have given man many domestic comforts he could not otherwise have enjoyed. To metals, his house, if of wood, is indebted for the iron that secures; if of stone, to the same, which cuts it out and shapes it. Many of the utensils used in it are either wholly or in part composed of iron, copper, tin, &c. His furniture can only be made, and must be in part held together by a metal. Nor can the ornamental part of his habitation be divested of metallic presence, from the time-piece that tells the moments as they fly, to the mirror that shows back his own form and features, as they change from manhood to the dust.

The valuable qualities possessed by the metals, show that they were intended for the use of man; or otherwise why should they have been endowed with ductility, mallability, tenacity, hardness, and the power of resisting the action of oxygen on their surfaces in proportion to their quantity and consequent value? Without gold and silver as the medium of exchange, how could commerce extend her wings from one end of the earth to the other? No other metals possess such suitable qualities for this purpose. Copper and iron would be too heavy, not sufficiently valuable, and too liable to oxydize; similar objections might be urged against all others.

The properties of metals mentioned above, as tenacity, &c., are possessed in various degrees by different metals, so as to adapt them to the use of the human race. The difference in the amount of heat necessary for the fusion of different metals, affords several instances of this fact. Thus iron and copper both possess mallability and hardness sufficient to form a variety of useful utensils; but without great care, by the action of moisture in the atmosphere, the former rusts, and the latter forms a green oxyd on its surface, which is highly poisonous. Tin, however, being fusible at lower points of temperature, and having a disposition to unite and form an alloy with the other metals, is applied as

a coating to the surface, and thus averts the threatened danger.

Destitute of metals, it would have been impossible for man to have extended his investigations into the various departments of philosophical knowledge. What other instruments could he have constructed to supply the place of the mariner's compass, theodolite, telescope, air pump, and a variety of others of equal value, without which it would have been impossible for him to have obtained even a small fraction of his present knowledge of nature, or power over the elements?

Metals possess the property of uniting together when in a state of fusion, and thus forming alloys which are frequently more valuable than the simple metals themselves. Shall we instance, as examples, brass and bell metal, which are compounds of copper and tin. Another advantage of the alloy is that it is more readily fusible than either of the two metals, and in many cases acts as a bond of union between them, as the solders used by the jeweler, and copper and tin worker. The quantities in which the several metals are found in the crust of the earth, is also worthy of our notice. Gold, silver, mercury, are comparatively thinly scattered among the rocks; hence, from their scarcity, they become more valuable. Iron, copper, lead, and tin, being suited more to the manufacture of vessels, instruments, and articles of constant use to man, are diffused with a more liberal hand. There is hardly any country on the globe which does not contain iron sufficient for its own consumption.

The manner in which the metals are deposited on or among the rocks, serves to strengthen the argument of benevolent design. They are not thrown without order about in the crust of the earth, but the more common and useful, as iron, lead, and copper, occur in mountain masses, beds, and veins, which are sufficiently easy of access; while the precious commonly lie at greater depths, and require for the procuring and extraction from the ore more labor. Does it not clearly appear to the candid inquirer after truth, that such substances, possessed of so many useful properties, placed in such favorable situations, and ministering so beneficially to the necessities and comforts of our race, could never have been so constructed, unless by a wise and benevolent designer? To the humble believer in the general and especial providence of the Almighty, an acquaintance with this, as well as every other part of nature, will impart a stronger trust and confidence in the infinite charities of him who spake this universe into existence; and while his care extends to all the unnumbered worlds that roll throughout immensity's vast range, it ever watches with a father's eye, and supplies with a bounteous hand the necessities of every creature he has formed.

If you are under obligation to many, it is prudent to postpone the recompensing of one until it be in your power to remunerate all, otherwise you will make more enemies by what you give, than by what you withhold.

Original.

NIAGARA ABOVE THE FALLS.

BY REV. WM. WINANS.

HAIL, beauteous child of mighty inland seas,
Niagara! Smiling, thou glidest on,
With ample tribute, to Ontario's lap.
Calm is thy bosom. Brightly imag'd there
The radiant face of heav'n; and near thy shores,
In pictur'd loveliness, thou show'st how fair
The rocks, and trees, and flow'rs upon thy bank.
Nor beauteous only—strong and active, thou
Bear'st in thine arms the wealth of social states,
Who interchange superfluous joys; and firm,
Thou barr'st contending nations, who would shed
Each other's blood. Yet be not proud; though fair,
Active, and strong, and doing good to man,
Soon shall thy fortunes change—soon thou must be
Despoil'd of beauty, cripp'l'd, and derang'd,
A sight of terror, shunn'd with heedful care.
The heav'n's shall see their visage imag'd back
Distorted, hideous, broken, and thy waves
Lash'd into fury, dash'd from rock to rock,
No more shall show the beauties of thy banks.
And thou, disorder'd, madd'ning, thus shalt rush,
With headlong fury, on to meet thy fate.
Unmark'd, abrupt, the precipice's edge
Is just before thee. There, forlorn, thou'lt plunge
Down, down the fearful steep. Thy groan shall shake
The solid, steadfast earth, thy tears o'erspread
With clouds the face of heav'n, and thou, thyself,
Mangl'd and writhing, lie a wretched thing,
Broken, dismay'd confounded.

And thus man,
Gay, thoughtless, eager man, runs blithely on,
Rejoicing in his strength, vain of his wit,
Exulting in his worth, till stern misfortune,
Ruthless disease, or with'ring age proclaims
The doom that waits him in a thoughtless hour,
And comes unlook'd for, e'en though long foretold
Then plunges headlong into the abyss
Of darkness, whence his groans arise to tell
His ruin'd fate, forsaken of his God.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A BUTTERFLY bask'd on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow:
"Why art thou here, with thy gaudy die,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye,
Must sleep in the church-yard low?"

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings:
Would'st thou call the bless'd one back?"

HOPES AND TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

WORDS BY WILLIAM CUTTER, ADAPTED TO MUSIC COMPOSED BY MOZART.

[From the "Parlor Melodies."]

Life let us cher - ish, while yet the ta - per glows,

And heavenly trea - sures grasp ere it close.

In vain we seek for earthly bliss; The plants of joy, the fruits of peace, Can

nev - er grow in soil like this. Place all thy hopes in heaven. D. C.

2
 Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
 And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close.
 Our hearts in vain to riches cling;
 Our gems are dim; our gold hath wings,
 And, when possessed, no comfort brings.
 Lay up thy wealth in heaven.

3
 Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
 And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close.
 Set not thy heart on earthly fame;
 Its highest gift's an empty name,
 That quickly fades or ends in shame.
 True glory comes from heaven.

NOTICES.

DOMESTIC DUTIES; or, Instructions to Young Married Ladies on the Management of their Households, and the Regulation of their Conduct in the Various Relations and Duties of Married Life. By Mrs. William Parkes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1838.—This is the tenth American edition of a work which should be carefully consulted by matrons, and such as have the charge of households. Its general divisions are the Social Relations, Household Concerns, the Regulation of Time, and Moral and Religious Duties. It affords instructions on all points, great and small. Here the inexperienced housewife may find lessons for herself and children concerning society—on gossiping and scandal—on conduct towards relations—on temper towards husband, children, and servants—on forms of visiting—on economy and improvidence in dress and furniture; and on liberality, benevolence, presents, and fashions. Then comes another section on the choice and management of servants; on the example due them; on their wages and gifts from visitors; on cooks, housemaids, laundresses, &c.; on the nursery, family linen, and on marketing and provisions, such as preserves and pickles, and such *little necessities*, which are all important, and the composition of home comforts and joys. Early rising, together with the avocations and pleasures suited to each part of the day, as reading, drawing, music, &c., are severally noticed; and last of all, there are some concluding remarks in favor of our holy religion.

Although this book contains much instructive matter, we cannot recommend it without a word of caution to the reader. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Much of it is good—very good. But when it recommends games and dancing as amusements in families, we promptly demur. If any inquire what we would substitute, we unhesitatingly answer, if nothing better suggests itself, turn the party into a prayer meeting. Do as Martha and her sister and Lazarus did when Jesus was their guest; and they sat with holy admiration, listening to the "gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." How the author of this work could reconcile these trifling amusements with the following remarks we cannot conceive.

"I lament my inability to express to you, as forcibly as the subject demands, the value of habitual piety. To regard our Creator as also our benefactor and friend, to whom we refer all the blessings and pleasures we enjoy; to live under the consciousness of his omnipotence; to rely without doubting, that so long as we continue intent on well-doing, he will never utterly forsake us; and to have our hearts always prepared to worship, and our lips to praise him, will produce so pleasurable and composed a state of mind, that to neglect its attainment can only be considered as an act of self-denial worthy the character of human folly."

Surely the quadrille which she recommends would be a poor preparation for that devotion which she thinks should be habitual and unremitting. That part of the work which treats of religion is liable to very serious objections. With all these defects the work is valuable, and would be a useful directory to the duties of female domestic life.

WEALTH AND WORTH; or, Which Makes the Man? New York: Harper & Brothers.—This anonymous production is the first of a series, of forthcoming "American Family Tales." American! This is its first commendation, and we will infer thence a right frank augury; for we have too long waited on England, Scotland, and even Catholic Ireland for our supplies of food for the mind, and even traveled thence to the continent, and pressed all languages into our service, content, to our shame, with awkward translations, rather than stoop to home productions. As to tales, we have no preference for that particular form of composition, and sincerely hope the time may come when truth will attract by its own charms, and not by borrowed shades and dresses. But if we must have tales, these are likely to be of the very best sort. The advertisement says:

"To infuse an earnest, independent, American spirit, uncontaminated by intolerance toward other governments and nations—to encourage a taste for gratifications of the intellect in preference to those of the senses, without forgetting the superior importance of the inculcation of those principles of action,

which a reverential faith in the divine origin of the Christian code of morals enforces—such will be the paramount objects regarded in the preparation of these tales."

In truth, this is a book of pure morals, and aims, with promise, to inspire in the American bosom a love of modest independence, of mental toil and entertainments, and of the principles and institutes of our holy and blessed Christianity. Its style, descriptions, characters, and plots are lively and talking; and from this specimen, we doubt not but the "Family Tales" will be read and talked of, even in these hard times, half over the continent. As a specimen of the author's power of description, see how the fourth chapter commences.

"The little village of Capeville in Massachusetts is well known to many, who, during the summer months, visit the celebrated promontory of Nahant, where a fresh breeze from the ocean may almost at all times be enjoyed. It is to a small cottage in Capeville, that I have now to take my readers.

"The cottage stands in a retired lane that branches from the main road, and is bordered by venerable elms, which indicate that the avenue once led to a mansion of some importance. The building is one story high, plainly constructed, with a small portico in front, with trellis-work for the honeysuckle to clamber up. A small yard inclosed by a fence intercepts the dust of the road, although, as the latter is not a thoroughfare, there is little occasion for such protection. A hill of gentle ascent rises just behind the house, as if to shield it from the bleak airs of the sea. If you climb this hill, and pass through a grove of stunted pine-trees over a sandy and barren soil, you come suddenly upon the brow of another acclivity, from which you behold the broad Atlantic breaking, flashing, and foaming upon a smooth, level beach not more than a mile distant."

AN EPIHOME OF THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY, translated from the French by C. J. Henry, D. D. Harper & Brothers: Family Library, No. 144.—This is an excellent work. A glance wins it a clear verdict. It is historical and expository. Scarcely a name can be found in the records of theories, true or false, in government, science, arts, morals, or religion, but is here noticed historically, and dwelt upon briefly in the form of philosophical or ethical inference. This is a book for daily, common, and comfortable use. It will suit the young for instruction, the mature for reference, and all sorts of readers to freshen in the mind faded recollections. It should be introduced immediately as a text-book in all our schools, academies, and colleges. It is adopted by the University of France for instruction in its colleges and high schools. And we say to the reader, whoever she may be, if you propose to read any thing beyond your Bible and hymnbook, be sure you read this. Men, women, and children (if not too young) are equally suited in this Eptome. Here, they will find a plain exposition of the Hindoo, the Chinese, the Persian, the Chaldean, and the Greek philosophies, as well as of the various systems which have prevailed during the Christian era.

LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the sixth edition of a work prepared by its gifted and excellent author for the instruction of young ladies. She says in her preface:

"I have been requested to address a few thoughts to the youth of my own sex, on subjects of simple nature, and serious concern. The employment has been pleasant, for their interests are dear to me; and several years devoted to their instruction, have unfolded more fully their claims to regard, and the influence they might exercise in society. Should a single heart, in "life's sweet blossoming season," derive, from this little volume, aid, guidance, or consolation, tenfold satisfaction will be added to the pleasure with which it has been composed."

Mrs. Sigourney does not dwell at length on household duties, but rather aims to promote the cultivation of the mind and the heart. She writes on Religion, Knowledge, Industry, Health and Dress, Sisterly Virtues, Books, Friendship, Conversation, Benevolence, and Self-control. In her letter on Benevolence she says:

"Lord Bacon, that star of the first magnitude, among the constellations of mind, says, that he early 'took all knowledge to be his province.' Will you not take all goodness to be your

province? It is the wiser choice, for 'knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.' Knowledge must 'perish in the using,' but goodness, like its Author, is eternal.

"Dear young friend, whose eye, undimmed by the sorrows of time, is now resting upon this page, suffer me, from the experience of an older and earth-worn traveler, to urge you to bind yourself an apprentice to the trade of doing good. He will be your Master, whose 'mercies are new every morning, and fresh every moment.' He will give you a tender and sustaining example, who came to 'seek and to save that which was lost.' They, too, will be your teachers, those bright-winged ministering spirits, who hold gentle guardianship over us, their weaker brethren, lest we 'dash our foot against a stone,' whose harps are tremulous with joy when one sinner repenteth. The wise and good of all realms and nations, those who have gone to rest, and those who still labor, you may count as your companions, a vast and glorious assembly.

"Resolve, therefore, *this day*, that you will not live exclusively for your own gratification, but that the good of others shall be an incentive to your studies, your exertions, your prayers. If you will be persuaded thus to enroll yourselves among the students of Heaven, consider attentively your own powers, situation, and opportunities of doing good."

This book should be read by all *young single ladies*. It would be to them what Mrs. Parkes' production is to married ladies.

GUIDE TO CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. Boston: Edited and Published by T. Merritt and D. S. King.—This most excellent monthly continues to advocate the evangelical doctrine of entire sanctification. Its recent numbers have, if any thing, increased in interest. Mr. Mahan's reply to Dr. Woods appears in the last number, and it is, far beyond our hope, satisfactory, and, we should suppose, conclusive. We feel solicitous that the "Guide" should have an extensive circulation.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, New York, is a monthly of sterling merit. It answers its title. On the first of January it commenced its tenth volume. Mrs. A. G. Whittlesey, Editor.

THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT, and Young Lady's Friend. Boston: Edited by William C. Brown; is also contributing important aids to the formation of female character, and the execution of woman's sacred trusts. It is principally reprint, but contains some excellent original articles from well known writers.

THE PICTORIAL MAGAZINE, devoted to the Instruction and Amusement of Young People of both sexes. Edited by Miss Cox. Cincinnati.—The first number of this new monthly was issued in January. It is designed for children, or very young persons. Nearly all the articles are from the pen of the editor, and evince great skill for the duties of her station.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE OHIO LUNATIC ASYLUM. December, 1841.—This shows the average number of patients, during the year 1841, to have been 143. Whole number admitted 343. Males 186; females 157. Of these 171 were single, and 136 married. The number discharged was 301. Of these 124 recovered, 28 were incurable, and 35 died. Per cent. of recoveries, 61.69.

PARLOR MELODIES.—This is a collection of original and selected pieces of music for the piano and the organ, adapted to a series of moral and religious songs. Arranged by Mrs. M. B. Loyd and Miss M. E. Bally. New York: Harper & Brothers. This is a neat quarto of more than one hundred pages. We are pleased to see that the parlor will now be accommodated with songs which can be innocently used for the entertainment of its guests. Fashionable music has contributed its share of influence towards the corruption of public morals. A reformation is as much needed in this matter as in the use of ardent spirits. There are many causes operating to produce that deep-seated and wide-spread depravity, which now threatens the ruin of the republic and the destruction of all confidence between private citizens. Let Moore, and Byron, and Bulwer, be the favorites of our sons and daughters, and form their parlor and their chamber companions, and no more will be necessary to effect the overthrow of our institutions, and annihilate the

securities of our freedom and happiness. The authors of this work are probably of the same opinion. They say, in their preface:

"Lessons in music have come to be almost necessary to complete the education of a young lady. Yet, the moment she sits down to the piano forte, she is obliged to entertain the most light and trifling, and sometimes vulgar sentiments, incorporated in the prescribed lessons, and commended to her lips in 'harmony of sweet sounds.' Parents receive their daughters from the boarding schools freighted with these light, frivolous, and often profane songs, which are to form the amusements of the parlor, and must always be sung to entertain their company."

The Parlor Melodies are cheerfully recommended for their intended use. They are innocent, at least, and many of them contain most weighty moral and religious admonition. The piece on page 126 is selected from this work. It is from the pen of the celebrated Mozart, and has long been a popular piece, both in Europe and America.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

METHODISM IN FRANCE.—In Paris there is a respectable English congregation of Wesleyans. They worship in No. 23 bis., Rue Royale, St. Honore. The members are much united, and walk in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. A library is connected with the chapel. The donations and collections for this department, from the Parisian Wesleyans, amounted to about £300 for the year 1840.

The French Chapel, Rue Menil Montant, is also at Paris. It is a respectable chapel, and is well attended. More than 300 French and Swiss have here been born again. Here 100 poor children of indigent Roman Catholics receive day and Sabbath school instructions.

In Boulogne is an old theatre which the Wesleyans use as a chapel. Here is a good society, day and Sabbath schools, and a circulating library.

Calais is a promising station, with a small good chapel for French worshippers.

At Basseville is a good new chapel, well attended.

At Lille and Roubaix the labors of the Wesleyans have been successful. Here there was recently a revival.

Caen is the oldest Wesleyan station in France. It dates from 1700. It has a commodious chapel, and prospers.

In Conde sur Noireau and its vicinity are two chapels and three preaching places.

But Methodism has prospered most in the south of France. In Nismes is a large congregation, and a pious people. At Conquinies, Vanwert, Codognan, and Montpellier, in the vicinity of Nismes, the good work prospers.

Bordeaux is the head of a flourishing circuit of 250 members. In the Alps are faithful Wesleyan missionaries, and Switzerland is visited by the power of God through their labors.

In all France the Wesleyans have twenty traveling and forty local preachers—about 1200 members and 113 on probation, 1200 children in Sabbath schools, a monthly magazine in French, and the following works are translated and read by the French, viz., *Life of Wesley* in 2 vols., 8vo; *Life of Nelson*; *Wesley's Sermons* in 2 vols., 8vo; *Wesley on Christian Perfection*; *Pipe on Sanctification*; *Hymnbook*; and several smaller works. This account is condensed from a report by Wm. Toosa, of Paris, chairman of the district.

ENCOURAGING SIGNS.—Amidst the discouragements of the times are various occasions for praise to the Giver of all good. The temperance reformation is sweeping over the land, and promises, with the divine blessing, to put an end to half the sorrows of mankind. Theatres are deserted, and in their place we have crowded halls wherever popular lectures are delivered. To crown all, revivals of religion are prevailing to an extent, and with a power unknown in modern times. As an evidence of this, we might mention that in the Scioto valley, between Portsmouth and Columbus, more than one thousand persons have been added to a single branch of the Church within three months.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, MAY, 1842.

COLUMBIA BRIDGE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS structure, if we recollect, is about sixty miles from Philadelphia. The Susquehannah, at this point, spreads into a great breadth, and the bridge is one mile and a half long. It seems a toilsome walk to the traveler who, thinking "it is only a bridge," gets down "to walk over." Our fair reader, who has occasion to cross it, will do well to ride two-thirds of the way, and then alight. Half a mile will be a pleasant walk; and on reaching the end of it, she will not be so fatigued as to be unable to look around her at the scenery, which, although it betrays no very striking features, may afford her a few minutes gratification, especially if she gives to her meditations a serious and devout turn, recollecting the gracious acts of Providence, by which she has reached this point of her journey. She may have started ten days previous from the Queen of the West, to visit her friends in Baltimore. Let her call to mind the goodness of God in preserving her life amidst the dangers of the way—on the Ohio, and in the crossings of the mountains; and then let her consider how little gratitude she has felt towards her merciful Protector. Let her lift her eyes now and then, and glance at the objects around her, and endeavor to trace in the flowing waters and in the distant forests some tokens of the power and the reign of the Almighty. Let her reflect on the swift passage she is making to the worlds beyond the grave—and consider well to which she is tending. There are two regions, (let her say to herself,) in one of which all the children of men, after death, shall find an everlasting abode. These realms widely differ in the character of their inhabitants, and in regard to their attractions and joys. And they are separated by an unbridged gulf, which even spirits cannot pass, and which cuts off all blissful communication between their occupants for ever and ever.

With such thoughts she may turn to profit her short walk over the Columbia bridge, and remount the carriage or enter the boat wiser if not happier than when she alighted. And this is needful. For how soon will the foot which now presses the soil on the banks of the Ohio or Susquehannah be motionless in the grave! And how very soon will those products of mechanical skill and toil, like the bridge pictured before us, be swept away by the stream of time, and be lost to the recollections of the living. Some things connected with them will never be forgotten *by the dead*. The blasphemies of the profane, and the prayers of the pious who wrought at these structures in the progress of their erection, will never be forgotten. The mischievous plottings and devisings of the earthly-minded passenger, and the hungerings and thirstings of the devout after righteousness, as they traversed these extended arch-

es, will never be forgotten. These will go before, or will follow after them to the invisible state, and will lighten or oppress them there. These will appear fresh as a *present conception* to comfort or condemn them in the judgment hour. May the reader, by grace improved, learn, in all times and states, to place God before her, and keep in view the hour of her meeting with the Judge of quick and dead! Thus can she address to her Lord and Savior the following lines of the pious Dr. Watts:

"Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Bless'd Savior, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne;
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend thy shining chariot down.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

Jesus, the God of might and love,
New molds our limbs of cumb'rous clay;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

Our airy feet, with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heav'nly light,
And leave the weltring world in fire."

Original.

TO THE ABSENT.

BY J. T. BRAME.

Orr as upon the azure height,
All studded with the gems of light,
I cast mine eyes, I think that thou
Art pure as any twinkling star;
And that thy mild and lovely brow
Is fairer than Diana's car.

And when I see the dreary pines,
Which shed around their sombre shade,
I think how soon the wreaths love twines,
In cold misfortune's tempests fade;
How soon the lov'd ones, who around
Our heart's affections close are bound,
Must bid our breasts with anguish swell,
And speak the dreaded word, "Farewell!"

But, O, for thee may life's rude seas
Be tost by no tempestuous breeze!
Safe o'er its billows may'st thou glide,
And anchor near thy Savior's side;
And calmly, 'neath a radiant west,
Sink like a starlet to thy rest!

Original.

THE LOST TRIBES.

BY CIRUS BROOKS.

A DEEP and general interest has long been felt in regard to the lost ten tribes of Israel. Dr. Grant's theory on this subject has greatly increased that interest. These tribes were carried into captivity, by the Assyrian kings, in the latter part of the eighth century before the Christian era; after which time they are seldom, if ever, mentioned in the Scriptures, and only incidentally alluded to in other ancient records. In modern times they have been sought in almost every corner of the earth; and various theories have occupied the public mind in regard to their present state, and the place of their retreat. One of the most fanciful, and, also, one of the most popular of these theories, is that which finds them in the aboriginal inhabitants of our own country; while one of the most reasonable, as the question has heretofore stood, is that adopted by Prideaux and others, that such of them as did not either return to Palestine with the Babylonish captives, or join themselves to the "dispersed of Judah" in other lands, have long since mingled with the nations around them, and ceased to exist as a separate people.

Dr. Grant has added another opinion to those already advanced; and has brought to its support such an amount of evidence, as to entitle it, to say the least, to a candid and enlightened examination. He supposes that the ten tribes still continue a separate people in the land of their captivity; and that they are still found in the Nestorian Christians of Persia and Koordistan.

The Nestorians were formerly a very numerous and influential people, and were extensively spread over the east. While the darkness of the Middle Ages rested upon the whole western world, they were successfully engaged in proclaiming the Gospel in middle and eastern Asia, and had even penetrated as far as China, and there erected the standard of the cross. But the religion of the False Prophet, enforced by the sword of those barbarous conquerors, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, swept over those countries, and the light of Christianity was extinguished.

Most of the Nestorians of Persia and Mesopotamia have become Papists, and have received the appellation of Chaldeans from the Roman pontiff. In the Persian district of Ooroomiah, however, as also in some of the Koordish districts of the Turkish empire, Nestorians are still found in considerable numbers; and a few Jews also dwell in the same countries, and speak the same language. But the principal home of the Nestorians is a central district of the mountains of Koordistan, of which they have exclusive possession.

Their villages and dwellings are in the vallies, where they all have their residence in winter; but in summer large numbers of them remove with their flocks to the *Zozan*, or pasture-lands, upon the summit of the mountains or in the higher vallies. Here they dwell in tents, until the approach of winter admonishes them again to retire to their homes in the vales. Protected by their

wild mountain fastnesses, they have successfully resisted the enemies of their faith, whether Papal, Mohamedan, or Pagan; and while the surrounding countries have been swept by successive storms of revolution, have maintained their religion, their laws, and their independence. These mountain tribes are known as the independent Nestorians, and are respected and feared by their neighbors, from whom they receive the proud appellation of *Ashiret*, "the tributeless."

The evidence adduced by Dr. Grant in support of the opinion that the Nestorians are the descendants of the captive Israelites, is spread over almost one hundred and seventy pages of his work. It will not, of course, be expected that all this testimony should be examined, or even hastily glanced at in the brief space allotted to the present article. The most we can do is merely to notice some of what we consider the more important points in the evidence. And in doing this, we shall not pretend to follow the arrangement of our author.

When we go in search of the lost tribes of Israel, the first inquiry that presents itself is, *where were they lost?** To what country were they carried by their captors? "Search for a thing where it is lost," says our author, "is a maxim which every child understands and practices."

The capture of the seven and a half tribes west of the Jordan, is related in 2 Kings xvii, 6; and xviii, 9-11, where it is stated that they were carried away by Shalmaneser, the king of Assyria, and placed "in Halah, and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes." The two and a half tribes east of the Jordan, were taken some fifteen or twenty years earlier, and were brought "unto Halah, and Habor, and Hara, and to the river Gozan, unto this day," 1 Chron. v, 26.

These two accounts so nearly agree, as to render it evident that all the captives were settled in the same region of country. They differ, however, in one or two points; and as the former is the more ancient, so it is probably the more accurate. In Kings, *Gozan* appears to be the name of a country; in Chronicles, the name of a river. In the former, the particle *by*, after *Habor*, is printed in italics, to show that it is not in the original; thus making "*Habor the river of Gozan*." Dr. Robinson translates, "on Habor," &c. But in Chronicles *Habor* appears to be the name of a place. In the latter place *Hara* is added, which, as it means "*mountainous*," is supposed to have been insert-

* Dr. Robinson says they were not lost at all. The following extract contains the substance of his theory in regard to them:

"After the various deportations out of the two kingdoms, the great body of the common people still remained in Palestine, where they became reunited as one nation in their public religious rites and worship at Jerusalem. The descendants of those carried away became in like manner amalgamated in the land of their exile. The permission to return was given alike to all; and so far as the testimony goes, no distinction of tribes was found among those who availed themselves of the opportunity. This distinction was almost wholly laid aside; the name of Jews became as comprehensive as was formerly that of Hebrews; and the ten tribes, as such, were forgotten," Am. Bib. Rep., 12mo., Jan., 1842, p. 62.

ed by a later hand, as a gloss, descriptive of the country in which the captives were settled, and to have found its way into the text through the carelessness or ignorance of a transcriber.

In searching for the particular places specified in the above quotations, it is of great importance to determine with accuracy the general region of country to which the captive tribes were deported; for, in ancient as well as modern geography, the same name is frequently given to places in different and distant regions. This, however, is a point not easily ascertained. We know that the Israelites were carried away by the kings of Assyria; but it is very difficult, if not impossible, to fix with any degree of certainty the precise limits of the Assyrian empire at the time of the captivity. Formerly it had included Media on the east, and Mesopotamia and Syria on the west; but was afterwards reduced within the limits of Assyria proper, corresponding very nearly with the boundaries of modern Koordistan.

Dr. Grant thinks that this reduction took place before the captivity. But, leaving historical proof out of the question, it seems incredible that Assyrian kings should be permitted to conduct military expeditions across those extensive and difficult countries lying between the Tigris and Palestine, and return again, laden with spoil and encumbered with captives, unless the Assyrian power was still predominant in those countries.

From the mere fact, then, that the Israelites were carried away by the Assyrians, it does not necessarily follow that they were carried east of the Tigris. This is rendered probable, however, by several considerations. The country properly called Assyria, or by the Greeks, Aturia, or Atyria, was east of the Tigris; and to this country the name was generally, and at a subsequent period, exclusively applied. There is no intimation that the captives were carried to places remote from each other, and as a part of them were placed in "the cities of the Medes," it is reasonable to suppose that the remainder were settled in the adjacent country of Assyria. And Josephus speaks of the ten tribes as residing, in his time, in Adiabene, which was a principal province of Assyria, to which it sometimes gave its name.

HALLAN, it is generally agreed, was a district of country in Assyria proper, and probably not very far from ancient Nineveh.

HABOR, as has been seen, is probably the name of a river. Habor, or Khaboor, is the present name of a river which rises in the mountains of Koordistan. There is also another river of the same name, the *Chaboras* of the Greeks, in Mesopotamia, that has some claim to be considered the Habor of Scripture.*

GOZAN, Dr. Grant thinks, is still found in the *Zozan*, or pasture-lands of the mountains of Koordistan. Others find it in the ancient Gauzanitis, of Mesopotamia; in Gausania, a city of Media; in Kuzul Ozan, or Kizil

Ozan, a river of Media; &c. But conjecture must supply, to a great extent, the place of evidence.

In regard to the "cities of the Medes," but little is known, except that they were in Media. The situation of this country is well known, but in what part of it these cities were located we are wholly uninformed. Conjecture, however, would place them near the borders of Assyria; in which country, as has been seen, the main body of the captives were settled.

But after all, it must be acknowledged that the precise location of the ten tribes in their captivity, cannot be determined with any degree of certainty. Yet as the places above mentioned, if in Assyria at all, are most probably to be found northward from Nineveh, we are disposed to fix upon the northern portion of Assyria, with some of the neighboring districts of Media, as the region of country in which the great body of the ten tribes were most probably settled. This, then, is the country in which we should now look for them, unless we can learn of their removal; and Dr. Grant says, "We have no evidence of their having been removed."

That they did not return to Palestine with the other two tribes, is evident, Dr. Robinson to the contrary notwithstanding, from the account given by the inspired penmen of the restoration of those tribes from the Babylonish captivity. Both Ezra and Nehemiah agree in giving the whole number of those who returned in pursuance of the edict of Cyrus, to be less than fifty thousand. And these, it is expressly stated, were "of those whom Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, had carried away unto Babylon, and came again to Jerusalem and Judah, every one to his own city," Ezra ii, 1; Neh. vii, 6. About seventy-nine years afterwards, a small number, amounting in all to less than two thousand males, accompanied Ezra to Jerusalem: of these, a few only were of the ten tribes, Ezra vii; viii. The testimony of Josephus is to the same effect. After stating that numbers of the Israelites from Media repaired to Babylon upon the permission given by Cyrus, for the purpose of accompanying their brethren of the other two tribes to Jerusalem, he says expressly, that "the entire body of the people of Israel remained in that country."

Long before this time the kingdom of Media had swallowed up and given its name to most of the neighboring countries, of which Assyria was one; and being united with Persia, the Medo-Persian empire was formed, within the limits of which, most, if not all, the captive Israelites resided. The decree of Cyrus, it is true, extended similar privileges to all the captives throughout his dominion; but, as shown above, only a few except the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin, availed themselves of the permission to return to the land of their fathers.

But the testimony of Josephus goes still further. Speaking of his own time, late in the first century, he says, "There are but two tribes in Asia and Europe subject to the Romans; while the ten tribes are beyond the *Euphrates till now*" And still more definite infor-

* Ezekiel "was among the captives by the river *Chebar*," Ezek. i, 1, 3. If this were the *Habor* of 2 Kings xvii, 6, &c., it could not be in Assyria, as it was "in the land of the Chaldeans."

mation in regard to the location of these tribes at this time, is furnished in the celebrated speech of Agrippa, dissuading the Jews from a war with the Romans. His language, according to Whiston's translation, is as follows: "Unless any of you extend his hopes as far as beyond the Euphrates, and suppose that those of your own nation that dwell in *Adiabene* will come to your assistance." Now according to Dr. Robinson,* the intercourse between Palestine and Adiabene was such at this time, that both Josephus and Agrippa must have been well acquainted with the condition of the Israelites in the latter country; and must have known whether they were, or were not of the ten tribes. Thus we find the captives in the land of their bondage in the latter part of the first century of the Christian era.

And we hear of them again in the same land at a still later period. St. Jerome, who wrote in the beginning of the fifth century, speaks of them as follows: "Unto this day the ten tribes are subject to the kings of the Persians, nor has their captivity ever been loosed." Again he says, "The ten tribes inhabit at this day the cities and mountains of the Medes."

Thus, from the time of the captivity to the beginning of the fifth century, a period of between eleven and twelve hundred years, the continuance of the ten tribes in the countries to which they were at first deported, appears to have been a matter of public notoriety. And the evidence is so satisfactory, that Dr. Buchanan declares, "There is no room left for doubt on this subject." From that time to the present we hear nothing of their removal. "The native histories," says Dr. Grant, "Persian, Turkish, and Arabic, which are numerous, say nothing of the removal of the captive Israelites; and tradition is equally silent." Indeed the conclusion seems to us almost inevitable, that, unless they have mingled with the nations among whom they were planted, they still continue a separate people "in Halah, and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes."

And if these places were situated in the region of country where Dr. Grant supposes, and where there is certainly reason to believe they were situated, then, in the very region to which the captive Israelites were deported, where they continued as late as the beginning of the fifth century, and where they should still be sought, we find a people claiming to be of Israelitish descent, and exhibiting many traces of a Hebrew ancestry. These people are the Nestorians. A presumption has already been raised in favor of their claim, and we look with anxiety for evidence in support of the presumption.

The first proof adduced by our author is a tradition, which he says "is general, and commonly believed among the Nestorians throughout Assyria and Media," that they are of Israelitish descent; and "that their forefathers, at some early day, came to the regions now occupied by them from the *land of Palestine*." The truth of this tradition is acknowledged by the Jews that

dwell among them, and is confirmed by some of the learned among their Mohammedan neighbors. "The Jews," says Dr. Grant, "admit that the Nestorians are as truly the descendants of the Israelites as themselves." Two learned Jews who visited him, stated in reply to his inquiries, "that they knew that the Nestorians were the children of Israel; but as the Nestorians had departed from the faith of their fathers, their people were ashamed to own them as brethren." In the same conversation they stated, "that they had records containing an account of the time and circumstances of their conversion to Christianity." This latter statement bears strongly upon a question that will be hereafter considered; namely, the conversion of the ten tribes to the Christian faith.

The tradition of an Israelitish descent, however, is not peculiar to the Nestorians. A few other tribes of interior Asia also claim descent from the Hebrews. But it does not necessarily follow, as asserted by Dr. Robinson, that "there is no good reason for singling out the Nestorians, and yielding credence to their tradition, and not to the rest."* If the same corroborating testimony can be adduced in the case of others as in that of the Nestorians, and if their traditions bear the same internal marks of truth, then, no doubt, the same credit should be given to those traditions. But, until this is made to appear, such an assumption as that above quoted is perfectly gratuitous.

And the principle involved in this remark we wish kept in mind, as it bears upon much of the evidence adduced by Dr. Grant in support of his theory. That evidence being cumulative, the strength of the argument does not depend upon the conclusiveness of isolated facts. Similar facts may be found among other tribes or nations; but until *all* the facts presented in the case of the Nestorians, shall be found clustering around one people, it cannot be conceded that the evidence is, in both cases, equally conclusive. It must be acknowledged, however, that there are two important defects in the tradition of the Nestorians. The first is, a want of documentary evidence in its support. As the patriarch's ancient manuscripts were destroyed by water some sixty years since, it is at least possible that these may have contained some such evidence. But from the manner in which the Nestorians reason upon the subject, it is manifest that they have no idea that any has ever existed. And the only proof furnished by Dr. Grant that any ever did exist, is contained in the following note: "Priest Dunka, who has long been employed as an assistant in this mission, and sustains a character for veracity, and, we hope, for consistent piety, assures me that he saw near Mosul a history in which it was expressly stated, that they, the Nestorians, were Beni Israel, (the children of Israel.)" The other defect is, an entire want of information in regard to the time and circumstances of the settlement of their ancestors in this country. Now it seems almost incredible, that an event of so much importance in the

* Am. Bib. Rep., Jan., 1842, pp. 48-50.

* Am. Bib. Rep., Jan., 1842, p. 37.

history of a people, as the capture, deportation, and settlement in a strange land of the ten Israelitish tribes, should be forgotten by their posterity to the latest generation.

But Dr. Grant does not rest his cause solely, nor even mainly, upon tradition. This is but one link in the chain of testimony by which he reaches his conclusion. The languages spoken by the Nestorians, and Jews that dwell among them, furnish additional evidence that they are descended from a common stock. These languages are said to be essentially the same, and to differ no more than is very common in different dialects of the same tongue; and this, notwithstanding the mutual hatred between the Nestorians and Jews is such as almost entirely to prevent intercourse. These Jews, it should be remarked, are spoken of by Dr. Grant, as unquestionably descended from the ten tribes; though upon what authority he does not inform us.

He also argues the Hebrew descent of the Nestorians from the Hebrew appellations by which, as a people, they are called, and from the common use of Hebrew names among them; also from their physiognomy, manners and customs, mode of living, &c.; in all of which, he says, they are strikingly Jewish. But to obtain any thing like a fair view of these arguments, the reader must consult Dr. Grant's work itself.

Evidence still more striking, if not more conclusive, is found in the remarkable fact, that, to this day, the Nestorians observe such Jewish rites as are not wholly superseded by the institutions of Christianity. They sacrifice thank-offerings—present the first fruits to the Lord—make and perform vows—abstain from food forbidden in the law of Moses—refrain from the same causes of impurity—treat the Sabbath and the sanctuary with a similarly sacred regard; together with other Jewish institutions and observances. These rites, especially the offering of sacrifices, Dr. Grant very properly maintains, must be either of Jewish or of heathen origin. That they are not derived from any system of Pagan worship, he thinks is satisfactorily proved by attendant circumstances, and the deep abhorrence with which the Nestorians regard every kind and form of idolatry. Therefore, he argues, they must be of Hebrew origin, and furnish proof that the Nestorians are of Hebrew descent.*

There are two important institutions of the Jewish Church, however, which, though practiced by the early converts from Judaism, are entirely wanting among the Nestorians. These are circumcision and the payment of tithes. The absence of the former is pretty satisfactorily accounted for by the reason which the Nestorians themselves assign: namely, that this rite is superseded by Christian baptism; and the payment of tithes is said to have been discontinued in consequence of poverty and oppression.

Now it may be that some of the rites and customs

alluded to by Dr. Grant, are primitive; being derived from the system of worship practiced before the dispersion of mankind; that others of them are eastern; and, consequently, practiced by all the nations of the east; and that others still, may have grown out of the peculiar situation of the Nestorians: but, after all, it seems difficult thus to account for all of them, and still more difficult to account for the remarkable fact, that they all meet in this singular people. Where is there another people under heaven of whom the same may be said? Let Dr. Robinson tell us where.

We come now to consider, as briefly as possible, some of the evidence adduced by Dr. Grant, in proof that the great body of the ten tribes were converted to the Christian faith, at a very early period after the ascent of our Lord. If this point could be established, and if it could be shown that the places now inhabited by the Nestorians are the same occupied by the ten tribes at the time of their conversion; then, the conclusion would be inevitable, that the Nestorians are the descendants of those tribes. For it is satisfactorily proved that the Nestorians were among the earliest converts to Christianity, and that they have remained a separate people, in the same places where they then resided, from that day to this; and they are the only Christians that now live, or have lived in those places.

And if Dr. Grant has done nothing more, in this part of his work, than to raise a mere probability of the conversion of the Israelites, still something is gained to the general theory, while nothing is lost if he fails altogether. For the want of evidence upon this point cannot invalidate, unless the contrary can be shown, the evidence already adduced in proof of the Hebrew descent of the Nestorians. Thus we enter upon this part of his inquiry, feeling that he has much to gain, but nothing to lose. And if he has not succeeded in procuring satisfactory proof of the conversion of the ten tribes, he has, at least, shown that the Gospel was preached, and with general success, in the very countries in which those tribes were most probably settled.

He quotes several of the most respectable authors of antiquity, from whose united testimony it appears that at least five of the apostles, together with a number of the primitive disciples, preached the Gospel extensively in the east; and were instrumental in the conversion of large numbers of the inhabitants of Adiabene, the Elamites, Persians, Medes, &c. One author states, that "the divine apostle Thomas first preached the Christian faith in the east, in the second year from the ascent of our Lord. He preached to different people, viz., Parthians, Medes, Persians, &c." According to Dr. Grant, the Nestorians still regard the apostles, Thomas, Thaddeus, and others, with great interest and affection, as the chief instruments of their conversion to Christianity.

That the subjects of these early labors were principally Israelites, is argued by our author, from the consideration that, until the conversion of Cornelius, the apostles confined their labors mostly, if not exclusively, to those of their own nation; not only in the land of

* Dr. Robinson has entirely misrepresented this argument. See Am. Bib. Rep., Oct., 1841, p. 472.

Israel, but in all places of their dispersion. That this was the case, appears to be supported by the testimony of Eusebius. Speaking of the early labors of the apostles, he says, they "were not yet in a situation to venture to impart the faith to the nations, and, therefore, only announced it to the Jews." He also "states on the authority of Origen, that Parthia (which included Adiabene, &c.) was assigned to Thomas," and gives the most glowing account of the success of the work in that country. But, if this view be correct, the Israelites must have been more extensively scattered than Dr. Grant's theory supposes; as, according to his own showing, the labors of the apostles were not confined to the countries to which he supposes the captives were carried. Indeed, similar difficulties seem to lie against several parts of his theory. And they seem to have been felt by him; and, together with other considerations, to have given rise to the conjecture, that, perhaps, the Yezidees, the neighboring Syrian Christians, and the Syrian Christians of Travancore, described by Dr. Buchanan, are also of Israelitish descent.

Another consideration urged by Dr. Grant is, that upon the ever memorable day of Pentecost, there were present at Jerusalem, and subjects of that astonishing work, pious Jews from the very countries in question. This proves that there were Jews residing in those countries, and renders it probable that efforts were early made for their conversion. For those who had embraced the Christian faith themselves, would, of course, feel a deep concern for the salvation of their countrymen; and would urge the apostles to undertake, and render them every possible assistance in effecting their conversion. But the facts in this case have the same bearing on the general question as those just now considered. For while there were present "*Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites;*" there were also present "*dwellers in Mesopotamia,*" and in almost all the countries of western Asia, and in several countries of Europe and Africa. And as they are all denominated *Jews*, without distinction of tribes, the conclusion seems natural, that, in foreign lands at least, this distinction was in a great measure laid aside.

But the testimony of the Jews that dwell among the Nestorians is not encumbered with the same difficulties. They, according to Dr. Grant, "assert very positively that the Nestorians were converted from Judaism to Christianity, immediately after the death of Christ." And, as has been seen, these Jews claim to have records containing an account of the time and circumstances of their conversion.

The arguments drawn from St. Paul's allusion to the "twelve tribes," in his defense before Agrippa;* and the address of St. James "to the twelve tribes scattered abroad,"† though ingenious, appear to us unsatisfactory; and as they could not be abridged without manifest injustice to the author, we must refer the reader to the work itself.

Taking all things into consideration, there is cer-

tainly some reason to believe that these captive exiles were among the first to listen to the voice of the great Deliverer, who was "sent to bind up the broken-hearted; to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." But still, in the absence of any direct proof that can be relied upon, the mind returns from the examination with a feeling of disappointment, and settles down in a state of painful uncertainty.

Thus have we taken a cursory view of some of the more important points in the testimony adduced by Dr. Grant in support of his theory. But we fear that justice has not been done either to him or to our readers. We have endeavored, however, to treat the subject with fairness; and have done the best we could without going beyond our intended limits. The theory which we have examined, though plausible, is wanting in that demonstration which would produce an unhesitating conviction of its truth; and we shall await with anxiety the result of future inquiries, which must either sustain or overthrow so fair a structure.

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Original.
ON FRIENDSHIP.

—
BY J. S. TOMLINSON.
—

In friendship's consecrated word,
What charms are not expressed!
Those by its tie together knit,
Are envially blessed.

'Tis not a lure that lulls to sleep,
A slave to wealth or fame;
A boon, which, at misfortune's touch,
Evaporates in name.

Of kindred natures 'tis the bond,
(With gravity)—the noose,
Which neither time, nor pain, nor chance,
Nor death itself can loose.

Minds grafted in this common stock,
More vigorously grow,
As focal than expanding rays,
Do more intensely glow.

Life's sorrows it doth cut in twain,
And double all our joys;
The fruit it yields to gen'rous hearts,
Is that which never cloy.

If friendship for a fellow worm
Such ecstasy can bring,
The bliss that crowns the "friend of God,"
What mortal tongue can sing!

Through storm and sunshine, weal and woe,
This priceless, changeless love—
O! may it guide our footsteps here,
And tune our harps above!

* Acts xxvi, 7. † James i, 1, &c.

Original.

THE BLIND MUSICIAN.

AN INTERESTING FACT.

AMIDST all the changes of this changeful life, how varied are the means by which God draws us to himself. He who has formed the human heart knows which chord to strike; where lies the sweetest melody; and often what in the unmeaning language of the world is called our greatest calamity, eventuates in the salvation of our souls. These reflections have arisen in my mind with the recollection of a little incident that occurred to me some few years since in traveling.

In passing through a street of a New England town, I suddenly came in contact, in turning a corner, with an elderly gentleman and a young female; and as there arose at the moment a brief delay, arising from street etiquette, of who should take the precedence, I was led to a closer examination of their faces than we generally bestow upon street passengers. The old gentleman was gray-headed, and I soon discovered, was blind. His eyes were only partially shaded, and were the most remarkable looking eyes I have ever seen. They were large, prominent, and seemed to glow and revolve in their sockets; owing, I presume, to the peculiar manner by which he had been deprived of his sight. I was led to inquire into the history of the two, as much from the sweet, appealing look with which the lady asked for the larger half of the side-walk, as that the gentleman had awakened my sympathy by the loss of his eyes; and as she had, by the kind and tender expression of hers, while guiding and watching over him with the untiring vigilance which springs alone from the depths of woman's heart. I was gratified to learn that the lady was his daughter, and not his wife; for in the latter case the broad disparity of years would have caused a slight discord in my feelings, by raising a doubt as to the *entire disinterestedness* of her choice. I was informed that the old gentleman had in his youth been a seaman, and had spent some fifteen years of his life in the capacity of a common sailor; and that, too, at a period when sailor was but another name for a drinking, superstitious, and ignorant fellow, with but here and there an honorable exception—and Mr. S. had been truly a sailor of the old school. Who, at that date, would have supposed him destined or capable of any thing better? But all things are possible with God. He wrought the change:

"He moved in a mysterious way,
The wonder to perform;
Planted his footsteps on the sea,
And rode upon the storm."

His whole life had been a life of outward being; his whole stock of information had been derived, and was limited to what he had ever *seen* and *heard*; not one introspective glance had ever shot athwart the gloom within. Yet there lay hidden in his soul, like virgin gold of the unsunned mine, a rich treasure of heavenly harmony, which was soon to be revealed and dedicated to his Maker.

The heathen boasted of a god whose transmuting

touch could turn all things into gold. The Christian's God owns the more effective principle, of giving life to the dead, and of "creating a soul under the ribs of death." While Mr. S. was on a long sea voyage, being yet a young man, they were encountered by very frequent and severe storms of thunder and lightning; so terrible, indeed, that the crew became fearful and heart-stricken: and, alas! they knew not the language of supplication, and there was none on board to teach them, so that their fears were unrelieved by the slightest ray of consolation. It was in one of these storms that Mr. S. was on duty at the helm, when, as a terrific flash of lightning struck the mast-head, it at the same instant deprived him of his sight for ever. He who, but a moment before, was guiding a mighty ship over the trackless ocean, was ever after himself led along his narrow pathway, and dependent for every footstep on the guidance of another. But this was a merciful providence, waking up his soul to the realities of a better state of being, and of a future life. He now began to look *inward*, and, alas! there he found nothing but "thick darkness." Unused to reflection, and unfitted to enjoy it, he floated for many months in the two-fold darkness of body and spirit, over the wide ocean. But He who orders all things well, brought him at last safely to port; and he then sought consolation where it is only to be found.

There was in those days no Bethel for the piously disposed seaman to resort to; but he desired to be conducted to some church, where he might hear the preaching of the Gospel: for he was afflicted and miserable, and sought to be fed with the crumbs that fell from his Master's table. The church to which he had been led had a remarkably fine organ, and a highly gifted German organist. The chanting as he entered seemed to electrify him, to open his soul; and to communicate itself to the hidden harmony within, and draw him heavenward. He became a constant attendant, and a devout suppliant at that sanctuary. Its doctrines were pure and evangelical, and he felt soothed and comforted. He was on the highway to holiness, and no longer grieved for the loss of sight, but thanked God from the depths of his heart that his *hearing* was yet left, that he might enjoy the preaching of the Gospel. And He who granted the prayer of blind Bartimeus, vouchsafed to hear him also, and opened the eyes of his heart and his understanding to receive the truth as it is in Jesus: so like him he went rejoicing on his way, crying, "What a Savior I have found." When he became a Christian, it seemed, as it ever does, to elevate and refine the whole character; his soul was filled with a celestial harmony, and he became eminently musical, and for many years afterwards officiated as organist in the same church where he had caught his first musical inspiration, and learned the first rudiments of spiritual harmony. He now married an excellent young woman, whose heart he had secured by his piety, and by the corresponding charm of a musical taste. And to this talent he turned as a support for his family, and he became a regular teacher, and has now for many years

employed almost all his time in giving lessons in the city on various musical instruments. And this reminds me of a little anecdote since told me by one of his pupils, in connection with his name, and which illustrates the assertion, that the suppression of one sense is often compensated in a measure by a heightening of the others. The young lady said, at the change of the season she had made some alterations in the arrangement of her parlor; and that the next day, when Mr. S. appeared to give her her lesson, he exclaimed, as he opened the door, "I see you have removed the forte piano away from the fire"—his nice ear having ascertained this change.

His whole being was now regenerated. He was happy in his religion, and together with his profession, it made such melody in his soul, that he soon burst forth as a composer of music; and to him the public are indebted for many fine pieces of sacred music; amongst others, the favorite one, adapted to the words of,

"There's nothing true but heaven."

He is still living in the town where I saw him; respected as a man, and admired as a musician. His family are all musical, and he has so trained his daughters that they have become proficient; and the one I saw guiding her father is said to be also a composer. They have acquired a genteel competency, are pious and good, and I know not where you will find a happier family.

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.



Original.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.*

THANKS, little Miss, for this sweet gift! I deem it doubly dear,
That thou didst give it me on the first Sabbath of the year!
I take it with an honest heart from one I dearly love,
And pray that He who guides the stars and rules the realms above,
May shelter thee beneath his wing from all distracting woes,
And shed within thy heart an odor sweeter than the rose!
When thou didst place it in my hand my heart indulg'd the dream,
That it were not a bloom of earth—so lovely did it seem!
And O! I thought a whisper trembled from its lucid folds,
Soft as the grateful sigh of love, that said, "Though winter holds
His reign o'er ev'ry fetter'd stream, and ev'ry flowerless hill,
The world is not all dreariness—there's beauty in it still!"
Thy little hand hath shelter'd it from winter's stormy breath,
And saved its leaves from flying to the bitter winds of death;

* Who presented the author with a beautiful rose on the first Sabbath in the year.

And now, an offering to the one who best thy love may prize,
Thou givest it to me that I may nurse it till it dies!
And O! I would that I could know that I were fit to be
The guardian of the rose and her who nourish'd it for me!

The autumn winds have been abroad and wither'd all the flowers
That blossom'd in the sunny fields, and in the leafy bowers;

Where late we saw the lilies bloom and roses sweetly spring,

The chilling blast that nipt them down unfurls his spirit wing;

And now in vain we seek to find the summer glories gone,

That brighten'd over ev'ry hill and smiled in ev'ry lawn!

The angel of the golden flowers has left our plains awhile;

To gladden other regions with the sweetness of her smile;

But ere she left she touch'd thy heart with sympathy, and bade

Thee shield this sweet and lovely rose from ev'ry sickly shade,

Till it should give its glories forth and spread its odors wide,

And smile beneath thy kind regard in beauty and in pride!

And O! I think when she returns some loving one should tell

The angel of the flowers, that thou hast done thy duty well!

Had I a lute of pearl and gold, its soft and flowing strain
Should greet her ear, and welcome her to her own realms again;

And one sweet note should tell her so, and kindly ask that she

Would twine with fairy hands a wreath of rosy gems for thee!

But there is One whose smile is light, and He will hear my prayer,

And wreath for thee a crown of life more beautiful and fair

Than all the roses of the earth; and it shall brightly shine

Upon thy brow in distant worlds, all radiant and divine,
Where seraph ones in robes of white for countless years

have trod,
And veiled their faces with their wings before the throne

of God!

E. H. H.



O'er fields of green the flocks are spread,
The oak extends its sylvan shade,
The root puts forth its tender blade,
And says, 'tis May.

Original.

FALSE COMPLIANCE.

We often hear an individual, particularly a female, commended and even eulogized for an amiable, yielding, and easy temper. And indeed few properties of character afford more satisfaction to others, or are greater evidence of generosity in the individual, than a kind and obliging temper. Certainly, it is a sacrifice in the performer, under whatever views, to surrender inclinations, purposes, and tastes, to the requirements of others. It is a matter that can hardly be overvalued or sufficiently compensated. The sacrifice is made, when the gust of humor dictates, for the receiver—it is complied with, when perhaps there exists an equal distaste to the act, or the surrender in the performer. If it is ever rewarded, the compensation comes, perhaps, at a time when it is neither needed nor relished by the person on whom it is bestowed. As far as our ken has yet extended, there is no fair return possible in the case. Do we let pass for nothing, then, the habit acquired of self-control—of cheerful, prompt performance—of ungrudging generosity—the self-annihilating service—the devotion of friendship—in short, the fulfillment of Scripture rule, to “do unto others even as we would that they should do unto us?”

But are we right in this exceeding compliance? and is our sacrifice of so much worth? For answer, let us apply the simple test of its motive. If it has been of the regenerated heart, of the paramount duty, and in the service of God, that we have done all this, then are we authorized to believe that our obedience shall have its reward. Has the service also been duly weighed in all its bearings and consequences? and will the effect, the necessary effect of our sacrifice upon all the parties concerned, see us out in a beneficial result? Then may we indeed rejoice exceedingly for this so great mastery over ourselves, that even besides the smiles and thanks and joy of our fellow, as seen and perceived by our heart of sympathy here, there is the far more exceeding joy in the intimation of the reward to come—even a rapture by perceptions not yet bestowed upon us, in which the wise believe by faith, and of which the good get a foretaste that shuts out all doubt for ever!

We have been led to this train of reflections, by the reading of an old letter, announcing the death of a most excellent lady, a former acquaintance, and one with whose history we are thoroughly conversant. Her latter years had been of singular conformity to Gospel rules and requirements, not temporizing and half worldly, but an adherence to law, by strict, prayerful, conscientious, and Scriptural interpretation—even by the reading of the great Teacher—the spirit of grace as bestowed on her when sought. This lady was born in one of the small towns (not now recollected which) of Connecticut, and was left, at a very early age, an orphan. She had no sister—only one brother, her junior, and no senior relative to guide and govern her youthful career. Her fortune was very considerable, but that was regularly attended to and saved for her.

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Neither was it, in that staid community, and especially at that early date, (upwards of forty years since,) a wife to her unheeding youth. Her family, I might have noticed, was of the first class in station and respectability. She had afforded to her the best opportunities of education which our seminaries then possessed; and it is well known that Connecticut, more than any sister state, by custom and even by statute, bars the ingress of youthful follies, by the shutting out of temptation, of festivities, and amusements to the young, by many allowed as venial for such, without reflecting how much more difficult it is to eradicate false habits, than it is to prevent their germination and growth.

Miss S. was of a very serious, though cheerful cast of character; and whether the restrictions common to the place fell in with her natural disposition—or what is more like, that her dispositions were naturally formed after them—however, it is well known that she never evinced a taste for lightness or frivolity, even after she was introduced to a society, of which amusement and gayety were striking points of its character. Her removal and residence in the town of N—, in Massachusetts, happened in consequence of her marriage with a gentleman of the latter place. She was yet young, say seventeen years, and the man she married a gay, talented, and prominent participant in all the engrossing follies, or half follies, of fashionable life. And the town of N—, moreover, was par excellence not only the seat of Athenian elegance, of taste, character, versatility, but also it was, and had been from time immemorial, i. e., ever since the Revolutionary war, the seat and theatre of general, unstinted, unflinching hospitality. And being a thoroughfare, seated half way betwixt two of our large cities, it had the honor of entertaining the birds of passage on the outward and return flight from both places—a distinction which was rather acknowledged in the self-complacency of the accommodation, than by any effort of return to the occasional convenience of the other party. Of this in itself we would not make so much; for we admire a proper hospitality, and think that he who never affects it has no blood in his veins. But an unwise hospitality is worse than none; for it robs the poor by impoverishing the rich. And many things are of a piece with this indiscreet character in this town. You see a great number of the fine houses—ambitiously fine they are—but after a few years not occupied by the builder or either of his children—the value of the house being more than any one, perhaps two, could receive as a divided share of the property. So they have passed into other hands, and stand as regretful monuments to the children of the unthrift pride of the father. Sorry we are, but many such do you see in every New England town. At a distance this will hardly be believed of the calculating Yankee. Neither would we commute the unjust charge of their meanness, for, alas! the just one of their extravagance. Miss S., however, now Mrs. C., did not feel obliged, in coming here, to forego all her own habits, and to adopt the less judicious ones of her new residence; and though her husband, with the vanity common to youth, would fain

have lunched out in the commencement of house-keeping, yet, as in New England, the lady, if she have any means at all, invariably furnishes the house, so he could not have the delicacy to dictate to his wife in matters of expense which his purse did not afford. And so, in furnishing, they took, by her good sense, the medium ground. They adopted what was decently genteel, and eschewed whatever was extravagant and pretending; and though some wondered that the rich Miss S. was so narrow in her views, it was but a passing comment, and none were excited to the ill-will of an abiding jealousy of her superior appointments to their own. Even her husband, at the end of the year, when she suggested that they had probably saved one or two hundred dollars in the interest of articles which she had rejected as superfluous, confessed his satisfaction, and began to perceive that he had acquired not only a companion and friend, but also a coadjutor in management, and an adviser in the difficulties incidental to their common lot. And he recollected with more than complacency how, as a bachelor, he had overruled his own taste—as far as the eye went—in preferring her to many a sparkling beauty, whom, vanity apart, he might reasonably have hoped to win; for be it known that Mrs. C. had never been pretty, even to the amount of comeliness. With a figure sufficiently commanding, she possessed that sort of face which, without symmetry or complexion, yet carries in its expression of good sense and earnest sincerity of principle, a grasp of power and tenacity upon the beholder, which—if he profess any point of affinity—is not easily shaken off. It was one of those plain faces which a female often avers, in her chosen friend, to be a handsome one. *A woman will as readily marry a plain man as a handsome one—a gentleman is not often so wise.*

Hers was a character that gained unawares upon the community; and though, at her first coming into this Athenian city, she had been thought of somewhat strait and fixed views, and rather plain for the chosen of the talented and witty lawyer, yet soon they began to apprehend that though she was not quite as apt at repartee, she was no ways his inferior in the sum of character and ability, and that, without intermeddling or dictating to others, she yet possessed and acted out an unequivocal deference to what was proper over what was merely customary. She was good and charitable. She noticed inferior persons, considered and thought about them, and helped those most who most needed help. She had often, according to the usage of the times, expensive presents proffered to her acceptance. She once, on an occasion of this sort, made this noble and characteristic answer, "I thank you—I will always remember this kindness; but pass it over in this particular—let it remain a bond yet to be redeemed in your kind regards for me, and in some gift, should I ever need it." At the same time she said in her own heart, "By custom I should have made an equivalent for this present, had I received it; but I prefer doing a hundred useful acts to the poor in the same amount. God has deputed some as his almoners upon earth. Have I—peradven-

ture I am one of them—have I a right to give to the rich? With my serious views, it would seem to me like a sort of Simony. No, I must never give or receive a present as such. Particular cases warrant the thing, and render it graceful and proper. But such cases are rare, and this certainly is not one of them." Such a sort of woman was Mrs. C. But she had, along with the joys of a satisfied conscience, many trials in the partial concessions which she rendered to the worldly considerations of her position.

She had never, in her youth, been initiated to scenes of mirthful and time-destroying gaiety; and now, since her removal and married life, neither had she ever joined in amusements of this sort. Although it pained her affection, and inspired a momentary discontent, that her dear George should find enjoyment apart from herself, yet was she never tempted to overstep the rule which she had made to herself of "taste not, touch not." She never joined a dancing party, although her husband, whom she loved better than any earthly being, did many times each winter leave her at home, and, as had been his wont before marriage, join these parties of dissipation and folly. But suppose not any estrangement of regard on his part for this—he was most truly attached to her—he merely argued with his yet unchanged views, that in a matter which neither valued *very* much, there could be no great impropriety in his following his bent, so he left her to the enjoyment of hers. Now in the management of a legal argument our lawyer was regular and consecutive—at least he could be so—but in this case he gave an undue preponderance to inclination over propriety. Once, indeed, when the state of her health was not good, she expostulated with him a little, and said, "George, people will suppose you care very little for me, to attend so constantly as you do at these parties." She forbore using objections of a religious kind, which she was aware would be unavailing, and would create the avowal of a painful dissent. He replied, "If I find a temporary amusement in these scenes, will it not also be said that *you* would deprive me of *my* satisfactions? I value them only at what they are worth after all, and would not institute a comparison betwixt my regard for you or the matter of going to a party." "But," said she, affectionately, "I would not consent to be pleased or satisfied at any place where *you* were not. Indeed, George, these places are not worth your time and attention." And for that once he did not attend; but in the course of the evening he evinced so much discontent, and such a puerile hankering after the amusement that he had missed, that in future she forbore the subject altogether. Other far more considerable trials she had, too; for by this time her children were coming on the theatre of life. Her eldest daughter was now thirteen years of age. She had also two others, each a couple of years younger than the sister. And in the treacherous security of childhood they had been permitted to indulge in tastes adverse to the spirit in which their mother, had it happened that she alone should guide them, would have consented. But abetted by

their father, and by the influence of all association from without, they had been led on to a decided taste, and even the determination to indulge, like others in the school, in vain amusements, shows, and spectacles—idleness which, whilst they feed, out of all proportion, the outward senses, leave the mind and the soul to starve. I have used the word “determined.” That, indeed, is a strong word for a girl of thirteen years. Yet such was the case. Sophia C., possessing the best style of intellect, and a capacity that grasped at whatever it contemplated, had yet these rare endowments more than counterbalanced by a frowardness of temper and an incorrigible obstinacy of will which set admonition, entreaty, and even command, at defiance; and persisting in her self-will, she often absented school, to join in forbidden amusements, dressed expensively and beyond her years, spent much of her time in promenading the streets, and in the annoying and impertinent occupation of shopping without an errand, and finally entered into an epistolary correspondence with one of the young clerks of the counter. All these things, whilst they revolted her mother’s nice propriety, and yet more alarmed her rectitude in a holier sense, shocked her father’s pride, and offended his gentility.

The mother, we say, had been overruled in the management of her daughters. She had also, of late years, become habitually an invalid, and was of necessity not so vigilant as otherwise she might have been. But what was the father about whilst these evil fruits of misrule had been ripening in the domestic nursery? He was making a fortune, and spreading himself into fame. He was indulgent to his children; and when they were on their good behavior, which his petulant rebuke mostly controlled whilst in his presence, he was carelessly fond of them. But in any other sense than that of their temporal prosperity and preferment, they were but a third or fourth rate consideration with him. He would fain, indeed, that their characters were more thoroughly amiable, and particularly as to their establishment in life. Their aberrations he looked upon rather as the play of an extra juvenescence than as marks of positively vicious tendencies. He *considered them very young*, and that rectitude and decorum would come by the way, and follow in the train of womanhood and propriety. A woman, however negligent she may have been in the fact, would not have used this argument, at least in so large allowance; and although it is a beautiful comment upon the providence of nature that she does afford this superinduced propriety, as it becomes more needed, yet not so unwisely does she afford it as to supersede the necessity of parental surveillance and authority. But did the father continue to be satisfied in this half care of his children? or did conscience and a better sway of nature sometimes sting him into conviction and remorse? Yes, sometimes, especially when he saw that his wife, whom he tenderly loved, was afflicted to anguish, and almost to the verge of despair at their misdoings. But he by no means had the same view of the enormity of these self-directing children that she had. Where she grieved

over the violation of God’s laws, and the accumulation of sin upon their youthful heads, he apprehended but some signal outbreak, or some disgraceful catastrophe to their unrestricted license. But why did not he control it then? Will it be asserted that a man, a father, cannot restrain the movements of his children not yet grown into womanhood? In fact, the witty, keen, sapient lawyer, the student, the counselor, was not yet a strong character; for, though capable of principles, he had not yet established himself in any. And being often fatigued with the press and hurry of professional business, and being, also, as we have said, regardless of the insidious approaches of sin under the venial guise of juvenile error, they were left much to themselves—and being three strong, which, as arrayed in opposition to their parents, means three wicked, they, by the arts of deception and prevarication, often got the better in the occasional discussions which took place in consequence of their self-assuming contumacy, and their departure from parental rule. As for the wife and the mother, she had been fain, in earlier years of their misconduct, to console herself with the axioms of philosophy, and would say, “I have been too proud of my husband’s public influence and his fame, and too well satisfied in his preference of me. Alas, I begin to perceive that no mere earthly good but has its alloy—its counterbalancing evil! Shall the heathen, indeed, plead the argument, ‘for the sake of the good to bear the evil,’ and shall not I, a Christian mother, be able to adopt so good a precept?” But now this mother had become a Christian indeed—she had experienced that great change which enlarges the vision by all that is spiritually discerned, and she began to say, “I once affected to console myself with teachings of philosophy; but I now desire to be consoled of that philosophy itself; and I begin to know that no human fortitude, nor any well suffered disadvantage shall suffice, or be accounted an offset for concomitant breach of trust. Out of regard to my husband’s mistaken views, I have violated the trust of a mother. I have been more regardful of him than of my God. I see the evil—I feel the punishment, in the ingratitude of those I have nurtured and nourished. And, O, how more bitter than the ‘serpent’s tooth it is’ to my fond and affectionate heart! But God will forgive me if I turn and change, and seek my consolations with him, and obey him, and constrain my children, with tears and with prayers, to turn away from their errors, and to leave off sinning and lead them on the way to do somewhat that shall be worthy of a blessing, when my poor head shall be cold and at rest within the earth. I feel, indeed, some intimations of that event, and that it is no very long time in which I may repair my unfaithfulness, my concessions of right to wrong, of rectitude to disorder. I have acted on a weak principle of pleasing and quieting. Alas, I have been unfaithful—I have cried peace, peace, when there was no peace! But this day, by the help of the Spirit, do I become indeed a new creature; for with my might will I redeem the children whom God hath given me from his arch enemy. I will reclaim them and save

their souls if I can. Mightily will I cry to God for help, and I shall be helped."

Such was the noble resolution which this Christian mother adopted; and in all ways and by all means did she urge, and plead, and insist, and pray over her children. She felt herself breaking down and sinking under the slow, sure, insidious approach and gainings of phthisis; yet this in all its sad changes admonished her to be faithful. And, first, she called her children, and told them she was dying; and this produced a shock upon their unextinguished affections, salutary to her purpose of enforced obedience and reform. She added that she required and commanded that they should obey her all the remaining days of her life, and she prayed that the remnant might yet be sufficient, with God's blessing, to save them. They were rebuked, and solemnized, and affected, and they promised to do all that she should require of them. She commenced her plan, first, with a daily reading of the Scriptures, and then that they begin a course of industry, in which they were particularly deficient; and in this she encountered all the difficulties of their unwillingness to confinement, their awkwardness of skill, their impatience of sedentary employment, and their indolence. But she persevered. Each day there was a prescribed task—a task, indeed, to their poor pale mother, who was living on broken doses of calomel; and as her patient, melancholy eye rested on them, they perceived the case, and felt how precious it was to obey her guidance. But sometimes, when they witnessed in their ignorance the momentary strength, the sparkling eye, or the hectic flush, they believed it was a true health, and perhaps revolted from close rule, and relapsed into their wonted disobedience, or some contention amongst themselves; for they were habitually too selfish to be kind sisters.

The work of reform is not of days, or months, but of years. For the eradicating of bad habits the time required bears some proportion to their date of duration. Neither here was the matter of reform expected to be established. But Mrs. C. counted, in her own case, chiefly upon the influences of her situation as it was, and upon the still youthful, though perverted minds of her daughters, as being acted upon by her dying voice.

She instructed them, as I have said, in the Scriptures, of which each one of them every day read a portion, with the affecting injunction, that whenever they should again read the same, to recollect all that she now said upon it, as applying to their benefit and assurance, and to think of her earnest wishes in connection, and to follow them out—spiritually, because God has commanded them to do so—naturally, which she was aware would as yet most influence them to the performance, for her sake.

It was the eldest daughter, Sophia, in particular, that had been most pertinacious in her sins. Of the other two, Mary and Elizabeth, it was rather a following of their sister's example than any rebellious outbreak of their own by which they offended; and in the

youngest, now about twelve years of age, after strict coercion and training, her mother had the satisfaction to discover, or rather to bring into action, the naturally obliging disposition, which had been half smothered by the long continued pressure of adverse influences. In Mary, too, after some months of close application, she discovered a tendency to domestic performances, and to industry at large. In Sophia, the strong Sophia, she had succeeded in awakening a sensibility which had lain for ever dormant under the supervening action of outward tendencies of excitement, company, and dissipation—genteel dissipation, as it is called—being a waste of time, health, innocence, and happiness. Let no one suppose that we use the word innocence in the perverted sense of the novelist. Nothing so gross appertains to these young persons, faulty as they are. Let many a fashionable mother reflect that her own daughters, who, she thinks, are only "doing as others do," are perhaps in as bad a train, and as effectually tainted with follies verging on to vice as these are. But Sophia had been aroused and alarmed. She was now alive to her mother's counsel, and she promised that when her mother should have passed away from the supervision of her children, she would herself assume, from time to time, to admonish them in the name, and in the gentle words and gentle tones of that now well beloved mother. "Not so," said her mother, "not in my name first, but call upon God, and you shall be enabled to do this thing, which, of yourself, nor even in my name of human affection, you could not do effectually without any other means. It is asking a very great grace, to root the weeds of bitterness from their hearts, and implant in their stead perennial flowers, fit for the paradise of God." Such was her talk; and she said to them, (and there was a feast of tears that day,) "My children, I feel myself, with all my infirmities, whilst heart and flesh are sinking away, I feel myself happier in your love and duty, and reclaimed life—I feel happier than I have been for years. 'Reclaimed,' I say, for I have your promises that you will continue your good course after I am departed, and sped to that bourne whence none return. Yet, as our affections, in their purity, which means their conformity to God's laws, as our affections, I say, get ingrafted into the soul itself, so the dying mother hopes yet again to see her children;" and she added, "if they consent that she should." And they all said, "O, mother, we will obey you for ever upon earth, that we may see you again in heaven." After this there was but once any showing of resistance. Sophia once, at an insensible moment, relapsed into contradiction and impatience of her sisters. But when she saw that her mother's tender eye glistened forth a spark, followed by a single drop of moisture, at the exacerbation of a trouble too strong to be repressed, she was smitten, convicted, and sin-sick to the very core of her heart. She fell on her knees, acknowledged her sin, and then her mother prayed over her a prayer that she never forgot. It was that she might be for ever admonished of a like guilt by the memory of this, and its exceeding bitterness to both.

How affecting is a mother's death-bed! She seems often, in her anxiety for her children, to forget that there is such a being as herself, until she is recalled by some painful intimation of nature. How beautifully did this mother descant upon the relative value of our manifold being! She said, "And has there been a moment of my life when I have more regarded nature than spirit. The gifts of the first are in themselves worthy of our acceptance and our care, because God has ordained that we should for awhile be 'so clothed upon.' But in the surrender how painful! With what ruthless haste does nature invade upon health—with all the devices of disease she saps and mines upon our strength, and follows it out with her sure, insidious, stealthy step; and, finally, with what greedy devouring does she claim back all that she ever bestowed upon us! Look here," said she—and she showed the then impoverished integument above the thumb—"that is consumption; and I yield to it as thousands have before me; but not unwillingly, for 'there is a converse to this sad picture'—I have a soul as well as a body; and whilst my sorrows and anxieties shall be buried with *this*, my felicities, my hopes, and my affections, shall be conserved with *that*. As, purified from the dross of earth, they have been conformed to God, they shall be accepted of him again. Yes, the soul, that precious germ, still lives and passes up to its Giver—its outbudding graces to be enlarged for ever, and finally absorbed into the beatitude of its original! O, my children, pluck hold of the faith that shall make you perceive all this—that shall engross the better part of your being, and save it from the desecration of folly—that shall save you from the sin of wasting your time and squandering your health and feelings upon trifles which were never intended to supply, to satisfy, or please them."

Her husband was deeply, thoroughly, substantially convicted. He took himself away from his business to converse and commune with the friend of his life and his affections. You may infer from the tenor of her character, that she was one to whom a husband would become more and more attached every succeeding year. He now wasted not in bewailings the days that were left, but he joined with her in the covenant of faith, and prayed and hoped with her; and he promised to keep their children in the path to which she had reclaimed them; and also he promised to watch over the impatience of his own spirit, which, by the indulgence of almost all about him for many years, had grown to be as unreasonable as it was unrestrained. Mrs. C., indeed, in the early part of her convictions, had humbly admonished him of this, and had even made some rule to herself of faithfulness to both. It had been his wont, in the hurry of business, to come into his meals, and to hurry and fret, requiring immediate service, even at undue hours, from every attendant about him. Mrs. C. used formerly to assist in this. But when she came to see spiritually, she said, "Dear George, I love you as ever, better, and will do as much really to oblige you; but I must never again abet you in your impatience. It is wrong, and I have come to know that it is unfaithful in me not to

admonish you of it. You must learn patience, dear George—no other person dares to tell you; and even I would prefer cooking your dinner myself to telling you; but that is not the thing. None other, after I am departed, will serve you with as much devotion as I have done."

This was one instance of many little things in which this pious wife sacrificed her own feelings to her husband's amendment. This was in the early part of her declining health; and from one less truthful and sincere, it might not have been so well received. He never doubted her motive for an instant; and with the associations of the time it worked its effect of putting him back to the propriety from which he had diverged. This excellent lady had, all her life-time, adopted some peculiar habits of self-admonition. Even in the hurried scenes of her first house-keeping, she used every day, when she combed her hair, to gather the strands shed on the comb, and deposit them in a certain drawer in her dressing table. "They shall make," said she, "a pillow for my coffin." "Once a day, dear George, is seldom enough to think of death!" And now that that time seemed approaching, how inconsolable was that sad friend!—his only comfort, indeed, was derived from a looking out from earth to heaven; and their associated prayers were a breathing of comfort to his aggrieved spirit.

Her sickness was a protracted one. It has often struck us that a mother, anxious for her children, is seen to linger longer than another patient on the dying bed. Is it the natural tendency, that what diverts from the consciousness of disease also saves from the extra action of agitating conflict, so unfriendly to a weakened state! The especial boons of the dying hour, we know, are of the spirit and the soul. And so it was with this expiring Christian. The death was serene, calm, and triumphant; and they that had wept over her for many days, wept less on this day than on many that had gone before it, or than on many that succeeded it. Their anxieties and their vigilance were remitted, though their regret was no less. The lassitude that supervened was not of insensibility, but of exhaustion—the collapse of the bow after the shaft is sped. The regret of her husband merged into a melancholy, relieved only by the faith which she had been the instrument, in the hand of God, of supplying to his want. He had become a man of renown, and had accepted a place in the Senate of his country; and though prompt and earnest in his duties, they filled not the void in his heart. His two eldest daughters were married, and the third resided alternately with one and the other; and Mr. C., now that his home was broken up, thought never to supply it with another fire-side companion. In his case it was a worthy decision—he had never seen another with whom he would not have been inclined to institute a disadvantageous comparison, perhaps a contrast; and after some few years walking in a bereaved remembrance, rather than in the spirit of this life, he, too, was summoned to his audit, hoping and rejoicing, and believing that whether of

a renewed consciousness or not, all would be right.

The reformation of these children was substantial—for I tell you a true story—but it probably could not have happened out of any other circumstances than those which effected it—the mother's long sickness and death. Are there now any young daughters as far gone in sin, or of much shorter progress in the same course, we hope they have a monitor as faithful as these—and without their bereavement a reformation as effectual.



Original.
PASSING AWAY.

"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved."

THERE is nothing on which we can fix our eyes that is not subject to mutation and decay. The "everlasting hills," as they are called, are gradually crumbling down and filling the vallies at their bases. The solid granite of the mountain wastes away under the ravages of time. The aged oak of the forest, having put on the drapery of a hundred summers, and withstood the storms of as many successive winters, finally yields, and is stripped of its foliage—despoiled of its glory. The barren trunk, which stands up in solitude to be riven by the lightning, and scattered to the winds, falls by piece-meal in the stillness of the untrodden forest.

Change follows change in rapid succession. Where flourishing empires, and populous cities, in one age of the world, obtrude their splendor and magnificence upon the contemplative vision, in the next, naught is presented to the gaze but the time-honored vestiges of what had been. As we look out upon the world, here and there scattered far and wide, we descry the last lingering relics of splendid empires and almost forgotten kingdoms. The chiseled fragments of proud columns, and triumphal arches, the remains of magnificent temples, and the ruins of ancient mausoleums, are presented to our gaze, and upon every fragment we see inscribed by the hand of time, "Passing away."

Suppose we transport ourselves upon the wing of imagination to distant years—before us rises ancient Babylon, in all her strength and beauty. See her ærial gardens, her elegantly finished temples, surmounted with minarets. Gaze upon her massive walls and impregnable towers—let the eye rest for a moment upon the long sweeping arches, supporting the splendid bridges that seem self-suspended over the Euphrates that glides in noiseless grandeur along. Turn to the temple of Belus, and from its topmost pinnacle take a survey of the scene that spreads around you, and ask, can this city, which in the Book of God is called "the glory of kingdoms," and "the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," ever be laid waste? Every tower that rises from her splendid edifices—every fortress that surmounts her walls—every temple and palace that swells up in majesty beneath you, would answer, never. But to the prophet's eye, piercing the gloom of intervening years, appeared a different scene: "Babylon

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shall be as Sodom and Gomorrah: it shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there; but wild beasts of the desert shall be there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there, and the wild beasts of the island shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces." Go now and search for the site of Babylon, and as you stand at the lonesome hour of midnight, and hear the scream of the hyena, the yell of the jackall, and the roar of the king of the forest, tell me if you do not feel the force of the declaration, "All these things shall be dissolved." Every passing breeze seems to whisper, "Passing away."

I point you to the remains of the proud Acropolis and Parthenon of Athens, and as you cast a glance upon their tottering columns, ruined battlements, and nodding porticos, strewed around with the fragments of broken capitals, friezes, pedestals, architraves, and statuary, say if the things of earth are not hastening to dissolution. Transport yourself to the Coliseum of Rome, and as you trace upon its broken walls the ravages of time, tell me if all things are not subject to mutation and decay.

Man himself hastens to decay. To-day he is an infant, to-morrow he treads the slippery paths of youth, and anon we see him in the vigor of manhood; but again his furrowed cheek and palsied hand point him to the grave. * * * * The vision has fled, and the aged form sleeps at last in the silent grave. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass." Before me is a young female, whose destiny in this world will furnish a melancholy illustration of my subject. Her glossy tresses shade a brow that wears no marks of care. Her eye burns with unquenched fires, and her cheek glows with freshest shades. Her young life-blood is bounding free, and with a tread as buoyant as air, she glides along through a world of flowers and sunshine. Look at her again, and soon you shall see her blasted by affliction. The rose has faded from her cheek—her eye no longer sparkling with vivacity, but bedimmed with tears of deep affliction. Autumnal leaves, sear and blasted, rustle upon her grave—fit emblems of earthly beauty. "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness!"

J. E. E.



He that acts towards men, as if God saw him, and prays to God, as if men heard him, although he may not obtain all that he asks, or succeed in all that he undertakes, will most probably deserve to do so. For with respect to his actions to men, however much he may fail with regard to others, yet if *pure and good*, with regard to himself and his highest interests, they cannot fail; and with respect to his prayers to God, although they cannot make the Deity more *willing to give*, yet they will make the supplicant more *worthy to receive*.

Original.
THE FALL OF BABYLON.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

From on his ivory throne, with gold o'erlaid,
Full royally bedeck'd with purple robes,
Sat Babylon's proud monarch. His dark eye
Glanced o'er the splendid scene and fawning throng
Who crowded to the gorgeous banquet hall.
Chaldea's noblest sons were there—the sage
Of many winters, with his hoary beard,
Of venerable mien, in meek attire.
And there were warriors of commanding port,
Of war-lit eyes and breasts, with ardor swelled;
And high-born dames were there, and beauty's star
Shone o'er the scene of mirth.

Then he arose,
Poor, proud, presumptuous fool, and bade them bring
The sacred vessels, which, in other days,*
Had graced the temple—monument of art—
And range them round to grace his kingly board,
And feed his swollen pride as trophies bright,
As triumph-symbols of his victory o'er
The once great kingdom of the fallen Jews.
Now rose the mirthful voice and flattering song,
And many a vassal chanted o'er in praise
The honors of the king—his pomp—his power—
Till all that high and gorgeous chamber rang
With one loud shout, "Belshazzar, live for ever!"
And as the accents swept along the crowd,
They were re-echoed back from hall to hall,
And dome to dome of that vast edifice.

When this had died away, there reign'd o'er all
A gloomy, ominous silence—like the calm
Which wraps reposing nature in its arms,
Before the bursting of the lowering storm.
What means this sudden stillness—awful pause?
Where, with such unanimity, have all
Affrighted turned their eyes?

A human hand,
Alive, alone, comes forth upon the wall,
And traces there dark characters of fate.
The monarch trembles on his throne. His eyes
In maniac wildness fix upon that spot,
Where lie concentred all his guilty fears,
Where conscience reads the sentence of his doom,
And pictures Justice with her vengeful bolts!
His cheek is blanched, and courage leaves his breast.
He fain would speak—the portals of his mouth
Are closed; for such emotions throb within,
As choke his utterance. Cold and clammy drops,
Distilled by fear, stand on his pallid brow,
And fall unheeded on his purple vest.

At length he speaks, "Ye sages, where's your skill?
Philosophers, your wisdom? Is there none

* Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king, and his princes, his wives, and his concubines, drank in them.

Within my wide-spread realms, that can unfold
The dark, mysterious meaning of these words?
If there be one who can explain to me
Their import, then let purple robes be brought,
And let him be proclaimed the third in pow'r
To me, Belshazzar, monarch of the east."
They came; old gray hair'd sages, who had spent
Their days diverse from all of human kind;
Sequestered in some lonely, silent grot,
That there they might search out effect and cause,
And dive into the mysteries of fate,
And ponder coming things—astrologers,
Whose lofty minds held converse with the stars,
And they who dealt in dark, suspicious arts.
Of no avail is now their treasured lore—
Their mouths are sealed by ignorance and fear—
The mystery still remains concealed, unsolved,
The awful words unread!

There was a pause—
A pause of deep despair. Impressive scene!
That scepter'd monarch, and that glittering throng,
Like statues standing, as if some death-fiend
Had looked in on their reveling, and marred
The festal hour! No word of man could tell
So well the utter hopelessness of hope,
As that still, solemn pause.

Then Daniel came.
His face with wisdom and with goodness shone;
Though in the presence of a tyrant king,
'Mid all the splendor of the royal dome,
His gait was noble, and his step was firm.
No fawning flattery deformed his mouth,
But heavenly truth was borne upon his breath:
"O, king! thy days are numbered; and thy pow'r,
Thy pomp, thy glory, all are ended now!
Thou long hast reveled in the depths of sin,
And followed pleasure's evanescent shade;
Now justice takes her turn, and thou must die!
Thou know'st thy father; how, with foolish pride,
His heart was swollen above his mortal state—
Thou know'st his punishment full well, O king!
And now, because thou hast not turned thee from
These ways of evil, which thy sire pursued;
Because, with his dark fate before thine eyes,
Thou knowingly hast erred and gone astray
From those right paths which God would have thee
tread;

He, the Omnipotent, the Judge of all,
To whom thou owest all thy state and power,
Sees fit to punish thee. Thou hast been weighed
By Justice in her righteous scales, and now
Thou art found wanting, and thy kingdom's given
Into thy rival's hand—the Median king.
Monarch! prepare to meet thy destined doom,
And bow to thine irrevocable fate!"

He spake. That very night the Persian came;
The morning's dawn beheld Belshazzar slain—
His power all scattered like the fleeting chaff—
His proud heart moldering to its native dust!

Original.
NEUTRAL NATION.

BY R. SAPP.

"Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the wind were flung,
They bent no more the forest bow,
They arm'd not with the warrior band."

THAT which is beautiful and redeeming in the character or customs of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, should be collected and carefully treasured up. Their vices have been detested by all who have written and talked upon their national and individual character; and it is true that there is but little about them to admire. Yet, from the mass of evil, here and there may be found a bright quality, a beautiful tradition, or a noble characteristic, which creates in the mind of the civilized and enlightened, enraptured admiration. The primitive origin of this race of men is hid in the impenetrable shades of the past. But notwithstanding this fact, it is a pleasing task to pick up their traditions, examine their customs and habits, learn their religion, and contrast their many peculiarities with those of the oriental nations, from whom, it is probable, they descended. There are, however, more discrepancies between them and eastern nations than there are correspondencies. One theory which has been adopted by the antiquary is a descent from the ancient Israelites. Be this theory true or false, we do not pretend to say, nor do we say that any theory which has been adopted is true.

Between some of the nations of this continent and the Israelites there are customs which bear a distant resemblance. The Jewish nation was composed of twelve tribes; the Wyandott nation is made up of seven. And it is true, that amidst the multitude of changes which have taken place in the history of that people, they have always maintained this distinctive feature of their national character. The Iroquois nation was originally composed of five distinct tribes. Subsequently, they adopted and incorporated into the parent nation the Tuscaroras, which constituted that confederation known in the history of our first settlements as the Six Nations. The law of marriage and descent among the Wyandotts is peculiar. It is unlawful for the members of the same tribe to intermarry. The man is compelled to marry a woman belonging to some other tribe; and the descendants always belong to the tribe of the mother. While in that nation, I was pointed to a man who was the last member of his tribe, and at his death the tribe of which he was a member would become extinct.

The existence of a neutral nation among the warlike tribes of this continent, is what will not readily be received by those who have become acquainted with their character, and learned the history of their wars. The tradition of such a nation exists among all the northern Indian nations, and has been partially attested by the first French Catholic missionaries who visited the country. The place of their residence was the

Sandusky river, near where the town of Lower Sandusky now stands. From time beyond memory and tradition, the Wyandotts and Iroquois had been engaged in a war of relentless extermination. This war had commenced earlier, and was still in progress in 1534, when Cartier landed on the Canada shore. The Wyandotts had been driven from their ancient homes on the banks of the St. Lawrence, to the country west of Lake Superior, where they found refuge among the Sioux. From this point their warriors made predatory excursions into the territory of their ancient enemies, and as often had them returned. The Wyandott tradition of this neutral nation represents them as having separated themselves from the parent stock (Wyandott) and fled for safety into the western country, soon after the war with the Iroquois commenced. Here they established themselves, and professed strict neutrality and friendship for all the belligerent nations. They built two forts in their territory, one of which they appropriated to the Iroquois, and the other to the Wyandotts and their allies. To these the discomfited could fly, as the Israelite to the city of refuge, and while within these sacred inclosures, or on this ground of common peace and neutrality, feel safe and assured of protection. Father Segard,* on coming into the country, two centuries since, found them still in the possession of this sanctuary of peace, living uninterrupted, and having the confidence of the belligerent nations. The causes which led to this singular separation and peculiar organization among a savage people, is a matter of curiosity. And how it acquired the consent of such warlike and blood-thirsty tribes, is equally curious. As to these, tradition furnishes no data. The traditional history of this singular people is rather meagre, and hence scarcely more than the bare fact that they existed is known. It is probable that they had their origin in the dreams, and conjuring, and juggling tricks of some of their prophets, and that superstition lent its aid to secure the favor of the warring nations. Be the cause of their origin what it may, among savage nations it was a beautiful institution—a place where all could meet upon the common ground of friendship, and know that they were in the midst of a nation of peace-makers.

After having existed in this peculiar form for a long period, it is represented that an intestine feud sprung up among them, one party embracing the cause of the Iroquois, and the other of the Wyandotts, which terminated their existence. This was an unhappy fate. Such a people merited a different end. Happy would it have been if they could have maintained the same character of national peace-makers, and have come down, as such, even to this our day.

MODERN criticism discloses that which it would fain conceal, but conceals that which it professes to disclose; it is, therefore, read by the discerning, not to discover the merits of an author, but the motives of his critic.

* General Cass' lecture before the Historical Society of Michigan.

IMPORTANCE OF FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

It was my privilege on a recent occasion to enter an ancient temple in this city, of which I could say, our fathers worshipped in this mountain. Both the place and the pastor are connected with my most holy and consecrated associations, and have often deepened my realizations of the unchangeableness of God's covenant, and the consequent safety of all those who are identified with it. The subject presented to our attention was quite in harmony with the train of thought induced by surrounding objects, "This day is salvation come to this house." When the Lord Jesus visits a habitation he brings salvation to it. He dwelt particularly on the blessings resulting from this salvation, and urged them as inducements to a cordial reception of the Savior into our hearts and families, on the evident decline of vital piety in the families of God's people, and some of the causes of it. If our houses are not visited by Christ, and his salvation is not brought to them, as in former days, it becomes us to inquire why the visitations of his mercy do not gladden our hearts. Various reasons for the Savior's absence were assigned, but that which appeared to my own mind the most prominent, as I conceive it to be most destructive to every holy influence in the family, was the growing disregard of parental authority and domestic insubordination. This is the axe laid at the root of family religion, and where this insubordination exists the fruits of the Spirit will be looked for in vain. Perhaps some of your readers will turn from this article with disgust, feeling that enough has been said and written on the worn-out topic of family discipline. It is true that enough had been written on this subject when the holy man of old wrote, as he was moved by the Holy Spirit, the condition of God's covenant with Abraham, in which the family organization is so distinctly recognized, "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." But, if God's people are dull of hearing, or forgetful of what they do hear, or neglect to practice what they do know, it becomes us to raise our voice, and to reiterate again and again the terms of the covenant, and to define more clearly the position which we and our families must occupy in order to give to the Savior such a cordial reception into our houses as would invite the visitations of his mercy.

There is something very peculiar in the family organization; it is the oldest organization in the world. God is its author; he formed it in paradise, and it is the only vestige of the happiness of Eden which has come down to us, and will last to the end of time. For a long time the family and the Church were one: all the accessions to the latter were from the former, in which it had its origin; and in all God's gracious dispensations towards man he recognizes this blessed relation of parent and child. He deals with man as a social being clothed with responsibilities, and enjoying privileges, the faithful discharge of the one securing the possession of the other; and the neglect of the one involving the forfeiture of the other. Has this view of this most in-

teresting subject been sufficiently appreciated? Do we not provoke the Lord by our presumption rather than honor him by our faith, when we plead for the fulfillment of his promises, all of which are conditional, and expect our prayers to be answered in the conversion of our children, while we are verily guilty before God of neglecting to exercise that authority with which he has invested us, for the training up of holy families? If I am not mistaken, there is too much faith without works in the hearts of God's people. It is much easier to believe that God will convert our children in answer to our fervent prayers added to our faithful instructions, than to subdue the stubborn, obstinate will in the untiring contest for mastery, by judicious but unflinching discipline. The spirit of the age is one of insubordination. Satan appears to have no very serious objection to all the forms of religious instruction, and all the sanctifying influences which are brought to bear upon the youthful mind. Transformed into an angel of light, he may even suggest to the parental heart as a quietus to all its fears, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." So long as he keeps the undisturbed possession of this stronghold, an unsubdued will, his interest is secure. Our children enjoy every privilege but that of faithful discipline; for this they suffer loss. The want of this, like the absence of power in a well-contrived machine, renders all the parts, combined or single, useless. I have sometimes thought that parents of the present day were too indolent or too feeble to exercise family government. But I am sure that if half the breath spent in repeating commands or coaxing to obedience, or reasoning about the propriety of the thing required, were used in the application of the rod according to divine appointment, until submission and a prompt compliance with a command once given were gained, there would be a great saving of time, of strength, and broken-hearted parents. We used to hear of parents breaking their children before they reached a certain period—after which the child understood that the will of the parent was to be implicitly obeyed, and all contests were easily settled. This breaking or subduing the will was considered a most important event in the history of the child. The process was conducted with coolness, patience, and much prayer to God for his blessing, while it was pursued with an inflexible firmness. The result could not but be happy. After this the rod was seldom, if ever, called for. The great question had been settled, and was not to be again disturbed. These living "epistles were known and read of all men," as the children of believing parents, whose faith and works reciprocally acting on and through each other, brought forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. But we have fallen on evil times. There is a fearful decline of family religion; and without a change, the Church will, ere long, receive her largest and richest accessions from the world, rather than from those who have been dedicated to God at the altars of the Church. Earthly good, in some of its varied forms, has filled the parental eye, and the heirs of the covenant are sacrificed to this Moloch.—*Mother's Magazine.*

SINCERITY IN WOMAN.

THE characteristic endowments of women, are not of a commanding and imposing nature, such as man may boast of, and which enable him to contend with difficulties and dangers, to which, both personally and mentally, he is liable. The perfection of the female character is attained by the cultivation of endowments completely opposed to these, but equally suited to the nature of their duties. They consist in purity of mind, simplicity and frankness of heart, benevolence, prompting to active charity, lively and warm affections, inducing a habit of forbearance, and the practice of self-denial, which the comfort or good of their human ties may demand. These, when confirmed and supported by a devout spirit towards God, give a mild but steady lustre to female existence, equally adorning it in the character of daughter, wife, or mother. But when these gifts of nature remain uncultivated, or are improperly directed by any unfavorable circumstances in early life, we must expect to find them degenerated into weaknesses, or to have given place to their opposite defects: simplicity and frankness changed into cunning; benevolence crushed into selfishness, or exercised without discretion and judgment; irritability of temper instead of meekness and forbearance, and a stronger inclination to gratify self than to consult the wishes and the feelings of others; in morality, no steadiness, expediency governing rather than sincerity of heart and integrity of mind; and in religion, either enthusiasm or coldness and indifference.

Sincerity is composed of simplicity of intention, and of truth in thought and word. A woman truly sincere will say neither more nor less than she means and thinks; she is undesigning, and therefore has no cause to mislead by her words; and though her prudence may sometimes restrain her speech, it never urges her to the practice of dissimulation. Sincerity is essential to our comfort in all our earthly connections; without it there can be no reliance or confidence, no safety; nor can there be any certainty that other virtues have a firm footing in those who are evidently devoid of sincerity. Insincerity is the poison of every good quality and feeling, and can serve as nourishment only to base and unworthy desires. There are many causes which conspire to render duplicity not an uncommon failing in women. A sense of weakness, timidity of disposition, and a defective judgment, often lead them to employ a subterfuge rather than open dealing, in the attainment of any petty wishes and objects. Some of the usages of society have also a disingenuous tendency, and they who aspire to the reputation of politeness, not unfrequently practice, to its utmost extent, this licensed dissimulation, although forfeiting the higher claim to sincerity. Such characters do no good to themselves, and, fortunately, but little harm to others; they gain no credit for their professions of friendship or good will, nor secure to themselves any friendship more sincere than that which they profess; for who can value those they believe to be hollow in heart, and to whom they apply the epithet of "people of the world!"

Original.

SPRING.

BY MRS. DUMONT.

TERRY'S breath in the air, like love's balmy sigh
Stealing softly from valley and hill;
For a voice has gone forth through the earth and the
sky,
And creation is stirred with the thrill.
She wakes—from the skies to the caves of the deep,
That summons has passed in its power:
She has thrown off the shroud of her mouldering sleep,
And her pulses again all exultingly leap
To the call of her waking hour.

How the earth is all changed! her whole face seems
o'erspread
With the gladness of beauty and love;
Like a distant reflection of glory, just shed
Through the skies, from the bright worlds above.
The air is with soft, mingling melodies filled,
Newly waked from long slumbering strings;
The song of the bird, by the bleak winter stilled,
And the murmur of fountains, that the north breath had
chilled,
And the hum of new life, on glad wings.

And the wide brightening forest, that gloomily hung
Its grey arms 'gainst a desolate sky;*
While the voice of the storm through its sullen glades
rung,
Like a hollow and wailing cry.
How graceful it bends in its richly robed pride,
As if courting the light's yellow play;
How deep are the shadows it flings far and wide
O'er the streams, whose bright waters rejoicingly glide
Through its depths, in their beauty, away.

But while nature thus springs to such glorious birth,
Triumphant o'er ruin and death—
Through the vast, human world, waking spirit of
earth,
O, send'st thou thy strong healing breath?
Thou, who callest decay into health's mantling bloom,
Hath conscious life part in thy sway?
Can thy smile the dark cells of the soul re-illuminate?
Or rekindle the hopes that have set in the tomb?
Or thy voice stir its slumbering clay?

Yet why the vain questioning? Not without power
Thou comest, o'er the sad world of thought;
For a language is set in the hues of the flower,
With the teaching of angels fraught.
It speaks of a summons, yet louder than thine
On the dark reign of time, that shall break
When death shall the keys of his empire resign,
And the re-quickened dust to a beauty divine,
From the earth and the ocean awake.

* "And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost."

HERMANS.

Original.
AMERICAN POETRY.

BY J. T. BRAME.

THE present age has been productive of grand developments, and important changes. We have seen "decay's effacing fingers" blasting the fairest hopes of map, and the genius of revolution striding fearfully among the nations. The venerable institutions of centuries, and the ephemeral creations of yesterday have alike fallen, and billow has succeeded billow upon the ever-varying ocean of human affairs with the most fearful rapidity. Amidst the fluctuations of the age—amidst downfall and innovation, we are pleased to know that there is one cause which has been steadily progressing—the cause of literature. It is not our purpose, in this article, to note the cause of this gratifying state of things, nor yet to dwell upon the present condition of literature in general; but to offer a few remarks on one of its departments, and to consider the obstacles to the advancement of that department in the United States.

It has been remarked, and we think with truth, that "while poetry is declining in one quarter, it is advancing in another." History seems to confirm this assertion. The Tempean vales and Parnassian hills of classic Greece, so long vocal with the sweetest strains of the lyre, have been silent for two thousand years. The same blue skies still canopy that land—its inhabitants still cherish the love of country—they have but of late kindled their beacon-fires upon a thousand hills, and have dared to be free—

"Their ears have drunk the woodland strains
Heard by old poets, and their veins
Swell with the blood of demi-gods,
That slumber 'neath their country's sods;
There nature molds as nobly now
As e'er of old, the human brow,
And copies still the martial form
That braved Plataea's battle storm!"

Yet there the inspiration of poetry is no longer felt; while our own hills and prairies, for ought we know, hitherto slumbering in the most unbroken silence, are echoing from peak to peak, and from vale to vale, the melody of undying song. Italy, the land of the Mantuan bard, and in later times of Dante and Boccaccio, is now as mute as her own sculptured marbles, and no longer charms us with the magic of her verse. In England the decline of poetry has been the general cry for many years. The minstrel of the north has sung his "last lay," and sleeps in his voiceless grave, amid the barren plains and bleak hills of that land over whose scenery he has shed such an unfading effulgence and around whose martial deeds he has entwined the ever-green of immortality. Childe Harold's "pilgrim age" is o'er, and he now reposes in the vaults of his haughty line. The author of the *Course of Time*, the opening buds of whose genius gave promise of an abundant harvest, has been snatched away by early death; and Felicia Hemans has sunk "like a starlet to her rest." Of the English poets who survive their

contemporaries, age has unnerved the wing, and lowered the flight of their muses. In our own country, were we to judge from the number of living poets, we should consider the *Ars Poetica* as in a state of rapid advancement. The American poets are for the most part young, and some, it is to be confessed, manifest extreme juvenility in their compositions. The poetry, then, which has been heretofore exhibited to the American public should be regarded rather as the early blossoms of genius—as the promise of future achievement, than as specimens of our real excellence. We now proceed to speak of some of the obstacles to the advancement of poetry in the United States.

The most formidable obstacle is the utilitarian character of the age. And especially, in a land like ours, where the ratio of capital to labor is so great, is it natural to suppose that men will be engaged in active employments, having for their object some tangible advantage. Hence, the cry of all classes is for "utility, visible, tangible utility." Enterprise and speculation are the engrossing topics of the day. In the language of a fine writer, Rev. Dr. Peck, of New York, "Dollars and cents are with us the unit of value, and whatever study cannot be thus estimated, is too frequently shoved out of the account. Now this we all know to be the besetting sin of our country—it is the reproach from abroad that rests upon us—it is the snare at home that entangles us, and it is a position as false as it is dangerous." Forgetting the effects of moral causes on national character, we seem to find our country's glory, on her enterprise, her commerce, the settlement of her western wilds, and her varied clime and productions. In the opinion of too many of our modern "Jack Cades," the squatter who has removed his log cabin farthest from the verge of civilization has done more to advance his country's glory and interest, than the most elegant essayist, or the most sublime poet. "The true glory of a nation," says a beautiful writer, "consists not in the extent of its territory, the pomp of its forests, the majesty of its rivers, the height of its mountains, and the beauty of its sky, but in the extent of its mental power, the majesty of its intellect, the height and depth and purity of its moral nature."

It is a melancholy fact, that this hankering after a utility, in some degree tangible and immediate, has begotten a spirit decidedly hostile to the arts and sciences. As among the Goths and Vandals of other days, to call a man "a Roman," was regarded as a sign of contempt; so in our day, to be a man of books, is with too many a token of a craven and effeminate spirit. Against no department of literature are there stronger prejudices than against poetry. Poetry and nonsense are regarded by many as convertible terms. The question here suggests itself, "Is poetry of any positive utility or not?" We answer in the affirmative, and shall, before leaving this point, refute some of the objections urged against it, and point out its many and important uses.

But, first, we would premise a brief remark concerning the meaning of the term *utility*. A more extended application is due to that term than is commonly

assigned to it. It is applicable to every cause, either physical or moral, which subserves human happiness, whether that cause be manifest or obscure, and its effects immediate or remote.

It has been gravely asserted that the tendency of poetry is "to incapacitate man for the emergencies and duties of life, and to debase the heart." These are the arguments by which the fair fabric of poesy is to be demolished—these are the proofs that poetry is not only without utility, but positively injurious. The first objection, concerning its tendency to incapacitate man for the duties and trials of life, may be briefly and easily met. What was it that roused the sinking courage of the Spartans against their enemies, the Messenians? The moving elegies of Tyrtæus kindled anew the expiring embers of love of country which led them to the battle plain, and girt their brows with the laurel crown. Who sang more harmoniously in ancient days than Alcæus? Yet he was "*ferox bello*," and there is no character in all antiquity, which, for a spirit of patriotic devotion, heroic self-sacrifice, and glowing ardor, more demands the gush of sympathy and admiration. Whom, in modern times, has the muse of history to celebrate braver than Sir Philip Sydney—more profound in thought than the author of *Paradise Lost*, and more instructive than Coleridge and Montgomery? The objection concerning its tendency to debase the heart may be likewise answered. In the Psalms of David, and the writings of the holy prophets, truths the most solemn and interesting, and sentiments the most religious and devotional are delivered in the highest order of poetry. We admit that poetry, like all other good things, is liable to perversion; and in common with all friends of virtue and literature, we lament its destructive influence, when contaminated with impurity, misanthropy, and infidelity. But its perversion forms no argument against it, when degraded from its proper sphere. Dr. Channing has said, "In its legitimate efforts, it has the same tendency with Christianity, to spiritualize our nature; and even when its fires are dimmed by misanthropy and impurity, it cannot wholly forget its true vocation." We thus see that the tendency of poetry is neither to incapacitate the mind, nor debase the heart. It may be made greatly instrumental in advancing human happiness. Man cannot always live in the great world of business and action; he must have his hours of meditation, "when mind and body are freed from the yoke of service, and the course of thought takes a higher turn than the dusty track of common life." To fill up these "intervals between the acts of life," when the divinity stirs within, and the soul in its dreams, leaving these mortal shores, soars to its native heaven, is the peculiar office of the muse. Then the power, the inspiration of poetry is felt. Its influence spreads over the baser metal of our alloy, and directs our aspirations upward to virtue and to heaven.

As a final proof of the utility of poetry, we shall view it in another very important light—its connection with individual and national character. There have

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been many epochs in the world's existence, of which no history is extant; and even where historic records are found they afford scant materials for judging of the characteristics of the times when they were composed. But poetry, though its legends be apocryphal, or fictitious, always embodies the spirit of its peculiar age and nation, and, hence, is of the utmost importance in clearing up and interpreting contemporaneous history. Our remarks may be illustrated by many obvious cases. In the first stages of society, "when life itself was an eclogue," the poetry partook of the simplicity of the times. In after days, when the Grecian and Roman, the African and the Oriental warriors met upon the red plain of battle,

"In all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,"

the poetry was tinged with the martial spirit. During the reign of chivalry, when the Christian world, marshaled by an enthusiastic anchorite, rushed to the rescue of the holy sepulchre from the grasp of the infidel, the synchronous poetry was marvelous and romantic in a high degree.

Having thus considered the objections to poetry, and its utility, we proceed to speak of another obstacle to its advancement in the United States—the precocity of our writers. It is natural to a young and gifted mind, animate with hope, and unprepared for failure, to weave golden visions of the future, and to be dazzled by the halo of poetical fame. The practice, too, so prevalent, of puffing every production of the least merit, and the ill-judged praise of partial friends, have been peculiarly hurtful and unfortunate. Allured by a love of fame, and persuaded by indiscreet commendations, our poets venture too soon into the arena. Instead of being contented with hopping from twig to twig, while they are yet unfledged, they must needs be careering over the whole landscape, caroling their brain-sick fancies, and "airy nothings," until at last, by luckily falling into the talons of the eagle, they are spared from farther disgrace to themselves, and the noble art they profess. Imagination and hope tell them they will redeem their country's glory. Already they see their names emblazoned on history's proudest page, and enshined in rich and deathless melody—already

"We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic muse,
Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond, in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them, and immortalize her trust!"

We incline to the opinion that their claims to immortality should be tried by the *ordeal of fire*.

A third obstacle, and the last we shall mention, to the advancement of American poetry, is that spirit of imitation which has always been so prevalent among our poets. Hence it is that our poetry abounds in figures and descriptions, borrowed from the history and scenery of other lands, all which are not only highly destructive of that nationality which should be stamped upon our literature, but absurd and ridiculous in the extreme. It would be deemed very absurd for a painter to introduce an elephant or a white bear into a Vir-

ginia landscape; so is it equally absurd for an American poet to be continually harping on haunted castles, forlorn knights, dryads and hamadryads, nymphs and nereids, and all the et ceteras of poetical description. Moreover, as in all imitation it is exceedingly difficult to fix upon a proper model, and to distinguish the faults and excellences of that model, so in the present instance. The models of the American poets have in general been decidedly bad; and in these they have followed only the faults. We find this to be particularly the case with those who have selected Byron as their model. Theirs was not an imitation of the higher and nobler characteristics of that unrivaled and immortal bard, but an aping of his scowling gloom, his infidel sensuality, and his sullen misanthropy. They fell down and worshiped the eclipse, not the effulgence of his mighty genius. The bad tendency of imitations of this kind is sufficiently manifest.

Before concluding our observations, we would add a word or two to the poets of our country. The first remark we offer is at once important and encouraging to American genius—that poetry, like eloquence in its bold and lofty efforts, can only flourish in free states. Our assertion is confirmed by undoubted fact. The Iliad was composed in times of the most primeval simplicity, before the arts of tyranny and corruption were invented. The Roman poetry, under the emperors, was degraded from the strength and fire of former days, into sycophancy and adulation. After the palmy era of Augustus, we look in vain for the nobler characteristics of the muse. The free and bold genius of the English nation has been peculiarly favorable to the exertion of poetical talent, and accordingly we see that poetry has flourished there in its highest state. In our own country, from the complexion of our political institutions, and from physical as well as moral causes, there is reason to expect that poetry will rise to a distinguished elevation. Thus shall the muse contribute, with science, religion, and liberty, to the decoration and glory of “the land of the free and the home of the brave.” Thus shall America be venerated, not only as freedom’s chosen land, but as the nurse of poetry, and the mother of many a living lyre, whose inspired and unearthly harmonies, like those of vanished centuries, shall float down to distant ages, and kindle the fires of patriotism and devotion, in the generations to come!

In the next place, the American poets should remember that “*a premature exhibition of talent, is an unstable foundation for lasting fame.*” They should also make their poetry more national, or, in other words, should stamp on it more deeply the impress of American character and scenery, and should oppose themselves to all imitation. Our history, brief as it is, is strongly marked, and affords an unfailing supply of themes for poetry. The character and fate of the aboriginal tenants of our noble land, the adventures of the early emigrants, the incidents of the War of Independence, our magnificent scenery, our progress, as a nation, in arts and improvements—all these offer themselves to the American poet. Is it too much to hope

that, with these high subjects before us, some one of our poets, fathoming the recesses of his own mind, and throwing off the shackles of a blind and absurd imitation, will yet bring up the richest pearls of thought, and place them as his best offerings, in that coronal which encircles the brows of his country! In fine, we bid the American votary of the muse ever to bear in mind the high aims of poetry, to amuse, to soothe, and to instruct—to depict the beauty of virtue, and expose the odiousness of vice. Never let him suppose that “splendid lies are all the poet’s praise”—never let him become “immoral in his lay, the melodious advocate” of infidelity and sin. Let him call on truth “to lend her noblest fires,” and decorate his flowing numbers, and his spotless page. Then will he shine as a “bright, particular star;” then will his verse,

“Through each succeeding year,
His life, his manners, and his name endear;
And when the poet sleeps in silent dust,
Still hold communion with the wise and just;”

then will the creations of his genius be bathed in the sunlight of the Divine approbation, and be prepared to stand the scrutiny of the final hour; then will he realize the proud boast, and the daring aspiration of the artist of antiquity, “I paint for eternity!”



Original.

THE WANDERER.

“O, my God! my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites from the hill Mizar.”

Ye flowers, that blossom thick around,
And scatter wide your rich perfume;
Ye birds, that with harmonious sound
Sing sweetly ’mid such solemn gloom,
How can ye lift your heads so fair,
Or chaunt your songs so merrily,
While I am filled with anxious care,
And bow’d in hopeless misery!

Once, when my heart was warm with love
For Him who died to save mankind,
I felt that peace flow from above
Which calmed the tumults of my mind.
But, O! I wandered far from God—
Far from the “strait and narrow way,”
When sudden came affliction’s rod,
And I was left to grief a prey.

And must I spend my future days
Without one glimmering hope of heaven?
And must my heart be dead to praise,
And daily be by sorrows riven?
O, come, dear Savior, come once more,
And soothe with love this aching breast,
Inspire, and I shall thee adore,
Then grant me everlasting rest.

CLARA.

Original.

"O, HOW SWEET!"

BY THE EDITOR.

EUGENIA, the comfort of her aged parents, and the guide of her younger sisters, has been torn from the embraces of those who loved her, and is now entombed with the dead.

Could beauty, competency, moral loveliness, the tears of friends, and the regrets of society move the king of terrors, E. had not died. All these and much more were her earthly heritage. Yet the destroyer regarded them not. He chose "the shining mark." He loved to gather to himself these trophies of his cruel reign, and he seized on all. Yet his triumph is short.

E. was a Christian. She was not a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God. She gave her affections not to the world, but to Him who died to *redeem* the world. Though often and urgently solicited to yield to the popular current, and to mingle with the fashionably gay and trifling, she withstood the seduction, and lived for years in daily converse with her God. Long before the summons reached her, she had become familiar with the grave, and its terrors had all vanished from her sight. She could sing, with holy exultation,

"Descend, some shining servants from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb:

A grassy turf will raise my head,
The neighboring lilies dress my bed,
And shed a cheap perfume.

Here I put off the chains of death
My soul too long has worn;

Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn;

Raphael, behold me all undress'd,
Here gently lay this flesh to rest;

Then mount and lead the path unknown,

Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of my own."

It is true that her severe devotion provoked from some another her cynical rebukes. How could it be otherwise! She condemned the gay by her gravity, the haughty by her meekness, and the self-indulgent by her cross-bearing manners. Her sobriety rebuked all levity, and her charity was a stumbling block to the selfishness of mankind. No wonder that, secretly admired by all, she was openly condemned by many who sought to justify their opposite manners. But E. was unmoved by the opinions of mortals; for she felt that the eye of God was upon her; and a sense of his watchful regards, scanning all her actions, and recording them for judgment, made her regardless of the praise and the censure of her poor fellow worms. She would often say with the Psalmist, "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me; thou knowest my down sitting and up rising; thou understandest my thoughts afar off." She carried this solemn impression of the presence of God, and of his constant notice of all her aims and actions along with her from day to day, and it chastened her whole heart and behavior. Her business was, under such a sense of the coming issues of her life, to prepare for the grave, and for the judgment.

Do you suppose it was to her *present* loss, that she

forewent the gay life to which she was drawn by every earthly motive and persuasion! O, no. I verily believe that the joys of pure and undefiled religion became in her so full and overflowing, that if she could have been equally sure of heaven with or without her self-denial and present communion with God, she would have traveled on in the path of devotion, spurning the attractions of the world, and the pleasures of sense.

They who condemned the severe self-denial of her life, could not find any fault with her death. She "knew"—so she expressed it—from the commencement of her sickness, "that her Redeemer lived." While wasting away by slow degrees, she seemed like one who has held in reserve all the delights of his existence for brief and concentrated enjoyment. Her sick chamber was a paradise—a scene of holy and undisturbed ecstasies. Day after day, and night after night, she had no heart to hear or utter any thing but what concerned her inward joys and triumphs. No earthly festivities or entertainments were ever so grateful to the lovers of pleasure as were the days of sickness to her. Not only was her seclusion, and weakness, and the sensible decline of all her powers, acceptable to her, but her very pains were pleasures, and were spontaneously used as topics of praise and thanksgiving.

The day, the moment of her death, was above all others triumphant. She had waited for it as the affianced bride waits for the nuptial hour. She hailed it as the moment of her espousals to him who had washed her from her sins in his own blood. She had long been making herself ready. She was decked with the garments of salvation. She had longed to hear her blessed Lord say to her, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." At last that moment arrived, and she heard the voice of her beloved. As her spirit was taking its flight, she glanced at her friends and exclaimed, "Is this death! O, how sweet!" and in the same instant her spirit soared to the bosom of God.

"O, how sweet!" What, death the king of terrors! Can religion accomplish this! Yes, it has for thousands. Then let me press it upon the reader's attention. You, like Eugenia, are mortal. Contemplate your own frame, frail as the summer flower. Your strength is as nothing—your life as a bruised reed. Ere the day closes disease may relax the sinews of your frame, weaken your intellect, and suddenly, or by slow degrees, you may sink into the grave.

Death is near. When waiting for the moment that shall still your beating heart, where will you look for comfort!

You have seen devotion triumph in the hour of death. You have seen it in Eugenia. You behold in her what religion can do for those who devote their lives to its duties and its pleasures. God grant that when you die, instead of the exclamation, "O, how sweet!" you may not be forced to cry in agony,

"O, death; thou king of terrors, and my foe.
I strive to see thine angry face in vain!"

Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. IV.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

ARISTOMENES—TYRTEUS—MIMNERMUS—ALCEUS.

WHEN we commenced this series it was our intention to confine ourself strictly to the classic writers of Greece. Their history, however, is frequently connected, and oftentimes interwoven with that of the statesmen and warriors of their times. For this reason, it may often be necessary to give a short sketch of the latter, in order to throw additional light upon the subject more directly before us. Sometimes, also, the characters thus interwoven may of themselves possess such intrinsic worth, as to merit a more extended notice than would otherwise be admissible. Such is the fact with reference to the one whose name stands at the head of our list. Our fair readers will therefore pardon us, if, on the present occasion, we preface our sketch of the classics with a short account of one of the noblest characters recorded on the Grecian page.

ARISTOMENES was a royal descendant of the Messenian kings. His country had been devastated and destroyed by the Spartan power. His countrymen, for forty years before his entrance upon the scenes of active life, had been oppressed by their victorious enemies. Every insult that could embitter a captured people, was heaped upon them. But the generous spirit of noble Greeks still burned within them. All they wanted was a leader; and that leader they found in him. With a few allies, he performed such wonders of bravery, that his delighted countrymen immediately offered him the sceptre and the diadem. With a spirit similar to our own immortal Washington, he declined the honor, seeking only his country's good. For many years he struggled with a courage and perseverance indomitable. On one occasion, he, and about fifty of his companions, were taken prisoners. By order of the chief magistrates of Sparta, they were condemned, as rebels, to be thrown into a deep cavern. Every one of his companions was killed by the fall. His own life was preserved, almost miraculously. No sooner had he effected his escape, than he gave notice of it to his country's enemies, by exploits the most daring and judicious. Eleven years he struggled against every difficulty which an oppressing power could throw in his way—surmounting obstacles which, to a mind less bold and fearless, would have appeared perfectly insurmountable. When at last he was compelled to abandon his favorite design of delivering his country, he spent the remainder of his life in the peaceful enjoyments of a truly great and noble mind. The hardships through which he had to pass, one would suppose, would have rendered his disposition severe, if not cruel. On the contrary, he was a pattern of all that the world calls magnanimous and good. As an example, we would cite the following: After the first Messenian war, the town of Rhegium, in Italy, was partly peopled by the Messenian exiles. At the close of the last contest, the Rhegians invited the fugitives to assist them against Zancle, a

hostile Grecian town on the opposite coast of Sicily; and in case of victory, the town was offered to them as a place of settlement. Zancle was besieged, and the Messenians having obtained possession of the walls, its inhabitants were at the mercy of the besiegers. According to the general custom of Grecian warfare, they would all have been put to the sword or reduced to bondage. Such was the wish of the Rhegian prince. But Aristomenes had taught his followers a nobler lesson. They refused to inflict on other Greeks what they had suffered from the Spartans. The two people met in convention, and formed a constitution, or league, according to the provisions of which, each was to live on equal terms in the city! Such was the character of one of the noblest heroes of Greece—a character in many respects worthy of all praise, and in very many respects similar to that of the “father of his country.”

TYRTEUS.

This poet flourished about the year 690, B. C. During the conflicts between the Lacedæmonians (Spartans) and the Messenians, under Aristomenes, the former, on several occasions, were reduced to very straitened circumstances. On one of these occasions, they sent to Athens for assistance. The Athenians being somewhat jealous of the Spartans, and yet not wishing to refuse a compliance, sent to them the poet Tyrteus. They thought in this way to prevent the success of the Spartans against the Messenians. They could not, however, have afforded the former a greater assistance. The Muse of Tyrteus was a martial one. By his “Elegies,” of which species of poetry he was the inventor, he awakened and excited the military spirit of the Spartans to its highest pitch. And like the Welch bards in the time of Edward III., he kept alive the energies and courage of the people almost by enchantment. “Exhortations to bravery was the theme which this poet took for many elegies, and wrote on it with unceasing spirit, and even new invention. Never was the duty and honor of bravery impressed on the youth of a nation with so much beauty and force of language, by such natural and touching motives.” These elegies were most highly valued by the Spartans. When going to war, every evening after the evening meal, and after the psalm to the gods had been sung, they assembled at the door of the tent of their commander, and chanted some one of the elegies of Tyrteus. On these occasions the whole company did not join in the chant, but “individuals vied with each other in repeating the verses in a manner worthy of their subject. The successful competitor then received from the Polemarch, or commander, a larger portion of meat than the others; a distinction suitable to the simple taste of the Spartans.” These elegies, however, were never sung on the march, or in the battle itself. For such occasions Tyrteus composed a strain of a different kind, which was called the anapestic march. Only fragments of his compositions remain.

MIMNERMUS.

This poet was a native of Colophon in Ionia, and contemporary, at least during part of his life, with

Solon, the great Athenian lawgiver. He probably flourished about the year 630, B. C. He also wrote elegies. But he changed the character of the elegiac verse from the warlike spirit breathed into it by its inventor, and appropriated it to subjects of a melancholy nature. To this class of subjects it has ever since been confined. Of the history of Mimnermus we know but little. Almost all his writings have perished. The fragments which remain are of a pensive cast, and indicate a mind constantly tending to melancholy. They are chiefly composed of complaints concerning the briefness of human enjoyment—the shortness of the season of youth, and the miseries to which man is exposed. These, and kindred subjects, constitute the principal theme of his Muse.

ALCÆUS.

The beautiful island of Lesbos, in the Ægean Sea, will ever be remembered as the residence of two of the most celebrated poets of Greece—ALCÆUS and SAPPHO. During a struggle for civil liberty in Mitylene, his native city, Alcæus united with the celebrated Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, and by their united aid succeeded in banishing the tyrant who had usurped the government of the island. In a subsequent contest between the Mitylenians and the Athenians, the former committed the command of their forces to Pittacus. In order to spare the lives of his countrymen, he challenged some one of the enemy to single combat, and thus decide the point at issue. In this conflict Pittacus was victorious. Out of gratitude for this act of courage and bravery, the inhabitants invested him with the supreme command of their city. This power he exercised with great moderation, and was exceedingly beloved by all his subjects. It was a maxim with him, that “the proof of a good government was to engage the subjects not to be afraid of their prince, but to be afraid for him.” During an administration of ten years, he gave them many excellent laws, among which was one to prevent drunkenness, by which offenders of this class were subjected to double punishment for every crime committed in a state of inebriation. At the expiration of that period, finding every thing in peace, he voluntarily retired from public life, leaving the government in the hands of the people who had elevated him to its highest offices and honors.

It will be remembered that Alcæus had united with Pittacus in banishing the usurper who had obtained the government. When the latter was invested by the people with the government, Alcæus quarreled with him, as having proved recreant to the cause of liberty and his country. He brought all the power of his Muse against his former friend, and with such force, that himself and his adherents were finally banished by Pittacus from the island. Subsequently, he attempted to return by force of arms. In this he was unsuccessful, and eventually fell into the hands of his adversary. The magnanimity of Pittacus on this occasion will ever be remembered. Forgetting all the wrongs of Alcæus, he generously granted him both his life and freedom, and also a restoration to his favor.

In his odes, Alcæus treated of various subjects. Sometimes he inveighed against tyrants; at other times he lamented the misfortunes and calamities of his own life. The praises of Bacchus, and the goddess of love, also called forth frequently the powers of his genius. “His productions breathed the same spirit with his life. A strong, manly enthusiasm for freedom and justice, pervaded even those in which he sang the pleasures of love and wine. But the sublimity of his nature shone brightest when he praised valor, chastised tyrants, described the blessings of liberty, and the misery and hardships of exile. His lyric muse was versed in all the forms and subjects of poetry, and antiquity attributes to him hymns, odes, and songs. A few fragments only are left of all of them, and a distant echo of his poetry reaches us in some of the odes of Horace.”

Of the further particulars of his life, we know but little. The exact time of his birth or death is not known. He probably flourished, however, about the year 600, B. C. His poetry was always held in the highest estimation by his countrymen, and deservedly so. Of his friend and contemporary, Sappho, we shall give some account in our next; as her political history, as well as poetical, was to a considerable extent interwoven with that of Alcæus.

Original.

HANNAH IN HEAVEN.

I SEE thy form at e'en, love;
O comest thou to me—
Array'd in silver sheen, love—
In heav'n's own drapery!

Thou'rt on the golden cloud, love—
On heaven's ariel bow;
Those fleecy forms thy shroud love—
The angels whisper so.

O! now I hear thy song, love—
The joyous anthems swell,
From out the heavenly throng love—
I know thy voice full well.

Thou hast a golden harp, love—
I hear its tuneful strings;
O bearest thou thy part, love,
Before the “King of kings!”

List! now a chant from glory—
Hush! rapid wings go by:
O hear the wondrous story—
“The Lamb for me did die.”

L. L.

PRAISE THE LORD.

ЖЕHOVAH reigns, let heav'n rejoice,
Let earth her anthems bring;
To him, in one continued voice,
Let all the nations sing.

Original.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN BRAZIL.

BY D. F. KIDDER.

Royal road—Ascent of the Serra—Romantic description by a Jesuit—Aspect of the upper country—Entertainment—A Rancho—Hospitality—Musical fowls—Country Women—A Troop—Lodgings at S. Paulo—Early History of the Province—Terrestrial Paradise—Reverses of the Jesuits—Enslavement of Indians—Historical data—Declaration of Independence.

THE road leading up the serra do Cubatam, is one of the most expensive and best wrought in Brazil. Yet owing to the steepness of the ascent, it is utterly impassable to carriages. It embraces about four miles of solid pavement, and upwards of one hundred and eighty angles in its zig-zag course. The accomplishment of this great work of internal improvement was esteemed worthy of commemoration as a distinguished event in the colonial history of Portugal. This appears from a discovery made on my return. Halting on the peak of the serra, after having enjoyed for a little time the splendid panorama of sea and land upon which I was then gazing, in all probability for the last time, I devoted a few moments to the mineralogy of that sublime locality. At a few rods distance from the road, my attention was drawn to four wrought stones, apparently imported. They corresponded in size and form to the mile-stones of the United States, and were all fallen upon the ground. One lay with its face downward, so imbedded in the earth as to be, to me at least, immovable. From the others, having removed with the point of my hammer the moss and rubbish by which the tracery of the letters was obscured, I decyphered as follows.

MARIA I. REGINA,
NESTE ANNO, 1790.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR SVBDDIT ORVM.

FES SE ESTE CAMINHO NO FELIS GOVERNO
DO ILL.º E EX.º BERNARDO JOSE DE LORENO
GENERAL DESTA CAPITANIA.

A solid pavement up this mountain pass was rendered essential from the liability of the road to injury by the continual tread of animals, and also from torrents of water which are frequently precipitated down and across it, in heavy rains. Notwithstanding the original excellence of the work, maintained as it had been by frequent repairs, we were obliged to encounter some gullies and slides of earth, which would have been thought of fearful magnitude had they not been rendered insignificant in comparison with the heights above, and the deep ravines which ever and anon yawned beneath a precipitous embankment. At these points, a few false steps of the passing animal would have plunged both him and his rider beyond the hope of rescue. Our ascent was rendered more exciting by meeting successive troops of mules. There would first be heard the harsh voice of the tropeiros urging along their beasts, and sounding so directly above, as to seem issuing from the very clouds; presently the clattering of hoofs would

be distinguished, and at length would be seen the animals *erectis auribus*, as they came borne almost irresistibly downward by their heavy burdens. It was necessary to find some halting place while the several divisions of the troop passed by, and soon their resounding tread, and the echo of voices, would be lost in the thickets beneath.

Through openings in the foliage, we had repeated opportunities of viewing the country below, skirted by the ocean, until about midway of the mountain, when our view was shut in by a dense fog. For the loss suffered through this circumstance, I will endeavor to compensate the reader by introducing a description, written by the Jesuit Vasconcellos, who had performed the ascent about two hundred years before.

“The greater part of the way you have not to travel, but to get on with hands and feet, and by the roots of trees; and this among such crags and precipices, that I confess my flesh trembled when I looked down. The depth of the vallies is tremendous, and the number of mountains one above another, seems to leave no hope of reaching the end. When you fancy you are at the summit of one, you find yourself at the bottom of another of no less magnitude. True it is, that the labor of ascent is recompensed from time to time; for when I seated myself upon one of those rocks and cast my eyes below, it seemed as though I were looking down from the heaven of the moon, and that the whole globe of earth lay beneath my feet. * * * * A sight of rare beauty for the diversity of prospect of sea and land, plains, forests, and mountain tracks, all various and beyond measure delightful. This ascent, broken with shelves of level, continues till you reach the plains of Piratininga, in the second region of the air, where it is so thin that it seems as if those who newly arrive could never breathe their fill.”

The last sentence is as erroneous as the preceding are graphic and beautiful. I should not, however, deem it necessary to correct the statement, had not Southey, upon its authority, represented this ascent to continue eight leagues to the very site of S. Paulo, which is upon the plains of Piratininga. The truth is, that from the summit of the serra, before stated to be 2250 feet above the sea, the distance to S. Paulo is about 30 miles, over a country diversified with undulations, of which the prevailing declination, as shown by the course of streams, is inland. Nevertheless, so slight is the variation from a general level, that the highest point within the city of S. Paulo, is estimated to be in precisely the same altitude with the summit mentioned. What inconvenience would be experienced from rarefaction of the atmosphere at such an elevation may be easily determined! It is certain our greatest annoyance was from a very different cause, to wit, a heavy rain, which had set in about the time we emerged into the serra acima, as the uplands are denominated. The soil here is occasionally sandy, and frequently mingled with ferruginous sandstone, partially decomposed. At other points a reddish marl predominates. The general appearance of the country resembles the oak openings of our own

west, being interspersed with prairies; although the character of the vegetation is entirely different, and is also much varied from that of the region below. One decided peculiarity of the uplands of S. Paulo consists in their prairies being dotted with ant-hills, of such size and form as to remind one of the picture of a Hottentot village. The earth composing the outer shell of these insect habitations, becomes so perfectly indurated between rain and sun, as to retain the erect and oval form originally given it, for scores of years.

My horse had been recommended to me as accustomed to the journey, and capable of performing it in good time; in case I should let him choose his own gait, while climbing the mountain. I not only did this, but relieved him by walking a part of the distance, and as a consequence, was left considerably behind my company. When, however, necessity required expedition, I found Rosinante fully able to redeem his character, and the first to bring up before a place of shelter. This was the second house we saw, and several miles on the road after reaching the summit. It stood adjoining a large shed, occupied at the moment by some vagrant swine, but barred against access from the road. As the rain descended in torrents, I rode up and asked permission to enter. All was silent for a time: at length a voice was heard within, but no one appeared. Making a virtue of necessity, I soon let down the bars and gave my horse a drier footing. On entering the house, which proved to be a dirty, smoking tenement, in addition to pigs, fowls, cats and dogs, which I did not number, I found a colored man and woman, whose only business, so far as I could learn, was to wait on travelers. After some ceremony, designed to prepare the way for what they imagined an exorbitant charge, they produced corn for my horse; and as the remainder of our company came up, they were accommodated in like manner. Some of them, moreover, turned their attention to fried eggs, as the only luxury for the human palate which they could procure.

The rain ceasing, we proceeded as far as Rio Pequeno, Little River, and made a halt at a Rancho upon its banks. This term is of frequent recurrence in descriptions of travel in Spanish and Portuguese America, and it becomes necessary here to explain what it signifies in Brazil. The ordinary Rancho is a simple shed, or rather a thatched roof, set upon posts entirely open below. It is built expressly for the accommodation of travelers, and its size corresponds to the public spirit of the neighborhood. Sometimes they are from 60 to 100 feet long, and proportionally wide. Occasionally one may be found inclosed. Those who first come are entitled to their choice of position. They unlade their mules, and pile up their saddles and cargo, frequently constructing a hollow square, within which they sleep, either upon skins extended on the ground, or in hammocks. Their beasts are turned out to graze for the night; and as each troop ordinarily carries such culinary apparatus as its company requires, they have abundant leisure for preparing food while their animals are resting.

Frequently, for the sake of securing better pasture, the tropeiros encamp in the open air. They then pile up their panniers of sugar, coffee, or other cargo, in a right line, cover them with hides, and dig a trench around them in order to prevent injury from any sudden shower.

The fact that a great majority of all who travel in the interior of Brazil, prefer arrangements of this kind, goes far to account for the scarcity of better accommodations. Around the Rancho at Rio Pequeno, the mud was excessively deep. In fact, several feet of the soil had by degrees become worn away, so that the ground under the roof appeared like a large, elevated platform. Here most of our company disposed themselves to spend the night; but as there was neither inclosure nor grain for our horses, Mr. F. and myself determined to push on farther. Riding another league, we came to a stream denominated Rio Grande, and called at an establishment respecting whose owner I had some information, as doing a great business in hiring out mules, to those who travel between Santos and S. Paulo. His house occupied about the half way, and those who patronized him might depend upon there finding lodging or food. By refusing these to all others, he was endeavoring to establish a monopoly. This consequential Senhor was absent when we arrived. Thinking we could present considerations that would secure us a shelter, we waited for his return, and then made a formal application for lodgings. He was a large, savage looking man, with a huge black beard. His very appearance was sufficient to convince us of our mistake. He treated us with civil words, but under a variety of excuses, persisted in refusing us the least accommodation. It was nearly dark, and very foggy, when we were obliged to resume our route, without any certainty of meeting with a better reception farther along. I was inclined to push forward to a Freguezia some miles ahead, where I had been told was an inn. But as it soon became extremely dark, my companion determined to apply at every dwelling until he should find some stopping-place. After repeated refusals, he at length received an affirmative answer, and we reined up to a small domicil, which appeared full of its own inmates. A woman about forty years old seemed to be principal of the domestic arrangements. She promised an excellent pasture for our horses, and sent to a neighbor by the light of a fire-brand to procure them corn. Her kindness did not stop short of offering us the very beds of the family, and she had no others, on which we might rest. A variety of considerations induced us to decline this, and other equally obliging offers. On especial application, permission was granted us to occupy a small shed adjoining the house, and opening towards the road. A mat was provided to spread between us and the ground, upon which, with portmanteaux at the head, and saddles at the feet, we became in due time extended. A wax taper had been stuck upon the side of the wall, to illuminate a portion of our darkness for a short time. After its expiration we had a protracted season for meditation; for between the noise of the

people in the house, and of a pack of puppies, which we in the morning ascertained to have been fellow occupants of the same apartment with us, sleep sparingly visited our eyelids. Daylight at length appeared, and with it not a little alarm lest our horses were gone; and on looking at a pasture where they had been turned through a pair of bars, we neither saw them nor any hedge, (*carca*), respecting which we had been assured there was an excellent one. Our apprehensions were at length quieted by finding the horses—learning, at the same time, that the word meaning hedge, was also used to signify a ditch!

This place was called *Ponta Alta*; for in Brazil there is scarcely any house or farm so insignificant as not to be dignified with some fine sounding name. It was here that I first heard the song of the *Paulista* cocks, which is rendered peculiar by an almost indefinite prolongation of the last note. This species of chanticleer seems, moreover, to have an unusual propensity for making music; since from that morning forward, whenever near the habitation of man or fowl, my ears were filled with that ceaseless crow-oo-oo-oo-ing, which, even while resident in the city of *S. Paulo*, poured from all directions in at my windows.

Making an early sortie, we arrived at the parish of *S. Bernardo* to breakfast. Having been previously informed that the principal house was an inn, we proceeded to it with that understanding, and were not a little surprised on taking our leave, to find that we had been made welcome in the spirit of genuine, unostentatious hospitality. Such kindness from entire strangers, at a moment so unlooked for, was appreciated as an admirable contrast to the repulse we had experienced the night previous. My acquaintance, thus commenced with the venerable proprietor of this establishment, was in its continuance not less interesting or agreeable; while it showed in a still clearer light the providence of God, by which, during this tour, I was more than once directed to individuals, who at the same time had the power and the disposition in a greater degree than almost any others, to advance the objects of my mission. *Senhor B.* furnished me with mules, and a chosen guide for my subsequent travels in the province of *S. Paulo*, and I had the happiness to supply him with the holy Scriptures in his native tongue, and with religious tracts for his extensive circle of friends and acquaintances.

The remainder of our route led over a pleasant rolling country, but thinly inhabited. The road, although simply a beaten track, not designed for carriages of any description, has been found to need frequent repairs, from the throng of laden mules that are constantly passing over it. I noticed several companies of workmen engaged in these repairs, under direction of the government. A party of Germans, just arrived, were thus employed. The rest were chiefly mulattoes and Indians. It would be expected, in the absence of carriages, that unless females were absolute "keepers at home," they would become expert in riding. We accordingly had repeated opportunities of witnessing their

dexterity in managing the rein and stirrup. We could not persuade ourselves, however, to admire their style of riding, although in the destitution of side saddles, it would have been difficult to suggest a better. Men's hats seemed to be in fashion with them, both in riding and walking.

The troops, or caravans, so often met on this route, form an interesting sight. They are composed of from one to three hundred mules each, attended by a sufficient number of persons to manage and protect them. The animals are generally accoutred with simply a pack-saddle, bearing upon each side well balanced panniers, containing bags of sugar or other cargo. One, however, is trained to take the lead. This animal, selected on account of experience in the roads and other good qualities, is often adorned by a head-stall fantastically wrought with sea-shell and galoon, and crowned with plumes of peacocks' feathers. The same animal wears a bell, and yields the foremost place to no other. The conductor of each troop is well mounted, and wearing a lasso at the skirt of his saddle, is ready to pick up a stray animal at any moment.

Passing through the plains of *Ypiranga*, we soon came in sight of *S. Paulo*, and presently were winding up a narrow street into that ancient city. Proceeding to the only house where public entertainment could be expected, I was soon arranged in comfortable lodgings. This house was kept by one *Charles*, a Frenchman, married to a Portuguese wife, and for many years a resident of the place. I found that almost every preceding traveler, from whatever nation, had been entertained by him. The experience of *Mons. Charles* had led him to an unusual degree of caution respecting his guests. His rule was, to admit none without a letter of introduction. A gentleman, acquainted with this regulation, had favored me with the necessary note. The naturalists of our company were unprovided for such formalities; and besides, were subject to a peculiar jealousy, which our host had conceived against his own countrymen, and which he indicated by reiterating, "*Les Francais m'ont toujours trompé.*" Hence they were obliged to spend the night in a miserable *casa de pasto*, (eating-house,) where the rain came in *à verse*, and where all sorts of dirt abounded, but which at the time was the only place they could secure for love, honor, or money. Through our intercessions, and the better information of *Mons. Charles* respecting our friends, they were admitted the next day, and, with us, comfortably accommodated. *Mons. G.* was in raptures on learning that *Auguste St. Hilaire* was numbered among our predecessors in the occupancy of these lodgings.

The history of *S. Paulo* takes us back to an early period in the settlement of the new world by Europeans. It has already been remarked, that in 1531, *Martin Afonso de Souza* founded *S. Vicente*, the first town in the captaincy, which for a long time bore the same appellation. There had previously been shipwrecked on the coast an individual by the name of *John Ramalho*, who had acquired the language of the native tribes, and

secured influence among them by marrying a daughter of one of their principal caciques. Through his interposition peace was secured with the savages, and the interests of the colony were fostered. By degrees the settlement extended itself inland, and in 1553 some of the Jesuits who accompanied Thomé de Souza, the first captain general, found their way to the region styled the plains of Piritinga, and selected the slight eminence on which the city now stands, as the site of a village in which they proceeded to gather together, and to instruct the Indians.

Having erected a small mud cottage on the spot where their college was subsequently built, they proceeded to consecrate it by a mass, recited on the 25th of January, 1554. That being the day on which the conversion of St. Paul is celebrated by the Roman Church, gave the name of the apostle to the town, and subsequently to the province. St. Paul is still considered the patron saint of both. A confidential letter, written by one of these Jesuits to his brethran in Portugal, in addition to many interesting particulars on other subjects, contains the following passage, which may serve to show how the country appeared to those who saw it nearly three hundred years ago. This letter exists in a manuscript book, taken from the Jesuits at the time of their expulsion from Brazil, and still preserved in the National Library at Rio de Janeiro. Its date is 1560. No part of it is known to have been hitherto translated into English.

"For Christ's sake, dearest brethran, I beseech you to get rid of the bad idea you have hitherto entertained of Brazil; because, to speak the truth, if there were a paradise on earth, I would say it now existed here. And if I think so, I am unable to conceive who will not. Respecting spiritual matters and the service of God, they are prospering, as I have before told you; and as to temporal affairs, there is nothing to be desired. Melancholy cannot be found here, unless you dig deeper for it than were the foundations of the palace of S. Roque. There is not a more healthful place in the world, nor a more pleasant country, abounding as it does in all kinds of fruit and food, so as to leave me no desire for those of Europe. If in Portugal you have fowls, so do we in abundance, and very cheap; if you have mutton, we here have wild animals, whose flesh is decidedly superior; if you have wine there, I aver that I find myself better off with such water as we have here, than with the wines of Portugal. Do you have bread, so do I *sometimes*, and always what is better, since there is no doubt but that the flour of this country (mandioca) is more healthy than your bread. As to fruits, we have a great variety; and having these, I say let any one eat those of the old country who likes them. What is more, in addition to yielding all the year, vegetable productions are so easily cultivated, (it being hardly necessary to plant them,) that nobody can be so poor as to be in want. As to recreations, yours are in no way to be compared with what we have here.

"Now I am desirous that some of you should come out and put these matters to the test; since I do not

hesitate to give my opinion, that if any one wishes to live in a terrestrial paradise, he should not stop short of Brazil. Let him that doubts my word, come and see. Some will say, what sort of a life can that man lead who sleeps in a hammock swung up in the air? Let me tell them, they have no idea what a fine arrangement this is. I had a bed with mattresses, but my physician advising me to sleep in a hammock, I found the latter so much preferable, that I never have been able to take the least satisfaction, or rest a single night upon a bed since. Others may have their opinions; but these are mine, founded upon experience."

The Jesuits unhappily did not find this paradise to be perennial. Their benevolence, and their philanthropic devotedness to the Indians, brought down upon them the hatred of their countrymen, the Portuguese, and of the Mamalucos, as the half-breeds were denominated. These two classes commenced at an early day the enslavement of the aboriginals, and they continued it through successive generations with a ferocious and blood-thirsty perseverance that has seldom found parallel. As the Jesuits steadfastly opposed their cruelties, the Portuguese resorted to every means of annoyance against them. They ridiculed the savages for any compliance with the religious formalities in which they were so diligently instructed; encouraging them to continue in their heathen vices, and even in the abominations of cannibalism. Nevertheless, these missionaries did not labor without considerable success. The government was on their side, but was unable to protect them from the persecutions of their brethran; who, although calling themselves Christians, were as insensible to the fear of God as they were regardless of the rights of men. From the pursuit of their imagined interest, nothing could deter them but positive force. As the Indians were driven back into the wilds of the interior, through fear of the slave-hunters, the Jesuits sought them out and carried to them the opportunities of Christian worship and instruction. It was thus that a commencement was made to the celebrated Reductions of Paraguay, which occupy so wide a space in the early history of South America. Sometimes the Paulistas would disguise themselves in the garb of the Jesuits, in order to decoy the natives whom they wished to capture. At other times they assaulted the Reductions, or villages of neophytes, boasting that the priests were very serviceable in thus gathering together their prey. On one occasion, a refusal on the part of the Jesuits to give up a chief who had made his escape from captivity, was made the pretext of an attack upon a large settlement. In anticipation of the result, Mola, the presiding ecclesiastic, "set about what in his opinion was the most urgent business: of preparation, and baptized all whom he thought in a state for baptism upon such an emergency. * * * * A work in which he continued for seven hours, till he had no longer strength to raise his arm, and then it was lifted for him. The attack was made, the place was sacked; they who attempted to resist were butchered, even at the foot of the altar, and above five-and-twenty hundred Indians

were driven away as slaves. The remonstrances and supplications and tears of the Jesuit were of no avail; and when he warned these ruffians of the Divine vengeance, they replied, that as for that matter, they had been baptized, and therefore were sure of going to heaven. Three other Reductions were in like manner destroyed. In vain did the Jesuits put on the dress of the altar, and go out with the crucifix to meet the attack; the Paulistas carried away all on whom they could lay hands, and driving them with a barbarity that is peculiar to the hateful traffick of human flesh, the greater part perished upon the way, exhausted with fatigue, and misery, and inanition. When stripes could no longer force them forward, they were left to expire, or to be devoured by beasts and vultures. * * * Nor was child suffered to remain with parent, or parent with child, in this dreadful extremity. * * * The merciless scourge drove the survivor on."

Voluntary expeditions of these slave-hunters, styled *bandeiras*, spent months, and sometimes years, in the most cruel and desolating wars against the native tribes. Instigated by the lust of human plunder, some penetrated into what is now the interior of Bolivia on the west; while others reached the very Amazon on the north. As the Indians became thinned off by these remorseless aggressions, another enterprise presented itself as a stimulant to their avarice. It was that of hunting for gold. Success in the latter enterprise created new motives for the prosecution of the former. Slaves must be had to work the mines. Thus the extermination of the native tribes of Brazil progressed for scores of years with a fearful rapidity. One result of these expeditions was an enlargement of the territories of Portugal, and an extension of settlements. By the growth of these settlements, four large provinces were populated. They have since been set off from that of S. Paulo in the following order: Minas Geraes in 1720; Rio Grande do Sul in 1738; Goyaz and Matto Grosso in 1748.

During the period when Portugal and her colonies were under the dominion of Spain, a considerable number of Spanish families became inhabitants of the captaincy of S. Paulo; and when in 1640 that dominion came to an end, a numerous party disposed itself to resist the government of Portugal. They proceeded to proclaim one Amador Bueno, king; but this individual had the sagacity and patriotism peremptorily to decline the dignity his friends were anxious to confer upon him. The Paulistas have been subsequently second to none, in their loyalty to the legitimate government of the country.

By a carta regia of July 24, 1711, the villa of S. Paulo was constituted a city, and its name conferred upon the former captaincy of S. Vicente. In 1746, Pope Benedict XIV constituted the same a bishopric, suffragan to the prelate of Bahia.

About twenty years ago there occurred in the province of S. Paulo, at a short distance from the capital, an event invested with a political importance second to that of no other in the history of Brazil. It led to the

organization of the empire. The Prince Don Pedro having been left behind as the Regent of Brazil, when his father Don John VI returned to Portugal, had become an object of jealousy on the part of the Cortes of that kingdom. Lest he should usurp too high a degree of power while left alone in the new world, the Cortes proceeded to enact certain restrictions upon his conduct. They even ordered his return to Europe, under pretext that it was necessary for him to complete his education by traveling on the Continent. Some of the most influential Brazilians, among whom the Andrada family were distinguished, had already been preparing his mind for decisive action, and arranging public measures to sustain such steps as the emergency of the occasion might require. It happened that on the 7th of September, 1822, the Prince was on a journey from Rio to S. Paulo via Santos, when, having halted near the city, on the banks of a stream called Ypiranga, he was overtaken by despatches from Portugal, forwarded to him by the Princess, and confirming the insulting measures before referred to. In the indignation of the moment he exclaimed, "Independencia ou Morte!" "Independence or death," was immediately echoed by his attendants and friends, and thenceforward became the watch-word of the Brazilian patriots during their successful war of revolution.



Original.

CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGE.

"Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright."

I REJOICE when the darkness is flying,
Like doubt from the heart when at prayer;
I rejoice when the zephyrs are sighing,
For the tone of devotion is there.
I rejoice in the break of the morning—
O it brings to me richest delight;
I rejoice as the new day is dawning,
As it cheerily bursts on my sight.

I rejoice as the sun is ascending,
And flinging its light o'er the world;
I rejoice as fresh odors are lending
Their sweets from new petals unfurl'd.
I rejoice as the day-god is tow'ring
Aloft in meridian blaze;
I rejoice though the storm cloud is low'ring,
And around it the fierce lightning plays.

I rejoice as the day is declining,
And bringing in night with her gloom;
I rejoice in the host of night shining—
But one STAR shall illumine my tomb.
I'll rejoice in the vale of affliction—
Give praise to my God while I've breath;
I'll exult in the hope of the Christian
To triumph at last over death. L. C. L.

Original.

"EARTH TO EARTH AND DUST TO DUST."

MUSIC BY REV. T. HARRISON.—WORDS BY DR. CROLY.

2 Here the vas-sal and the king, Side by side, lie with-er- ing:

1 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust:" Here the e-vil and the just—

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Here the sword and scap-tre rust: "Earth to earth and dust to dust."

Here the matron and the maid, In one si-lent bed are laid.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

3 Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.

4 Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
Death shall keep his solemn trust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

5 But a day is coming fast:
Earth! thy mightiest and thy last:
It shall come in strife and toil—
It shall come in blood and spoil—

6 It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones:
Then ambition rue thy lust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

7 Then shall come the judgment sign:
In the east the king shall shine:
Flashing from heaven's golden gate:
Thousand thousands round his state.

8 Heaven shall open on our sight:
Earth be turned to living light:
Kingdoms of the ransomed just:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

9 Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than paradise:
Earth by angel feet be trod—
One great garden of her God.

10 Till are dried the martyrs' tears
Through a glorious thousand years:
Now in hope of Him we trust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

NOTICES.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE; by the Rev. Gilbert White, A. M. Harper & Brothers: New York. 1841.—The author of this work graduated at Oxford, in 1743. Consequently, he was but a few years the junior of the Weeseys, and must have been familiar with the reputation of the "godly club," as the Weeseys, and Hervey, and their associates were called. Being of an unambitious temper, Mr. White "fixed his residence in his native village, and spent his life in literary occupations, especially in the study of nature." In this sphere of life he produced a "Natural History" of his own parish—a very limited field, one would think, from which to glean the materials for a volume of Harpers' Library.

Yet this Natural History is full of interest and instruction. It gives details of parish history and incidents, especially such as relate to the soils, aspect, original productions, and instincts and habits of beasts, birds and insects; and from these, branches out to general inductions and remarks, which belong not to the parish, but to the world. We will offer two extracts. The first is in verse:

"THE NATURALIST'S SUMMER EVENING WALK.

"*Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium.*" VIRG., *Georg.*

"When day, declining, sheds a milder gleam,
What time the Mayfly haunts the pool or stream;
When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed.
Then be the time to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale;
To hear the clamorous curlew call his mate,
Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;
To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain,
Belated, to support her infant train;
To mark the swift in rapid, giddy ring,
Dash round the steeple, unsubdued of wing:
Amusive birds! say, where your hid retreat,
When the frost rages and the tempests beat?
Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
When spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,
The God of nature is your secret guide!

"While deep'ning shades obscure the face of day,
To yonder bench, leaf-sheltered, let us stray,
Till blended objects fall the swimming sight,
And all the fading landscape sinks in night;
To hear the drowsy dorr come brushing by
With buzzing wing, or the shrill cricket cry;
To see the feeding bat glance through the wood,
To catch the distant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff the awaken'd churn-owl hung,
Through the still gloom protracts his chattering song;
While, high in air, and poised upon his wings,
Unseen, the soft, enamor'd woodlark sings:
These, Nature's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing, melancholy joy:
As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein!
"Each rural sight, each sound, each small combine;
The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine;
The new-mown hay, that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage-chimney smoking through the trees."

The second is in prose, and affords a better idea of the author's method.

"The summer of the year 1763 was an amazing and portentous one, and full of horrible phenomena; for, besides the alarming meteors and tremendous thunder-storms that affrighted and distressed the different counties of this kingdom, the peculiar haze or smoky fog that prevailed for many weeks in this island, and in every part of Europe, and even beyond its limits, was a most extraordinary appearance, unlike any thing known within the memory of man. By my journal I find that I had noticed this strange occurrence from June 23 to July 20 inclusive, during which period the wind varied to every quarter,

without making any alteration in the air. The sun at noon looked as blank as a clouded moon, and shed a rust-colored, ferruginous light on the ground and floors of rooms, but was particularly lurid and blood-colored at rising and setting. All the time the heat was so intense that butchers' meat could hardly be eaten the day after it was killed, and the flies swarmed so in the lanes and hedges that they rendered the horses half frantic, and riding irksome. The country people began to look with a superstitious awe at the red, lowering aspect of the sun; and, indeed, there was reason for the most enlightened person to be apprehensive, for all the while Calabria and part of the Isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes, and about that juncture a volcano sprung out of the sea on the coast of Norway. On this occasion Milton's noble simile of the sun, in his first book of Paradise Lost, frequently occurred to my mind; and it is indeed particularly applicable, because towards the end it alludes to a superstitious kind of dread, with which the minds of men are always impressed by such strange and unusual phenomena:

"As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR SEA. By Admiral Ferdinand Wrangell, of the Russian Imperial Navy. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1841.—Sketches of voyages and travels are interesting and useful, forming a substitute in some measure for actual travel and personal observation. This is a work of merit as a source of information to the reader. It relates to almost unknown regions. The reader's geographical knowledge will be much improved by its perusal.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.—This excellent work, which has now for almost one-half of a century faithfully reported the enterprises of the Church and of its self-denying laborers, in the missionary fields of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, increases in interest as the work of God becomes more manifest and powerful among the heathen. The March number contains an account of the death of Mrs. Wolcott, wife of one of the missionaries at Beyroot. Mr. Wolcott gives the following account of her last hours:

"She expressed the deepest sense of personal unworthiness, renounced all self-dependence, and said that she never before had such an unspeakable sense of the awful evil of sin. She recognized these sentiments in her prayers, and frequently asked that she might be made a monument of grace, of free and sovereign grace. To be received into the lowest place in the heavenly kingdom, was all that she ventured to hope for. This hope, through the merits of her merciful Savior, she did entertain. She said that the character of Jesus had to her an appearance of ineffable loveliness—a beauty on which her soul dwelt with delight; that she felt a peculiar pleasure in reflecting that he was not like man, not vindictive in his feelings, but truly pitied and loved the guilty and the miserable, and wished to save and to bless them.

"The morning of October 26th she was evidently sinking, and she commended her soul to Christ. Of her prayers, which were many, and expressed, as it seemed to me, in very simple and appropriate language, I have recorded but this one. 'Perceiving the indications of her approaching end, she observed, 'This is death; I shall soon be in eternity.' Then turning her face gently upwards, she uttered, at such intervals as her extreme sufferings would permit, the following sentences, very deliberately and distinctly, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. I lay my soul at thy feet. Grant it some humble place before thee. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. I give thee this soul in all its pollution: I can make it no better. It is all that I can do. Conduct me through the valley of the shadow of death. May thy rod and thy staff comfort me. Pain, and distress, and anguish—but may I soon be with Jesus!'

"Although her voice failed and we thought her dying, she rallied a little, and to one of the brethren who came in an hour after and inquired her state, she replied, 'I feel this morning

when I am able to think at all, that Jesus Christ is the portion of my soul. There is none other for me.' These were the last expressions of her mind, while it was perfectly clear. It became necessary to administer strong opiates, and during the remaining four or five hours that she lingered, her mental exercises were of the same general character, but with evidence of a wandering occasioned by the medicine. Just before the final struggle, she uttered clearly the following remark, 'And now may the Lord give me grace to live for him; to say what I ought to say, and do what I ought to do.' These were her last words."

LADIES' CABINET MAGAZINE.—This is a union of three different periodicals, and will take a respectable rank with other monthlies of light, entertaining matter. J. Mansell, Albany.

THE LADIES' GARLAND.—This is an unpretending monthly, without embellishments, and is liable to as few objections in regard to its matter as almost any publication which is not strictly religious. It is in its ninth volume.

A DISCOURSE ON CHURCH EXTENSION: *delivered on Sunday evening, Dec. 11, 1841, being the Sunday next succeeding the day on which the corner-stone of the edifice of Grace Church was laid. By Rev. Chauncey Colton, D. D., Rector of the Church.*—This discourse is founded on Ezra iii, 10, 11. It dwells on the importance of "Church extension in great and rapidly populating cities." It presents in plain, but forcible language, the necessity of making adequate provision for the religious instruction and training of the various classes which compose a city population. It speaks thus of the indigent:

"The dispensation of the Gospel is especially to the poor: If we will not place in our own hands or the hands of others, the means of preaching the Gospel to the poor, with all its appliances of spiritual and temporal blessing, making its spirit and voice to sound out into all that world of suffering and want, in every suburb and every alley; and in the fulfillment of its divine mission, going out into 'the streets and lanes of the city,' and 'compelling them to come in,' and take a 'good place' with us in our places of Christian worship—if, in a word, we will not lay aside utterly, all limited and narrow views of the duty of Church extension, and in obedience to the calls of Providence, 'give of our ability unto the treasurers and masons and carpenters' of such good works—shall we not, with our eyes open, incur the guilt of shutting up the kingdom of heaven against the poor—and perhaps not even be suffered to go in ourselves! * * * * *

"I repeat it, brethren, the subject of Church extension has solemn claims of duty which cannot be set aside, till we have done, and till we do, year by year, all that lieth in us, to provide places of Christian worship, and the living and laboring ministry, for 'all sorts and conditions of men,' in every ward and suburb of our city. We cannot, without guilt, put aside these claims of Christ's poor, and leave them, under all the necessities of their condition, uncared for. We cannot leave their children to grow up exposed to all the positively vicious and demoralizing influences by which they are surrounded, and the Proteus forms of error to which they are exposed on every side, without neglecting the most obvious and solemn claims of duty to God and our neighbor. * * * * *

"This duty of Church extension for the poor of every great city, viewed with candor, and a disposition to know and do our duty, cannot fail to appear as plain as it is solemn and binding upon all calling themselves Christians, and living under the responsibilities of Christian citizenship in the midst of such a population. * * * * *

"We deal with the facts before you, of a spiritually destitute population, swelling in the new wards and suburbs, in a most rapid ratio of yearly increase. We do but urge the old and time-honored obligation of preaching the Gospel to every creature—a theory of Church extension or of missions, certainly as applicable to the destitute portions of a great city, as to the remotest and most isolated family or tribe of heathenism—a plain home theory, having indeed, little of the romance of distance to lend it enchantment or attraction; but nevertheless, much of the instant and pressing claim of home duty, of neighborhood charity. The time has come, not for speculating coldly upon it, but entering earnestly and vigorously upon the doing

of it. The claims of common citizenship back and enforce the claims of Christian obligation in this matter."

THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI ILLUSTRATED.—This is a new work, issued monthly from the St. Louis press. It is pictorial, or contains lithographic views of various prominent objects which it describes—such as cities, towns, and public buildings, with ancient works, and striking scenery. It expatiates over a vast field; and surely with editorial industry and talent, must be made a most interesting work.

PROCEEDINGS of the Physiological Temperance Society of the Medical Institute of Louisville.—This is a pamphlet of 18 pages, and states the origin and progress of a temperance association of the above name. A *physiological* temperance society, composed of medical professors, practitioners and students, is likely to be extensively useful, not only by the conservative virtue of the pledge upon its members, but by its influence abroad. The temperance reform owes much to a portion of the medical faculty. In this city, the friends of the cause will hold in grateful remembrance the services of Dr. Muzzy, and other professors of the Ohio Medical College. We rejoice that Louisville will be blessed with similar influences through its medical professors. The following is the form of a diploma, or certificate of membership of the Physiological Temperance Society of Louisville:

"**CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.** *Physiological Temperance Society of the Medical Institute of Louisville. Organized December 23d, 1841.*—Be it known by all to whom these presents may come, greeting: That _____, of the state of _____, on the _____ day of _____, 18____, was elected a member of the Physiological Temperance Society of the Medical Institute of Louisville, established to investigate the causes, consequences, and remedies of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks and other narcotic stimulants; and that every member is bound to refrain from intoxicating beverages for five years after subscribing this Constitution.

"In testimony whereof, the seal of said society is hereunto annexed, in the city of Louisville, and state of Kentucky, this _____ of _____, 18____.

_____, President.

_____, Recording Secretary."



EDITOR'S TABLE.

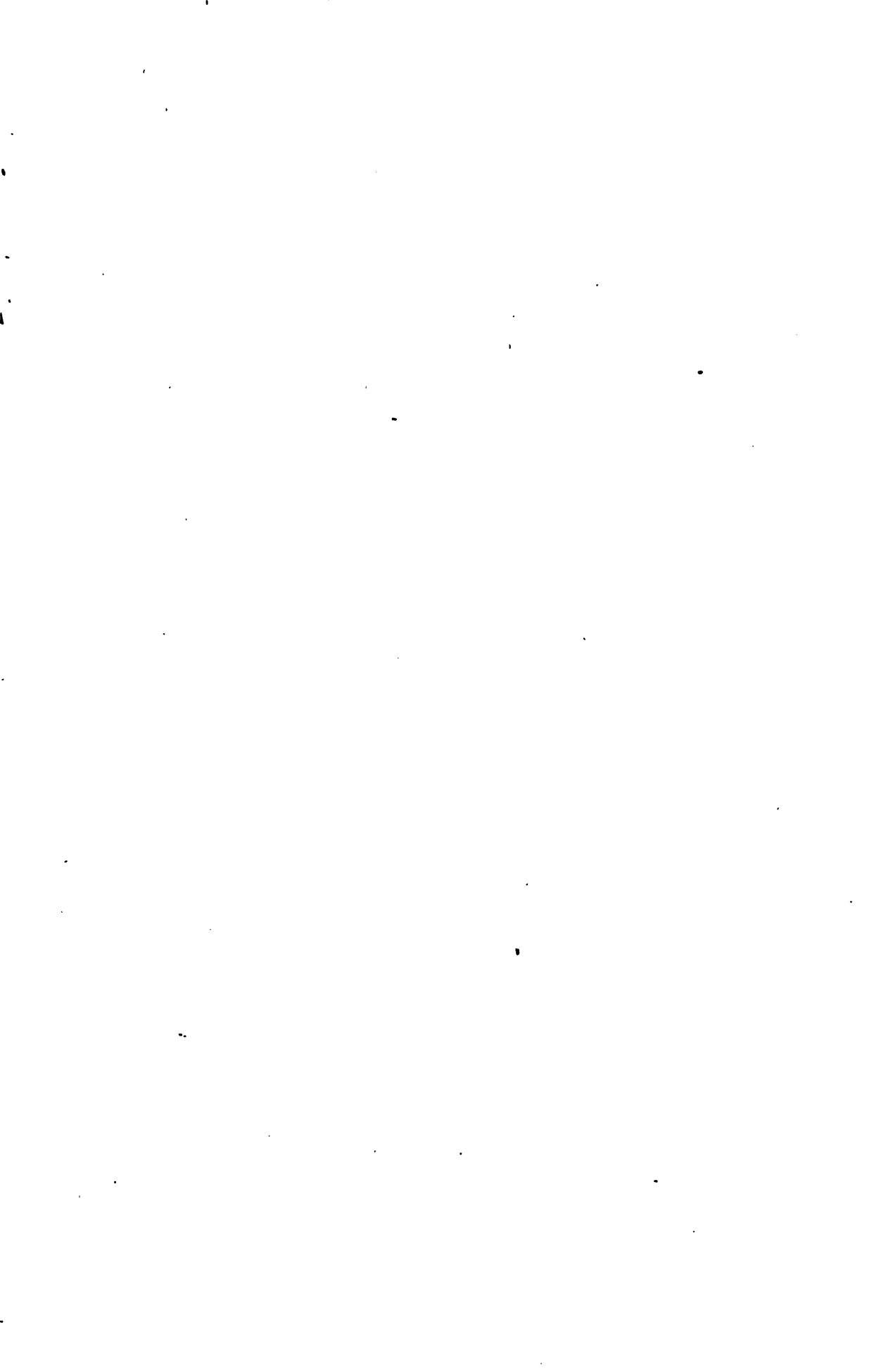
ELIZABETH FEMALE ACADEMY, Washington, Mississippi: *under the patronage of the Mississippi Annual Conference.*—This institution is under the supervision of Mrs. Sybille R. Campbell, as principal Governess; whose qualifications are spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. The Rev. L. Campbell holds the offices of Treasurer and Steward.

The Academic year is divided into two sessions of five months each. The first commencing on the first Monday in October, and closing on the first Friday in March. The second commences on the Monday next succeeding the first Friday in March, and terminates the first Friday in August.

From the first Friday in August to the first Monday in October is vacation. There will always be a few days of recess at Christmas.

A Visiting Committee, composed of three highly respectable matrons, has been appointed, whose privilege it is to visit the school as often as they may deem advisable; and inspect the sleeping rooms, dress, and general deportment of the pupils; and report to the principal Governess and Board of Trustees any impropriety or negligence which may come to their notice.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The poetry from M. E. H., and the articles on the "Resurrection of Christ," and "Fairford and its Church," will appear in June. The article on Novel Reading has merit, but is too long, and the theme has been treated at length already. We will consider further. The long poem on the deceased missionaries contains many good passages, and it may appear hereafter. Some other articles are under examination, and may yet be adopted. We hope to hear from E. T. and J. S. T. soon. E. H. H. has almost forgotten us.





THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1842.

WINTER SCENE ON THE CATTERSKILLS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE most striking shades in this engraving are those formed by the half risen moon on the ice and clouds. The moonlight is scantily visible on the trunks of some of the trees, but as its reflection from these objects is in an opposite direction, it is scarcely noticeable, the dark shades of the forest being towards us. The formidable attack which the picture represents as about to be made on that old savage of the forest, a stray bear, by the sportsmen on the right, will do for the entertainment of children, and adds variety to the piece.

This engraving is faithful to nature; and the reader must not forget that the merit of the picture lies in this fidelity. Here almost every tree may be distinguished; and referred to its proper genus, or species.

Some may stumble at the selection of a winter scene, in mid-summer. But the artist insists that it is correct to entertain the eye with frigid pictures in the midst of oppressive and enervating heat. In the same spirit we deck our apartments in winter with shrubbery carefully preserved from the frost, that we may retain some of the tokens of vegetable life under the reign of death. In a word, as we value the portraits of our friends most after they are dead and the living forms are passed away, so the pictures of seasons passed by are more agreeable than sketches of what is now before us.

To those who never visited the north in winter, this engraving will lose much of its interest. It figures to the eye the fraction of a region of evergreens, where even in the midst of winter the forests retain some of their beauty. Mr. Willis says, "The great proportion of evergreen trees, shrubs, and creepers in the American mountains, make the winter scenery less dreary than would be at first imagined. But even the nakedness of the deciduous trees is not long observable. The first snow clothes them in a dress so feathery and graceful, that, like a change in the costume of beauty, it seems lovelier than the one put off; and the constant renewal of its freshness and delicacy, goes on with a variety and novelty which is scarce dreamed of by those who see snow only in cities, or in countries where it is rare."

Though winter has its uses and its charms, yet it is generally accounted a dreary season—an apt emblem of death. The reader may be young—in the spring time of life, or in its vigorous maturity. Let her not forget that winter is near, and that though it approaches by insensible degrees, yet it will soon be here. It is, however, a cheering reflection that the soul hath its evergreens. The graces of the Holy Spirit will never wither under the blasts of the destroyer. All else will fade and perish, but these, like the evergreens

of nature, will appear more attractive than ever amidst the desolations of death. Let us prepare for this dreary season. Let us secure the means of entertainment and enjoyment when the vigor and the cheerfulness of youth forsake us. We shall be forward to improve life, if we can learn to look upon it as it is. And what is it? A vapor—a shadow—as a dream when one awaketh—"as a sleep" which, disturbed, seems from the oblivion of its state, to be absolutely nothing.

Time is on the wing. No power can check its progress. Years come and go in swift succession. Each fulfills its errand and flies for ever. But, alas! each carries along with it a faithful report of your aims and deeds, and you shall hear the full echo of its tones, in eternity. Will you remember the period is near when this world will fail you? when this probation with all its uses will be changed to a state of eternal recompense? Your round of earthly pleasures will not be everlasting. The tokens of youth, health, and prosperity which now encourage your devotion to the world, are like a shadow which declineth. The rose blooms on your cheek, and the diamond sparkles in your eye; but you will soon fade as the flower, and wither as the parched field. Yes the time is near when your keenest appetites will be dull, your acutest sensibilities blunted, and your liveliest fancy languid. And then your conscience in spite of bribes will execute its office.

But it is possible to anticipate that hour, not only in imagination, but by a sober preparation for its opening scenes. Let us dismiss all levity of thought and behavior, and seriously apply ourselves to the acquisition of true wisdom. Let us put away folly from our lives, and we shall escape its fruits in death. The winter of our being will be crowned with scenes fair, bright and attractive. It will be a season of sunshine—a season of flowers—a season of rich and joyous harvests whose fruits shall be immortal.

Perhaps by a course of Christian diligence as followers of Christ we are preparing to reap that eternal harvest. Well for us if this be the case, and thrice happy for us if we fall not from our steadfastness. But even to such the following lines of an admired poet will not be misplaced.

"Up! Christian, up!—and sleep'st thou still?
Day light is glorious on the hill!
And far advanced the sunny glow
Laughs in the joyous vale below:
The morning shadow, long and late,
Is stretching o'er the dial's plate.

Up! Christian, up! thy cares resign!
The past, the future, are not thine!
Show forth to-day thy Savior's praise—
Redeem the course of evil days;
Life's shadow, in its lengthening gloom,
Points daily nearer to the tomb."

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1842.

WINTER SCENE ON THE CATTERSKILLS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE most striking shades in this engraving are those formed by the half risen moon on the ice and clouds. The moonlight is scantily visible on the trunks of some of the trees, but as its reflection from these objects is in an opposite direction, it is scarcely noticeable, the dark shades of the forest being towards us. The formidable attack which the picture represents as about to be made on that old savage of the forest, a stray bear, by the sportsmen on the right, will do for the entertainment of children, and adds variety to the piece.

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Perhaps by a course of Christian diligence as followers of Christ we are preparing to reap that eternal harvest. Well for us if this be the case, and thrice happy for us if we fall not from our steadfastness. But even to such the following lines of an admired poet will not be misapplied.

"Up! Christian, up!—and sleep'st thou still?
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Is stretching o'er the dial's plate.

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The past, the future, are not thine!
Show forth to-day thy Savior's praise—
Redeem the course of evil days;
Life's shadow, in its lengthening gloom,
Points daily nearer to the tomb."

Original.
RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BY S. COMFORT.

DEATH is appalling to the stoutest heart. We instinctively shrink from its withering touch. And this emotion has reigned predominant in the heart of man in all ages; and when not overcome by some antagonist passion, principle, or sentiment, or some erroneous notion of virtue which inculcated a reckless contempt of death—the offspring doubtless of a gross and corrupt system of education—it has shown itself among men in all times and places with but little variation in its full strength and influence. In fact, every thing animate flies from death as from the face of a malignant enemy. To man it is the grand secret; one which he must experience to know. And as prying as is our natural curiosity, though thousands have courted death from other motives, who has ever sought it from a desire to indulge this propensity? And though the grave is sure to become our tenement, we studiously avoid every path which we imagine leads to it, till at last by nature's stern decree we are made its unwilling tenants.

But death is not a being, but a state; a universal effect of a universal cause. Why then should we still direct our abhorrence against this inevitable effect, as if there were something repugnant and cruel in death? Why not at once transfer all our invincible aversion from the offspring to its malignant parent, *sin*? But for *sin* death had never entered the world; and but for *sin* even now death would prove an infinite blessing rather than a destroying curse. The atonement transforms this dreaded monster into a smiling and benignant friend. It not only opens a door of hope for the sinner, but it points to a fountain where he may wash away his deepest stains. It does more. It lifts the dark veil by which the grave is mantled, and darts a ray of immortal hope to its deep, cold centre. It alone triumphantly answers the great question of the patriarch of Uz, "If a man die, shall he live again?" It says he shall: that all the unknown and forgotten dead, from their slumbers of a thousand years, shall wake and come back again to life and youth.

This consideration alone invests Christ's resurrection with infinite importance. All we have to hope in time or eternity reposes on this basis. It is the grand keystone of the atoning system. For were only this one stone wanting in the great moral arch, which sustains a world of human intelligences from plunging into the gulf of eternal perdition, the system would be imperfect, and the structure fall. This has long since been seen and felt by both the friends and foes of Christianity. To the important fact of Christ's resurrection, the apostle appealed in triumph for the divine authenticity of the doctrine of salvation by faith in the crucified Redeemer; and against this main pillar of the fortress of revealed truth the virulent, daring infidel has leveled his heaviest ordnance. Had the strong hold been vulnerable at this point, the claims of the one,

with the hopes of all believers, would have been swept away, while the empty boast and the inglorious triumph of the other would have been complete.

But the advantage which would be gained to the cause of infidelity, could not the resurrection of Christ be established, has not been seen in modern times only: it was manifest to the captious and sceptical Jews who were principal in procuring our Savior's death. Hence as a timely after-thought it occurred to them, subsequent to the crucifixion and interment of Christ, that having foretold his resurrection from the dead on the third day, his disciples might come and remove his body from the tomb within that time, and then say to the people that he had risen again. Against such a wicked artifice, of which their estimation of the virtue and integrity of the apostles allowed them to suppose them capable, it was deemed prudent to provide, by sealing the door of the sepulchre with the governor's seal, and by setting a guard of sixty armed men. And certainly the means were ample to accomplish the end they had in view. All this was frankly assented to by the governor, and as promptly executed by those who sought the sanction of his official authority; little suspecting that their studied precaution against the anticipated artifice and falsehood of the apostles would prove the means of establishing, beyond contradiction, the important fact of Christ's resurrection on the testimony of his bitterest enemies; while they themselves would be reduced to an expedient as absurd, false, and ridiculous as that of which they had suspected the apostles! But such was the fact. The thought was quite above their groveling conceptions, that they were contending with an omnipotent arm, directed by an omniscient eye, which upheld an all-pervading system of providence, which would so overrule the whole as to make even the wrath of man to praise him. It is true, as a matter of mere human policy, their military band might intercept any collusion on the part of interested and designing apostles. But what was a guard of sixty men, whole cohorts, or legions of veteran troops, in the presence of commissioned angels, who could have blasted, with the breath of their wings, whole empires of armed soldiers! Had these intrepid Roman guards fully realized how completely they were under that power which could crumble the pillars of earth, of which they had a fearful token when they felt the earth quaking under their feet, how would they have expostulated with the officer of the guard who gave them their station at Joseph's tomb? They only act in keeping with the well known attributes of human nature and the surrounding circumstances, when they betray the terror and paleness of death. And what was the executive seal in his presence who sways a resistless sceptre alike over men on earth and over moral beings in the unseen spirit-land.

But though nature witnessed against them, attesting the verity of Christ's resurrection, neither the soldiers, chief priests, nor Pharisees were subdued and reclaimed by such a marked and emphatic rebuke. See their

slandrous and collusive attempt to account to the public for the absence of our Lord's body from the tomb. Recovering from their trepidation, the vanquished guard stole away into the city and related what had transpired. Matters had taken a course not anticipated by the chief priests, and had assumed a posture to them no less awkward than unexpected. They could not but foresee that by his disciples and friends, Christ's resurrection would be boldly asserted; nor is it improbable the appointment of the guard was known in the city, nor could it be denied. And without sufficient motive for concealment, those frightened soldiers would be certain to describe the strange phenomena they had witnessed. Therefore, to indemnify them for repressing the truth, and for asserting the grossest falsehood ever uttered, even at the expense of their honor and safety with the government, a large and merited bribe is put into their hands, and the governor is influenced to waive the enforcement of the incurred penalty of their confessed delinquency, which was death. Thus as ridiculous and false as was the statement that "his disciples came by night and stole him away while" (as valiant and trust-worthy sentinels) "they slept;" as criminal as it was for a sentinel to sleep at his post; and as unlikely as it was that a guard of sixty men should all fall and remain asleep at once; or that if some of the number were awake so as to testify what transpired, that they should not resist the eleven apostles and call their sleeping comrades to their aid—the fabrication of this report seemed to be the best mode of shuffling off the difficulty, and of accounting to the public in a manner at all specious for what had come to pass. And here we ask, is it uncharitable to regard this as a fair specimen of the weight and candor of the arguments and objections by which sceptics have attempted to invalidate divine revelation? What a dark picture of poor, fallen, perverted human nature! Such it must remain while the only instrumentality adequate to restore and exalt it is rejected. But let us turn to a scene which presents it in some of its most amiable and attractive aspects.

The two Marys—whom we last saw with the daughters of Jerusalem weeping while they beheld the cross—followed their Lord to the tomb and sat over against the sepulchre beholding where his body was laid. Last at the cross and first at the sepulchre, they were not forgetful of their Lord during the Jewish Sabbath; but as soon as it closed, in token of their tender affection, bought or prepared sweet spicery to perfume his body. Thus prompted, on the morning of the third day, while it was yet dark, they repair to his tomb. Aware that the door of the sepulchre consisted of a massive stone, presenting a formidable barrier to their feeble strength, but not to the pious affection which burned in their hearts, their thoughts outrunning their feet, in the language of artless nature they ask, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre!" But approaching, to their pleasing surprise, they find it already removed, and enter in upon the area or floor of the excavated rock,

by the sides of which niches were hewn to receive the bodies there entombed, in one of which the body of Jesus had been laid. But they find it not. At this moment what must have been the conflict in their bosoms between love, sorrow, and disappointment! Pious and sacred friendship is defeated. Nor is their perturbation allayed but rather increased by the sight of two angels who kindly chide them for seeking the living among the dead, reminding them of his own declaration that he would rise again. While it does not comport with the limits or design of this work to attempt to harmonize the slightly varying narratives of the evangelists, we cannot omit the exquisitely touching scene, when the Savior discovered himself to Mary Magdalene. She seems to have gone first to tell Peter and John, and to have followed them back to the sepulchre. They had again left; but she clung to the sacred spot. And while she stood there alone weeping, stooping down, she looked into the sepulchre; and to two angels who asked her why she wept and whom she sought, she replied, because they had taken away her Lord and she knew not where they had laid him. Turning herself she saw Jesus standing, but recognized him not. He made the same inquiry. Supposing him to be one of the sentinels, she said, if he would tell her where her Lord was laid she would take him away. Jesus accented her name, "*Mary!*" It was the voice of Jesus. She could only exclaim, "My Master!" throwing herself at his feet. He kindly said, "Cleave not to me. I am not yet ascended to my Father. Go and tell my brethren that I ascend to my Father and your Father; to my God and your God." Thus, with others who like her were early at the sepulchre, as the reward of their love and attachment to their crucified Lord, she had the distinguished honor of being the first to preach a risen Savior to the disciples as they mourned and wept.

Here let us pause a moment, and reflect on the scene we have reviewed. On what point shall we fix our eyes? Shall we speak of the amiableness of piety as seen in those devoted women, who not only ministered to Christ while he was alive, but sympathized with him in death, and with unabated affection hung around his grave? Great was their fidelity, and great their reward. But let us remember that benevolence to his children is rewarded as if shown to himself. Though we cannot have Mary's sight of the risen Savior, we may have Mary's faith, her love, and her joy. If her heart, so shall her *reward* be ours. Or shall we ask, what stronger evidence of the fact in question could we have than is adduced by the evangelists? What testimony could have been freer from suspicion than that of the soldiers? Theirs is a testimony extorted from them by events and circumstances over which they could have no control, and in which they had no design. It supports a fact they would have had otherwise. Their interests lay on the other side. It is the testimony of the opposite party in the issue. In all, how clearly do we see the hand of God. For it is only saying what every well-read Biblical student

must believe, that it was foreseen how the fact of Christ's resurrection would be called in question; hence the evidence was provided and preserved to meet the objections, and to establish the fact in all future ages of the world.

After his resurrection, the Savior, during forty days, had frequent interviews with his disciples on various occasions; and, finally, eight days before the feast of Pentecost, which was celebrated fifty days after the Passover at which he was crucified, leading out his disciples as far as Bethany, about two miles east from Jerusalem, having lifted up his hands and blessed them, he ascended up to heaven out of their sight and sat down at the right hand of God, where he ever liveth to make intercession for us till he shall come again to judge the world.

Death, as he struck that noblest victim, found
His sting was lost for ever in the wound,
The grave, that held his corse, her richest prize,
Yielded him back, victorious, to the skies.
He lives: ye bars of steel! ye gates of brass!
Give way, and let the King of glory pass;
He lives; ye golden portals of the spheres!
Open, the Sun of righteousness appears.
But, ah! my spirit faints beneath the blaze,
That breaks, and brightens o'er the latter days,
When every tongue his trophies shall proclaim,
And every knee shall worship at his name;
For he shall reign with undivided power,
To earth's last bounds, to Nature's final hour.

Let us glance at some of the consequences which must accrue, were not Christ's resurrection indisputably established. Without this, his claims to divinity would be essentially invalidated, because only as God had he power to lay down his life, and to take it again. It was not by the thorns, the nails, the soldier's spear he died; he delivered up his spirit to his Father; neither *his* death nor his resurrection can be attributed to his humanity; he both died and rose again by divine power. Hence both these acts prove him God as well as man.

Surrender this, and the atonement would lose its virtue and efficacy, because there would be no intercessor to plead its merit in behalf of the condemned sinner. If we can, and if we *may* view Christ's death apart from his mediation as our advocate, the sacrifice would be seen as being already offered, but there would be no high priest found to enter the holy of holies, that is heaven itself, to sprinkle this sacrificial blood before the mercy seat: none to stand before the throne as the sinner's surety, to urge the merit of that death and the cleansing virtue of that blood by which we are justified. We can as well dispense with the atonement as with the mediator.

Had Christ not risen, the empire of death would have remained invincible and unbroken. Of all who have, and who shall submit to his resistless sceptre, none would yield in the conflict with the hope of a final retrieve, with the assurance of full indemnification. But how different is it now. His resurrection is the pledge and earnest of our own. Of this well-grounded fact, the great apostle of the Gentiles availed himself

in his masterly argument in support of the general resurrection in his first epistle to the Corinthians. How clearly does he show that if the dead rise not, then is not Christ risen; and if Christ be not risen, our faith is vain, we are yet in our sins. He then arrays the irrefragable evidences of his resurrection, being the first fruits of them that slept. Hence, them who sleep in Christ will God also bring with him. Here then is the anchor of our hope. The golden rays of this great truth pierce the centre of the grave, illuminating its coldest, darkest recess, affording the living, the dying, and the dead, divine security of final redemption from the cruel bondage of its wide and long maintained dominion. And what cordial is so sweet as this sublime and heavenly truth. How it consoles the agonizing parent's heart, when the tender scion is rudely nipt by the untimely frost, or broken by the sickness of a day: or the lonely orphan, feeling in the loss of that beloved parent, as if the last and strongest barrier between him and the grave were now broken down, and as if the waters of Jordan were beginning to rise around his feet. How it allayed the burdened grief gushing from the throbbing hearts of the two sisters of Bethany—to hear the Savior say, "Thy child, thy parent, thy brother, thy husband, shall rise again!" If the tears of sorrow must still flow, they are sweetened by immortal hope.

But if this truth is a balm to others, why may it not be such to me? Let me apply it to my own heart, since I know that I too must die. I have a thousand admonitions that I am traveling to the grave. My feet may now be standing near its very margin. Though shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it, with my hopes firmly grounded upon this rock, I can still sing,

"I would not live away; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus has lain there I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies."

THE TULIP AND EGLANTINE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE Tulip call'd to the Eglantine:

"Good neighbor, I hope you see
How the throngs that visit the garden come
To pay their respects to me:
The florist admires my elegant robe,
And praises its rainbow ray,
Till it seems as if through his raptur'd eyes
He was gazing his soul away."

"It may be so," said the Eglantine;

"In a humble nook I dwell,
And what is passing among the great
I cannot know so well;
But they speak of me as the flower of Love,
And that low, whisper'd name,
Is dearer to me and my infant buds
Than the loudest breath of fame."

Original.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

DEATH, even to Christians, is the source of much sorrow; and, perhaps, the decease of children, gives to parents the keenest pangs that the human heart is capable of enduring. The distress of King David, as related in the second of Samuel, on account of the death of his first-born by "Bath-sheba his wife," is, probably, as strong an exemplification of the correctness of this sentiment, as history affords. When the child was taken sick, he besought God for its restoration to health, although he had been assured by the prophet, that it should surely die. "And David fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth;" and when "the elders of his house" attempted to raise him from his prostrate position and comfort him, "he would not, neither did he eat bread with them." Thus did he continue to fast and mourn for seven days, until the child died, as had been foretold by Nathan; then he arose, anointed himself, changed his apparel, and ate bread. And now it was that David made use of that most beautiful passage: "But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Here was perfect resignation, where before had been unmitigated anguish.

Upon this passage Dr. Clarke remarks: "It is one of the most solid grounds of consolation to surviving friends, that they shall by and by be joined to them in a state of conscious existence. This doctrine has a very powerful tendency to *alleviate* the miseries of human life, and reconcile us to the death of most beloved friends. And were we to admit the contrary, grief, in many cases, would wear out its subject before it wore out itself." To the truth of these sentiments, the happy experience of Christians in all ages bear conclusive testimony; for, as Dr. C. further remarks, in the comforting language of the word of life, "We well know who has taught us *not to sorrow as those without hope* for our departed friends."

We were blessed with three "olive plants," when our merciful Father in his wise, but painful, dispensation, saw fit to remove one, the second-born, from our embrace, into the "palace of angels and God." Then it was that the consolations of religion came seasonably to our support—for it seemed to us that none ever suffered as we did. The child died of whooping cough. He continued to get worse, for his constitution was naturally feeble and had been broken down by previous disease, until the day before he died. On Thursday evening, about 8 o'clock, he was taken with a spell of coughing, but his little frame was unable to bear the shock so often repeated, and he was thrown into convulsions, which affected the brain. It was three hours before we could obtain medical assistance—but medicine, nor the aid of kind friends who ran to our relief, could avert the blow—and *our hearts felt it*. I knew my much-loved child must die. In about an hour after the first convulsion, he revived so as to know us when we spoke to him, but his sight had

failed. He continued sensible until about 12 o'clock, during which time he was in most acute pain, and his calls, evidently for relief and ease, were heart-rending. He lingered until 5 o'clock on Friday evening, when his sanctified spirit returned to him who, in mercy, had encased it in a casket of clay, and lent it to us for a short time to gladden our hearts. *Joshua is no more!* We bow in meek submission to the will of the Lord, and own that he *can do no wrong*.

In a quiet country burial-ground, a few miles from the busy city, beneath the o'er-spreading boughs of an apple tree, repose his remains; and on a plain marble slab, marking the spot, is the following inscription:

"Entombed here,
All that was mortal of
J—— T—— C——,
Whose spirit went to heaven,
October 9, 1840,
Aged 2 years, 8 months and 14 days."

Among the tokens of sympathy received from kind friends, during our season of grief, were the following communications. The first is an extract of a letter from a minister of the Gospel, learned and eloquent, but the subject of bodily affliction, who little thought, perhaps, when he was pouring into our stricken hearts the "medicine of consolation," that he himself would so soon have to mourn the demise of a beloved father—a minister of half a century's standing in the Church, who fell in the battle field with the panoply of the Gospel upon him; whose labors were most abundant, and whose praise is on the lips of thousands who have received spiritual benefit from his ministrations. He writes thus: "Suffer me, dear D., to condole with you in your recent melancholy bereavement—the loss of your interesting little son. No more shall his musical prattle salute your ears, nor his exhibitions of future promise gladden your heart. The fond dreams of his parents are dispelled by the monster king. The playthings which amused your little one are thrown idly by, and their sight will only serve to awaken pensive recollections of the innocent and beloved one,

'Who sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.'

The ancients use to say, 'Whom the gods love, die young;' and under similar circumstances of distress endeavored to draw from the sentiment thus expressed, the medicine of consolation to heal their wounded and bleeding hearts. How grateful should we be who have a better word of promise to console us in affliction. You can, by faith, hear our blessed Savior still say, in a sense a little different from that originally intended, but, thanks be to God, equally true, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' How infinitely superior are the rich and sublime hopes of our glorious Christianity, to all the groveling and insipid teachings of a worldly philosophy. Truly was I delighted with the vein of pious resignation running through your letter. How sweet the sentiment of Scripture, 'I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.'

The next, in verse, is from a pious and intelligent lady; and if it convey the same balm to the hearts of any of your numerous readers, who may be sorrowing on account of the loss of a dear child, that it did to ours, its publication will not be in vain.

—
LINES ADDRESSED TO D. E. C., COMPOSED AT THE FUNERAL
OF AN INFANT SON, BY MRS. H. L.

—
"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

'Twas a delicate flow'r, it languished and pined,
No skill could revive it, no tenderness save;
On the breast of affection it slowly declined,
Till it found the asylum of peace in the grave.

Do'st thou mourn that so soon to original dust
The form so revered, so beloved, must return?
By faith be supported—in God be thy trust!
And in thy affliction, a *blessing discern*.

Perchance 'twas thy idol—around thy fond heart
This tendril of beauty too closely had twin'd;
May this dispensation a lesson impart—
To wean thee from earth, was the trial design'd!

Then mourn not fond parent, thy sorrow forbear,
Rejoice that his years of probation were few!
That unsullied by vice, and untramel'd by care,
He has bid to these earthly temptations adieu!

Sweet mother, to whom the departed was dear—
Thou stricken in heart—here is solace for thee!
"Forbid not, but suffer the lambs to draw near,
(Of such is my kingdom,) and come unto me."

Thy Redeemer has spoken these accents of love,
And thy lost one has sought his embraces on high;
His sweet voice commingles with angels above,
As anthems of glory resound through the sky.

Then weep not that early he pass'd to that bourne;
But the mandate of Heaven most submissively bear;
All sorrow is vain! he can never return;
But like David of old, thou canst go to him there.
D.

—●●●—
HYMN AT SEA.

—
BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

—
God of the ever-rolling deep,
Our Father and our trust,
Who bidd'st its mighty billows sweep
Around the born of dust,

Who bidd'st it towering o'er them raise
Its everlasting walls,
Yet giv'st them slumber calm and sweet,
As in their native halls,

O grant us, as the lonely dove
Unto the ark did flee,
Mid the hoarse tumult of the waves
To rest secure in Thee.

Original.

ON TEARS.

THERE are few things more beautiful than tears, whether they are shed for ourselves or others; they are the meek and silent effusion of sincere feeling. I say nothing of tears of anger, though I believe such are sometimes shed; they are but a counterfeit coin. But how many noble thoughts and warm emotions, which elevate human nature, have found expression in tears. All strong emotion is at first voiceless; and if there were no channel by which its exuberance might escape, reason itself might sometimes suffer a shock. But as the summer rain falls gently on the flower which was fast fading in the burning noon, so tears are sent down to us from heaven to refresh and animate the withering soul. As tears are grateful in their influence, so their benefit is common—their fountains open to all. They are for every situation in life—for the young and for the aged; for the wealthy and for the indigent; for the virtuous and for the wicked; for the happy and for the sad: to no scene are they foreign; they are natural, and therefore, O blessed tears, the liveliest joy is made holier and better by your influence, and by your power is the deepest woe beguiled of half its pain!

The sight of the tears of others may call up in the mind, even of those who are careless of their cause, many varied thoughts. When we see tears on the blooming cheek of childhood, we think of the vernal shower-drop glittering on the tinted leaf of the rose-bud of May, that will soon be chased away by a burst of returning sunshine. When we see tears in the eyes of the warrior youth, whose soul burns almost too intensely with patriotic zeal for the liberty of his Fatherland, our sympathetic spirit already beholds the grandeur of the battle array, and the fearless soldier struck down and dying with the glory of victory in his very grasp. When we see tears on the countenance of the young and gentle bride, as mid the breathings of the parental blessing she looks her last on the dear familiar faces and scenes of her early innocent years, we feel that here, as it were, all the poetry of romance, and all the truth of reality, are mysteriously mingling together; and that the beautiful being before us stands as if between two worlds, like a bird yet lingering on the confines of one country, while her plumage is spread for her flight into some other. But when we see tears on the face of withered age—tears perhaps of holy feeling, while the eye of him who sheds them is fixed upon the page of the sacred book, more solemn ideas naturally present themselves to the mind: for the pains and disappointments of the present earthly scene, our wishes and our hopes are insensibly taught to rise in silent contemplation to that region where youth is unfading, and "where all tears shall be wiped from every eye."

"There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

MARY.

Baltimore, November 20.

Original.

JESUS REVILED.

BY THE EDITOR.

"He saved others; himself he cannot save," Mark xv, 31.

NEVER was there more of truth and falsehood uttered in one sentence than in this. Of truth, because in its letter it asserts the necessity of Christ's suffering; of falsehood, because in its spirit it denies his omnipotence." Let us consider, *first*, the truth, and *second*, the falsehood of the text.

First, then, it is wholly true that "Christ saved others." He saved them from *temporal calamities*. It is common for infidelity to charge Christianity with apathetic indifference to the sufferings of this life. It questions the purity of that benevolence which busies itself in anxieties for the soul, but overlooks the pains of the body. It denies the sobriety of that faith which impels us to seek the treasures of another world, while we seem indifferent to the comforts of this.

The genius of infidelity addresses Christ's disciple thus: "You talk of two worlds, the present and the future. When you speak of this, your terms are intelligible; for this world is visible. By a thousand influences it impresses on the soul sensations of pain and pleasure. But what you say of a future is altogether mystery. That world is invisible. It has no beauty for the eye, no harmony for the ear; no fragrance or sweets to charm the waiting senses. If there be such a world, man is placed without the sphere of its soul-affecting influences. You plead for a religion which is said to be compounded of truth and love; but alas! it has no eye to see, no heart to feel, no hand to relieve the sorrows which *now* assail the victims of misfortune. Its Quixotic zeal anticipates evils which may never come, and guards against ills which probably are visionary. Such charity is graceless. It shows no credentials of its virtue and utility. It hinders, rather than promotes the bliss of man, by diverting his attention from the means of real happiness, to seek fictitious joys which he hopes to seize hereafter. This religion will not answer. Its charities are reprobate. It wants the proper evidence of sincerity and worth, *viz., consistency*. True religion must breathe a love whose deeds shall be suited to the exigencies of this present suffering life, and not to a future, and an uncertain state of being."

Such are the expostulations of infidelity. And what can an accused religion answer to the charge? She can propose a prompt denial; and among a host of witnesses summoned for her defense, she can point, first, to Him who gave her being; who nursed her helpless infancy; whose tutelary doctrines and precepts and example fashioned her fair form, and molded all her manners—to Him whose meek and loving spirit has possessed, impelled, controlled, all her legitimate, unwavering disciples. Religion can silence such complaints by conducting her accuser to the fields of Palestine, and pointing to those scenes which rise as sacred monuments, or spread like shaded canvases, to com-

memorate the Savior, and his deeds of healing mercy. Judea's hills and brooks and groves, her battle heights and plains, her fissured rocks, her very dust could it become reanimate and vocal, would join to vindicate our faith, by proclaiming the history of its Patron and its Lord.

That history informs us that Christ was never weary in his works of saving mercy. "He went through all Galilee," not only to teach in their cities, but "to heal all manner of sickness and disease among the people." His pity for the distressed spread abroad his fame, and "they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those possessed with devils, and those who were lunatic, and such as had the palsy; and there followed him great multitudes." The maimed, the blind, the dumb, the halt, the bowed together, waited his healing mandate. Nor did they wait in vain.

He did not stay till friendship sought him out, or flattery courted him from his retreats. He preferred not the mansion of the magistrate to the cottage of the poor, or the hovel of the vile. He did not spurn abject misery, and seek the sickly victims of luxury and pride. In a word, his charities were not human, but divine, and therefore divested of all partiality; falling upon the wretched like rain upon the field, or like sun-light upon the bright meridian. All, from the wisest to the simplest; from the courtly ruler to the reprobated publican; from refined and queenly delicacy to the seven times cursed Mary, were welcome to approach, and sound, if possible, the depths of his compassion. Childhood, youth, and hoary age, were alike precious to the Savior of a world. His word calmed the rage of madness—his look rebuked the demon's fury—his touch restored unclouded vision to the eye of melancholy blindness—his ephphatha waked the ear of deafness to listening, joyful life—his mandate roused the dead, and despoiled the frightened sepulchre. But these were not his fairest trophies. He performed a work of still greater glory, however the world may view it.

He saved others *from the curse of ignorance*. When Christ appeared on earth, the light of useful knowledge had fled to other worlds. That which was called philosophy, served no other purpose but to render darkness visible. With sighs and lamentations the best of heathen teachers held up their glimmering tapers, trimmed them with anxious care, fed them with watchful diligence, and invoked the wandering multitudes to come to them for guidance through the glooms and storms of life. But alas! the light was too feeble to attract the multitude, and too obscure to guide them. The guides themselves grasped it with an uncertain hand, watched its fitful gleamings with alternate hopes and fears, and paused at last, to doubt, despair, and die. At the advent, darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people. The world was not insensible to the wide, withering curse. It felt the blasting scourge, and was groaning for deliverance. It even showed the signs of a near regeneration, in the piteous throes and wailings of some approaching birth. Then the heav-

ens revealed the tokens of a glad deliverance. The Savior was announced. He came as a light to bear witness to the truth, and "enlighten every man that cometh into the world." His doctrine was from heaven, and he impressed it with convincing energy on the conscience. He lifted up the veils which conceal the worlds invisible, and displayed to human vision scenes of death and retribution. Man was no longer left to the guidance of an obscure or erring light. The Sun of righteousness arose, and mortals were permitted to bask and triumph amid enchanting scenes, which rose like paradise beneath the first bright sun of Eden. Go up to patriarchal ages, then turn down the stream of history, and see how the light of saving knowledge grows dim and dark in all your course, till you reach the times of Jesus. Then pause and wonder at the gloom. Do you say it was an era of scientific splendor? Alas, the splendor shone from hell! It was an intense reflection from the fires which light perdition. It was the science of falsehood, not of truth—of that which pains, not comforts—of that which kills, not revives—of that which brutalizes and damns the soul, not purifies and adorns it for the supper of the Lamb. The Son of God alone could supplant this baleful science, extinguish these false lights, and diffuse that saving knowledge which has half transformed the world, and is leavening its moral mass into holiness and bliss.

But Christ saved others from *sin*. He saved them from *its guilt*. He redeemed the race from the curse pronounced on Adam. He procured for helpless infancy, in every age and clime, judicial innocence. As his justified subjects, defiled but not condemned, polluted but not malicious, he received children to his arms, pronounced them blessed, and confirmed their sacred title to an inheritance in heaven. He also saved from guilt acquired by actual transgression. Millions in heaven and on earth, like the thief upon the cross, have enjoyed by faith this sweet deliverance. With a voice of benediction, Christ has announced their sins forgiven.

He saved from *its power*. Sin defiles the heart, and renders it a fountain of corrupt and painful passions. What base desires and purposes proceed from within this fountain. No creature power can cleanse it. Its stains are like the leprosy till Christ commands, "Be clean." He cures the vile disorder. He is anointed to heal the broken-hearted, and release the dying captive from sin's most cruel bondage.

He saves from *the punishment* of sin. Where its guilt is remitted, and its pollutions are cleansed away, nothing hinders the free and full effect of mercy, which may then work as pleases her, for justice will not hinder. Hence her power is redeeming, and transfers the immortal spirit to the paradise above. Thus, as the text declares, Jesus Christ saved others.

But while he ministered thus to others, what befell himself. While he healed others, did he not heal himself? While he ruled the winds and calmed the seas and roused the dead, did he not defy his enemies? In conscious self-security, did he not scorn their wrath? No. In a sense most moving to the heart of humble

piety, "himself he could not save." He *must* not evade the terrors of the cross. He could not for three reasons. *Covenant, prophecy, and charity* forbade it.

Covenant. He had conferred with the persons of the Godhead. With them his death was stipulated. He had pledged himself to justice that he would vindicate her rights—would meet her utmost claims. For four thousand years he had received upon credit the "travail of his soul;" and now, when the travail of his soul was upon him, he must not turn away from the passion and the agony. He must fulfill his covenant, and bleed upon the cross. His word had gone forth, and now, to prove it, he "ought to have suffered these things."

He could not save himself because *prophecy* forbade it. The covenant to redeem had been published to the world. The private stipulation between the persons of the Deity had become a public pledge, of which heaven, earth, and hell were witnesses. The world, corrupt and accursed as it was, could now claim this deep humiliation of its Savior. The pledge was in the hands of his very crucifiers: for they held the types and promises which constituted a record obligation upon Jesus to "pour out his soul unto death." This obligation, self-assumed, bound the Savior to the cross.

He could not save himself because *charity* forbade it. Charity to the universe—a love of holiness and righteousness, prompted him to do what would maintain the dominion of their most sacred principles. This required their vindication by the punishment of man; and Christ became man that he might suffer punishment. Charity towards mortals held him to his purpose. Love to the law and love to its transgressor moved him to form the redeeming covenant, bore him to this world, and warmed his heart in death. It was such a love that neither scornful words nor cruel weapons could restrain, but rather fed it. The more corrupt and demon-like the world he came to save, the more his bowels yearned to effect its renovation. The depth of its debasement was the fuel of his pity. Its very crimes fanned to flames his zeal for its salvation, so that he could not save himself and come down from the cross.

In the second place, let us consider the *falsehood of the text*. In its spirit, it derides the claims of Jesus to the Messiahship. How blind were these foul scoffers. What tokens could they covet of Christ's divine mission—of his proper Godhead, which his deeds did not afford them? Well might some of them exclaim, "When Christ appears, shall he do greater miracles than these which this man doeth?" Yet with sacrilegious blasphemy they stand around his cross and say, "Let him now descend, that we may believe?" Why believe? He had invoked dead Lazarus from the grave, while they stood gazing; yet the miracle only served to exasperate their hatred, and provoke crucifixion. Could they, without the devil's instigation, believe that he who, by a word, had healed Judea of its sicknesses, fed thousands on five small loaves, calmed the stormy seas, and restored the dead to life,

was the helpless victim of their malice? But their labored incredulity was a service to religion. Little did they dream that their malicious taunts contained in them the virtue of a most convincing testimony to prove what they denied. Behold, boasting infidelity, an example of thy folly, and of God's mysterious wisdom. The seers of ancient times had announced the striking truth, that Christ should be a Savior, but yet himself should suffer. And it is even so. He comforts all around him, but is himself a man of sorrows. Healing all, himself is wounded. The sword aimed by force immortal at a world of graceless sinners, diverted by his arm, is bathed in his own blood. He chose this lot of grief for the joy that was to follow. Little did the crafty scribe and plotting priest suspect it, or they would not have declared the prophecy fulfilled, which, because it was unlikely, required the attestation of enmity to prove it. Why did they not perceive that Jesus chose to die, otherwise death had no dominion over him? Had he not throughout his ministry mocked all the rage of death, defied its fatal weapons, and re-seized its trembling victim from its frightful, cold embrace? Had he not entered its dark domains, and borne back to life and loveliness the profaned and putrid tenants of its most secret chambers? Yes, and they were witnesses. Why then do they exclaim, "Himself he cannot save?" The Lord ensnares the wise in the net of their own craftiness, and this is an example. The malice of his foes is the Savior's testimony—their contradiction his credentials—their reproach his honor—their slander his bright fame, to live and spread and bless the world till it burn and sink for ever.

Having considered the truth and the falsehood of the text, we urge the application of its doctrine.

The necessity of Christ's sufferings affectingly appeals to the sinner and the saint. To the sinner, because transgression occasions that necessity. Had not man sinned, Christ had never died. Sin brought the blessed Jesus from the skies. Sin enrobed 'him in weak and suffering flesh. Sin imposed on him hunger and thirst, nakedness and weariness: Sin drove him to the mount for prayer, to the field or the wilderness for dwelling and for shelter. He must be tempted, persecuted, denied and betrayed, because we had sinned. He must endure the garden agony, must be buffeted and spit upon, must be crowned with thorns and dragged with thieves to shameful crucifixion, because we had sinned. And shall we sin still? Behold him in his glory before the world was, and trace him in his passage to the garden and the cross, then say—*shall we sin still?*

This subject contains an appeal to Christ's disciple. Why could not Jesus save himself? Because he loved you, Christian, with an everlasting love. Let this melt your heart into humble, contrite thankfulness. Rejoice with tears, that in the hour of deepest anguish his love for you was stronger than death. Rejoice that he held to his gracious purpose of redeeming you. With anthems, let earth and heaven celebrate that hour. Let both concert eternal melodies in memory of the cross. Let the taunts of crucifixion form the chorus of that

song. Let it echo and re-echo—**HIMSELF HE CANNOT SAVE.**

He died, and all is well. 'Tis well on earth—'tis well in heaven. 'Tis well for thee, sin-sick soul, burdened, faint and dying—well for thee, suffering pilgrim, who, like Mary, watch beside his sepulchre—well for you, backslider, who, like Peter, bewail the denial of your Lord—well for you, faithful soul, leaning, like John, upon his bosom—well for you, aged disciple, who hold him, like Simeon, in your trembling arms! Well was it for you, ye spirits of the just made perfect, whose robes are washed in his blood—and well for you, ye angels that excel in might, desiring to look into these holy and blessed mysteries—well for thyself, Father, Son, and Spirit, whose covenant and word and love are now assured and everlasting, that Jesus could not save himself and come down from the cross!

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, Amen!



Original.
AFFLICTION.

—
"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

—
I know my Father loveth much,
Because he chastens me;
And every time I feel his rod,
His goodness more I see.

I've felt his chast'ning hand severe
From childhood's early hour,
And wondered, that to suffering keen,
I still retained the power.

I never passed one sunny hour,
Nor smiled, nor laugh'd with glee,
But felt that sorrow dark was near,
To take the joy from me.

"Thy will be done," with tears I've said,
And found it sweet to say—
But when my soul was deeply stung,
Thus only could I pray.

I know that it was good for me
To be thus sorely tried;
But hard to understand it so,
When sorrows multiplied.

I've learned with patience now to wait,
And cheerfully fulfill
The appointed duties of my sphere,
And trust his gracious will.

My spirit has renew'd her strength,
And fix'd her hopes above—
How passing sweet my Father's word—
"I chasten whom I love." S. B.

Original.

A BROKEN HEART.

How strange and absurd are the ideas of childhood upon many unexplained subjects, of which here and there they catch a prominent word from the conversation of their elders. I have ever been averse to the plan of infant schools. Nor do I believe there is any benefit derived from them, where objects are multiplied and crowded upon the baby's attention. But just the reverse do I appreciate a privilege seldom extended to children—that of conversation and explanation of the objects which they have seen.

Outward objects do pretty sufficiently explain themselves to children, as far as is yet necessary to them; but more especially should they be encouraged to communicate their ideas, and to speak what they have heard and evidently noticed. And this teaching, as combined with the book, were, of the two, matter of more advantage. Of course this method implies either separate teaching, or what were far preferable, if convenient, domestic instruction.

I once heard Tristram Burges remark, that "the better part of teaching was that which was never paid for"—never stipulated for; namely, oral instruction and explanations by occasional lecturing. A faithful teacher fails not to do this, if time permits. But time does not permit, in any other than in a limited school.

But to my subject of children's misconceptions of things. I remember when a child, for instance, of catching in the conversation of two, the phrase, "died of a broken heart." I was a child, and you will believe quite a young one, when I tell you my misapprehension upon the subject. My mother's family was numerous, and there was often at the house a young woman, a dress-maker. I mention this, because, as she was mostly in my mother's apartment, I was often present, and heard her observations. She was lively and engaging. Her style of conversation was, to use a figure, *showy* and off-hand. She was a great novel reader, and her style of thinking itself was what may be called picturesque. Overhearing her talk, I had become familiarized to the expression, "died of a broken heart;" and though I had no correct idea of what a broken heart truly was, yet it never failed, aided by the accompanying pathos of the narrator, to awaken and excite a strong sensibility in my feelings. I mused not over the subject, but took it in at once, in the very manner in which it was given.

I thought it was something fine, signal, heroic; yet worthy of all pity. I conceived it was a matter of volition, and that the catastrophe was striking and instant; and that as the heart (my idea of the heart itself was mixed and confused) broke, it snapped and went off something like a percussion gun; that every body heard it, and that sorrow filled every bosom. There was something satisfying and sweet in this sympathy. How at fault was my trusting ignorance: and altogether I had a morbid desire of a like fate—a sort of envy of those who had been wretched enough to excite so much commiseration and notoriety; and I am afraid that this

latter epithet best explains the strong inclination I had, in the absence of every other consideration, of this, my ignorantly wicked wish to die of a broken heart.

And yet there were much better possibilities within my scope of understanding and measure of moral feeling. But these were unknown to myself, as my puerile thought was unknown to all others. Nobody, perhaps, was to blame in the case; if, indeed, there can be a case where there is much faultiness and error and no accountability! My dear mother was patient, and most indulgent of my chattings and surmisings. But there was no system of questioning and explaining, and setting to rights these most egregious misapprehensions and misappreciations of things as they should be.

But as I would say, this fine idea took large possession of me, and threw all quiet things into shade and obscurity. This excitement, by the way, was precocious, out of course, and mischievous. I think, had the more quiet but far nobler idea of fortitude and of a self-sustaining magnanimity as resting in God and futurity, been then presented to me, even as it was, I could not have understood them—I had meddled with something beyond myself, and as I could take but partial views of it, I was incapable of arriving at a fair estimate. There must have been an undue tendency—how should it be watched—already established in me, to prefer things of striking and conspicuous effect, to the more quiet tenor of common life. And yet, how might this deep bosom have been turned within upon itself! Alas! it took the world, and time, and the disasters and misfortunes of life, to disabuse me, and to show me humanity as it is, and with some castings beyond, faint glimmerings of what it might be!

But of the broken heart. I believed it not then to be of disappointed hopes; of aspirations misapplied; of friendships and affections sundered and bereaved; of the decency of independence, and of an humble competency wrested away by outward happenings, and by the unfairness of others; or of the baffled attempts of industry to retrieve the unkindness of fortune; of effort yielding to discouragement; of dejection and despondency, and in all the forms of things, the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick!" And of this sickness—bereaved hope—like the lamp with no more oil to feed it, it shall die. This truly is to die of a broken heart. There is no surrender about it. The spirit faints not, but is overpowered. Nature, up to a certain point, succumbs to burdens which she cannot bear.

How lovely is the philosophy of Goldsmith's expression, that "when mortality is oppressed by sufferings too strong for her to bear, nature kindly steps in and shields her with insensibility." And such is the *coup de grace* of a broken heart.

Now there is much faultiness in our whole plan—nevertheless, so the lines have fallen. And will many a mother accept this little homiletic—will she dissect it article by article—will she trace the sinuosities and detect the germ of error, that so she may set her own child aright before she shall have aberrated far into wrong? Will she keep her away from the hearing of

the signal talker of striking things! And instead, will she nourish in her heart the gentle regards of what is sweet, and quiet, and good, and most valuable. So shall that experience which has been bitter to the one, be, by the grace of God, rendered subservient and salutary to the many—and prove a seedling of sweet savor, even where hearts and hopes shall perish not, but live and find their proper aliment in obeying and loving their Creator.

MENTORIA.

Original.

THE SHAWNEE MISSION.

The following notice of incidents which occurred among the Shawnee Indians, is extracted from a history of that mission, now in preparation for the press, by Rev. Thomas Johnson, who for many years has been a successful laborer and actual superintendent of that mission.—Ed.

THESE people were now regular attendants at the house of God, and anxiously inquiring to know what they should do to be saved. Temporal business was generally suspended, and we spent nearly all our time in going from house to house to instruct them in this new way. At length a considerable number of them resolved, that on the next Sabbath they would go and unite with the Christian people, with a fixed purpose to lead a new life. Nearly all the week was spent in preparing for this solemn occasion. Those who had determined to take this step, were deeply solicitous to get as many of their friends as possible to go with them; while others preferred waiting sometime longer, to witness the result of these new movements before they ventured to take so important a step.

On Saturday in the afternoon, several of the leading men of the band met at the mission-house, and I endeavored to explain to them the nature of the atonement made by the death and sufferings of Jesus Christ. We translated some of the plainest passages of Scripture to them on this subject. All appeared to be deeply interested, especially Fish, who sat in solemn silence during these exercises. Before we parted, we conversed with regard to the best course to be pursued on the approaching Sabbath; for we all knew that it would be an important crisis with us. It was agreed that it would be best for me to preach, and explain as fully as possible the plan of salvation. L. Rogers was to interpret; and then Fish, as he was the oldest man in the band and their chief, should speak and give his views of the Christian religion, and so explain it that all their young people could understand it; and this being done, it was also agreed we would then propose that all who wished to be Christians, and follow Jesus Christ and listen to his words, should come forward and give us their hands, and we would write their names in a book. Fish promised to comply with his engagement by speaking, and also to lead the way, and set a good example to his people by going forward first, and thus show that his purpose was fixed to try to become a Christian. The arrangement having been made and understood by all, we parted.

The next day the Indians began to collect at the school-house at an early hour. Fish was one of the first who attended; and as soon as L. Rogers arrived, Fish sent him to me with the following message: "My brother, I know what I promised to do to-day, but I am afraid I cannot do it; for after I went home last night, I was all the time thinking about those important words you explained to us out of God's Book, and it so tendered and broke my heart to pieces, that I know I cannot speak to-day, for I cannot keep from shedding tears all the time. If you think it will be best for me to speak, I will try to say a few words; but I know that I cannot speak more than two or three minutes. But I understand that a considerable number have made up their minds to join, and I think the best way will be to give them the opportunity to do so, for the first thing before we commence worship."

I concluded to take the old man's advice; and when the appointed hour had arrived, I went into the school-house where we worshiped, and told them I had been informed that some of them had made up their minds to try to become Christians; and that now we wanted to know how many were determined to leave their old ways, and follow the words which Jesus Christ had given us: that we wished all who had come to this conclusion would come forward while we were singing, and give us their names. So we commenced singing,

"Am I a soldier of the cross," &c.

All looked as solemn as death. Fish rose first. Supported by his staff, he came forward with a deliberate step, his head white with the snows of more than seventy winters, and reached out his trembling hand; at the same moment the big tears began to roll down his withered cheeks, which seemed to say that he had given Christ his heart. Not a word was spoken, but all who could, continued singing. Fish returned in the same deliberate manner to that part of the house whence he came, and took his seat. His oldest son then arose and followed the example of his father; and after he had returned to his seat, a third came forward. By this time every face in the house was bathed in tears; and they continued to come in the same deliberate manner, one at a time, until nineteen had approached and solemnly pledged themselves to be on the Lord's side. We then united in prayer to God, and took a text, and tried in the best manner we could, to direct these broken-hearted sinners to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." But we confess we felt more like praising God for what he had already wrought, than like preaching; but we made the best improvement we could of the occasion, and God owned his word, and applied it with power to the hearts of those who heard.

After the sermon was over, we told them if any more had made up their minds to go with us, they could then come forward, and we would take their names with those who had started in the fore-part of the meeting: so, while we sung a few verses, five more came and united with us. We then commended them to God and the word of his grace, and retired to our respective

places of abode. During the whole of this interesting meeting, there were no violent movings, nor breakings forth of passion amidst the excitement of the occasion. But by their deliberate movements, they gave abundant evidence that they were acting from a conviction that the course they were taking was for their best interest in time and in eternity. While on the other hand, by their solemn countenances and penitential tears, they showed most clearly that the great deep of their hearts was broken up, and that they were earnestly groaning for redemption in the blood of the Lamb. It appeared as though poor old Fish would not only sink down to the floor, but if possible, get under it. To use his own language, his "heart was tendered and broken to pieces." I have no doubt but many of them, even on this day, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, were enabled to believe on Jesus Christ to the joy and comfort of their souls. Though their information on the subject of this great change was so limited that they could not tell whence it came, yet they were fully aware that a heavenly breeze had passed through their hearts, and could say, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see;" or to express it in their own simple language, as they frequently did when alluding to this meeting, "When I went to meeting that day, and gave my hand to go with the Christian people, I felt very poor and weak in my heart; but when I heard about Jesus, and gave my heart up to him, ever since that time I have felt better." This was the experience of a majority of those who joined with us on that day.

Soon after this we explained to them the nature of Christian baptism. We told them that it was necessary for all who wished to follow Jesus Christ, to acknowledge him in this public manner by a solemn consecration of themselves to him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. They accordingly came forward, asked for, and obtained baptism. We also told them that it was customary with us to have what we called a class meeting. So we appointed class meeting, to be held at Fish's house, every Thursday in the afternoon. When we met, we told them that in these meetings all spoke, men and women, and told how they all felt in their hearts.

For a short time they all sat in silent self-examination, and then Fish, the old chief, arose and spoke in substance as follows: "My brothers, a few days ago, when I was baptized, my heart felt very bad, and as I returned from meeting I thought I would pray; so I left the road and went into the woods, and kneeled down by the side of a big log, and prayed. I soon felt that my burden was taken away, and my heart made glad; and I have felt the same way ever since." He then resumed his seat. A woman, who is generally very diffident and timid, arose next, and stood for some time, wiping away the tears from her cheeks, before she could get her feelings suppressed enough to speak. She then said, "My brothers and sisters, I never heard any thing about Jesus until lately. When I went to meeting, and heard how he suffered and died to save poor sinners, my heart felt very poor and weak, and I thought

I would give myself up to him; and ever since that time I have felt glad in my heart. After I went home from meeting that day, when I gave my hand to go with the Christian people, I went out into my little garden and thought I would try to pray; and when I got down on my knees, I felt like as if Jesus was there with me, and my heart felt glad. Another time I went in the woods, and kneeled down under a big tree, and began to pray; and I felt the same way, like Jesus was there with me, and my heart felt glad—and I feel the same way to-day."

Many others spoke nearly to the same effect, and we gave each of them advice as we thought their respective conditions required. In conclusion we sang, and L. Rogers prayed in the Shawnee language. We then told them that we would have class meeting again the next Thursday, at the same time of the day, dismissed them, and went home.

Accordingly we met the next week, and told them that we only wished to hear what had taken place with them since our last class meeting, and that we did not wish them to tell the same things again. They arose as before, one by one, and expressed their feelings in a very simple, yet appropriate manner. One very plain and unassuming man arose, and stood for sometime before he spoke: he then said, "My brothers and sisters, me cannot tell you good how me feel. Me feel just this way, like me getting nearer to God all the time, and my heart feel glad." Now these people had never been in class meetings among Christians before, and consequently had no opportunity of learning the different ways in which Christians express their feelings to each other. Their language was prompted by the feelings of simple, honest hearts before God; and to us, who had been acquainted with their language before they were brought under this gracious influence, these things were of the most thrilling interest, and we were constrained to acknowledge that the Holy Ghost had been poured out upon them as well as upon us. For one I was constrained to acknowledge, that if I had previously entertained doubts with regard to the divinity of the Christian religion, they would all have been swept away, by beholding the power of God as displayed in the conversion of these poor Indians.

From this time they continued to walk in the fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost; and their number increased, more or less, nearly every week. We now began to call on native men to pray in public, and they also soon commenced prayer in their families. This was a heavy cross to them, but they seldom ever refused, and would perform this important duty with much fervor and simplicity, and with becoming Christian courage. We also generally, after preaching, called on one of their leading men to follow by way of exhortation, and to explain the subject in as simple a manner as possible, for the benefit of the youth and others, who could not readily understand a sermon preached in the usual way through an interpreter. And these native men, placed in this responsible relation, soon became greatly interested for the salvation

of their kindred according to the flesh. While trying to explain the doctrines of the Christian religion, their minds appeared to expand, and they were brought to feel and understand more of its power and influence themselves. Two subjects appeared very much to engross their thoughts. The first was, the wretched condition of the Indians while guided by their own delusive superstitions and traditions without the Gospel. The second was, the glad tidings of great joy which they had so recently heard—that there was a Savior sent to redeem us—and that he was the Savior of the poor Indian as well as of the white man. I have often heard them say to their people, with tears rolling down their cheeks, "It is true, our forefathers told us a great many good things, and some of them were very good people, much better than Indians are now. But they did not know any thing about this way, which we learn from God's Book. Here we are told that Jesus, the Son of God, died to save us; and now, if we are sorry for our sins and break off from them, and believe in Jesus, and pray to him, we may all obtain good hearts, and be saved in heaven when we die. We did not know this until our preachers brought these good words to us."

In the fall of 1832, the Rev. E. T. Peery was appointed missionary to the Shawnees, and I was appointed to take charge of the Indian Mission district, yet continued my residence at the Shawnee mission. Brother Peery taught the school, preached to the Indians, and also attended to other pastoral duties. During this conference year we had strong persecutions from the Pagan party. They would call the Christian Indians singers and kneelers, and tell many extravagant falsehoods about things said to have occurred at the meetings; and they did not even stop at this, but killed their hogs, supposing they could do this with impunity. But the Christians persevered, and continued to increase in number, and also in the knowledge and love of God. Our society had become too large to meet profitably in one class, so we divided them into several classes, and appointed native leaders to each class. We would also attend ourselves when convenient, and assist them. This worked very well.

We would frequently call the leaders together, and converse with them relative to the general interests of the society; and give such advice as we thought would enable the leaders to meet their classes in the most profitable manner. We would call the name of every member in each class, and inquire of their respective leaders how they were prospering in the divine life; and whenever a leader thought he could not succeed in bringing back a delinquent, he would ask for assistance, and we would appoint a committee to go with him; and they were generally successful, especially when several of them went together.

William Rogers, the youngest brother of Lewis Rogers, our faithful interpreter, was one of our leaders. At one time, when we met as usual to converse about the interests of the society, William Rogers appeared to be greatly discouraged. He had some complaint

against nearly every member of his class! but especially because they would not attend class meetings promptly. He asked for advice, saying that he did not know what to do. While I was meditating upon some proper arrangement to bring up his class, his oldest brother, Lewis Rogers, spoke and said, "My brother, I am afraid you do not try hard enough with your class. I will tell you what I think will be best. I think it will be best to appoint two class meetings a week for your class, until we get them stirred up, and in the habit of attending more regularly. If you will take this plan, I will go and help you." The proposition met the approbation of all present, and they went to work with their two class meetings a week for the delinquents, and I heard no more complaints of delinquencies in that class afterwards.

From this we can see something of the perseverance of these native men, to save their people from deserting the fold of Christ. How often do we find class-leaders, and preachers too, among ourselves, who, instead of imitating the zeal of these converted Shawnees, and appointing two class meetings a week for delinquent classes, give them up altogether, when the members become indifferent in attendance, and thus suffer whole classes to become scattered. Perhaps a part may retain the form of godliness, while many others turn back entirely to "the weak and beggarly elements," and their last state becomes worse than the first. From observation and experience we hesitate not to affirm, that in most cases these sad consequences might be prevented by the united exertions of the preachers and official members of the Church, whom the Holy Ghost has in a very important sense appointed to watch over his flock, had they the diligence and perseverance of these converted Indians. Will not these rise up in judgment and condemn many a formal and cold-hearted professor of religion? For they, by their diligent efforts, show that they consider the salvation of the soul a matter of the first and greatest importance; while many, who have had much greater privileges, and who have long professed to be the followers of Christ, by an undue attention to worldly business, lukewarmness in their souls, or a sheer neglect of the means of grace, suffer their seats at the house of God to be vacated, and say to the world that they consider the Christian religion a "cunningly devised fable;" or to say the least, a subject of minor importance.

The Indians, who are generally reserved and backward in expressing themselves to white men on the subject of religion, now began to throw off that reserve, and talk more freely to us; as they had by this time become convinced that we were their friends. That the reader may more readily understand what I mean, I will relate a conversation which took place between an Indian man and myself, who was on intimate terms of friendship with me. He could talk but little English, and wished to purchase a yoke of oxen. I took him with me into the white settlement, and aided him in purchasing a yoke of good, gentle cattle, which suited him very well; consequently he considered me his *true*

friend, and believed that I would not tell him any thing which was not correct. I had frequently spoken to him on the subject of religion, and endeavored to persuade him to come and hear preaching, but never could succeed in getting him to attend. I afterward met him one day, at the house of our old brother Fish. I believe there were no persons present but this man, Fish's son Paschal, and myself. Fortunately Paschal had now got to be a pretty good interpreter, especially in private conversation, and I thought that on this occasion he interpreted better than I had ever known him. I said to the Indian man above alluded to, "My friend, I would be glad to have you with us when we meet together to worship God, and see you listen to his words." He studied a few minutes, and then said, "My friend, I do not know how to understand what you mean. You talk to me about going to meeting and trying to be a Christian, like you thought I *could* be a Christian. Do you not know me? Do you not know that I have been a very wicked man? That I have been a great drunkard and a great liar, and have done a great many other bad things? But I believe that you are my friend, and that you would not tell me any thing which is not true."

I told him that I knew he had been a wicked man, and that we had all been sinners; and that if Jesus Christ had not come to save us, none of us could become Christians: but that Jesus had come to save sinners, and that he by the grace of God had tasted death for every man—for the red man as well as for the white man, for there was no difference with God, "who had made of one blood all nations of men," and had given his Son a ransom for all; and that now he commanded all men everywhere to repent and believe the Gospel. That if we are sorry for our sins, and will forsake them, and believe in Jesus Christ, he will pardon our sins, however many and great they may have been, and that he will send the Holy Spirit to change our hearts and make them good, so that we may be able to love and serve him and get to heaven when we die; and this was the reason why Christ commanded his apostles to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, that all might know the way to be saved, and that this was the reason why we came and preached to the Shawnees; for God's Book told us that he was not willing that any should perish, but that all should turn to him and live.

The man appeared to be astonished beyond measure at this doctrine; and after he had silently thought on the subject a few minutes, he said, "My friend, I never heard these things before, and I am glad that you told me, for I think you would not tell me any thing wrong. Now I will go to meeting, and try to be a Christian." On the next Sabbath he was at the house of God, and one of the most attentive hearers I had ever seen. This new doctrine still appeared to strike him with astonishment. On the second Sabbath he became greatly affected, joined the Church, and asked to be baptized. He was accordingly solemnly dedicated to God by this ordinance, and gave good evidence, that as great a sin-

ner as he had been, he had found a way to become a Christian and obtain a new heart.

I have related the case of this man more in detail than I would have done, from the fact that I have been convinced, from many opinions which I have heard expressed about the Indians, that their true condition, while destitute of the light of the Gospel, is but imperfectly understood. For I have heard many persons express themselves as though they thought that the Indians, and other heathens, were an innocent class of human beings, living according to the best light they have, and that many of them will get to heaven, and that it is not important to send them the Gospel; for if this light should be introduced among them, and they should neglect to improve it, (as many of them probably would,) more of them would be lost than though they were left in their present condition.

Now if these views be correct, we who feel such great solicitude for the salvation of our own children, act very unwisely when we send them to the Sabbath school, and take them with us to the house of God, that they may learn to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and become acquainted with the important lessons taught by Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." If the views alluded to are correct, it would be better for us to take our children, before they have any opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Gospel, into some heathen land, where they could never hear the good tidings of great joy, and be sent to hell for neglecting to obey the joyful sound; and where there will be a strong probability of their getting to heaven by living according to the "best light they have," which is but the faint taper handed down for many ages, and which was first struck by the scanty revelation which God was pleased to make of his will concerning men, before and for a short time after the deluge, ere the human family became scattered. If we add to this, that the Spirit of God does reprove, even the heathen world, in some degree, "of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment," we have all the light which reaches the minds of heathens, and this light within them becomes darkness by the ignorance and superstition which have beclouded their minds.

The true state of the case appears to be this, that there is a *possibility* for even heathens to be saved, if they do the works of the law which God by his Spirit has written on their hearts; that is, if they fear God and work righteousness according to the best light they have. But there are very few heathens who do this; not one with whom I have for so many years become acquainted. Heathens, as well as other human beings, are born in the possession of corrupt natures—"the carnal mind, which is enmity against God." And under the influence of this principle of depravity, they are enticed by surrounding temptations, which are numerous and strong in heathen lands. They are hurried into acts of wickedness in early life, and violate their own consciences and their own acknowledged princi-

ples of right and wrong, and consequently stand condemned by the apostle's rule; their conscience bearing witness against them, and their own thoughts accusing them of wrong before God. This is the condition in which I have found all the Indian tribes which I have visited. They have departed from their own principles of rectitude, and are ready to acknowledge that they have not even kept the good advice handed down to them from their forefathers by tradition; and that they have not acted according to what they have felt in their own hearts to be right. They know they are a wicked people, and believe that the Great Spirit is angry with them for their wickedness; and they believe that this is one of the chief causes of their present calamities and degradation. But they know not what source to apply to for help. They seem still to have a faint impression resting on their minds, that their forefathers were good people, and that if they could find the way to live as their forefathers did, they would still be happy. But even here they disagree among themselves in reference to what was taught by their forefathers; and their moral energies are so enfeebled by their vicious habits, that they are much inclined to give way to general despondency. And if they entertain any hope of future happiness, it is merely this—that perhaps God may pity them at last because they are poor and ignorant. They cherish no hope of the pardon of past sins, and the renovation of their natures. They do not see how this can be, and consequently, all is uncertainty and desponding fear. But when we approach them with the glad tidings of great joy, and tell them that there is a Savior born, even Christ the Lord; and that through him repentance and remission of sins are offered to all people, inasmuch as he has, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man; and that the Holy Spirit has been given to change our hearts, and give us good hearts, that we may love him and serve him in newness of life, hope springs up. And though they may, like the poor Shawnee above alluded to, be struck with astonishment at first; yet, if they have confidence in the messenger, they will, like him, be led to say, if these things are so, we are glad of it: now we will go to meeting, and try to be Christians. And like him, when they hear the Gospel preached, they will receive it in the love of it, and find that there is a way for as great sinners as they have been to obtain pardon and get new hearts.

If this is a correct view of the heathen world without the Gospel, is it not clear to every reflecting mind that many hundreds and thousands of them, who are now in the broad road to destruction, and who will be finally lost without the Gospel, might, by its encouragements, be rescued from their downward course, and brought to trust in the Savior of a ruined world, obtain the pardon of sin, the spirit of adoption, and become heirs of eternal glory? We could name more than one hundred Indians within our own acquaintance among the tribes west of the Missouri, who, like the one alluded to, were great sinners; for many of them were the most beastly drunkards I ever saw—and but for the introduction of the Gospel among them, we have every reason

to believe they would have been finally lost. But by the encouragements of the Gospel they have been led to repentance, and to seek and obtain pardon through the merits of Christ; and are now living witnesses that Christ has power on earth to forgive sins, and to change our fallen nature. They are bright ornaments in the Christian militant Church, and we have no doubt many of them will be numbered with those who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. For one, I cannot throw off the conviction which irresistibly forces itself upon my mind, that those who have it in their power to give the heathen the Gospel, either by going in person and preaching to them, or by furnishing the means to enable others to go, and neglect it, will be held accountable for this neglect in the day of judgment. O what an account will this be for us to settle in that "great day," when we shall be charged with the destruction of immortal souls for whom Christ died! May God help the whole Church to arise and gird herself for this work, and never stop until the Gospel of the kingdom is preached to every nation under heaven, for a witness unto all people. In the providence of God, the Church is blessed with means for the accomplishment of this important enterprise. May we be wise stewards of the manifold grace of God!

From the London Evangelical Magazine.

LAST ILLNESS OF MRS. HEMANS.

"For she was born beyond the stars to soar,
And kindling at the source of life adore."

Few writers of the age, it is obvious, have imparted so much pleasure to persons of cultivated minds, poetic taste and sensibility, in every district of the land, as the late Mrs. Hemans; and in the productions of few female authors do we find more beautiful specimens of polished language, vigorous imagination, graceful, tender, and glowing thought. The versification of her poems, the imagery employed, the range of subject, and the vivid and impressive manner in which her principal compositions are penned, combine to render her one of the most captivating and influential writers of the British empire. How delightful, then, is it for the Christian to be able to cherish the hope that, during her last illness, she was brought effectually to the Savior; and that when she expired, she died calmly and happily in the Lord.

"— Soaring to the world of light, and fadeless joys above."

A few concise notes to exemplify the correctness of these observations, may prove interesting and beneficial to every enlightened believer in Jesus who peruses these pages, and may augment the gratification of those who often read her exquisite poems, "A Domestic Scene;" "The Graves of a Household;" "The Better Land;" "The Silent Multitude."

Shortly after her arrival in Ireland, where Mrs. Hemans died, she was extremely unwell. When among the mountain scenery of the fine country of Wicklow,

during a storm she was struck by one beautiful effect on the hills; it was produced by a rainbow diving down into a gloomy mountain-pass, which it seemed really to flood with its colored glory. "I could not help thinking," she remarked, "that it was like our religion, piercing and carrying brightness into the depth of sorrow and of the tomb." All the rest of the scene around that one illuminated spot was wrapt in darkness.

During her last illness, Mrs. Hemans delighted in the study of sacred literature, and particularly in the writings of some of our old and choice divines. This became her predominant taste, and it is mentioned respecting her, that the diligent and earnest perusal of the Holy Scriptures was a well-spring of daily and increasing comfort. She now contemplated her afflictions in the right manner, and through the only true and reconciling medium, "and that relief from sorrow and suffering for which she had been apt to turn to the fictitious world of imagination, was now afforded her by calm and constant meditation on what alone can be called 'the things that are.'"

When the cholera was raging in Dublin, she wrote to a dear relative, "To me there is something extremely solemn, something which at once awes and calms the spirit; instead of agitating it, in the presence of this viewless danger, between which and ourselves we cannot but feel that the only barrier is the mercy of God. I never felt so penetrated by the sense of entire dependence upon Him, and though I adopt some necessary precautions on account of Charles, (her son,) my mind is in a state of entire serenity."

While the work of decay was going on surely and progressively, with regard to the earthly tabernacle, the bright flame within continued to burn with a steady and holy light, and at times even to flash forth with more than wonted brightness. On one occasion she finely expressed, when there was a favorable change in her condition, "Better far than these indications of recovery is the sweet religious peace which I feel gradually overshadowing me, with its dove-pinions, excluding all that would exclude thoughts of God."

This gifted lady wrote, with peculiar beauty, on another occasion, "I wish I could convey to you the deep feelings of repose and thankfulness with which I lay, on Friday evening, gazing from my sofa upon a sunset-sky of the richest suffusions, silvery green and amber kindling into the most glorious tints of the burning rose. I felt his holy beauty sinking through my inmost being with an influence drawing me nearer and nearer to God."

Her confidential attendant, a most interesting young female, devotedly attached to her mistress, expressed herself respecting her in the following delightful and impressive manner: "It may well be said this was not her rest. She ever seemed to me as a wanderer from her heavenly Father's mansion, who knew too much of that home to seek a resting-place here. She often said to me, 'I feel like a tired child, wearied and longing to mingle with the pure in heart.' At other times she would say, 'I feel as if I were sitting with Mary

at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly; and then she would say, 'O, Anna, do you not love your kind Savior? The plan of redemption was, indeed, a glorious one; humility was, indeed, the crowning work. I am like a quiet babe at his feet, and yet my spirit is full of his strength. When any body speaks of his love to me, I feel as if they were too slow; my spirit can mount alone with Him into those blissful realms with far more rapidity.'"

The sufferings of Mrs. Hemans, prior to death, were most severe and agonizing; but all were borne in the most uncomplaining manner. Never was her mind overshadowed by gloom; never would she allow those around her to speak of her condition as one deserving of commiseration.

Her sister finally remarks, "The dark and silent chamber seemed illumined by light from above, and cheered with songs of angels, and she would say, that, in her intervals from pain, no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose."

At times her spirit would appear to be already half etherealized. Her mind would seem to be fraught with deep, and holy, and incommunicable thoughts, and she would entreat to be left perfectly alone, in stillness and darkness, to commune with her own heart, and reflect on the mercies of her Savior. She continually spoke of the unutterable comfort which she derived from dwelling on the contemplation of the atonement, and stated that this alone was her rod and staff when all earthly supports were failing.

In the heaviest affliction, she desired the assurance to be given to one of her friends, that the tenderness and affectionateness of the Redeemer's character, which they had contemplated together, was a source, not merely of reliance, but of positive happiness to her:

"The sweetness of her couch."

"I feel," she would say, "as if hovering between heaven and earth;" and she seemed so raised towards the sky, that all worldly things were obscured and diminished to her view, while the ineffable glories of eternity dawned upon it more and more brightly.

When her spirit was nearly gone, she said to her darling Charles, and her faithful sister Anna, that she felt at peace within her bosom. Her calmness continued unbroken, till, at 9 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, May 16, 1835, her spirit passed away, without pain or the endurance of a struggle. The remains of this gifted lady were deposited in a vault beneath St. Anne's Church, in Dublin. A small tablet was placed above the spot where she lies, inscribed as follows:

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,

Fair spirit rest thee now;

E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,

His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath:

Soul, to its place on high:

They that have seen thy look in death,

No more may fear to die."

Original.

INFANT CHARACTER.

As far back as I can remember, I was living a petted child in the lap of indulgence, in the home of plenty. All the answerings of affection were given to my own abundant household yearnings. I was caressed by mother, grandmother, brothers, and sisters. But all this was not enough for me. There was a superior want in my heart. My father I can barely remember.

We were a numerous family. I was one amongst three yet in the nursery; and we were all cared for alike. Yet we were not alike. Could my strong tendencies have been noticed and directed, what a well and welling of youthful charity had been opened and rendered efficient and habitual. But this incipient power was unknown to any other than the bosom in which it worked—rendering me a child hard to be contented, impatient, irascible, and sometimes contumacious to those I most deoted on; and this, followed by correction, as it ever was, occasioned me to be noticed as a rebellious and bad child.

Of the propriety of the former epithet there is no question; but of the latter, I felt it, in its extent, to be unfair and unsuitable. This was in the growth of character and in the progress of development. Others looked at my behavior and my outward actions only; whilst I had a full sense of the workings of my heart.

This misappreciation, as I judged it to be, rendered me sullen and unamiable—excepting at such moments as my mother, weeping over my utter wretchedness at her condemnation, would soothe me into confession and contrition for the matter of present unhappiness. And though I was habitually regardless, and took very little pains to please, yet my disposition was obliging, and I could make any sacrifice for those I loved—in a specific sense. No idea, I think, was ever proposed to me of my general disobedience, excepting, as I have said, under the sweeping clause of “a bad child;” and as that was said only at moments of exasperated feeling in those that denounced me, so my logic set it down to the account of offense conceived at the particular act in question, and not to any general faultiness of character in myself.

Now I certainly was, in one sense, a bad child. In my acts and deeds, I certainly was not a good one. Yet as I understood the words to imply a total depravity of disposition, I repelled the charge by that innate sense of truth, even in my own case, as yet possessing affections both generous and kind, with possibilities of magnanimity unaccounted of by any but myself. Yet truly such did exist. May be that at this early date there had never occurred an instance in which they did act. But the suggestions were no less evident and undoubted to my own heart. The hindering cause of their exhibition was an excessive bashfulness and hiding away of self.

Over and above the extenuation which I have mentioned, was, no doubt, the predominance of that self-love which lives and acts before we are aware there is such a principle. We know it not by name, and we

have as yet no possible clue to the fact as it is. The being promptly punished for my misdemeanors, in my estimate of justice, settled the account. And I thought it ungenerous and unjust to reproach with the epithet “bad child,” one who, if they would only not thwart me, was so full of affection and good will to all others as I was. This was not, at five or seven years of age, an intellectual logic as you may believe. But it was the true ratiocination of natural feeling, unenlightened of piety to God, and unrebuked by a better consciousness within myself.

In the meantime, I was a most unhappy little being. It is very generally said that childhood is a happy state. But I can truly say that I realized a much better contentment at a later period—after philosophy and the discipline of necessity had regulated my consciousness and my outgoings of character. I believe, too, that a word of comment, or remonstrance, would have been, young as I was, of better effect than instant punishment was. Distress of mind, I think, brought on a nervous and low state of health, which for many years rendered me susceptible, in a most uncommon degree, to all that befell me, as well as that its results were a cause of still increasing evils.

Apart from the suffering, it is a very great misfortune for a child to be sickly. The moral evil is, out of all proportion, greater than the physical. A sickly child is so petted and humored that little by little it loses its sense of what should be, in the indulgence that is accorded to its weakness; and demands by habit, when recovered, the same course of selfishness as when sick; also, by the pity excited and constant interchange of fondnesses with a mother, the character loses tone and balance, and becomes unduly softened. A waste takes place—the better capabilities are merged in a softness, not so much of amiability as of sensitive indulgence—of feeling in opposition to virtue.

This was a bad state of things; but where was the fault? The fault was that I had not *half enough afforded me to do*, and to engage my energetic and forth-going character. For this omission I do not blame my poor mother; for she was habitually an invalid, and besides had so very numerous a family that she had never accounted of this in my character. Indeed, she was sometimes excited to praise me for some signal act of ability or helpfulness. I well recollect of overhearing her say to a friend, “Here is one that will help me as soon as she is old enough;” and this praise, which I took in at my ear, seemed to commence at my heart and tingled sensibly to my fingers ends. It is true that I would have done much to assist my mother, had she trained me to it, or insisted on it; as it was I was only trained to attend to my own purposes. My elder sisters, being already expert in house arrangements, it seemed in my case not so necessary. But that was the relative and not the particular view of the subject.

I was indeed sometimes made over to the servants for some particular instructions; but they finding more facility in doing the service themselves than in teaching a novice, mystified my mother and excused me too

easily; and as it was managed, I rather received injury than benefit from these practices; yet I was by nature a most industrious child.

However, there was some amelioration of my condition at hand—some relief of this *tedium vite* of my infant state; for I was learning to read. And as soon as I had become initiated in this greatest mystery, and supreme mistress of all science—"letters, the best gift of Heaven"—they did indeed seem of such exceeding worth to my craving appetite of knowing, my necessity of engrossment, that when I could read continuously, it seemed to me as if a new world were opening upon me; and a sort of overpowering satisfaction prevailed until the novelty had passed away, and then the privilege of reading was no less valued—nor is it now.

I must not, in my deprecating of insufficient leadings, omit, in common decency, to mention what little really was afforded me in the way of religious instruction. After I was old enough, I was always and regularly called to the knee of my mother or grandmother, with the rest of the children, and taught to rehearse my nightly prayers in a reverent and impressive manner. Neither was there any neglect of occasional admonition of sin and its consequences, and of death—especially when some juvenile companion had received the awful summons. We, my young sister and myself, were made to attend the funeral, and to observe a proper solemnity of behavior; and we were from time to time reminded of our departed mate. So that the tenor of religion was presented to me in rather a saddening aspect.

This is not good philosophy; for a child is revolted at whatever contradicts the gushings of its natural gladness. I think the strengthening and cheering power of religion, as mixed with the occurring circumstances of life, is what is most needed in the training of youthful character; also, there should be great carefulness observed in the manner. And avoiding of flippancy, or familiarity, there should yet be no strangeness, which is a sort of abstraction, blended with the service.

It so happened that the good dame who initiated us into the alphabetical mysteries, was of a most severe and bilious temperament. She had been unfortunate from her early days. Her lover had died; and no succeeding engagement of feelings had cheered her life. She was, in the strict sense of the word, a lone woman. Left an orphan at an early age, without either brother or sister, she was indeed alone. She was destitute of property, though she had been trained a gentlewoman, with the additional misfortune of having become lame by a diseased limb. Such were the circumstances of her condition. And however much I then feared and dreaded her, she was just such an one as I would now often visit and console by conversation and sympathy. The consequence of these deprivations and bereavements was that she was dejected, sullen, and peevish. But she had one friend, had found an asylum in the house of a cousin, and was allowed a room in which she received her little school, and exercised her dominion and her tyranny,

for which I have now learned to make some allowance on the debit side of the account.

And here let me mention—for I love to commend goodness—the great kindness of this excellent family, who took an obscure female into their house, a cousin, and allowed her the privilege of receiving a school into their small orderly establishment. They were themselves able to live only by an exact frugality. But because they could not afford to support her outright, they did not cast her off, but made a noble effort in her favor, the humble accommodations afforded being additional proof of their merit. They were a Scotch family by the name of Sterling. A sterling worth indeed was theirs, which it fortifies the heart to think upon.

Our teacher's name, which I then did not conceive to be a burlesque upon her temper, was Content Sweet. Alas, the consolations and assuaging influences of sweet content had passed away in their significance, and left her but the name! and I will not be the heartless person to point a poor pun against the existing bitterness of her lot. The children called her Ma'am Tenty. Her school, as far as it went, was essentially a good one. What she engaged to do, she *did*. The teaching was thorough. The discipline was ascertained and uniform; and though her methods were not especially characterized by gentleness, yet do I believe that there was much of patience exhausted, if that is not a contradiction, in the conduct of her little band. However, she learned all her little crew of hoyden girls and baby boys to *spell* and to *read*; and many a more ambitious academy of the present day should boast less correctness in these items than Ma'am Tenty effected within her little apartment of twelve by fifteen feet.

This room—and I can still see it—had two windows. I now believe, by a retrospective glance, that the glass was about six by eight inches. It was quite sufficient for our keen sight, and even too much for our truant glances, when the season of roses had rendered the little beyond a treat to our infant senses. And I recollect, with true respect of her discipline, that when we were allowed a few minutes recess morning and evening, and to saunter along the little garden walks, no vagrant foot ever overstepped its discretion, or Ma'am Tenty's law not to invade the border, but a summary justice awaited the sin of disobedience at her hand. And that is a precise word; for in those days the hand was the allowed executive of school legislation.

Ma'am Tenty, on account of her lameness, had, as auxiliary, an assortment of long sticks, by which she could give a tap of admonishment to some idler in the remote corners of the room. That room, with all its little school paraphernalia, will never be obliterated from my mind; for during the long ages, some fifteen or eighteen months perhaps, which I passed there, being of my earliest observing, it seemed to be burnt in on the very retina of my mind. Yes, there it is—the old-fashioned case of drawers, the round-leaved table, with the large clasp Bible upon it, the writing desk, in which our "works" were folded and laid, and the hour-glass, that accompaniment of Time—a practical treatise upon pa-

tience—six times each day were its sands exhausted. Three honest long hours each morning, and as many in the evening, marked the term of our enlargement and our joy.

Those were the days when there was, as now, no remission of about half an hour in the morning, and a similar cutting short in the evening, for special purposes, or for no purposes at all, allowed. Yes, how many honest long three hours have been endured by every reluctant urchin there. Parents and teacher both required it. And it was a discipline from which a dull child did not suffer much; and which, to an active one, was of salutary restraint. Of the latter class was I. Yet it so happened that I never demurred at going to school but one day in my life, and that was the first day. It was, upon the whole, fortunate that my paroxysm of suffering then sufficed to control me ever afterwards.

I was, as I am told, about three and a half years old, and the house being rather too populous, and too lively at home, at least for the comfort of adults, a sister and a brother, with myself, were regularly entered and inducted to school. All of us being very young, it was not so much for what we might do there, as for what we might leave undone at home.

I recollect that, notwithstanding my grief and my reluctance, a tall negro took me on his shoulder, and carried me through the street to school. But my rebellion, to the untried horror of the place, was such, and so vociferously expressed, that my screeches and screaming attracted the attention of a number of gentlemen that were being dressed at a barber's shop on the way; and they ran simultaneously to the door to know "what was the matter." The servant answered, "Nothing, gentlemen, only young missus being broke into school." At which explanation there was a general and obstreperous burst of laughter, and my young being was subdued to silence, and overborne by the bitterness of disgrace. I felt as if the whole world was looking upon me, and considering me alone. I was as hush as death; and when the school-room door shut me in, I had only the feeling of being screened from that laugh of derision. I dreaded to see again my scoffers; but when I was carried home at noon, they were all dispersed, never to think of me again, whilst I have remembered it for ever. Such is the comparative value of the world's comment upon us, and our own overweening self-estimation.

My mother, in pity to my extreme humiliation, was not harsh, but told me that it was *wrong*, and never to do so again. And I never did; and though I suffered when any thing called this scene to my mind, yet it had the best effect in subduing my behavior to the rule of obedience ever after; and whenever the boy appeared, to take me on his shoulder, I offered no resistance. I felt then, and believe now, that necessity saves us from much conflict, and is the ameliorating circumstance of every evil that is inevitable.

But I must tell you something more of Ma'am Tenty's school. Nine o'clock was the precise hour; and first in order the A B C D-rians were taken in se-

quence, thoroughly if not patiently; then the spelling class; then the reading class—always of the Bible, verse and verse, and additionally of the "third part," i. e., of Noah Webster's series of reading books—with the sup-excellent Fables of Æsop, of which nothing was ever more pertinently penned—not a word too much, or a word too little, or a misplaced word; and what logic—what morality—what knowledge of nature—what adroitness of inference—what sapience of experience—what wisdom, goodness, truth, are contained and elucidated in the Fables of Æsop! And the child who should have heard read, for half a year or a year, the eight or ten of them as contained in Webster's Spelling Book, although she was then too young to read them herself, shall, when she is grown, by memory, know how to appreciate simplicity, beauty, cogency, and strength of style; and such is the unconscious influence upon even the very young of opportunities of oral excellence.

Each little class, upon giving place to another, and resuming their seats, took their work—generally plain sewing, or may be a sampler. The little boys were kept busy by knitting, or sewing carpet rags. I had, with much tribulation, become mistress of hemming, over-seaming, and felling, &c.; and complimented and bepraised at home, I was forthwith fitted out with a large piece of double linen, the threads drawn, to be initiated into the mysteries of stitching, that is, stitching proper. And many a long line, side by side, attests to enforced perseverance.

Once in awhile, when the joyous sun and the balmy air, drew and dissipated my attention irresistibly, I would become confused in my work—literally my right hand would forget its cunning—I would forget the stitch. My female reader will know my dilemma. I would pass the needle forwards instead of backwards, and wonder with all my might what was the matter. But there was a vigilant eye, and instant correction set me in the right way again, and the error was never repeated of carelessness; and, indeed, the difficulty was pretty soon surmounted.

At the expiration of a time, which, by its tediousness, seemed of interminable length, the task was accomplished; and in great triumph my forty or fifty rows of stitching were carried home for my mother's inspection. And my heart dilated to the commendation which indeed I had earned, by toil, and endurance, and perseverance, and sacrifice. Although then I knew not either of these fine epithets, yet no less did they appertain to my achievement. And I slept well that night. I had a sense of enlargement and freedom. It seemed to me that the difficulties of school were surmounted.

But no, this was but the beginning of sorrows; for no sooner had I swallowed my breakfast the next morning, than "little Miss Industry" was presented with a similar piece of double linen, and I was told that I must now learn to make button-holes. This was the drop too much; and though I had the grace not to repel my mother's fond compliment of "Miss Industry," yet I

felt how dearly it was earned, and gave way to an involuntary burst of tears and struggling reluctance at the bitterness of a thralldom that seemed to set the buoyancy of my young spirit at naught. I wept strongly and despondingly. And my mother (and how many such conflicts a mother goes through) took back the work and said, "You need not do it; you may go to school and say your lessons, and then fold your hands and do nothing."

But this despicable picture suited not me. The representation arrested my sorrow. I dried my tears. I put forth my heroic hand, took again the work, and paced off to school, with a resigned if not a reconciled spirit; for this little tempest had cleared the moral atmosphere, and a renovation of spirit and of purpose took place. How desirable must be that state of being where such things are not!

Some reader may think that this is too severe a sort of martyrdom of the infant spirit. But no; I am convinced in my own case that though a suffering at the time, yet was it a necessary discipline to a character so vagrant as mine would have been, in its aspirations and its greediness of novelty and change; besides that, at the age of seven years—then advanced to another school—I had acquired a neat and orderly needlework, never again to be forgotten, though intermitted for many succeeding years of my book education. And the enduring discipline of the time, it seems to me, was an outshading and a preparation of spirit for more important performances and heavier burdens of my life as it has been.

Ma'am Tenty also taught us a short Bible catechism, which included the decalogue, and every child who could read was diligently and constantly taught in the Bible and New Testament. With the erudite observance of saying "paragraph" whenever we came to the character which designated one, I remember having a great sense of importance when I was first able to call so large a word; and afterwards this changed to a sort of wonder why they need be so particular about a thing which I supposed had no significance; for I had never been told that it had, and I was too young to guess it out myself. I recollect several others of my ideas about this time, which have since explained themselves; and one was, how grown people could be disturbed by noise—say the uproar of children at play; but my primest wonder was how a person could use a book and not make dog's ears! O, infant marvel, how many things a little in advance of this are as yet unexplained to us!

Many onerous things we performed with Ma'am Tenty. But her chief merit lay not so much in what she bestowed, or the acquirement of her pupils, as in our constant occupation and our obedience. She had some little peculiarities of routine. For instance, every Saturday morning—for our recess was of only half that day—she arranged her whole school, large and small, around the room, and those who could not read, could at least make as much noise as others, and all sung out together a piece in the end of our reading

book, by Mrs. Barbauld, in a sort of loud, fast recitative. It commences, "Child of mortality, whence comest thou? why is thy countenance sad, and why are thine eyes red with weeping?" And I well recollect that the impressive mysteriousness of the words, and also the grandiloquence of the performance, filled all the depth and the aspirations of my infant spirit.

Of this school I would not say so much, excepting that I mean, after having described it, with its limitations, and its deficiencies, to say that it was quite as satisfactory to me—and every child has some consciousness of this sort—inasmuch that I felt that I was gaining and progressing—that, according to my age, I was doing enough, and was behaving well. It was the satisfaction of self-approval—not surely at that age argued out, but now recollected—and my feelings compared and contrasted whilst attending some other schools in the progress of my education. And let the parent notice that this was effected by an individual comparatively ignorant, or only competent to teach the short course which she did teach. But this good and suitable progress, and propriety, were effected by her *positiveness* of discipline, and by her faithful and thorough performance of all that she professed to teach them.

One of her cast would hardly now be allowed to retain a school. That is the parents' error, and their children's loss. But at her date there was many a family of which two generations had received their initiatory education with her, and this not for the want of other schools, but by preference. I will add, my sister and I, often gave each other our best doll not to tell at home that we had been corrected at school. Yet will I attest that I believe there was no injustice, and that her school would not have been half as effective with a less positive government; for what is government, if it is not positive! I believe her measures were only commensurate to her purposes. At all events I for one acknowledge, through my life, that the most distinct and positive reliance which I have on the infallibility of perseverance, was gained with Ma'am Tenty.

MENTORIA.



It has been said, that men carry on a kind of coasting trade with religion. In the voyage of life, they profess to be in search of heaven, but take care not to venture so far in their approximations to it, as entirely to lose sight of the earth; and should their frail vessel be in danger of shipwreck, they will gladly throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners their treasures, only to fish them up again, when the storm is over. To steer a course that shall secure both worlds, is still, I fear, a desideratum, in ethics, a thing unattained as yet, either by the divine or the philosopher, for the track is discoverable only by the shipwrecks that have been made in the attempt. John Wesley quaintly observed, that the road to heaven is a narrow path, not *intended for wheels*, and that to ride in a coach *here* and to go to heaven *hereafter*, was a happiness too much for man!

Original.

A NIGHT IN THE ITINERANCY.

ON the second Sabbath in August I had rode several miles, and preached twice. On descending from the pulpit, I accepted an invitation to accompany to his home one whose humble but hospitable dwelling is a desirable resting place after the fatigues of the day. From the valley in which the church is located, we followed the meanderings of a small stream, until we were brought to the upland, a distance of a mile, where dwelt the family with which I was to lodge. The house was what is familiarly known in the country as a "double cabin." On entering, such was the neatness of the apartment to which I was introduced, that I promised myself a refreshing night's repose. It was my first visit, and I had yet to become acquainted with the different members of the household. But this was soon done. The frankness and cheerfulness with which I was welcomed, made me forget that they were strangers, and regard myself as among old acquaintances.

It had been one of the most sultry days of the summer; and the sun, which had shone excessively hot, had sunk low towards the horizon. In order to enjoy the light breezes which were beginning to blow from the west, I seated myself in a door that opened northward. Here I was fanned by the breeze, and witnessed in the meantime the rising of a dark cloud, which had just covered the sun, and was careering eastwardly with great sublimity. By the aid of the beautiful language of the prophet, "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet," the transition was natural from the clouds to Him whose pavilion they are.

I was enjoying such meditations as the scene suggested, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a slight noise in the direction of the bed, in which, it seems, I was to sleep for the night. It was like the noise of a kitten playing upon the floor. I turned to see. To my surprise I found it was caused by a large copper-head. It had fallen from the bed, and was gently creeping under it, unconscious of being observed. The poisonous reptile was soon stretched lifeless on the green before the door. The next thing was to determine how he had made his entrance, for none had before been seen about the house. This, however, was a mystery, and opinions were as various as the company was numerous.

The day closed. The dark cloud had spread over the whole sky, and for nearly two hours had poured its contents upon the thirsty soil. After offering the evening sacrifice, I prepared for bed. The strange occurrence of the afternoon was nearly forgotten. Other topics had been introduced, as if nothing had happened, and all domestic arrangements went on as usual. Preparatory to my lying down, the lady of the house was arranging the bed, when, stopping suddenly, with looks which cannot be described, she exclaimed, "A snake! another snake!" In an instant all hands were on the spot. It was lying on one of the logs near the head of the bed. We drew the bed from the wall in order

to get at the offender; but the serpent made good his retreat through a hole in the floor, leaving us to wonder where the matter would end. The bed and bedding were then carried into the middle of the room, and carefully examined, that there might be no more serpents concealed in or about it. Here, notwithstanding the entreaties of my kind friends to take another bed, I determined to sleep. Accordingly, the family retired, and I extinguished my light, and got in bed, full of many thoughts on the strange incidents I had witnessed, and the probability that there might yet be some of the tribe not far off. I had no sooner laid my head upon the pillow, and quieted myself, than I heard something crawl under me. What could it be? A snake! a venomous copper-head! It could be nothing else! For once my imagination was fruitful. I could hear it—see it—*feel* it. In a moment I was on the floor. But that was poor relief. The house was surely infested with them! I thought at every step to tread on one. Nor was the constant glare of the lightning in the room any relief to my apprehensions—rather, it confirmed them by revealing every thing in the shape of a huge copper-head. Indeed, had I been with Sinbad in his diamond valley, I could not have seen more serpents than now surrounded me. But I soon got a light. Not a snake could now be seen; but the cause of my alarm proved to be *in the under bed*. As it was raining hard, we concluded to secure whatever it was as a prisoner in the bed, and therefore laid it aside until morning. Such was the reaction of my feelings upon finding so few serpents where I had expected to find so many, that I was determined to sleep in that bed at all hazards. Accordingly, after spreading some heavy quilts upon the cords, and putting the feather bed upon them, I again laid me down, and slept without farther disturbance until morning.

In the morning early, the under bed was carried into an open place, and all hands appeared, armed for the battle, fully determined to wage a war of extermination upon the snake that had caused so much alarm. While the bed was carefully opened, there was silence and fear, lest the enemy should escape, or some of us be wounded in the rencontre. To the no small merri-ment of the belligerents, a "ridiculous mouse" came forth, and the tragedy ended in its death.

ITINERANT.



THAT politeness which we put on, in order to keep the assuming and the presumptuous at a proper distance, will generally succeed. But it sometimes happens, that these obtrusive characters are on such excellent terms with themselves that they put down this very politeness to the score of their own great merits and high pretensions, meeting the coldness of our reserve with a ridiculous condescension of familiarity, in order to set us at ease with ourselves. To a bystander few things are more amusing than the cross play, underplot, and final eclairsissements which this mistake invariably occasions.

Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. V.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

SAPPHO.

Of all the females of antiquity no one holds a more conspicuous situation—and deservedly so—than the Lesbian poetess Sappho. She was a native of Mytilene, in the island of Lesbos, and born about the year 600, B. C. Who her parents were is not certainly known. Herodotus informs us her father's name was Scamandronymus; and it is generally supposed her mother's name was Kleis. As was stated in the last number, Sappho was a contemporary of Pittacus and the poet Alcaeus. Of her early history we know but little. She seems to have received a liberal education in early life, and to have imbibed a taste for literature; for at this period female character was not so lightly esteemed nor her influence so little appreciated as it afterwards became in the more corrupt days of the republic. The social influences of the heroic state of society had not yet been entirely destroyed.

Sappho was early married to a man of great wealth and influence, whose name was Cercolas. Her husband dying soon after the birth of a daughter—to whom the maternal name of Kleis was given—she seems to have devoted her time entirely, or nearly so, to literary pursuits.

It is oftentimes extremely difficult, from the mass of fiction which has enveloped the lives of nearly all the writers of antiquity, to select those things which are true from those which are false. This is particularly the case in regard to Sappho. The accounts respecting her are various, and oftentimes contradictory. By some she is represented as having, after the death of her husband, had many admirers; but one only gained her affections—the youthful Phaon; that he subsequently treated her attentions with cold indifference, and finally, to avoid her, withdrew to Sicily; that she followed him, and endeavored in vain, by the sweetness of her muse, to soften the obduracy of his heart; and that at last, from grief and disappointment, she retired to the promontory of Leucate, in Acarnania, and thence cast herself into the sea—it being generally believed that whoever survived the “Leucadian leap,” became entirely cured of the passion of love.

Many of the difficulties, however, which have hitherto invested this subject have been removed by the labors of modern philologists, who have pretty satisfactorily proved the existence of a second Sappho, a woman of suspicious character, who was also a native of Lesbos, although not of Mytilene. To this latter the alleged errors of Sappho, and the Leucadian leap, ought most probably to be attributed, and not to the poetess. This second Sappho probably lived about 150 years after the first; and it would be very easy for subsequent historians to confound the actions of the two, especially as they were both natives of the same island. To the good moral character of the poetess, as well as the beauty of her person, we have the testimony of her

contemporary, Alcaeus, who calls her “the violet-crowned, *pure*, sweetly smiling Sappho.”

After the death of her companion, she most probably devoted herself to literary pursuits. She gathered around her a number of young Lesbian females whom she instructed in music and poetry. To these she became exceedingly attached, while they regarded her with the highest veneration and affection. These mutual attachments were of the most lasting as well as intimate and endearing character.

By the persuasions of Alcaeus she was induced to join him in his opposition to Pittacus. This step involved her in many difficulties; for when Alcaeus and his adherents were banished from Lesbos, she also was compelled to leave. She afterwards took up her abode in Sicily. Of her subsequent history we know nothing.

As a writer, Sappho was esteemed so highly as to be denominated the “*Tenth Muse*.” It is related of Solon, the great Athenian lawgiver, who was also a contemporary of our authoress, that on a certain occasion, having heard his nephew recite one of her poems, he exclaimed that he would not willingly die till he had committed it to memory. Indeed, the whole voice of antiquity has declared that the poetry of Sappho was unrivaled in grace and sweetness. This decision has been confirmed by posterity, though we have only a few verses remaining of her poetic effusions; for these are of a high character, and stamped with the true impress of genius. The Lesbians were so sensible of her merits, and the glory they received from her talents, that after her death they paid her divine honors, and erected temples and altars to her memory. The Romans also honored her with a noble statue of porphyry.

Her works comprised nine books of odes, besides elegies, epigrams, and other pieces of various character. These were all extant in the time of the Roman poet Horace, or about the commencement of the Christian era. They have since nearly all perished, having been destroyed, as some have alleged, together with the works of Mimnermus, by the priests of Constantinople. For the beautiful Hymn to Venus, from which the following extract is made, we are indebted to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the Roman historian, who quotes it as a model of perfection in poetry of this character. Our readers will be able, from this and the other specimens which follow, to form some tolerably correct idea of the style of our authoress, although every thing of this kind must necessarily lose much of its beauty by being translated from one language to another. We quote from the translation of F. Faulkes, Esq., as found in the London Classical Family Library.

“The radiant car your sparrows drew;
You gave the word, and swift they flew,
Through liquid air they winged their way—
I saw their quivering pinions play—
To my plain roof they bore their queen,
Of aspect mild, and look serene.

Soon as you came, by your command
Back flew the wanton feather'd band;
Then with a sweet enchanting look,
Divinely smiling, thus you spoke:

'Why didst thou call me to thy cell?
Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.'

The ode from which the above extract is taken, together with another of a similar character, are the only compositions of this authoress which time has spared us entire. They are both written in the Sapphic measure—a measure of surpassing sweetness and beauty, of which she was the inventor, and which the poet Horace afterwards introduced with great success in Latin poetry. Besides these, we have two or three epigrams, and several short fragments of her poems, written on various subjects. From these last we shall select but two—the first of which appears to be part of a poem addressed to an illiterate, arrogant female, who was proud of her beauty and riches. The other is on the rose.

"Whene'er the Fates resume thy breath,
No bright reversion shalt thou gain;
Unnoticed thou shalt sink in death,
Nor e'en thy memory remain;
For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the rose
Which on the mountain of Pieria blows.

To Pluto's mansions shalt thou go,
The stern inexorable king,
Among th' ignoble shades below,
A vain, ignoble thing;
While honor'd Sappho's muse-embellished name
Shall flourish in eternity of fame."

ON THE ROSE.

"Would Jove appoint some flower to reign
In matchless beauty on the plain,
The rose—mankind will all agree—
The rose the queen of flowers should be—
The pride of plants—the grace of bowers—
The blush of meads—the eye of flowers.
Its beauties charm the gods above—
Its fragrance is the breath of love—
Its foliage wantons in the air,
Luxuriant, like the flowing hair—
It shines in blooming splendor gay,
While zephyrs on its bosom play."

In reading these beautiful extracts, the mind experiences mingled emotions of pleasure and sadness. We feel delight in the sweetness and softness which appears so conspicuous. But what produces that undefinable, indescribable feeling, bordering on sadness, yet which can hardly be called such, that gently and almost imperceptibly steals over our minds? We have got beyond the reach of Christianity! We are treading on heathen soil! In vain we look for any allusions whatever to the Christian's God. His handiwork, indeed, is dwelt upon with delight. But he—their great Original—is no where seen. Jupiter and his companions have usurped his throne. The future state of existence is alluded to; but it is only the regions of Pluto, or the fancied Elysium of a sinful mind. Why do we dwell with greater delight upon the writings of Hannah More, or Mrs. Hemans, or our own Mrs. Sigourney, than upon the equally melodious strains of the Lesbian minstrel? Simply because the former breathe through all their writings the spirit of Christianity, while the latter chills us with the cold and gloomy atmosphere of heathenism. Had Sappho been possessed of the Bible, she might have taken her stand beside those just

mentioned, the sweetness of whose strains will ever cheer and soothe the Christian heart. But as it is we must part from her with the sad feelings of those who have enjoyed the sweet intercourse of an hour—whose sympathies have been enkindled by her delicate touch—but whose separation must be for eternity. We part to meet no more! She has long since gone to reap the fruits of heathenism in the eternal world, while we, by the light of divine revelation, "seek a better country—even an heavenly."

From the Mother's Magazine.

DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN.

Two great evils are often found in the nursery; one is a want of proper efforts to provide suitable employment; the other is a neglect to secure strict and prompt obedience.

Most children will and must, in some way, be busy. Their little active minds will not suffer their hands or feet to rest while they can keep their eyes open; and so they trudge about from moment to moment, and from place to place, in search of *something to do*.

Love of occupation is almost the only occasion why intelligent and active children are more often upbraided as meddlesome and disobedient. They see all around them busy, and they "would be busy too." The consequence of such restless activity is that the most capable children in very early life are often "spoiled children." They are indiscriminately judged and punished, as if their intentions were always mischievous and ugly: whereas, it may be they are only using those powers and faculties with which they were endowed by an all-wise Creator for wise and good purposes.

We sometimes hear even a mother, who claims to be indulgent, in an angry tone employ some such harsh, undignified, unwomanly exclamations as the following: "Henry, you little villain! what are you about there?" "You ugly boy, you are always in mischief." "Stop, Henry, I say stop! stop instantly, or I'll tell your father." "Henry, if you don't leave off your ugly tricks, I'll give you to that old beggar-man." "If you meddle with that again I'll take off your skin—I'll take off your ears."

No language could seemingly be better calculated to arouse the angry and resentful feelings of a spirited boy, than such rough, frequent, and indiscriminate censures. It serves to blunt their perceptions of right and wrong, and to injure their susceptibilities to pleasure and pain in their intercourse with their parents, brothers and sisters. After such treatment and such examples, who could wonder to see a little urchin, with a shrug of the shoulder and a menacing air, give the quick and tart reply, "I'll take off your ears." It is presumed that inconsiderate parents do often punish such active children in a manner altogether disproportionate to the nature of the offense. But how inconsistent and ruinous to correct a child at one time for some trifling act or indiscretion, because the mother happens to be busy, or was in a fretful mood, when at

another period, while all was quiet, some flagrant act of disobedience would be passed by in silence.

Ah, how much time, trouble, pain and expense would be saved if the faults of children were seasonably and properly corrected. It is worthy of serious inquiry, whether parents do not often correct the faults of their children with the greatest severity, when they have the least time to elicit truth and to investigate facts, and do the work thoroughly and correctly, simply because they allow themselves on trifling occasions to come under the excitement of anger and unholy resentment.

Let us suppose such a case. Little Henry, on a Monday morning, (washing-day,) when every hand is fully employed, spies the lamp-filler on a shelf. His desire is to try his dexterity to fill lamps. Quick as thought he draws a chair near the dresser, mounts on tiptoe, tries to reach the desired object. He however upsets the filler, and the oil is profusely spilled upon his clean clothes, dresser and carpet, and the child receives a severe flogging. Had his experiment succeeded, the whole house, perhaps, would have been called together, and with acclamations of applause, would little Henry's smartness have been extolled. But, as it happened, the child's punishment was graduated by the trouble he unintentionally occasioned, and not by the nature and extent of the crime. Little Henry was to blame, and deserved censure, but no more in this instance than if he had displaced an article that could not have been injured, and in the doing of which no harm had followed.

Indeed, if this child had never been told not to touch this utensil, it is easy to suppose, under such circumstances, he might have been more benefited if his mother had patiently borne the trial, and appealed to his sympathy for her, than by fretting or fault finding, or by inflicting corporeal punishment. If a child meddles with things that he has been warned not to touch or handle, and he disobeys, then he deserves to be punished severely, whether any disastrous consequences follow his disobedience or not. This one truth ought to be engraven upon the heart and mind of every parent, that no conduct of children, old or young, requires so heavy a hand in the way of correction as *disobedience to a parent's command*.

We believe that many a mother who flatters herself that she does most religiously desire to secure the obedience of her children, and to teach them "the right way," deceives herself by overlooking the divine direction to "give them line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," injudiciously substituting a plan of her own for that of divine appointment. But how delusive this hope, the result of indolence, imbecility and unbelief, that a mother may safely remit the ten thousand lessons, the care, the watchfulness, the anxiety which the training of immortal beings must ever involve, improving every passing event and turning it to good account, in the belief that by patiently waiting till her children are old enough to comprehend the reason of things, all their faults may be corrected by a

few set lessons. O, the fatal delusion of parents who plead that they have *not time* to teach their children those things which God has commanded to teach diligently, and in the very way infinite wisdom directs! *Not time* to teach their children to read the Bible, and to explain its heavenly precepts, such as "he that will not work neither let him eat," or "the eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it, and young eagles shall eat it." *Not time* to teach their little daughters to read, and knit, and sew—to assist their mother in her domestic toils—to nurse the younger children—to tend upon the table—to keep the house in order, &c., &c. *Not time* to teach their sons to wait upon their mother and sisters—to collect the scattered wood and chips, and build their mother's fire—to clean the yard—feed the chickens—look after the younger children, &c., &c., when probably, if the true reason were assigned for such neglects it would be found to have originated in an indifferent, indolent and incredulous belief as to the good effects of such training, and an unwillingness to persevere and wait till success should reward their efforts.

Let us consider the probable results of such daily and habitual efforts to keep children busily employed, and to make them obedient. They will be made to acquire habits of industry—to avoid the company of the idle, the vicious and the profane—to acquire a taste for rural pleasures—to love their home—to respect their parents. They learn to sympathize with their mother in all her labors, perplexities and necessities, and they are more ready to help her to bear her burdens, and more careful not to add to her trials.

We repeat it, that probably no one thing ruins so many families as the incessant blame which is heaped upon children for mere trifles—the very way to defeat all good government.

—••••—
THE FAREWELL.

—
"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary are at rest."

Ye flatt'ring scenes of earth, adieu!
Thou tempting world, farewell!
I go my Savior's face to view,
And in his kingdom dwell.

O life! what are thy shadows now—
Those burnish'd sparkling toys?
They charm no more; how dim they grow,
Before celestial joys!

Ye cares that tore my anxious breast,
And chaf'd my spirit here,
No more shall you disturb my rest,
In heaven's untroubl'd sphere.

O that I e'er should heave a sigh!
At ills that pass away
Quick as the shadowy sunbeams fly,
That gild a winter's day.

J. W.

Original.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

BY G. BUTLEDGE.

THE design of this essay is to illustrate the wisdom and goodness of God, by presenting a few facts brought to light by chemical experiments.

The first fact that I would present, as an illustration of the wisdom of God, is, that the globe which we inhabit, with all its appendages, is formed of a few elementary substances. When we consider the numberless objects contained in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, who would suppose that all these are formed by the Infinite Architect from less than fifty elementary substances? Yet such is the fact, as demonstrated by chemical analysis. All the minerals scattered over the surface of our globe, or deeply imbedded in the various strata of which it is composed; all the vegetables, from the beautiful flowers that deck the lowly vale, to the sturdy oak that crowns the summit of the lofty mountain; all the animals that traverse the ocean, air, or land, are formed by a few elementary substances, variously combined with each other. How incomprehensible that wisdom, which from so few substances has formed such an endless diversity of objects, differing so widely as to their animal, mechanical, chemical, and medicinal properties.

The second fact that I would present as an illustration of the wisdom and goodness of God, is, that he, by variously combining the seven primary colors which compose the solar spectrum, has formed that infinite variety of tint and hue, which adorn and beautify creation. All those gorgeous colors which adorn the clouds that hang along the horizon at morn and even; all the variegated colors of the landscape, as it spreads out in grandeur and beauty, are formed by the innumerable combinations of those prismatic colors seen in the bow of promise.

The third fact that I would present as an illustration of the Divine perfections, is, the laws of definite and multiple proportions which govern all energetic chemical combinations. By the law of definite proportions in chemistry is meant, that the ingredients, or elements of chemical compounds, unite with each other in certain proportions only; and that these proportions in the same compound are, under all circumstances, invariably the same. This law of definite proportions extends to gaseous, as well as other substances; for it is found by experiment, that whenever different gases combine chemically, they unite in certain definite proportions, both as to volume and weight. By the law of multiple proportions is meant, that when two elementary substances combine together in more proportions than one, the second, third, or fourth proportions are always multiples of the first. Thus oxygen and hydrogen gases combine together in the proportions of one of hydrogen to eight of oxygen, by weight; or one of oxygen and two of hydrogen, by volume, in forming that well known substance, water. These gases combine in another proportion, viz., one

of hydrogen with sixteen of oxygen, by weight; thus illustrating the doctrine of definite and multiple proportions.

Among the great and brilliant achievements in modern chemistry, the discovery of these laws is one of the most important and wonderful. These facts, which cannot be denied, are sufficient of themselves to convince any reflecting and unprejudiced mind, that order and system pervade the universe; and that the most minute atoms of matter, as well as those stupendous orbs that roll through illimitable space, are under the control of the invariable laws of the Creator.

The fourth fact that I would present, I conceive to be one that in a very high degree manifests the wisdom and beneficence of God. It is, that all liquids, except water, contract in volume as they cool down to the point of congelation. But the point of the greatest density in water is about 40° , its freezing point being 32° : as its temperature deviates from this point either upward or downward, its density diminishes, or its volume increases. If not—if water, like all other liquids, continued to contract in volume as it cooled down to the point of congelation, all the water in our great natural basins or lakes would become a solid mass of ice; and thus every living thing they contain would perish, for the water on the surface, as it cooled, would become specifically heavier, and sink, until the whole should arrive at 32° , when the whole mass would congeal at once: and even in the temperate zones, this mass of ice would never again become liquid, and navigation would be obstructed. But by a deviation from the common law of nature, this disastrous effect is averted; for water in cooling, after it arrives at 40° , instead of increasing in density and sinking to the bottom, becomes specifically lighter, and consequently cannot sink. The surface, however, continues to decrease in temperature until it arrives at 32° , when it congeals, and thus preserves the water beneath from the influence of further cold. Surely this deviation from a common law of nature is not an effect of blind chance, but of infinite wisdom and goodness, employed for the comfort and happiness of man.

The next fact that I would present for my present purpose, is, that in the conversion of a solid into a fluid, a large quantity of heat becomes latent; that is, it is not indicated by the thermometer. This arrangement of Providence is of vast importance to the world, and especially to the inhabitants of high northern latitudes, where the ground is covered with vast quantities of snow and ice through a great part, or the whole of the year. For were it not for the fact adduced above, and did the snow and ice follow the same laws in respect to temperature, that we observe in some other bodies, almost as soon as the atmosphere became above 32° , the whole mass would be turned into water, and the whole country would be inundated and destroyed by floods. But in consequence of such a vast quantity of caloric becoming latent by the liquefaction of snow and ice, the melting is gradual, and no such disastrous consequences take place. I conceive this to be a striking

evidence of the wisdom and goodness of God to men; though such is the ignorance of mankind in reference to the marvelous works of God, that this, as well as numberless other manifestations of his wisdom and goodness, are unnoticed.

The last fact that I will present to illustrate the Divine perfections, is, that the atmosphere around us is composed of about 80 parts nitrogen, and 20 parts oxygen, to each 100 parts by volume. This proportion of these gases is found to be the best for sustaining in a healthy state all animated beings. If there was a greater proportion of oxygen, there would be a feverish excitement; if there was less, languor and debility would be the immediate consequence.

I present these few facts as specimens of the wisdom and goodness of God, as manifested in the works of his hand. They might be multiplied almost to infinity; for the "whole earth is full of his glory." In conclusion I would remark, that there are numberless other facts that might be adduced to illustrate and confirm the doctrine of the Bible, that the Creator of the world is a being of infinite wisdom, goodness, and power; nor need we fear that the discoveries of science will conflict with, or contradict the truths contained in the Bible. Infidels have frequently attempted to array the discoveries (or supposed discoveries) of science against revealed truth; but whenever, in arguing from scientific premises they have come to conclusions heterodox in theology, and contradictory to the Bible, it has been subsequently ascertained, either that their premises were false, or their deductions illogical. Every true scientific discovery, far from contradicting the truths of Revelation, has a tendency, either directly or indirectly, to confirm and illustrate those truths. And it is no small tribute to the Bible, that men of the most gigantic minds, and of the most profound and extensive scientific knowledge, have been diligent students of the Holy Scriptures, and believers in the truths of the Bible. We ought to search the Scriptures, and also to investigate the volume of nature; for on every page of both there are lessons of Divine wisdom. The Psalmist has said, "All thy works praise thee." It is literally true. From the ultimate (and as some suppose, indivisible) particles of matter, which combine together by weight and number in forming chemical compounds, to the most stupendous globe in the solar system, or the farthest fixed star, all show forth the wisdom, power, and love of Jehovah.

HAUGHTINESS.

SOME persons, who know that they are great, are so very haughty withal, and insufferable, that their acquaintance discover their greatness, only by the tax of humility, which they are obliged to pay, as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life, as rugged roads are to the weary traveler, which he discovers to be *turnpikes only by the toll.*

Original.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

BY E. H. HATCHER.

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

PALF, pensive mistress of the fabled bow!

Whose orb of silver, placid and serene,
Gleams from yon astral arch where softly glow
Resplendent beauties through the darkness seen!
How many tales of wretchedness and grief
Are told to thee, queen of the silver shaft,
By the frail sons of dust who seek relief
In vain on earth, and sigh for wings to waft
Themselves beyond their woes, to dwell above
In thy pure orb of beauty, light, and love!

My spirit, bruised with sorrow, fondly dreams
That in thy beauteous sphere are hills and meads,
Ambrosial evergreens and singing streams,
Where happy genii swell their tuneful reeds,
And wreath their brows with amaranthine flowers
Beneath the shadows of thy moss-grown rocks;
Where melody rings from thy rosy bowers,
And playful zephyrs fan their silken locks;
That there, like a lone pilgrim when is passed
His journey, I may rest myself at last!

And if it so? Or are there worlds that lie,
Like realms of beauty, in the depths of space
Beyond thine orb, unseen by mortal eye,
That form the sainted spirit's resting place?
Are there not isles of never-fading light
Far out in yonder blue, ethereal main,
To which the soul, when freed, may wing its flight,
To dwell aloof from sorrow, grief and pain,
Where roses bloom, and crystal fountains spring;
Where seraphs burn, and angels sweetly sing!

But ah! 'tis vain to ask! No mortal eye
May scan the mystic realm beyond the grave!
The tide of time will drift me, by and by,
To some bright shore from whence its stormy wave
Will backward roll, and leave me there to rest
In the calm sunshine of eternal day;
Where never more within my peaceful breast
One pang shall thrill to banish joy away!
And O! I ask that there mine arms may clasp
My long lost kindred in their fondest grasp!

But I will patient be! Time rolls apace!
Life, with its train of ills, will soon be o'er!
Then shall I hail each well-remembered face
Where waves the cypress shade of grief no more!
Thy pensive orb shall look upon my tomb,
Like some lone mourner, cheerless and forlorn,
And thy soft rays come through the nightly gloom
To weep around my grave, when I am gone
To mingle with the happy dead, and be
From all the ills of earth for ever free!

Original.

LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. MORRIS.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE victories of faith in the experience of suffering and conquering saints should be recorded for the encouragement of God's children. Few examples could be adduced to our readers, in which the succors of grace have been more encouragingly exhibited than in the cheerful patience of Mrs. Morris, under her almost unprecedented and long protracted sufferings. We therefore present a brief notice of some passages in her life, with a more particular account of her last sickness, and death.

Mrs. ABIGAIL, late consort of Bishop Morris, was the daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Scales, and a native of Patrick county, Virginia. She was born, January 18, 1793. Her childhood was mostly spent at Sandy Ridge, in Stokes county, North Carolina; and her youth at Sugar Grove, on the bank of the Ohio, in the northwest part of Virginia. Her early associates were not religious. They placed a higher estimate on the world and its gayeties than on a life of piety. She was a stranger to renewing grace, until she reached the twentieth year of her age. In the early part of the year 1812, her attention was drawn to the subject of religion, and she became sensible of her lost state as a sinner. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and obtained an evidence of pardoning mercy and renewing grace.

At that time only one other member of her father's numerous family was inclined to a life of devotion; and some of them were dissatisfied at her communing with the Methodists; but she lived to see them all religious, and all, except one, who are now living, are members of the same Church.

Let this fact in the life of the deceased encourage others similarly situated to be faithful to the grace of God. In how many instances do aged parents and a large circle of relatives owe their first convictions and their salvation to the instrumentality of a young cross-bearing disciple of the family! It often happens that a child, brought into the kingdom of Christ, by displaying in life great meekness, and patience, and perseverance, under severe opposition from friends, is honored of the Lord to bear the blessings of salvation to a whole family. Mrs. Rogers did not suffer in vain. She not only saved her own soul, but brought the blessings of the Gospel to her relatives, one of whom became a successful minister of Christ.

Mrs. Morris was married to Mr. (now Bishop) Morris, January 23, 1814. Almost immediately upon this union, a new and unexpected trial came upon her.

* We displace from this number of the Repository several pages of matter already set up, and which will appear hereafter, to make room for this interesting sketch. This accounts for the apparent mistake in the table of contents. The facts in the life of sister Morris have been obtained from an undoubted source, and may be implicitly relied on. God grant that they may deeply and permanently affect the heart of the reader!

The effect it produced in the first instance was well calculated to show her what was wanting in her heart, and how needful it was that the work of grace should be carried on to perfection. During the latter part of the first year of her married life, her husband began to feel that it was his duty to devote himself to the ministry in the itinerant ranks. To this she was scarcely prepared to submit without a struggle. In a gentle manner she demurred. She was not opposed to his preaching; but western itinerancy in those days presented so many difficulties, and threatened so much deprivation to the family of the preacher, and especially to one brought up as she had been, that the prospect was not only disheartening, but to a sensitive female overwhelming. In these circumstances her husband did not act regardless of her feelings. He deemed it his duty to rest in Providence, and expect the Father of mercies gently, and in his own good time, to clear his way, and open to him a field of labor. Better thus, than to have done violence to the feelings of one who was herself seriously solicitous about duty, and who looked daily to the Father of lights to guide her and her husband in ways of righteousness. A prayerless companion's influence must often be heedfully guarded against, and not be allowed to check or divert us in our career of duty. But the devout, who wait on God for instruction, are likely to be led in the right way.

In the fall of 1815, while suffering under a severe attack of bilious intermittent fever, Mrs. Morris herself, as might have been expected, if his call was from God, became most deeply exercised on the subject of her husband's ministry. An impression was one day made upon her mind as distinctly as if the Holy Spirit had said in audible tones, *let him go*. But she still hesitated. The difficulties appalled her; and she had not yet a sufficient degree of simple trust in the promises of God to yield. She was almost immediately upon her refusal seized with violent bodily pain, as if rolling on a bed of thorns, while the distress of her mind was, as she said, comparable only to the torment of a lost soul. After enduring this agony for two or three hours, the same impression was repeated on her mind as if she had heard a voice from heaven, saying, *let him go*. She responded, "Yes, Lord, with all my heart;" and in a moment she was relieved of all distress of soul and body. Her countenance indicated the deliverance even before she could announce it in words. After praising the Lord for delivering grace, she told her husband that he had her full consent to travel and preach, whatever might be the consequences, and that if he ever located, no one should say it was at her request. This resolution was adhered to through life. When her husband, discouraged by slender support for his family, or want of success in his Master's business, would talk of locating, she always dissuaded him from it, lest some worse thing should come upon them for deserting a work to which they had been so signally called.

There is harmony in all the acts of God—not only in what are termed the works of nature, but also in

the operations of grace. In both, harmony may be interrupted by the agency of minds opposed to God, but where there is no opposition there is always exact order. When Saul of Tarsus, and Cornelius the centurion, needed instruction, teachers were provided and thrown in their way by divine Providence. When the heart of the Eunuch was disposed to listen to the word of God, an interpreter of that word was near at hand, and a minister of Christian ordinances was ready to induct him into the Church. In the above facts we have a striking illustration of the order of God's gracious dealings with his servants. He moved a young man, in the prime of life, to go forth and proclaim his word. He removed what seemed to be a serious obstacle, by the powerful impressions of his Holy Spirit on the heart of a companion whose reluctance was by this means wholly conquered. That companion was, in after years, so fully convinced of her husband's duty and of the fearful consequences of neglecting it, that, under peculiar discouragements, she could listen to no proposal which savored in the least degree of a drawing back from toil and suffering, but urged him to perseverance in his glorious calling. Happy for those who follow her example. They may expect a peaceful and triumphant death. Mrs. Morris did not in the end regret the sacrifices she had made for Jesus and his blessed cause. She had forsaken many things for the kingdom of God's sake; but she had, and now has, a great reward.

For more than thirty years she was an orderly living member of the Church, and for more than twenty-six years suffered the privations incident to the itinerant work, patiently sharing its toils and anxieties, as they fall upon the family of the traveling preacher. While health permitted, she was exceedingly active and useful in the work of the Lord, as a leader of female prayer meetings, visiting the sick, and exhorting all with whom she had influence to flee from the wrath to come—by which means a number of souls were brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. When she had strength to speak in the love feasts, the effect was often felt throughout the house in an unusual manner; but for many years, in the latter part of her life, she was unable, through bodily weakness, to take a part in those religious exercises which required much exertion.

Those who did not experience them, can scarcely conceive the difficulties, privations, and hardships endured by the families of preachers who came into the work twenty-six years ago. Of these Mrs. Morris suffered a full proportion, but without murmuring. The brethren and sisters acquainted with her in the various circuits and stations to which she accompanied her husband, through Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, can bear witness with what meekness, patience, and cheerful resignation, in despite of her delicate health, she toiled and suffered among strange brethren for the sake of Christ. Nor was this owing to any extraordinary constitutional fortitude, but to the abounding grace of God, which exceedingly fortified her spirit, and enabled her, like

the apostle of old, to do all things through Christ, who strengthened her.

Mrs. Morris was a great sufferer from sickness. Few persons ever lived through greater afflictions than she did during the last twenty-five years of her life. Among the instances of her extreme suffering, the severest previous to her last sickness was in 1839, from spinal and neuralgic affection, whereby she was confined to her bed nearly six months, most of the time in extreme agony. This brought her apparently to the gate of death. But the grace of God was so manifested to her in that affliction, that the more she suffered, the more she rejoiced, and the nearer death seemed to approach, the more she triumphed through faith in Christ Jesus.

Her case affords another proof that high attainments in grace are attended with an affecting sense of unworthiness in those who possess it; for amidst her brightest prospects of future glory, she said she was but a mass of corruption, but that Christ was altogether lovely, just such a Savior as she needed; and that he was all her hope, all her trust, and all her plea. A friend visiting her on one occasion, she said, "I have this day given myself anew wholly to the Lord, to do with me as he sees good. Surely he will make me meet for heaven." While she thus spake, her countenance beamed with heavenly lustre, indicative of a joy which words could not have expressed. Frequently after a struggle in prayer, she was filled with rapture, smiled at pain, and discoursed of heaven.

Having on one occasion received the Lord's supper with a few friends in her chamber, she considered her work done, and the same day sent this message to her son, then in Texas: "Give my love to my son. Tell him I shall never see him with these bodily eyes, but may soon be commissioned as a ministering spirit to administer consolation to him in a strange land." Contrary to the expectation of herself, her physician, and friends, she was partially restored, and was able to go about for two years.

Last November she took a severe cold, which fell on her lungs, followed with much pain, great soreness in the chest, a stubborn cough, chills, fevers, night sweats, and loss of flesh and strength, so that by mid-winter she was confined to the bed. Bishop Morris was then in Texas, where he failed to receive letters from home, and knew nothing of her condition until he arrived at Galveston, on his return trip, in February. He then got merely a verbal report of her illness; but on landing at New Orleans he received letters of various dates up to February 15th, which created serious fears that he would see her no more on earth. After a painful suspense during a trip of seven days, on the 1st of March he reached home with his son, and found her still alive, and apparently better than she had been. We need not add, that the meeting was truly affecting to all parties. When she embraced her husband, who had been absent nearly seven months, and her only son, whom she had not seen for three years, and whom she never expected to see again, she exclaimed, with a trem-

ulous voice, "Now, Lord, I am ready to depart when it is thy will."

During her winter's illness and confinement, it was frequently our privilege to see her in her different frames of mind; and although she was not always on the mount, she never lost her trust in the Savior. Her greatest, and indeed almost her only outward trial, was the absence of her husband and son. She could not mention them without a degree of sensibility which convulsed her feeble frame. It seemed almost desirable to avoid, had it been possible, any allusion to their absence; but it could not well be: at least in prayer, by her bed-side, the heart and lips could not avoid fervently imploring that a gracious Providence would grant her an interview with these objects of her tender affection. On one such occasion, when the petition in this behalf seemed to be unusually fervent and confiding, and seemed almost accompanied with an assurance that the thing asked should be granted, the expression of her features became animated and joyful beyond description. Every lineament of her face seemed to express a holy confidence that she should live to enjoy an answer to prayer. As nearly as can be recollected she said, "I think—the Lord—will hear;" pausing with great solemnity as she uttered each phrase. Nor was she disappointed in that confidence.

Much of the time during her last sickness her faith was in lively exercise, producing the precious fruits of patience, meekness, resignation, gratitude and love; all of which from time to time were abundantly manifested in her words and actions, to such an extent as could not be expected in any individual without a genuine work of grace upon the heart. Among the numerous friends that called to see her during an illness of six months' continuance, very few ever left her room without receiving from her a word of exhortation, admonition, or encouragement; and doubtless the good seed thus sown will spring up in many hearts. Indeed, many can testify, that the impressions made upon their minds, while listening to her words, and witnessing the grace of God which was so strikingly manifested in her sufferings, remain with them greatly to the profit of their souls. She was much engaged in prayer day and night, and such was her confidence in the Lord, that she often received great blessings in direct answer thereto. Yet she was not satisfied with past blessings or present attainments, but urged her plea continually, in the name of Jesus, for "all the fullness of God."

To record a tenth part of what she said during her sickness in regard to her views and exercises on the subject of religion, would extend this notice beyond our limits. She never lost sight of her own weakness and unworthiness. She never ceased, on the other hand, to trust in the atonement of Christ alone for present mercy and everlasting life. Consequently she took very little account of herself, or her performances in past life; but often reproached herself for having been very unfaithful in God's service. When her friends called to see her, she seldom made many remarks about her afflictions either past or present, but

her theme was generally the goodness of God to her, and to all who trusted in him. It is true, as was natural, that when her sufferings became extremely severe and protracted, she desired to be released from them, but was willing to endure all that her heavenly Father might inflict upon her. On one such occasion, after a severe paroxysm of coughing, she said, "O that this might be the night of my deliverance, that I might fly from earth and sin and sorrow, and be at rest for ever." Then checking herself she added, "But I wait the Lord's pleasure." On Saturday, the 9th of April, in the evening, she said, "Such a sweet peace came into my mind this afternoon, that I trust never to doubt again but that the Lord will sustain me to the end."

Mrs. Morris was not unmindful of her family and friends. She was tenderly solicitous for their welfare in all things, great and small. Her heart seemed to be a fountain of sympathy, constantly pouring forth expressions of concern and kindness for all around her. In the midst of her sufferings she was particularly considerate of the convenience and comfort of those who ministered to her wants. She manifested anxiety for all whose rest or ease was interrupted on her account. In various ways she showed her friends that she affectionately remembered them in her last moments.

On the 19th of April, she remarked that she had some thing to do, and it must be done soon. After some reflection, she proceeded to have divided and distributed to the various members of the family, and to some other friends, small presents, as mementos of her love. This done, she seemed to give up nearly all care for the world, and devote herself more exclusively to a preparation for her departure. About this time she received several visits from the Rev. James Quinn, who was well acquainted with her in Virginia when she was but a young disciple. She enjoyed these visits much. She told him, "I feel as if I was almost home, and I have an unshaken confidence in the goodness of God." The same in substance she expressed to her own pastor and other friends who called on her again and again. On the 24th, she was very joyful while the family sung,

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

Two days later, as the doctor retired from the room, she overheard him say that she had failed much since he saw her last. Referring to this soon after, she observed, "It caused joy to spring up in my heart." On the 29th, "she said she enjoyed a sweet prospect of deliverance from all her sufferings." This was in the morning. In the afternoon her faith triumphed, her countenance was lighted up with joy, and she exclaimed, "My soul is blessed of the Lord—it surely is, and if I had a thousand souls, I would trust them all in his hands."

But she was still on earth, where the Christian has fightings without and fears within, and where it is believed Satan exercises the most malice toward those

who are most devoted, and whose influence is most injurious to his kingdom. On the 6th of May, the accuser of the brethren came with all deceivableness of unrighteousness, and in the midst of her painful affliction suggested to her that if she was the Lord's child, he would take her to himself at once, and terminate her bodily suffering; and then raised the question whether it was not possible after all that she never knew what religion was? The conflict was short. She lifted her heart in prayer to God. The answer came immediately. The Spirit itself bore witness with her spirit that she was a child of God, and the enemy was rebuked in such a signal manner that he returned no more.

The next evening, she told the family she had felt very happy that afternoon. But they had already read it in her countenance, as she told some of her friends who had called in that she was almost home, and would soon be released from all her sufferings, and if it was the Lord's will, she would rejoice if that should be the night of her final deliverance.

On the morning of Sabbath, she said, "I am feeble in body, but rejoice in spirit." She then knew it to be the general opinion of her friends that she could not live more than a day or two longer, and lest her strength might leave her, she that day had the family called to her one at a time and gave her blessing to each, accompanied by suitable advice and encouragement, charging them severally to live for God and meet her in heaven. This was probably one of the most moving scenes of the kind ever witnessed. Had an infidel been there with a heart as hard as adamant, that heart it seems would have been broken by the influence of religion as manifested in her under such circumstances. She said, among other things, the Lord had often blessed her in health and in sickness, and he then blessed her in prospect of death; that for her, death had no sting; that she had never felt such a sense of the goodness of God before; that she had often feared the affection she had for her family would render it difficult for her at the last to give them up, but she thanked God that his grace that day enabled her to do it willingly and cheerfully, and leave them in his hands, who would provide for them all needful blessings. In the evening she continued in the same happy frame of mind, and observed, that she never before felt so confident of getting to heaven as she had that day; and that she had a comfortable hope of meeting all her family in heaven. "Sweet heaven, my happy home—O how I long to be there! But my Father's will be done." On the morning of the 10th, as the periodical chill came on, she said, "I think the Master is about to come and call for me; but I have spoken to all the family—my work is done, and I feel that the Lord is very precious to me this morning." On the 12th, at 3 o'clock in the morning, there was such a sinking, coldness, and difficulty of breathing, that she herself believed death had commenced its work; and when asked how she felt under the impression that she was so near her end, the reply was, "I

feel delightful. Jesus is my everlasting friend, and will bear me safely through the dark valley of death." She then spoke of sin as the cause of suffering and death, and immediately added, "But there is a fountain of atoning blood opened by the Savior for sin, and I feel that my heart is cleansed from it in that fountain." She referred to the grave consecrated by the body of Jesus, which could not be holden by it, and said, "My flesh will rest in hope. For me I feel that death has no sting, and the grave will have no victory."

On the afternoon of this day, Mr. Swormstedt called to see her. He found her failing rapidly. She remarked to him, "My work is done—I have given my family into the hands of God." On leaving her, he said, "It is probable I shall not see you again in this world." She then said, "Before you go I have one request to make of you, and it is my last. I want you to attend my funeral; adding, I have spoken to Mr. Morris on the subject." She then proceeded to remark, "Tell sinners there is a reality in religion—but you tell them that all the time." He replied, "I will tell them again as coming from your dying lips." She then added, "Tell them, and tell all my friends, that I am gone to heaven."

In this state of mind she generally continued during the last week of her life. On one occasion, while silently meditating, raptures of love were enkindled in her heart, and glowed in her countenance; and she broke forth in acclamations of joy, saying, "Good news from Zion. Halleluiah! halleluiah!" &c.

On Saturday morning, May 14th, in the midst of great agony, she prayed for patience to suffer all the will of God. After severe coughing and strangling, she said, "It will soon be over; blessed be God for it; and I pray that the chariot of salvation may not be delayed." In the afternoon of that day her physician, Dr. Judkin, to whom she was much attached, called to see her for the last time. She asked him if he did not think the struggle would soon be over? He answered affirmatively. She replied with a smile, "That is good news." When about to depart, he took her by the hand to bid her farewell. She said, "O doctor, we shall meet in heaven—the Lord bless you and all yours." He was deeply affected, and silently withdrew. The next morning, it being the Sabbath, she was heard to say, "O Lord, thou art so good; I wish to have no will of my own, but to sink entirely into thine." In the after part of that day she said, "Precious Savior! blessed Redeemer! O the rich fountain of redeeming love in which I shall soon bathe my weary soul for ever."

Sabbath night her mind became wandering, in which state, for the most part, she continued till Tuesday morning, May 17th, at 11 o'clock, when she expired. She retained the knowledge of her friends to the last, and sometimes spake rationally. During a lucid interval, she said to her class-leader, "Tell my class-mates I die with bright prospects of heaven, and with the hope of meeting them there." She continued to speak till within a very few minutes of her death.

Her last words, which she distinctly articulated, were, "*Jesus is precious.*"

Thus died this godly woman, leaving a husband, son and daughter, and many relatives and friends, to lament a loss which falls heavily on the family and the Church. Her funeral was on Thursday, May 19th, at 10 o'clock. Her remains were conveyed to the Fourth-street church, and a sermon, well suited to the occasion, was preached by Rev. Leroy Swormstedt, from the 5th verse of the 31st Psalm.

In conclusion, let us glance at those traits of her character which are worthy of special notice. As a wife and a mother, she was faithfully devoted to the interests of her family. She sought the temporal comfort of its members. To feel the full force of this remark, one must have been an observer of the exact order of her household. There was a remarkable propriety manifest in every thing which fell under her cognizance. A stranger of good taste, acquainted with the station which she filled, would at a glance, on entering her dwelling, say, "*All is right.*" This may seem to some like merely serving tables; but it is one important office of every matron, and without due attention to it, she is derelict in domestic duty. For public reasons as well as for private comfort, a minister's dwelling should be well kept, and arranged with sober taste. And the necessity will always be sufficiently pressing that strict economy be practiced in expenditures.

She was domestic in her habits. The apostle's phrase, "gadders abroad," could not be applied to her. No place, except the sanctuary, was so inviting to her as home. This is a virtue. Sometimes the itinerant life has broken up a love of retirement. Not so with her. The house of no friend, however valued, was so pleasant as her own habitation. There, with her closet, her Bible, and her children, she was happy.

She was *consistent*. Her manners, her conversation, her apparel, her conduct in every relation, and her treatment of all ranks and persons, bore the same stamp of humility, meekness, and benevolence. Probably no person ever succeeded better than she did in suiting her dress to her professions, and to the station she filled in the Church. There was a peculiar plainness and comeliness in her apparel, and happy were it for the Church if in this—what some will deem a small particular—all "women professing godliness" could imitate her.

As already affirmed, she had the most *humble views of herself*. This was indicated not by her expressions merely, but by all her actions. Yet blended with the meekness of her carriage was a natural dignity, which secured respect, while at the same time it attracted rather than repelled the worthy. She reminded one of the beloved disciple, and a student of the Bible could scarcely be in her company an hour without instituting a comparison between her and him who said, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us."

Her *patience* has come under the notice of the reader, but may be again adverted to. It was truly wonderful. To judge of it aright, it must be recollected how long

and how severely she suffered, and in what circumstances—her husband far away, her son in a foreign land, and she almost in despair of beholding either again on earth: wihal possessed of the liveliest sensibility, and her affections gathering around these absent objects with a solicitude and an affection indescribable, while her bodily sufferings were excruciating. Yet was she patient. She behaved and quieted herself as a weaned child. There were sometimes outbursts of grief, but her soul soon returned to its rest in God. On one occasion, when a friend suggested the probability of her decease without seeing her husband and son, she was so overwhelmed with sorrow that she covered her face with the drapery of the bed, and gave free vent to her feelings. But after a struggle she became composed, and looking up, said, in a subdued tone, "Well, if Mr. Morris can do more labor for the Church by my deprivation, I shall try to be resigned." And she was resigned to his long absence; pleading only that she might behold both her husband and her son once more on earth.

She was an *intelligent* Christian. She studied the holy Scriptures. She not only gave her Bible the preference to all other books, but made it a matter of conscience to read it every day in the year, times of sickness excepted. And if any thing unusual occurred to prevent reading the ordinary lessons of the day, she made it up at night, frequently by curtailing the period of sleep. This duty she performed with uncommon delight and profit. There are very few private Christians so familiar with the Bible as she was, being able to turn at once, without a Concordance, to almost any prominent text in the Old or New Testament, and to quote hundreds of passages from memory. Her recollection of even the historical parts was clear and extensive. When unable to read on account of ill health, she had the promises of God's word in her memory.

She was a *sanctified* Christian. More than 17 years ago she did, while agonizing for the blessing in her own chamber, experience that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. For months after not a cloud arose to darken her sky. And though she did not always enjoy a clear evidence of full salvation subsequently, yet she often felt that "perfect love casteth out all fear that hath torment." It is true, such were the views she entertained of her own unworthiness, and such her fear of not living up to her profession, that she never made any public declaration of the grace of sanctification. This was an error, and was probably one reason why she did not enjoy it more fully. But in death her testimony was explicit, and she sent an affectionate message by her leader, urging her classmates to seek this full salvation.

Finally, she was *useful to others*. Of this there are living witnesses, who trace their conversion to her pious conversation. Such will be stars in her crown.

And now, reader, the grace which made her holy, can train you for the same useful career on earth—the same happy death—the same glorious heaven. May you follow her as she followed Christ!

NOTICES.

SERMON ON THE MILLENIUM, with an Appendix. By J. S. Tomlinson, D. D., President of Augusta College. Cincinnati: Wright & Shoemaker. —This neat little volume, (much in the form of Harris' "Witnessing Church,") discusses, in a brief but lucid manner, the questions, what is the millennium—the time of its commencement—and the events by which it will be introduced. The first question is merely glanced at. The author inclines to the opinion that the millennial period consists of a thousand years proper, and not of what is called a thousand "prophetic years." The second question is considered more at length. The author contends that the "little horn" of Daniel is the "man of sin" spoken of by the apostle Paul; and that both refer to the Roman pontiff, or Roman Catholic Church. He furthermore shows that the "beast" spoken of by John in the 13th chapter of the Apocalypse, is the same as the "little horn" and the "man of sin," all referring to Rome. He claims that the destruction of this power, and the introduction of the millennium, will be contemporaneous events. He shows, that in twelve hundred and forty-two years from the establishment of this power the millennium will commence. Its establishment he considers to be at the time of the acquisition of the political, not of the ecclesiastical power of Rome, which was A. D., 756. This will bring the commencement of the millennium down to the year 1997, whereas the usual reckoning is from the commencement of the Pope's universal spiritual dominion in 606, which brings the millennial jubilee down to the year 1948. We cannot extend our notice of this admirable discourse; and have already, we trust, given the reader such hints concerning it as will induce her to consult its pages. May its publication rouse the zeal of the Church, and enlighten its mind in matters of so sacred and high a moment as are those of which it treats. We are pleased to learn, that possibly its author will furnish another discourse on a kindred theme. This will be desirable.

AN ADDRESS delivered in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Newbury, Vermont, November 17, 1841, before the Ladies' Literary Society of Newbury Seminary, on the Moral Power of Female Education. By Rev. C. T. Hinman, Teacher of Mathematics and the Greek Language. —This Address commences by noticing the exact order which reigns in the physical, and the disorder that prevails in the moral world. This disorder has ejected man from his proper sphere. Two questions are proposed for discussion, viz: "What is my sphere of action? and how shall I prepare myself for that sphere?" From the remarks made on these topics we select the following extract:

"There is a directing influence within the power of the female. This depends mainly on the character of the sex. We refer not now to the directing influence, given by a proper youthful bias; but rather to that produced by her presence—her society in after life. It is not the direction first given to the bark, as it is cut loose from its moorings, and committed to the winds and waves, that guides it through unknown seas: it must needs have a helmsman, who through the long voyage stands at his post, with his eye on the star and his hand on the wheel.

"Such is woman, when properly educated. Not merely is her influence felt when we start on the voyage of life, but through its whole course she is with us, to counsel, to comfort, to aid. Nor is it less true that her skill depends on her knowledge, than that the pilot's depends on his. It is not hers merely to give cheerfulness for an hour, to wipe away the falling tear, or heal a broken heart: she should be able to point to danger in advance, and turn us from its path-way—to desecrate the joys of the future—and, as Fenelon's rosy-fingered morning opens the portals of the east, heralding the king of day, so should she, heralding the reign of peace, open the portals of that bright world, where hope dips his golden wings in the lave of the cherubim, and consecrates the hours to happiness and virtue. Thus she not only brings contentment, but has a powerful influence in smoothing the asperities of man's nature; in melting down the natural hardness of his heart, and in infusing the tenderness of her own."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LADY.—This is a very significant word. Those to whom it is applied ought in all conscience to be what Mrs. Sigourney (see April number) entreats her young readers to become, in acts of benevolence. By tracing the history of the word lady, we shall find that it originated in the charity of woman's deeds. In an old work, the following account is given of this matter. We are indebted for it to the Cabinet Magazine:

"As I have studied more what appertains to the ladies than the gentlemen, I will satisfy you how it came to pass that women of fortune were called *ladies*, even before their husbands had any title to convey that mark of distinction to them. You must know that heretofore it was the fashion for a lady of affluence, once a week, or oftener, to distribute a certain quantity of bread to her poor neighbors, *with her own hands*, and she was called by them the *Leff day*, i. e., the *bread giver*. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it."

The concluding remark may have a general application; but we believe there are several Christian ladies in the world, who not only weekly, but daily, distribute bread to the poor with their own hands, and what is a diviner charity, they point their beneficiaries to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

FEMALE FIDELITY.—The following anecdote, by Mrs. Ellis, strikingly illustrates the fidelity of woman:

"Sir Robert Barclay, who commanded the British squadron in the battle of Lake Erie, was horribly mutilated by the wounds he received in that action, having lost his right arm and one of his legs. Previously to his leaving England he was engaged to a young lady to whom he was tenderly attached. Feeling acutely, on his return, that he was a mere wreck, he sent a friend to the lady, informing her of his mutilated condition, and generously offering to release her from her engagement. 'Tell him,' replied the noble girl, 'that I will joyfully marry him if he has only enough of body to hold his soul.'"

NEW INVENTION.—The following notice from the Richmond Enquirer will interest those of our readers who cultivate music.

"Of all the eccentric fruits of the inventive age, we had the pleasure on Saturday evening of witnessing one of the most curious. It is nothing more nor less than a hybrid monster—a complete blending of two musical instruments of entirely different construction and antagonistic principles—in a word, a piece of wonderful mechanism, that produces perfect combination of the notes of the violin, and piano forte. The inventor, Col. A. S. Wood, is a Virginian—a resident of Buchanan, on James River. His curiosity was aroused some eight years ago, by some newspaper allusion to a similar attempt in Europe; and his mechanical genius, unaided by a scientific knowledge of music, but kept alive and strengthened by perseverance, has achieved a work, that baffled the skill of the first mechanics and artists of the Old World. The instrument consists of a piano, of the usual construction and played in the usual manner. A pedal, touched by the foot of the performer, turns a fly-wheel, which regulates the movements of the machinery. As each peculiar key of the piano is touched, a corresponding key within the box is acted on—brings down on the proper string one of the four bows, (which are constantly moving on grooves,) at the same time presses on the string a finger corresponding to the human finger, thus forming a perfect note, in every respect similar to a note of the piano. We heard a variety of music, andantes and allegros, admirably executed by Mrs. Watson—and we came to the conclusion that it was a remarkable compound. Some of the Scotch airs in imitation of the bagpipes in particular, exhibited the power of the instrument."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several articles in prose and verse lie over for our next number. Were it not the fact that articles unsuitable for the pages of the Repository are poured in upon us almost without number, we should take it upon us to name them, and point out their defects. As it is, the task were intolerable. Correspondents, therefore, must wait patiently. They will in time ascertain the disposition which may have been made of their articles.

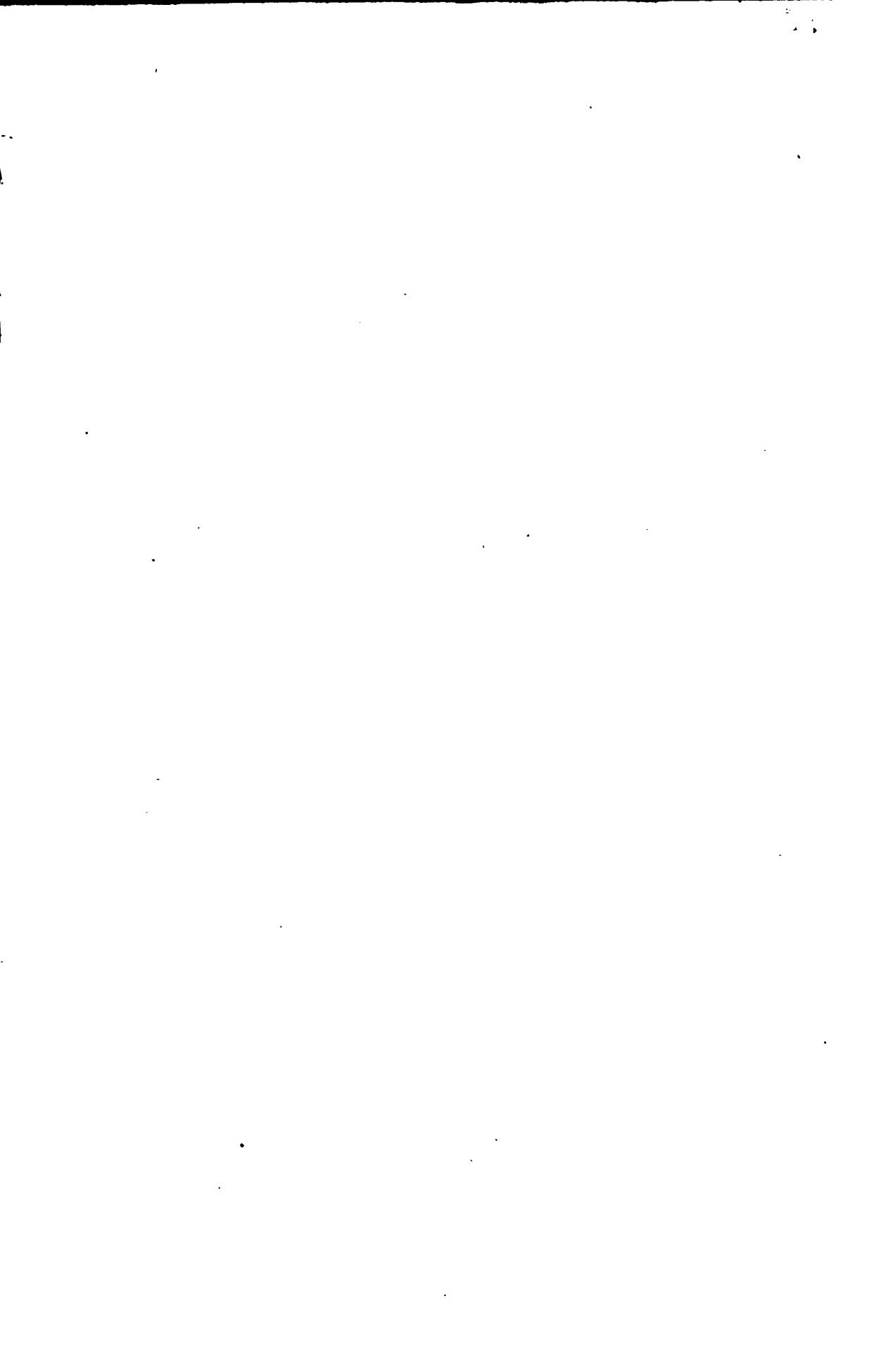




Fig. 4. W. Woodruff's 'at' for the Ladies' Repository.

1852-1853, Vol. 1, No. 1, p. 10.

Published by Woodruff & Swain, Portland, Oregon.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.



JULY, 1842.

persecution, that God has pleuged you same.
has said, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." ||

VOL. II.—25

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JULY, 1842.

SABBATH DAY POINT.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS view is about twenty miles from the head of Lake George. The point is said to have received its name from an English peer, who, one Sabbath morning, landed there for breakfast. The Catholics have denominated this beautiful sheet of water, Lake Sacrament. Nature, in some of her aspects, seems to be sacramental—as, for instance, the tree of life, in the garden of Eden, which, though its fruit was prohibited on common occasions, would doubtless, but for the fall, have subserved a peculiar and sacred purpose. The rainbow is one of nature's sacraments, being especially adopted as the seal of a covenant between the patriarch Noah and Jehovah. But such significant names as sacrament and Sabbath should betoken sacred things. The scene of secular life in this engraving is therefore in bad taste. The associations are too modern; that is, too irreverent of holy themes. The aspects of nature, in the picture, seem sacred enough; and if those forms of life represented a Sabbath day gathering to God's sanctuary, for religious devotion and the holy eucharist, we should wholly admire the application of the names, Lake Sacrament, and Sabbath Day Point, to the Lake and the promontory. These moral criticisms have nothing to do with the skill of the artists. The picture is well drawn, and the engraver has done it justice.



Original.

THE GREAT PROMISE.

How precious are God's promises! Under the severest temptations and most pressing wants, they pledge to us support and consolation. They are set forth in the most alluring language, and reiterated in the plainest terms, that we need not fear to rest in them, and seize the blessings which they proffer us. To encourage trust, and nearly render distrust impossible, they are addressed to us with almost an exuberance of phrases and variations. Amongst these promises, one is so comprehensive in its brevity, that it should be treasured up in our heart of hearts, and remembered daily and hourly. It is the sum of all promises—"My grace is sufficient for thee." No sense of weakness, want, or misery, can carry the soul beyond the purview of that precious promise. It meets every possible state of depression and destitution, and leaves the doubting soul without excuse. Take it, Christian, and set it as a seal upon thine arm. Never forget, wherever and however you may be assailed by want, or adversity, or persecution, that God has pledged you sufficient grace—has said, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

VOL. II.—25

Original.

THE HAPPY DEAD.*

BLESSED spirit, where art thou this Sabbath eve?
Amid the fields of glory dost thou range?
Or, pausing, dost thou drink the crystal stream
That flows beneath the throne, and eat the fruit
Of life's immortal tree, and wear the palm
Of victory! This moment dost thou bow
Before the Lamb, and plunge into the beams
That from the uncreated Sun break forth!
Dost thou look down on us who toil below,
And feel a sympathy at our distress?
Or dost thou hover, in the sable night,
Above our sleeping pillow, breathing peace,
And guarding, with celestial vigilance,
The beings that were dear to thee on earth?
Methinks I see thee move in all the grace,
And bloom, and beauty of that world of life.
I hear thee sing the song of the redeemed;
And from the heights of paradise I see
Thee beckon us, with smiles of holy joy,
To hasten up the steeps, and join you there.
Then I recall the days, for ever gone,
When those same smiles were wont to gild our path—
When those same eyes that so regard us now,
Looked through the veil of flesh to catch our glance;
And when those hands, which now thou wav'st in light,
Grasp'd ours, and helped us to pursue our way.
I now bethink me of the bliss you gave—
The sorrows that you shared—the pains you soothed—
The hours that you beguiled—the lights you threw
Across this shadowy scene! And then the change!
O, here the heart recoils! Darkness and death
Close in upon us—yet we turn again
To where you dwell, and, with a zeal renewed
By your example, conquest, and your crown,
Address us to our way. We ask the aid
Of Him whom you adore, and pledge ourselves,
To tread, unfaltering and untired, the length
Of the celestial road, and meet thee there.
And wilt thou hail us over Jordan's stream,
Or meet us in the wave, and guide our flight
Up to the presence of your heaven and ours?
O, sainted one! thy holy life—thy death
Shall draw our hearts from earth and all its charms!
Then still attract; but let those cords of love,
Which almost call our spirits from their clay,
Draw us more closely to each other still,
Till, mingled into one, our kindred souls
Aspire, and soar, and lose themselves with thine
In the abyss of life, and heaven, and God!

GERTRUDE.

* Mrs. Morris.

Original.
SPIRIT OF POETRY.

BY T. G. BLAIR.

"O! there are spirits of the air,
And genii of the evening breeze,
And gentle ghosts with eyes as fair
As star-beams among twilight trees."

SHELLEY.

"'Twas night—and death the curtains drew 'mid agony secure,
While there a willing spirit went home to a glorious shore;
Yet still it sighed, e'en where was spread the waiting angel's
wing,
O, speak no ill of poetry, for 'tis a holy thing."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

OUR first recollections of this bright and breathing world are rather of feelings than of thought. They come back to us visions of bright sunshine and dancing shadow—long wanderings for many a sunny day—hours of sport, whose very remembrance sends the blood thrilling through our veins, and day dreams, whose vividness and beauty will sometimes return long after life's stern realities have quenched the fire of the eye, and wrought deep lines upon the forehead. We were too happy and too busy then for sober thought; but sometimes, perchance in the midst of our most boisterous mirth, there would come a sudden thrill, as we looked upon the blue sky, or far hills, and we would pause, with the jocund shout yet upon our lip, and gaze as if our very soul were lost in that silent and cloudless space. Over all the wild mirth of the heart there would come soft sadness, like the shadow of a fair cloud chasing the golden sunshine from the earth. A joyous feeling, and yet it moved us almost to tears! The heart was overflowing with new and indefinable emotions, and it seemed as if we beheld the exceeding beauty of the earth for the first time. The eye has now a deeper and more chastened gladness, and the smile of the lip is softened with sensibility. Youth is now calling home the wild affections, the causeless emotions, the overflowing joy which childhood has scattered on the world, and gathering them into itself, as if the heart foresaw the wearing struggle of life, and called home its resources for the combat. The spirit hovers upon the verge of an untried life—behind, bathed in purple light, lie the years that have glided away. The future stretches far off in the distance, filled with a thousand indistinct forms of surpassing beauty.

But we have learned by experience that the world is not all it seems. A sense of its selfishness, its heartlessness, has breathed over us like an icy wind; but we have, as it were, beheld afar off, that the pinion of the soul is not yet soiled or torn in the contest. The little knowledge we have gained has served to awaken the sensibilities, to give a tinge of sadness to our anticipations, and to call reflection to the little world of our own hearts.

This is a temperament highly favorable to poetry. Now the spirit revels in the beauty of the material creation, and the imagination, unwearied and unworn,

soars calmly and serenely forth into the bright heaven of fancy. The voice that called us in our youth, breathing from the quiet sky, from the blue misty hills, the clashing waters, like some half forgotten strain of music, is familiar now. We hear it in the early spring-time, when the sound of the streams is like a thousand silvery voices calling to each other from all the hills, or when the murmur of the summer woods is like deep answering unto deep, or when the hues of autumn's boughs rival the fiery clouds of her sunset, or when all the wintry winds clap their hands, and the snow flakes come down like the white blossoms of early summer showering from the branches. We have learned that the spell is in our own hearts, and we are blessed in the knowledge.

There comes a time when this rich strain of music in the heart, answering to all that is grand or beautiful in the moral or material world, seems the last remnant of childhood and youth. The eye grows dim, the cheek pale—worse, the heart grows cold. When the thought of *death* comes over our weariness, it brings a cold shuddering; for the heart is not so near heaven as it once was. We here come to know we are not what we have been, and to feel we are not what we should be; and when we look back upon the high and noble resolves with which we first commenced the struggle of life, we are humbled to the dust, for we ask ourselves how have we kept them? And that humiliation, though bitter, is most salutary. Then the purer and holier feelings of our youth, blended with its poetry, came back to us. Blessed be that spirit which is as an electric chain to refresh the weary soul of later life with the fresh and unworldly thoughts of earlier years! Whence is the spirit of poetry, whose office seems to be to cheer us along the rugged way of life, and to elevate the mind above the petty vexations that lie in our path? It is that loving sense of the grand and the beautiful which makes it a glorious boon but to live in the free air and the smiling sunlight—it is that deep sensibility to whatever is good or noble or beautiful in moral nature, which causes the sudden swelling up from the heart, and flushes the cheek, and brightens the eye—it is that which makes the cheek early pale with visions of loveliness that is not, and extending over all around us, by a blessed alchemy converts every thing into the precious metal of the heart. Where this spirit dwells, it is gentleness to man and strength to woman. We meet it in daily life; for poetry is not confined to the page of the schoolman alone. Here it prompts kindness, and affection, and generous self-sacrifice, with many a thought and act, which, though unknown and unsung on earth, shall be written with the sunbeam on that day when the deeds of conquerors shall make their actors pale with shame and afflict.

It is sometimes doubted whether a high degree of the poetic spirit is conducive to the happiness of its possessor. Why, we would ask, should it not be so? If the poet feel intensely the evils of life—if his heart be deeply wounded by treachery, unkindness, and neglect—if his soul be daily disgusted with cold selfish-

ness, does he not receive a rich compensation when his heart thrills at those purer and more generous acts, which, amid so much that is evil in this world, still gleam like starlight through the clouds? Is he not privileged to find, in this glorious universe, a delight which others can never realize? If he be true to the monitions of that spirit which God has imparted, has he not the soul-cheering assurance of benefiting his kind? Alas! that the poet should ever barter his high privileges for the smiles of the great, or the polluting pleasures of sense! - Then only can man be miserable when he has devoted the blessings of God to the service of his foe.

The present, amid the din of political contests, and the jarring of mammon's devotees, is not an age of poetry. This is an age of stern reality.

"In these last days, what sounds salute the ear,
While taste and reason stand aghast to hear?
Who o'er the lyre a hand presumptuous flings,
And grinds harsh discords from the creaking strings?
Far off the wise retire to deepest glades;
Apollo wrathful at the sound upbraids—
Who to the world such noisy nonsense gave,
Ne'er drank, sweet Helicon, thy limpid wave!"

If a wreath is to encircle our history, which shall go blooming down

"To the last syllable of recorded time,"

the hands of an inquisitive philosophy are surely destined to weave it. Ancient fairy land has vanished from the earth—the days of visions are past—no nymphs or naiads people our woods and fountains—the tales of enchanted islands far away over the blue deep have grown things of yore. We have realized wonders, the very prediction of which would have condemned any unfortunate beldam in the days of witchcraft. We have machines—strange looking monsters—moving, as it were, by magic, which, in days of old, would have subjected their inventors to the fiery ordeal. We have grown wise in our generation—we believe no dreams but golden ones. Money is all now—Alladdin's lamp—the wishing cap—the carpet of the prince in the fairy tale. The fairies have gone from the green grassy knolls where they were wont to dwell. The stealthy step of the midnight ghost visits no more the chambers of the guilty or the loved. The sound of the axe and the hammer has broken in upon the haunts of the poet, the silent dells, and the airy hill tops. But poetry, driven from her ancient haunts, is avenging herself by ennobling and refining the objects for which she is sacrificed. Nor is her voice silent in the land; they who will listen may hear it rising at times like the voice of distant waters through the hush of evening; and they who have learned to judge of the future by the past tell us that the time is not far distant when one shall rise to fill the vacant throne in the realm of song.



LET those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be very singular.

Original.

THE UNATTENDED HEARSE.

At the approach of the sickly season in New Orleans, it is no uncommon thing to see the hearse bearing away its dead without a *single follower*. The victim of death has perhaps been some respectable, poor young man, who has been lured to this commercial city by the delusive hope of making a fortune. Alas! he has found only a grave.

No funeral pomp, with lengthened sweep
Of mourning coaches in array,
E'er struck with pathos half so deep,
And caused my very heart to weep,
As the *lune* hearse upon its way.
To fancy's eye, it lifts the veil between
The sick'ning and the dying scene.

It tells of suffering in a stranger land,
Far, far away from household friends;
There lov'd ones round him used to stand,
And smooth his pillow with affection's hand;
Here but a hireling nurse attends.
Love and skill were powerless now to save
His wasting body from an early grave.

There is a spell, of soul-subduing power,
Within the sacred name of home—
Breathing its fragrance, like a flower,
O'er our lorn spirit, till its latest hour,
Where'er our footsteps roam.
It still, amid severest pain,
Will paint its pictures on the brain.

His bosom's agony, ah! who can tell,
As round that home his memory lingers,
And gushing from his heart's deep well,
Come thoughts that burning there will dwell,
Till wiped away by death's cold fingers.
How little reck they of his mournful fate,
Who his return with fond expectance wait.

The scene has closed—his spirit's fled!
His wandering feet no more shall roam.
What anguish will the tidings spread,
When the death letter first is read,
In that bereaved home.
O, may the lost one they possessed,
Be found again amidst the blest!

Tho' stranger friends, that to him clung
In gay and heartless mirth,
While health and hope around him flung
Those secret charms that win the young—
Love's living things of earth—
Yet o'er his fresh and lonely bed
Their eye no pitying tear will shed.

And though no prayer ascend to God,
Ere they shall lay him in the dust,
No gentle hand e'er place the sod,
But by rude feet the earth be trod,
Yet still in *heaven*, we trust,
For him the "righteous" *household prayer*
May have secured his entrance *there*.

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.

Original.
BOOKS INDISPENSABLE.

BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.

WE often see a person grudge a book—the cost of a book. May be, the cost bears no proportion to its value. That idea, we are sorry to say, is always called into account. Now, of all the luxuries in which we would indulge ourselves, books are, out of all comparison, the best worth their price. Nor should we, at large, refer them to the class of luxuries alone, delightful and improving though they are; yet to many of those even who are but partially acquainted with them, they are a necessity; and for such to be debarred of them, though not quite so imperious a craving as were the waiting of a dinner, yet is it a positive and ascertained want—such an one, too, as he who shall most fairly apprise, were fain to commute, and take a smaller or cheaper dinner and a larger book. Now this sort of person is exactly the one who shall not only find most satisfaction, but shall also make most advantage out of his book. You know, of course, that we speak of good books; for a bad one is unworthy the name of book, which, in common acceptation, implies instruction, delight, help, reference, improvement, progression, &c., &c., in what it affords, and no less of propriety and usefulness in what it claims, which is engrossment of leisure moments, the taking them away from the mischiefs of idleness, or the perils of dissipation; and the absorbing of our discontents, by the carrying us out of ourselves for a time.

Reading, by giving us a larger sight of the world, with its diversity of evils, enlarges our views, in a remedial sense; and in progress may extend to that philosophy which shall suffice to wipe away the stains of this irreverent sentiment, and to cure as well as heal. Reading implies mental attention, which is one of the most salutary habits of the mind, as well as one of the most winning in the sense of expediency. It implies a sobriety of reflection, which, by its own action, it shall constrain. Like many of the good gifts of God, it is two-fold—both conservative and hindering—helping of good, and hindering of evil. Reading enlarges our charity by showing us how other minds, other communities, other nations, have all and each some claim to our toleration; and that, however different they be, there yet exists some sympathy, some common bond of humanity, which we should respect by that charity which “believeth all things,” and “hopeth all things.”

And shall we then want a book? The miser, with gold in his coffers, starves for want of bread. He dies of inanition before nature would have called him; and it is a suicide! The physical life is not the only possible sacrifice. Have we a rusty dollar hoarded away, and yet refuse to our mind the aliment which should nourish and sustain it? We could believe that by how much it falls short of its possibilities of vigor, health, and sanity, is just so much evidence of a natural retribution—

the penal visitation for our sin of miserliness—the want of books.

This for ourselves in our adult age. But for our children. Would we affect, at this date of the world, to do aught for them, without access of books? Although one book is pre-eminent over every other—over all others—and although we were better read none other to the exclusion of *that*, yet such is not the condition of our privilege. That book inculcates upon us the implied use of others—to give our minds to sobriety and reflection, and “the gathering of wisdom;” and not only the perfecting ourselves in holiness, but “all other fitting conversation.”

Our probation on the earth requires a progressive training of all the manifold faculties of our being; yet the sordid and narrow-hearted would go about providing for the body alone, even to the confining of the attention to its ministrations; and passing on from the industry which should amply supply all its wants, and more, would not spare from its accumulation the shilling that should buy a book, or the hour in which to read it. But this is a course in which the perishing and short-lived body hinders of intellectual advancement, narrows the sphere of a moral intercourse, or gainsays its winning and sympathetic influences, and finally devours the soul, by letting it perish for want of aliment; and all this to save money. Albeit, *the Book* says “wisdom is better than gold.”

But let us not confine our attention to the intellectual gainings, or to the perfecting of character by this method. Let us present the negative, and show the disadvantages upon a productive course of life, amidst society, as it is now constituted, and we shall see that there is no furtherance in the plan—of doing without books. Let us look around this city of Cincinnati, and behold its twenty-eight or thirty free schools. See the costly buildings erected to their accommodation, to the furtherance of mental and moral education. Add to these the paying of salaries to the numerous teachers, and many other incidental expenses. By all this we shall see that it is the common sense of all who have tested the results of education, that education shall progress, shall extend, shall claim a continued appropriation of the lesser good—money—to the object of the greater good—knowledge. And this is not done without books. Even these, may be, the public at need supply. We know of some few parents so besotted by meanness that they would fain throw this additional charge, for their children’s advantage, upon the public. An enlightened public would rather abide imposition, rather supply two books falsely claimed, than miss of affording one really needed. And this not by benevolence alone, but with a view to the future citizenship of one child within its jurisdiction. And shall the public be more awake to the true interest of such an one than the parent himself? Our charity of instruction extends not at present beyond the school course. But if this is not followed out—and we warn parents on this point—if this is not followed up by reading—supposing books—the advantage already gain-

ed will be very likely, nay, will be sure to decline. It will, like a neglected plant, around which ill weeds shall cluster, be by them stunted and starved of its own sufficient nourishment, and will eventually, perhaps, perish in their noxious embraces. School education, we say, should be followed up by reading. Have books a plenty. They yield a better return than any other investment. It is not one book or one subject that shall constitute you well informed, or make you wise. And a second book, however diverse the subject, shall aid and add to the first. And you can hardly read any two that shall not, either by likeness or by contrast, or by methods of comparison, in your own mind, bear upon each other, and assist to the elucidation of the specific subject of each book, perhaps. But certainly they shall aid in your own mental culture. If you shall only say to yourself, "From this hive I took much pure honey, whilst from that I gathered nothing but bee bread;" yet the bee bread, though not honey, is of some worth. Perhaps you will speculate, too, and find how to choose your hive on another occasion. You may learn to know what causes the difference in the proportion of the one to the other in different hives—whether the *producers* are inferior, or whether the accidents of location, climate, food, or whatever caused; and whatever did either perfect or impoverish it, *you*, by your inquiry, shall be enriched.

Because we read much, we need not therefore be scholars by profession. The number is very small of such—in our country, as yet, so very small that the proportion should be only as that of fractions to integers. And that it is not our intention to affect learning, may be a proof of our modesty, or of our judgment. But if we shall decide to do without any, to remain ignorant, or even to rest for ever in the rudimental classes of learners, it shall be a proof, a positive proof, of our stupidity. The adult who shall so decide for himself, having as yet made very small progression, has, perhaps in his own case, the extenuation of habit, and the half allowed and puerile claiming of shame—the false shame of arraying himself amidst his juniors of another generation in the school class. Also, we make to him the partial concession that he "can make out" as well as others of his date and opportunities, &c., &c. This excuses him to them, but has no sort of bearing upon his own inconvenience. And, after all, if he will look close enough, he will find that the only real obstacle in the case is his disinclination. Just as well, too, if he would acknowledge it, will he know that being more ignorant than most others is constantly a source of more or less disadvantage to him; not perhaps to the precise matters of business, of the practical details of knowledge, as regards arrangements and things—though in relation to these he will not fail, first or last, to perceive his mistake—but it is in the appreciation in which he is held by others, yes, even the honest appreciation of the respectable and the good, in the stand which he can take, and is compelled to *keep*, that he shall most keenly feel, most bitterly regret his untoward negligence of self. If he is pious, and reads his Bi-

ble—for we suppose he is able to read—if he follows out its precepts, which, besides holier matters, makes his relations to community correct, and respectable, he deserves to be, and no doubt will be, esteemed and respected. But because he is all this, is it any reason why he should not be more than this? Is it a reason why he should not take to himself, especially for his coming age, the solace of book philosophy—a philosophy gleaned from nature, piety and wisdom combined? Is it a reason why he should not enlarge his knowledge to the furtherance of that mental charity which is not likely to consist with the narrow apprehensions of restricted and partial views? Why should he not treat his taste, to the delectable feasts of the poet, the patriot, the philanthropist? Why should he not afford himself books? Why not carry his education to the desiring and the enjoying of these? Surely, his reaping and his winnings shall be far greater than his pains of acquisition shall be.

All this to the adult, the father may be; but for his child we are far more importunate and exacting. The present age affords not the same excuse as we have reluctantly conceded to those which are past. Books are now plenty—home-made books by our own countrymen. They are not only prepared and suited, as well as may be, to the many, but they are proffered and sent. Every facility is afforded which is at all proper. We are sometimes almost led to suspect that this very readiness of obliging is misconstrued or meanly mistrusted in its motive; and that the unwise inference, whilst working out its own ungainly and ungainly consequence, by refusing or undervaluing the good, which is too easy of attainment, is often the only motive against its acceptance. Such a person—one who can so act—is not well informed or wise, and such is exactly the class who most need instruction. But we would admonish with consideration and disinterestedness.

The child who is rich, probably born to the inheritance of wealth, should be guarded from selfishness and tamed from the wantonness of indulgence by books. The child who is poor, should, from his toils, his tears, and his depression, be rewarded and gratified by books. And those who stand between these two classes, and are neither rich nor poor, shall yet have the common sense to perceive that no position, personal or relative, exempts him from his obligation of gratitude to books. All the classes of our republican country shall find that the true and efficient secret of a fair and genuine equality shall be worked out by the agency of books.

Books are not a holyday—a parlor window—a show-table matter only, but they are made to comprehend all of common as of uncommon things—all subjects and treatings of useful labor—all mechanical and agricultural experiment—all methods and improvements in manufactures—all management and details of trade—all the handling and shaping of utensils for the workmen—all the discoveries of organized powers—all the shifting of burdens from human shoulders to the mightier might of the beasts of brawn—all new invented levers, which one flash of genius has afforded ("after

years of study," and of books though) to the colossal purposes of architecture—of navy structures—of ocean lights—of the canal with its locks—of the thousands of aids and inventions of which we know not the uses nor the names. And yet for ourself when we contemplate the beauties, the treasures, the infinite riches of books, our heart warms within us; and we feel that life has yet a resource and an interest remaining to us. We have a privilege, too. We select our acquaintances and our friends from the "salt of the earth" yet present; and from the multitude of those who, having passed beyond, "yet live," their deathless genius bestowed upon all who will accept it—to delight and to cheer—and other some, whose piety, a sweet savor, ascends for ever and for ever, towards that heaven from whence they came and went.

Books are a medium of reform, no less, certainly, than is the temperance act. We remember the time it was believed that there was no hospitality, no welcome, without the wine cup—the days of side-boards, with their indirect array of bottles; and we remember, too, the *effect*, the direct consequence upon many of the sons of the house. Lured by this free access, they partook, often ruinously, of what was always within their reach. And no less apparent, though with hope, instead of shame, shall be the effects of a free access to books. We have no good auguries for the house or the family that is not supplied with books. Being present with your children, they give immediate invitation, which shall not be always refused—they urge a claim to the eye which it shall be harder to resist than if not personally presented. By a slight acquaintanceship at first, the strangeness and distance is diminished and worn off—soon they shall become familiar and confidential friends, and take good counsel together.

Book shelves are a very significant piece of furniture. We never go into a house of poverty, a poor, scanty house, but what the sight of books—some, the sort, the number, the care, importing how valued—seem to us the surest index, as they are the most significant token, of the present, the continued, and the future respectability of the occupant.

We respect industry, but we should think it sordid, should it circumscribe within too narrow limits our attention to books. Under almost any circumstances an hour each day may be found to appropriate to reading.

When we consider that the mind or intellect is one of the three or four grand components of our being, it would seem to us no superinduced indulgence, but a natural necessity, that we read. And although there are other methods of mental culture, apart from this, yet is reading the most universally accessible and easy one. Colloquial intercourse, supposing it would answer the purpose, is not always convenient or agreeable. However secluded, fatigued, or dispirited we may be, the book is neither impertinent or unwelcome. If its tone suit us not, we can, without offense, exchange it for another. No jealousy is excited, no resentment provoked; but its harmonious and friendly tone shall sympathize of our dejection, or abate of our chagrin. In our per-

plexity no confidence is imparted, and none betrayed. Yet we do not put our book before the living Friend, nor attempt to compare it with the consolations to which we have access from that omnipotent Helper who is ever anigh, and "knows how to pity us." We may read another and yet another book, and new subjects shall grow out of those which you would deem were perfected in the former book.

The "sciences" are said to be "a circle," and we are told so closely and so necessarily interwoven, that they would seem to have signed the "round robin." And who, in the munificent variety of mental apprehensions bestowed on man, shall be able to say *where* they commenced—where they best end! But end they do not. As they have been graciously accorded to man, during the series of ages, the light of one mind has sufficed to guide and arouse some succeeding intelligence to the furtherance of a fullness not yet completed, and which one age, or even one century, was not sufficient to elucidate, so do we infer that science and its mental truth are progressive, and shall continue to be afforded to man so long as man, in his physical existence, is permitted to inhabit the earth. This, we firmly believe, will continue to be done, but not without books.

How many classes of sciences, how many topics connected with our subject have we left untouched, being incompetent to the high vocation! But one, the simplest, it is thought, seems to us quite the most wonderful acquisition of which we are capable—so much so, indeed, and of so paramount consequence is it to us, that we must believe it to be the especial gift of Heaven; and as such, we would say, there can be no veneration in refusing it, or neglecting its use. True it is that this method is derived to us by the agency of human intelligences; yet when we consider how very wonderful it is, that yet of necessity it is rudimental, and that the simplest attain to it, our admiration and our gratitude are still increased. That, without the aid of previous science, we should be enabled to commence the arch, and afford the keystone of all science, is matter of inexplicable thought. And that this idea is not appreciated, but, like the stars of heaven, is slighted, not derogating from its greatness, or its immensity, but simply—simply enough—because use has familiarized us to them and to it, yet no less do we owe the gratitude of assumption and improvement of this means so graciously bestowed upon us. *A Book was given, and the power to read.*



SENSIBLE women have often been the dupes of the designing, in the following way: they have taken an opportunity of praising them to their own confidant, but with a solemn injunction to secrecy. The confidant, however, as they know, will infallibly inform her principal the first moment she sees her; and this is a mode of flattery which always succeeds. Even those females who nauseate flattery in any other shape, will not reject it in this; just as we can bear the light of the sun without pain when reflected by the moon.

Original.

CHRIST'S SENTIENT CHARACTER.

How dizzying the thought, when one tries to encompass a conception that is infinite! When the mind stretches off in the far distance seeking the boundary of space, unsuccessful, it returns bewildered alike by the vastness of infinity, and by its own impotency. So, too, when it thinks *on and on*, trying to find some limit to boundless eternity, it recoils back within itself, vaguely uncertain, whether, after so mighty yet fruitless an effort, it be able to comprehend any thing. Increase the difficulty by a union of infinities, and we see why Zophar, the Naamathite, exclaimed, "Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?"

It will be far in eternity, if the point can ever be attained, when the idea of God will occupy its own mighty place in the human mind. It may seem strange that a character so distinctly marked, so permanent, so fully manifested, should not be perfectly understood. Perhaps it would not be so, were there other characters like his, with which we were daily familiar. We have no stepping-stones by which to attain the height. His character is so uncommon, so different, so perfectly unique, that we have nothing with which to compare it; and consequently it comes up before the mind as a thing so strange, that the mind cannot familiarize itself with it. If the mind is prone to sensuousness, it seeks some outward manifestation of God—something with which it can associate such characteristics as it attributes to God. And this for the same reason that some need the *insignia* of royalty thrown around a man, that their feelings of reverence and obedience may be called forth; so difficult find they it to look upon law itself as something to be obeyed. If, on the other hand, the mind be given to abstraction, it thinks of God as some fixed principles or laws governing all nature, physical, intellectual and moral. Hence the two extremes, of down-right idolatry on the one side; and on the other, modern Unitarianism, or Pantheism. How almost interminable the grade between them! On some one of these grades we stand; for all have some idea of God, even though it be as vague and indistinct as its origin is. Its origin is so; for, if we question ourselves as to its origin, we can only say—the first we knew of the idea of God it was familiar to our minds. It never came up before the mind as something new.

Power, intelligence, and a moral character, are attributed to God by all; though the moral character will be modified somewhat by the different views of morality entertained by different persons. Some, even when enlightened by Revelation, extol one attribute above another, as may best suit their conduct. They accommodate their theology to their course of life, rather than conform the latter to their theology; and thus consciously do violence to their being.

There is one view of the character of Christ, which, if true, ought to be entertained. It may be styled his *sentient* character; by which I mean, not his capability of perceiving intellectually, but of *feeling, sympathizing* with others, or rather, fully appreciating the feel-

ings and circumstances of his followers. A friend sympathizes with us, only when he fully understands our trials and joys; has been, or can imagine himself in the same circumstances with ourselves. By Christ's *sentient* character, I mean that capability on his part, that enables him to put himself, like a kind and tender friend, into our very circumstances—to see with our eyes, and to feel with our hearts.

It is a marked difference between our religion and all other religions, constituting the beauty and glory of the former, that it is rational. True, Christianity has its *mysteries*, which eternity alone will reveal to us. But these mysteries, unlike those of the heathen gods, are not revealed to a few to be a matter of gain; not made known, like the Delphian oracles, vaguely, and at certain localities; nor arising from any contrariety of character in its Founder. But they result rather from our inability fully to comprehend that character; and, in fact, diminishing in proportion as it is understood. Yet notwithstanding the mysteries of the Christian religion, it is still a religion to be understood, felt, and appreciated. Its Head thinks, knows, hates, loves, pities, feels, and sympathizes. Man's nature demands this last, among other characteristics of Deity. Else why have any, with their distorted view of God, feared that they would be overlooked, uncared for, and on that ground refused to love him? They have felt that a God, whom they could love, must be one who has something in common with themselves—one who could and would regard the inward workings of their mind; feel for them—cheer them when afflicted, and succor them when tempted. How cold and heartless is that religion which does not represent its Deity as sympathizing with his followers. The mythology of the heathen shows that such a capability on the part of God is a demand of our nature. Hence their Penates and tutelary divinities, which presided over man in all his variety of circumstance: and, because they deemed their passions a part of the true nature of their soul, hence their deities of passion.

Do we find all this in the character of Christ? We have but to turn to his life for an answer. Assuming our physical nature, it might rationally be supposed that he would have all our innocent feelings antecedent to volition, and many of those consequent on volition. This supposition is fully corroborated by the history of his life. I will allude to a few of the exhibitions of these feelings, that have come down to us. He felt the force of the appeal, when the devil requested him to allay his hunger by a miracle. And he knows and fully appreciates the trial, when any of his children refuse, from principle, to gratify their desires. The gratification of every propensity of his nature came up before his mind, as a good to be accepted, or refused. "He was tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin." His desires were awakened, his susceptibilities were aroused. There was the excitement—the temptation—every thing of sin, but itself.

When we have freed ourselves from passion, and taken a calm survey of the relations we sustain to God—

see the propriety of doing and feeling right—conform to this obligation, and our hearts become filled with love to our Savior; we think, in conversing with those who are disobedient, that a godly life must seem of as much importance in their mind as it does in ours—that the temptations of this world are no more alluring to them, than they are to us. So, too, when we become enlisted in a particular cause, or interested in a particular person, we deem all cold-hearted who do not have the same warm feelings in our cause and friend as we do. It was not so with Christ. If any, he might be supposed to have made a correct estimate between the good afforded by the service of God and that of Mammon. Yet, when the "young man" came to him inquiring what he should do to obtain eternal life, he did not chide him for his attachment to his property, though he regretted it. Christ saw how much of a good, wealth appeared to the young man's mind. He saw the force of his attachment, though he disapproved of it; pitied the "young man" for the delusion he had thrown around his own mind, and loved him for his amiability.

When Christ first visited his friends in Bethany after the death of their brother Lazarus, how affectionate were his condolences! How tenderly he sympathized with them in their deep affliction! When he met Martha, he tried to comfort her with the hope of a glorious resurrection. But when Mary and her friends came, and the image of their lost friend was so vividly called up by a recollection of the meetings he had had with them, "Jesus groaned in spirit and was troubled." And when they gathered around the grave of Lazarus, and saw where he lay, "Jesus wept." He knew that the lifeless form before them, now so cold and still, would soon be animated; and flush with life, would be receiving the affectionate embrace of his sisters. But this chilled not his sympathy, nor deadened his commiseration for his afflicted friends.

Though he knew it was right, and entirely in accordance with the principles of his government—even conducive to his glory—that the Jews, a nation so loved of God, should meet the doom they had merited; yet he could not look on with indifference, when he saw all the evils impending over their devoted city. "And when he came near, he beheld the city, and wept over it."

When he was about to consummate that one act in which the world was so deeply interested—the sacrifice of himself—he alluded again to this painful subject. It was when he was passing from Jerusalem to Calvary: "And there followed him a great multitude of people and women, who also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus, turning to them, said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me; but weep for yourselves." He rightly understood their expression of kindly feelings, and sympathized with them in their coming sorrows. Look at his solicitude for his parent, as, when enduring the agony of the crucifixion, he made provision for her temporal maintenance.

But had we no such record of his life, or rather, had his biographers been entirely silent on this point, we

should have inferred that such was his character from our idea of God. To deal with us as the circumstances require, he must know fully our character. This can be known only by perfectly understanding all that passes within our hearts. That he may be able to assist us in difficulty, cheer us in despondency, and succor us in temptation, he must take cognizance of all those trials and temptations with which we meet. That he may have the moral character we attribute to him, he must be willing to do all this good for his children.

If this, then, is a part of Christ's character, it has an important practical bearing. When the sinner gives up fond hopes and long cherished plans, that he may do his duty, Christ knows and appreciates the sacrifice he makes, and notes with interest all the trials of his after life. In his darkest hours the Christian need not be discouraged. Though his case may seem to him hopeless—every thing combined against him, so that the safety of his soul seems to be at the mercy of a host of passions, though he has become so bewildered as scarcely to recognize the distinction between right and wrong—yet he may feel assured that Christ knows all his trials, was himself tempted, and is abundantly able and willing to succor the tempted, desponding Christian, who humbly confides in him. With perfect confidence he may commit himself to Christ for that "stern hour of strife"—his exit from the world. "When he walks through the valley of the shadow of death, he need fear no evil." E.

Western Reserve College.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

WHAT is there here, my God, to stay
The soul in coming to thy throne?
Pleasures, that sparkle for a day;
And crowds, that leave the heart alone;
A soil of weeds, a fickle sky,
Foes who endure, and friends who die.

How longs my soul to come to Thee!
To rest upon thy sleepless eye!
To feel th' imprison'd spirit free!
To live on joys which cannot die.
Blest foretastes of a life to come,
Faith, hope, and then, an angel's home!

Why should my lingering spirit doubt?
Why from its "Rest" a moment rove?
Hark! heard you not the rapturous shout
Of angels in the world of love!
How welcome to my heart the strain
Which bids me break this galling chain!

I come! I come! the conflict's o'er;
Thy hand, O Lord, has burst the cord;
I linger on the plain no more;
I seek my rest, my home, my Lord;
I rise where, always on the wing,
A cloud of saints adore their King.

Original.

FAIRFORD AND ITS CHURCH.

It is pleasant to think of the past. The scenes that in early life made a happy and deep impression on my mind, are not yet forgotten. It was once my lot to accompany my father on a tour into Gloucestershire; and one pleasant summer day, having stopped to dine in a village of some note, we took occasion to visit the parish church. It was very beautiful. And having recently found among my papers a description of the village, and its church, I am enabled to prepare the following account.

The town of Fairford lies in the hundred of Britwell's Barrow, four miles west from Lechlade, eight east from Cirencester, and twenty-five eastward from Gloucester. A fine gravel lies near the surface of the soil, which makes the place dry and healthy; and it is watered by the river Coln, famous for its excellent trout and crayfish. Over this river, near the west end of the town, there has been a stone-bridge for many years; but before it was built, the great road led through the ford at this place, which gave occasion to the name of *Fareford*, as it was anciently written; where *fare* does not signify *fair* or *beautiful*, but a *passage*, in which sense we even now sometimes use it, as in *thorough-fare*, &c.; and it is derived from a Saxon word, which means to *go*, to *pass*: so that the name is descriptive of the situation, and signifies the *passage* at the *ford*. The river takes its rise at Chedworth and Bibury, and empties itself into the Thames a little below this place. But the town is most distinguished by the handsome seat belonging to Mr. Barker, and the fine stained glass windows of the parish church.

The church is in the deanery of Fairford. It is a vicarage worth about £150 a year. It formerly belonged to the abbey of Tewkesbury; and upon the dissolution of that house, was granted to the chapter of Gloucester, by Henry VIII. The church is a beautiful building, 125 feet long, and 55 feet broad. It consists of a spacious body, supported by handsome fluted pillars, and two proportionable aisles, very handsomely paved in chequers of blue and white stone, and is neatly pewed. It has a handsome tower in the midst, ornamented with pinnacles, and several escutcheons of coat armor. There are three chancels and a vestry. The middle chancel is fitted up with stalls, like the choirs in some cathedrals. They were probably intended for the accommodation of the abbot and monks of Tewkesbury, to whom the vicarage belonged.

John Tame purchased the manor of Fairford, of King Henry VII., and levied a fine thereof in the thirteenth year of that king's reign. He was a merchant in London, and having taken a ship bound for Rome, in which was a large quantity of very curious painted glass, built this church in the year 1493, for the sake of placing the glass in it, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary.

This painted or stained glass is admired not only in England, but in most parts of Europe. It has twenty-eight large windows, in which are represented the most

striking passages of the Old and New Testaments, and some of them so exquisitely finished, that Sir Anthony Vandyke affirmed that the pencil could not exceed them. The designs were done by that eminent master, *Albert Durer*, to whom the greatest improvements in the art of painting on glass are attributed, and the windows of the church are proportioned exactly to fit each story. In the north side are the stories of the Old Testament; in the east and south, those of the new; and that of the judgment in the west.

WINDOW I. The representation of the serpent tempting Eve to eat the forbidden fruit; Moses keeping his father's sheep in the wilderness, and an imitation of the fiery bush which God appeared to him in; Joshua, who succeeded Moses, and an angel guiding him to war; Sheba, the queen of the south, hearing and trying the great wisdom of King Solomon, and offering him gifts.

WINDOW II. The salutation of Mary and Elizabeth; Mary going to visit her cousin Elizabeth; Joseph and Mary going to be contracted, and also the contract.

WINDOW III. The angel Gabriel's salutation to the Virgin Mary: motto, "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." The birth of our Savior, who lies in a manger, and Mary standing over him; the oxen feeding in their stalls; the shepherds with their crooks; the epiphany, or the wise men that came from the east to worship our Savior, offering him gold, frankincense, and myrrh; the purification of the Virgin mother, who is offering a pair of turtle-doves in a cage; the circumcision of our Savior, and Simeon receiving him in the temple. Here is also a perspective view of the temple.

WINDOW IV. Joseph flying with Mary and the young child into Egypt to avoid the cruelty of Herod; Joseph gathering fruit in the wilderness, and an angel bending down the branches; the assumption of the Virgin Mary; Joseph and Mary seeking our Savior after the feast of Jerusalem, who is found disputing with the doctors in the temple.

WINDOW V. The advent, or our Savior riding to Jerusalem; Zacheus in the sycamore tree; the multitude crying, "*Hosanna in the highest*," and singing, (with notes before them,) "Glory, praise, and honor be unto thee;" our Savior praying in the garden that the cup of affliction might pass from him; Judas going to betray him; Pilate and the High Priest sitting in judgment against him; their scourging him, and forcing him to bear his cross. In the upper part of this window is a representation of the crucifixion of our Lord, with the penitent thief on his right hand, and the blasphemous thief on his left; Mary and the other women; also the Roman soldiers attending his execution.

WINDOW VI. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus taking down the body of our Savior, and placing it in the sepulchre; a representation of the wonderful darkness; St. Michael and his angels fighting the dragon and the fallen angels, whom they overcome; with Beelzebub looking through a fiery grate.

WINDOW VII. The anointing of our Savior for his burial in the sepulchre; the angel that rolled away the

stone, sitting in the midst, and asking them, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? Our Savior is risen and gone;" with perspective views of the buildings in the garden. The transfiguration of our Savior; Moses and Elias; the ten commandments upon the two tables of stone; St. Peter, James, and John, with the three tabernacles which Peter proposed to make; Jesus appearing to his mother with this salutation, "Hail, holy mother."

WINDOW VIII. Christ appearing to two of his disciples as they were going to Emmaus; his breaking bread before them; his appearing to the twelve apostles, explaining the Scriptures to them, when all believed except Thomas, who said he would not, till he had put his fingers into his side, and seen the print of the nails in his hands and feet.

WINDOW IX. Jesus showing himself to Peter, Thomas, John, Nathanael, and the sons of Zebedee as they were fishing in the sea of Tiberias, where they had been toiling all night without success; the miraculous draught of fishes, and a gridiron with fish broiling on it for them to eat; our Savior's ascension into heaven from the Mount of Olives; and the Holy Ghost descending on his disciples in the shape of a dove.

The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth windows are each divided into four compartments; and in each compartment is represented one of the apostles, with an article of the apostles' creed in Latin, disposed in an oval form around his head.

WINDOW X. 1. St. Peter, with a scroll, on which is written, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth." 2. St. Andrew: "And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord." 3. St. James: "Who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." 4. St. John: "Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried."

WINDOW XI. 1. St. Thomas: "He descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead." 2. St. James the Less: "He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty." 3. St. Philip: "From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." 4. St. Bartholomew: "I believe in the Holy Ghost."

WINDOW XII. 1. St. Matthias: "The holy catholic Church; the communion of saints." 2. St. Simon: "The forgiveness of sins." 3. St. Jude: "The resurrection of the body." 4. St. Matthew: "And the life everlasting. Amen."

WINDOW XIII. There is in this window, the primitive fathers, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine.

WINDOW XIV. King David sitting in judgment against the Amalakitae for slaying Saul, as expressed in 2 Sam. i, 10, and ordering his servants to fall upon the Amalakitae for so doing.

WINDOW XV. The fifteenth is the great west window, representing the Day of Judgment. In the upper part, Christ sits on the rainbow, and has the earth for his footstool. He is surrounded by cherubim and seraphim; and it is supposed, that the sword on his left

hand, and the lily on his right, are intended to represent the attributes of justice and mercy. Below, St. Michael weighs a wicked person in one scale against a good one in the other; and though a devil endeavors to turn the scale, the good outweighs the bad. The dead are rising from their graves, (some with the grave clothes on their backs, others with them on their arms,) to come to judgment. From the mouth of an angel receiving a saint into heaven, proceeds a label, on which is written, "O, all my spirit praise God." St. Peter, with the key, lets the blessed spirits into heaven, thus expressing himself, "I will give God thanks for this extraordinary gift;" alluding, no doubt, to the extraordinary powers which some suppose that apostle to be endowed with more than others. When they pass from him, they are clothed in white, and crowned with crowns of glory, accompanied with this sentence, "God hath blessed their lives with his own gifts." On one side is a representation of hell, with the great devil drawn with red and white teeth, three eyes, and scaly legs and face. Some are going to hell headlong, some on the devils' backs, and some on their arms. There is Dives in hell, praying for a drop of water to cool his tongue, and Lazarus is placed in contrast, among the blessed, in Abraham's bosom; also, a woman going to hell on a wheel-barrow, for scolding at her husband; with many other devices, agreeable to the gross ideas of the designer. This window is of high estimation.

WINDOW XVI. This window is a little imperfect. In it is a representation of King Solomon determining to which of the two harlots the live child belonged; Midas, king of Phrygia, with ass's ears; Sampson slaying the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass; Delilah, that bereft him of his strength by cutting off his hair; two Jewish senators disputing points of the law; and a piece of glass, reckoned of great value, supposed to represent rubies and diamonds.

WINDOW XVII. The four evangelists, with their symbols, writing the Gospels.

In the three next windows are twelve prophets, with scrolls round their heads, whereon are written the following select parts of their prophecies concerning the Messiah, his resurrection, judgment, &c.

WINDOW XVIII. Hosea: "O death, I will be thy plagues," chap. xiii, 14. Amos: "He that buildeth his stories in heaven," chap. ix, 6. Malachi: "I will come near to you in judgment, and I will be a swift witness," chap. iii, 5. Joel: "In the valley of Jehoshaphat shall he judge all nations," chap. iii, 2.

WINDOW XIX. Zephaniah: "They shall call upon him, and serve him," chap. iii, 9. Micah: "Put away from thee hatred." Ezekiel: "O my people, I will raise you out of your graves," chap. xxxvii, 12. Obadiah: "And the kingdom shall be the Lord's," chap. v, 21.

WINDOW XX. Jeremiah: "Thou shalt call him the Giver of all things, even he who hath made and established the heavens." David: "God said, thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee," Ps. ii, 7. Isaiah: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son,"

chap. vii, 14. Zechariah: "I will raise up thy sons," chap. ix, 13.

The foregoing passages of Scripture are not agreeable to any of the translations now in use with us.

The other eight are in the body of the church: in the four on the north side, the persecutors of the Church are portrayed, with devils over them.

WINDOW XXI. Domitian, Trojan, and Adrian.

WINDOW XXII. Antonine; Nero, drawn with a red face, in allusion to his cruelty; and Marcus Aurelius.

WINDOW XXIII. Herod destroying the young children; Severus, who came to Britain with his army, and was slain at York, about the year 214; and Maximinus.

WINDOW XXIV. Decius; and Ananias and Caleb, that bought our Savior of Judas.

In the four windows on the south side of the body of the church, are the twelve Roman emperors, preservers of the Church, viz., Phillipus, Valerianus, &c., with angels over them.

The whole are extremely neat; and the lead of some of the windows so disposed, as to serve for the darker shades. In the historical pieces are represented many other figures and circumstances not mentioned in this short account, but which are very proper appendages to the main subjects. The whole were very happily preserved from the fury of men of intemperate zeal in the great civil war, by securing the glass in some private place, until the Restoration, when it was put up again; but for want of skill in the person who had the direction, part of it was transposed, which accounts for the derangement and disorder apparent in placing the latter persecutors before the former.

About the year 1725, the Hon. Mrs. Farnor gave a sufficient number of wire-frames, which are placed before the windows on the outside, to preserve the glass from accidents.

E. R. H.

Toledo, February 26, 1842.

Original.

FANCIFUL PHYSIOGNOMY.*

BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.

Portrait 8.—And is this indeed the face of him who erst presented to us the enchanted island, Blannerhassett's home, all redolent of joy and bliss and beauty—and then, by guilt, as with a besom of power, swept all its glories into desolation? The "Spy," too, and other seemings and semblances, had helped to shadow out our vision of ideality. But the portrait gave us none of them. We placed it in another and another light. Still it would not do. We were disappointed and afflicted. It was too fat, too sleek and smooth, and of no possible mobility. We blamed the limner, ourself, and any body; but never, even in the fatuity of theorizing, entertained the irreverence of a doubt. We believed with Pygmalion, that the "informing soul" could touch with inspiration every lineament. We re-perused it—

we gave to it the action of vitality, and we caught the aspect; we interpreted all its diagnostics: it warmed into life and meaning—it "discoursed most excellent music." It answered to our *beau ideal*, and our assiduity was rewarded.

It is a peculiar face. By sliding the edge of our paper and partially concealing the chin, we discover that it is the large preponderance of that feature which at a first looking seems to nullify the effect of the others. By fashioning the face *en profile*, we are enabled to discover all the intellectuality which answers to our predilection. Any observer will recollect that there are some faces, to which mutation gives all the power of expression. But it was of our own dullness that we did not at once ken the bright and apprehensive eye, and the arch fancy, too, of that fancy arch, the brow. The mouth seems averse to whatever of dissent may exist—not by a commingling of candor, but by a suppressing of censure. And the whole face expresses delicacy, without coldness or fastidiousness; and we infer a claiming of observances, not by arrogance, but of propriety, with a frank allowance of consideration for the feelings of others. There is no interference, no violation of the decorum or the rights of another. And being not irascible by nature, it seemeth him fit where he has no quarrel of his own, that he intermeddle not with the quarrel of another—not from indifference, but that he is both by constitution and principle, a lover of peace, and holds the homely proverb, "Least said is soonest mended," in commendable regard.

His vocation is of healing—not of Hippocrates or of Galen, but of Blackstone; and as he reads the Commentaries, with their quiddities and their nice adjusting of straws, he perceives that these are but the "mint, and cummin, and anise" of the law, and he calls to mind a text of fuller authority. Is he called on to arbitrate? He gives the best attention to the one party and the other—he hears them out—all along he weighs the value of their words, as bearing on the matter at issue. Especially does he discern the intrinsic amount of truth with either, and where that preponderates, there is he fixed. His is as simple as Solomon's judgment, and as wise. Mostly does he advise to pacific measures—not for the value of a case would he keep two at loggerheads whom he might reconcile. He pleads for statute—as to his own opinion he makes no verbal comment. By his look you would not expect to suborn him; you dare not attempt it, however full-handed you are. He abides in the courts—yet whatever of rancor, invective, or scurrility he witnesses in others, his disdain is of silence. However fluent is his wont in social scenes, yet being here, that mouth looks and is a complete safety-valve of discretion; and whatever the provocation, it is hermetically sealed against the grossness of abuse.

But a word or two about the outer adornments—in reference to the "clothes philosophy," as Teufelsdröckh* has it, though no part of physiognomy, nor any how essential to the man—yet being an embodiment of

* Continued from Vol. II, p. 103.

* Carlyle.

taste, does in some sort, serve to illustrate him. And for our portrait—a most gentlemanly one—we are well gratified to observe the nice appointments and decency of the toilet, with the entire absence of foppery or the consciousness of dress.

William Wirt was a native of Bladensburg, Maryland—for many years held the office of Attorney General of the United States, and died about 1836.

Portrait 9.—He has not long aroused from his sickness—has just relinquished his meerschaum; and the sedative effects of both are still apparent. The rest has been recuperative, not slothful. In the eye, though now in a somewhat passive state, we discern both determination and purpose—born only of energy. The forehead, that noble structure, “the dome of thought,” is fair, firm, and elevated. The whole countenance together induces the belief that the character is one of habitual reflection, as combined with performance. It looks unclouded, either by fear or anxiety—the wide-ness of the views, perhaps, impressing the necessity, after all exertion has failed, of submitting to events where we cannot control them. And thus relieved from the conflict of hope and fear, there should be none of the querulousness of self-reproach, nor of a disqualifying despondency. Life is valued at only what it is worth. Its frivolities claim a passing comment to absurdity—its festivities are as nought—its ease and its leisure are less interesting than its industry and its occupations. Honors bestowed excite none of the elation of preferment—from the pre-conceived idea that no more has been given than is suitable to the ability which earned it. He scans others, and himself; and the egotism of disclaiming praise he deems less modest than the candor of accepting it. Even fame, “the last infirmity of noble minds,” is desired less for itself than for that which earns it. We see no strife of passions—no predominance of desiring or coveting. The face and the presence impress us as of a character well poised, and truly above the world, in the sense of a philosophical equanimity. And in turning to the Biography, we find, indeed, that Lewis Cass is possessed of great ability, sufficiently, yet never selfishly occupied. Public service has engrossed almost the whole of his life. In reading the Biography, a most interesting one, we find, from the tenor of his course, that his object, in its purpose, was always and in very deed far more interesting to him than were the results of either honor or emolument, as derived upon himself through them. And because this ever should be the case, we do not aver that it always is so. My reader, glancing at our public functionaries, will supply the measure of allowance to our observation.

We believe Governor Cass to be extraordinary in other points than this. In his various treaties, and long continued intercourse with various Indian tribes of our country, he showed conduct, courage, and consideration, each reflecting equal honor upon his capacity and his goodness of heart. His biographer remarks that “in all of his negotiations with them, (the Indians,) Governor Cass acted on the principle of frankness and fair reci-

procity. He restored confidence, and bestowed contentment upon the Indians, as acting betwixt our government and them. He never held out an unstable hope, or presented a false view to them.” The biographer further says, “He has been instrumental in acquiring for the United States, and rescuing from the wilderness, for the great agricultural purposes of the country, many millions of acres of land, and in a manner which ought to leave no consciousness on his mind that he has aggravated the lot of a single tribe of Indians.” An instance is given, which whilst it gives an undoubted proof of his great personal courage, does still more claim our admiration at his trust in the greatness of nature, and of its influences even over the ferocious. It seems that in one of his expeditions he was deputed to inform the Indians at a certain point, that our government intended there to establish a military post; but the presiding chief, being notoriously disaffected to us, would hear nothing of it, broke up the council, and conveying away their women and children, returned, and planted a British flag, in token of defiance, on the spot. Governor Cass, taking only an interpreter with him, advanced to the Indian encampment, and pulled down with his own hands the Anglo-savage flag, directing the interpreter to inform the Indians that they were within the jurisdiction of the United States, and that no other flag than their own must wave over it. He took the flag with him, and returned to his own party. How many individuals out of all the nations of the world could have done this! How positively, too, does it establish our conviction of his fair dealing, and of the divinity of truth. “New overtures were made by the Indians, which led to an amicable and satisfactory adjustment.”

Not in isolated and brief acts alone was his devotion to his country shown, but in long and forced marches through swamps and marshes of the wilderness. Often is he seen in a birch canoe navigating the great lakes, or threading the sinuosities of unhealthy, sedgy, narrow streams. He suits the occasion and the emergency at whatever sacrifice, or whatever peril. As well as ardor and enterprise, there were perseverance and suffering in his vocation. And vocation it may be called, of one who spent so many years, and performed such a series of missions, and had so close intercourse with discontented and jealous savages, who believed every fresh proposal to be another innovation on their rights; yet he went in and out amongst them, unharmed and unscathed. This peculiarity of his history we have dwelt upon.

Our reader, perhaps, knows that Governor Cass was successively a lawyer—a member of the Ohio legislature, and was marshal of the same state—was colonel of a regiment of volunteers in 1812—was governor of Michigan for eighteen years, being also president of their Historical Society, with kindred honors from other states; and in 1831 was appointed Secretary of War by President Jackson. He has been for a number of years Minister from our government to the court of France. He can afford to look a little sleepy.

Original.
WOMAN AND THE BIBLE.

—
BY MRS. M'CALL.
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THE advent of Jesus forms a blessed era in the history of our world. System had followed system in the march of time, devised after long and incessant labor by the illustrious sages of antiquity; but all were defective in their adaptation to the nature and capacities of man. Darkness, impervious to the eye of reason, hung in gloom over his origin and destiny. Even the "divine Socrates," the prince of heathen philosophers, who, as the eloquent Cicero affirms, "scaled the very heavens, and brought philosophy down to the dwelling place of men," could but stand upon the verge of the material world, and pronounce the soul immortal, while to his piercing vision all beyond was but the dim twilight of uncertain hypotheses. But o'er time's agitated billows a nobler star has risen. It sheds its radiance upon the past, upon all that gives value to the present, and points with cheering ray to eternal life beyond the grave.

And to woman, specially, has this dispensation of heavenly light been one of mercy—of deliverance—of elevation in the scale of being—opening up before her mental vision a new world. In proportion to the diffusion of heavenly light among the nations hath been her exaltation from ignorance and bondage. What to her were the triumphs of literature in Greece and Rome, when, in consecrated groves and shades, she listened to the spirit-stirring eloquence of their master minds! In captivating strains they taught her the rigid principles of patriotic virtue, the sacrifice of her dearest personal interests for her country; but if, perchance, her sons fell in battle, or the sire returned no more, their mystic theories opened up before her no sources of consolation—the closing grave shut out all light and hope; and with bruised and bleeding heart, as her only refuge in the day of her calamity, she could but enter an idol temple to invoke the aid of their presiding deities. Such was her condition in classic ages; and far more miserable now, where she sits shrouded in pagan gloom. And from a glance at our world in its grand moral divisions, we find nearly two-thirds of its inhabitants who are thus enveloped in moral midnight.

More than fifteen centuries have expired since the world was redeemed by the sufferings of Calvary; yet these benighted captives, desolate and in tears, are now bowing down in gross adoration of wood and stone. Why are not their bonds broken in sunder! For them is there no deliverance? Yea! a voice is heard in their behalf, saying, "These are they for whom I came, with dyed garments from Bozrah—for whom I trod the wine-press alone!" while the Church echoes back the response—therefore they shall be free!

And in the disenthralment of a world what has woman to do?—she who, of all others, has been benefited by our Savior's advent—who, in his humiliation, brought to his shrine her votive offerings—who, when

the world persecuted, was true to his interests, though others fled—who was the last to forsake his scene of sufferings—the first to proclaim his victory over death and the grave? After the long lapse of ages, does she continue a faithful imitator of that devotion? Individual instances of the kind are found in the recorded triumphs of the Church from age to age; and doubtless many such there are at the present day. But taking a general and extended view, are the present endeavors of females in any degree proportioned to the pressing necessities of the destitute, or to their ability and obligations? Let us go to those regions destitute of Gospel light, and behold the abject condition of females in the domestic circle—in their social relations, with their cheerless, undefined views of endurance—after their weary day of life is done.

In those nations described as in a remarkable degree polished, it is deemed disgraceful for the female to have any knowledge of letters, or of what is passing in the world. She is regarded not as a companion, but as a privileged slave—privileged for what?—to sacrifice herself upon the funeral pile of her husband. From her miserable hut she goes to her daily toil; and while her infant hangs upon the bough of a tree, with the winds for a lullaby, she is linked with the oxen to the plough. From these revolting scenes, go to their various temples, witness their festivals, their horrid rites, their bleeding victims. The mother offers, as an expiation for sin, the highest price of which she can conceive—the life of her own child. She commits it to the flames, or to the crocodile; or she goes on a painful pilgrimage, and casts it beneath the ponderous car of Juggernaut, to obtain the favor of the sanguinary god, and an abode in some distant paradise.

Already have we learned the willingness of these wandering outcasts to turn from their idols. The African Bushman, and the New Zealander, have laid aside their implements of carnage, to bathe in the fountain of redemption. The Hindoo has said, we want the bread of life—the poor Indian has traveled over trackless plains and towering mountains to obtain a knowledge of the God of the Bible; while there comes wafted upon every breeze some thrilling cry for help. From those noble spirits, who have forsaken all to bear away the embassy of heaven, there comes a voice, saying, send us help—send us men blest with the spirit of sacrifice—send us Bibles, tracts, clothing, and we will bless you in the name of the God of Christians! To the extent of ability and opportunity, have these pressing claims been met? Upon this very point will turn the decisions of the day of doom—according to the investment will be the demand. Are efforts more limited than means, and moral vigilance less extended than moral obligation? We may hear that fearful sentence, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

She who stood alone in Eden, amidst the ruins of her moral nature, has been honored with a controlling agency in bringing back a revolted world. And in view of her solemn responsibilities, she should earnest-

ly seek guidance of the Holy Spirit, that all her energies may be brought to bear upon the faithful execution of her trust.

The most important office allotted her for the achievement of this work is the molding of that material which is to act on other minds, and influence them for eternity. Said a celebrated lady once to an emperor, "What does France want to constitute her great and prosperous?" said he, "*A nation of mothers!*" And what needs the Church in her extensive sphere of operation? Mothers, who will lay their children upon the altar, and by faith and prayer consecrate them to her service. A very eminent divine of the present age, in an address to mothers, says, "To your hands are not committed the petty interests of politics and of time—no! but the future destiny of nations and of empires. And, O, if the fire on our altars ever goes out—if ever another Jeremiah shall sing the funeral notes over our nation's grave, it will be because the mothers of this land have forgotten their duties and their power. O, with a patience that never tires, with a vigilance that never slumbers, hasten the jubilee of the earth, by training up your children for the holy service of redeeming mind. We want your sons to be pillars in these Churches—yours to go to the isles of the ocean—yours to labor and die on the burning sands of Africa—yours to carry light into the dark heart of India—and yours to go to the snows of the north."

In the wise economy of his providence, God has established such a connection between the means and the end, that if the one is faithfully employed the other is graciously secured. Thus, the mother who takes for her "weapons and strength, the Bible and prayer," has in pledge the immutable word of Jehovah that her labor shall not be in vain. How often do we hear the sentiment of St. Augustine—the prayers of a pious mother are never lost! This was verified in him, as it has been in hundreds of cases, and in some of the brightest stars that have ever lent their light to the Church or to the world.

A pious mother once lived in one of our western villages, excluded from the exciting scenes of the world, yet deeply solicitous so to perform her part in life as in death to find a *strong Deliverer* near. Her sphere was contracted; but she knew that one way to be useful was to train up her children for the service of God. With unremitting patience and prayer did she seek to impress truth upon their minds, and lead them to confide in Jesus. At last consumption set his fatal seal upon her cheek. She lingered a few months, and then passed away. Previous to her departure, she summoned her household, and fixing her anxious gaze upon her three children, she said, "My sons, take this Bible as the pledge of a mother's undying affection—treasure up its sacred precepts—it will lead you to your mother's Savior. O, embrace him, and proclaim his dying love with your expiring breath!" To her husband she said, "Death to me is a conquered enemy. Though I fall by his hand, I shall rise again. These, my children, lie near my heart. I leave them in a dangerous

world, exposed to enemies; but I have laid them upon the altar of God; and when they are serving a risen Jesus, I shall be with him in paradise. O, be faithful to this precious trust!" Another sun arose and set, and they laid this mother in her quiet grave. The father and his three motherless boys mingled their tears together, because one so gentle and faithful had been "buried out of their sights." Years rolled on; but the hallowed scenes of childhood, the image of that mother, the passing away of her spirit in triumph, were never forgotten; and many times, when tempted to wander in the paths of sin, recollections, sad and sweet, of her dying solicitude, would restrain them. The eldest and then the youngest gave themselves to God and his Church. The other stood aloof for years; but the unslumbering eye of Deity watched his footsteps, while a mother's prayers seemed to fasten the recreant to the divine throne. On some excursion of pleasurable sin, he passed the church associated in his remembrance with early days, and with that mother who had lulled him in infancy, and before whom he had so often bowed the knee to say, "Our Father who art in heaven." He remembered her fervent prayers that he might be kept amidst temptation. The convincing Spirit brought him, stricken in heart, to the Savior, through whom he received the remission of sin, and a commission to bear the tidings of salvation to a lost world. "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," sounded in his ears at noon and at midnight, until, in the invincible panoply of the Christian soldier, he went forth to combat sin, and build up the everlasting kingdom of his God and Savior. And now, by virtue of a mother's fidelity, two of her sons beyond the ocean, and one in the distant west, are preaching a *risen Jesus*, while she is with him in *paradise*. A train of such co-operators, and Israel's embattled host, would go forth with a song of triumph, and the shout of victory!

Again—woman stands responsible for personal service in her allotted sphere; and this she must render, or prove recreant to her trust. And much can be done by combination of effort for benevolent purposes. Associations of the kind are found in every part of the land, where female industry has procured hundreds of dollars for the various benevolent institutions of the age. There are communities in which females possess every requisite, yet are giving no active response to the pressing calls of the Church in behalf of the millions who are knocking at her doors for the bread of life.

Some there are with talents, influence, time, and even wealth, who bestow very little of it for the subversion of the "powers of darkness." And what plea can be offered at that bar to which all are bound in extenuation of this neglect? How many highly endowed, wielding a powerful pen in the department of light literature, exert no salutary influence either upon the hearts or the lives of men. It is one of the immunities of this favored land that woman can drink at the invigorating fount of Helicon, ascend the summit of Parnassus, and twine a garland for her brow; but these attainments are valuable only as they are made subscri-

vient to higher and more sacred purposes. She should say, as did the venerated Wesley concerning harmony, "Let us take them to serve God with." What are accomplishments, in the common acceptation of the term, without a meeker grace? They are lighter than vanity.

And now, in this favored portion of far-famed Columbia, comparing our position with that of the wretched and oppressed upon heathen ground, are we not called upon for a renewal of our diligence? We know what hath made us to differ—the Gospel, with its attendant blessings. And are we making any sacrifices for their elevation to that rank in the scale of being, which we fill by virtue of its redeeming influences? Our time is upon the wing! It is bearing us onward to the balancing of our accounts. The summer of 1842 finds us in a sphere where we can labor for God, and secure a treasure in heaven; but ere the annual return of ripened fruits and withering flowers, many who are now presuming upon long life will have passed that bourne beyond which human ties are canceled, and the spirit's destiny fixed irrevocably in bliss or woe.

The eye now resting upon these lines, and the hand that penned them, may then have become powerless in the embrace of that mighty conqueror from whose pale realm there is no returning. May we be admonished "to do with our might what we find to do"—so order our course—so centre our affections in God, that when the living shall have wrapped us in our winding sheet, our spirits, ransomed by the blood of Jesus, may fold their weary wings

"Fast by the foot of God's eternal throne."



Original.

HEAVEN AND ITS JOYS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God."

SAINTS are often happy on earth—happier than the natural man can conceive. Their most blissful states are often described as a "heaven below." This is allowable, because communion with Jesus is an important part of heavenly felicity, and that communion they enjoy. Yet, properly speaking, there is no heaven on earth. "In this tabernacle," says the apostle, "we groan, being burdened."

Our communion with Jesus on earth meets with many hindrances. We are somewhat like relatives far separated by space, but holding a correspondence by messengers. To them every epistle brings much pleasure, but it is not like the pleasure of an embrace. The messengers of Jesus come to us. His word, his ministers, his providence, his Spirit "taking the things of Christ and showing them to us"—these are visitants from his presence, to assure us of his remembrance and love. But great as these blessings are, how much

greater will be the *sight* of our Beloved. All the joys of the Church on earth are probably not equal to the rapture of the least saint in heaven. The delight of the happiest soul here, kindles high hopes in relation to heaven. When most joyful, we have the highest conceptions of the amazing superiority of the pleasures of heaven to all we can experience while on earth.

Here we drink of streams, sweet, indeed, but quite inferior to the fresh and overflowing fountain. Here we *taste* the severed grapes, but there we shall pluck the clusters from the tree, and eat them under its shadow. Here from the wilderness of our pilgrimage or Beulah of our rest, we see the land which is far off. The fields of life are just discerned through the mists which gather over the vale of Jordan, that intervening stream. What is a glimpse of the golden harvest, compared with the uninterrupted fruition of its abundance!

The saints triumphant will dwell under cloudless heavens for ever. To them there will be no periods of gloom—no hanging of harps on the willows—no sad exclamations like that of the sorrowing captives on the banks of the Euphrates, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" In that blessed world there will be neither promise nor hope. The high praises of God will be in the mouth of the conqueror, and all will join to fill with halleluiahs the "palace of the great King."

Let these considerations strengthen our hopes. While revived by cordials amidst the dangers of our way, let us look to the end of our pilgrimage, where there are no cordials, and no toils to indicate their use. Amidst the troubles of this stormy life, let us fasten our eyes upon that world, where "everlasting joy shall be upon our heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away"—where no shadows, storms, and tempests shall obscure the sky, or vex the elements.

But we may lose this heaven. "He that believeth not shall be damned." "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." How unlike this state to that above described! Everlasting punishment! The thought of it is enough to freeze the soul. Yet millions will doubtless experience it. They spend their lives in preparing for it. Time, given them by an all-merciful God and Savior to secure a title to heaven, is employed in servile efforts to blast their prospects, and ruin their souls. How dreadful will be their doom! They must not only suffer for opposition to God, as the Father of ordinary mercies—as their Creator and preserver, but they must answer for the slight they put upon the Savior, and for the resistance they offer to God's Holy Spirit.

Are you, reader, in the way to destruction? Are you wandering from heaven, rather than directing your course thither? Alas! if unrenewed, you are already far enough from that blessed world. Make no haste in your outward voyage from the presence of God and the regions of his love. Rather return. You wander from light and bliss—you set your faces towards night and despair. Pursue this course, and your life will be sorrowful, your death miserable, and your eternity un-

speakingly wretched. Time flies—life is wasting—probation is brief, and with some is almost gone—and what have you done towards the just improvement of either? Nothing. God sent you into life on an errand which demands reverent and prompt attention. You have passed twenty or thirty years without any serious regard to the pressing business of your mission. The scene will close sooner than you conjecture; and you must abide the issues of your negligence.

"While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and truth is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven."



Original.

MARTHA'S MISTAKES.

THERE are two sorts of carefulness. One is sinful, and is reproved by Jesus and the apostles—the other is not only innocent, but praiseworthy, and is recommended to our imitation. As to sinful carefulness, we have an example of it in Martha, the sister of Mary. By close attention, we shall be able to perceive why her devotion to domestic cares was condemned.

1. She became unduly anxious. "Martha, thou art careful and troubled." She was perplexed about her arrangements for supper. Things did not go to her mind. Probably the meats did not cook well, or the sauces were unsavory, or the labors of housewifery became oppressive, or the supper was not ready in good time. One thing is certain—she was troubled. Jesus says, "Let not your heart be troubled." On another occasion he questions his disciples, "Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" Our duties should always be performed with calm and cheerful patience; and whenever our cares bring trouble, they are the occasion of sin. Nothing ought to trouble us but sin, nor indeed sin, for we ought not to commit it.

2. Anxiety provokes ill temper. It did in Martha. She was not, at the moment, in an amiable mood. Vexation at a few kitchen errors and misfortunes, made her a little vicious towards all around her. She loved her sister—at another time she would have gazed upon her with unmingled admiration, and would have addressed her in tones of soft and soothing love; but now, wrought upon by the fretting casualties of the occasion, she cannot even speak to her. She makes known her ill-will by addressing a third person: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" Irreverent woman! Her words were most bitter—her murmuring was at the Author of all her blessings—she reproved God.

3. Anxiety implies unbelief, the greatest of all sins. Mark this phrase—"Lord, dost thou not care?" How apt this language! When we use undue care, it argues our doubt of God's care. If we were satisfied that God cared for us, how could we be unduly anxious for ourselves? Every troubled heart cries, "Lord, dost thou not care?" that is, thou dost not care. Such

anxious frames leave God out of the question. He is, to be sure, or may be, a God, and such, probably, in words, we acknowledge him; but so far as our comforts are concerned, he is of no account. We feel much as the prophet suggested when he taunted the worshipers of Baal. Surely he is a God, but "he is gone a journey, or perchance he sleepeth." Thus Martha deemed herself forgotten, and sought to arouse Jesus by saying, "Dost thou not care?"

4. Anxiety causes us to murmur at God. She would not speak to Mary, but she must let out her spleen; and with the very worst grace directs it towards her Lord. That Jesus whom she adored was now, under the veil of her dark humor, uncomely and not revered. What a speech was hers to be addressed to the Savior of mankind!

5. Martha's carefulness was worldly. It was bestowed upon the body. It diverted her attention from the soul. Jesus was principally concerned for the latter. He was more anxious to impart to Martha the living bread, than he was to receive from her the bread which perisheth. She prevented him. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. She reversed this order. She wished to be the minister, and was provoked that Mary did not join her in the ceremony.

Not to extend this train of thought, how many Marthas there are in the world! She was, as the world says, a good woman. Doubtless she loved home, and kept her house cleanly and in order. All her frugal neighbors admired her, and every good housewife emulated her virtues. And truly there was cause. It is no small praise for any woman to be a keeper at home, a regulator of the family, a preserver if not a provider of things that can comfort these frail bodies, and make husbands cheerful, and their children happy. With all Martha's errors, she shall be preferred to the slattern who lolls till high noon among greasy pots and kettles, lullabies a babe as filthy as her dishcloths, and mistakes this moping indolence for the meekness of religion. Whatever is said of Martha, compared with such a woman she is an angel.

It is likely that Mary avoided both extremes. She was careful without anxiety, and diligent without worldliness. She did not neglect the Savior; yet she chose to sit at his feet and listen to his instructions, until weary with conversation, his silence should admonish her to go and prepare refreshments for his exhausted frame.

Let the reader be warned by Martha's errors. Learn especially that certain times and places bring temptation. The kitchen and its cares exert their influence. If you have help to dress the food and spread the table for your family, there will still be many calls for patience and forbearance. If your own hands perform these duties, be diligent but devotional. Let no cares trouble you—let no provocation irritate you—let no murmurs escape your lips; but with the meekness of religion stand in your humble lot. She who, like Mary, loves to sit at the feet of Jesus, has chosen that good part which can never be taken away from her. H.

Original.
THE BIBLE.

BY G. C. CRUM.

THE Bible is inestimable. It is of more value than a universe of gold and silver. It is the gift of God, not the production of man. It may be warped and mutilated by human sophistry, but the pure word of God carries with it evidence of its supernal origin. What is of earth is earthy, and betrays its humble origin. It always bears the stamp of human weakness—often of human wickedness. The Bible has nothing of this. It is of God, and is therefore godlike. It bears his image—it breathes his spirit, and tends to exalt our degraded nature to the sublime tastes and fellowships of the sanctified above.

I have said it was the gift of God—not the reward of merit—but a *gift* in the most emphatic sense—the free gift of his love to the destitute and the undeserving. We should ever regard it in this light, and press it to our hearts as a most glorious boon. Several inquiries here suggest themselves to which we shall rapidly advert.

The first regards the *necessity* of the Bible. Infidels have denied this. We are better, say they, without than with it. Upon this subject we can only generalize. It has been ascertained by experience, that a knowledge of God—of his will—of the mode of acceptance with him—of our duties and destiny, are essential to happiness. It has been further found that neither human reason, nor the light of nature, could make these discoveries, or conduct the mind with safety in these solemn inquiries. In every effort of reason, however bold and persevering in its researches, there is a feeling of want—want of light—want of first principles—want of a solid basis upon which to build. The discoveries of experience, in every age, harmonize with this. The necessity of the Bible is therefore obvious. True, man can reason; but when did he ever discover, by a course of induction, that God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth? He can reason; but when did he ever argue out that to fear God and keep his commands is the whole duty of man? Yes, he can reason; but when did he ever arrive at the sublime and interesting conclusion, that God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life? All this is plain with the Bible before me; but remove it, and all is darkness. Like the hapless mariner, who has lost his helm and compass, I am left to drive with every wind, and drift with every current, until I founder and for ever perish.

The present *purity* and *incorruptness* of the Bible is a question of importance. Is this the same revelation, then, that was made so many centuries ago? I answer yes, without hesitation. Mutability is a strong characteristic of all things around us; but we have ample proof that God's word has suffered no essential change. Take the Old Testament. The silence of

the Jews, who would at once have discovered and exposed it, proves that it has not been altered by the Christians. If the Jews had attempted an alteration prior to the Christian era, they would first and principally have expunged whatever reflected disgrace upon their private and national character. But nothing like this has been done. On the contrary, their public and private vices are laid bare—their ingratitude—their infidelity—their ignorance—their idolatries, are facts recorded by themselves, without any attempt to soften or palliate. In fine, the silence of their prophets, of Christ and his apostles, proves that they attempted no alteration.

Take the New Testament. We have the most abundant testimony, in the language of an acute author, that the contents of its several books are the same now that they were in the two first centuries. The subsequent multiplication of copies, the silence of its enemies, and the agreement of all the manuscripts extant, prove that no material corruption has ever taken place.

The Bible is God's book. He ever has and ever will preserve its purity. Pope, priest, and devil have essayed to destroy it. Error has prevailed, passion has raged, the fires of persecution have been kindled, almost all the literature of antiquity has perished, but the Bible still lives and triumphs. Like a mighty rock amid the ocean, it lifts its head high above the billows, defying alike the waves that dash at its base, and the tempest that roars around its summit. A miracle it is, that amid the change and desolation that has swept the world for successive ages, the Bible has not been lost. But its Author guards it—he presides in high authority over the revolutions of earth; and while thrones crumble, and generations pass away, proclaims, "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

And now what is the *design* of the Bible? Why was it given? Not to be the subject of jest or speculation. The inspiration that kindles upon its pages, and burns along its lines, was not designed to feed the flame of party sectarian strife, but in a measure to be transferred to the soul, from whence it is to rise in flames of love, and there burn until its fires shall consume all the remaining dross of sin. Why was it given? The answer of St. Paul is beautiful and apposite. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." It makes us acquainted with the Divine character, and our relations to him. It reveals our lost condition by sin, and the method of recovery by a system of atonement. It sheds light upon the path of duty, and points us upward to immortality. It reproves of sin—it imparts instruction for the practice of virtue; and thus, with its varied revelations, is eminently promotive of the holiness and felicity of man. It is a light unto his feet to guide him in the way of peace—a fountain whose refreshing streams follow him through all the windings of his

earthly pilgrimage—a great rock, casting its shadow over the sultry wastes of life, where, weary and heavy laden, he may find repose. Thrice blessed he who makes it his counselor and guide—who bows to its authority with a meek and docile spirit. He will realize that it is a store-house of heavenly wisdom, where he may furnish himself for every good work. In the dark days of sorrow, it will minister to his comfort, and gild the bleak winter scene of earthly calamity with the hopes and the prospects of an everlasting heaven.

“O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!”

I cannot but advert here to that godlike institution which proposes the bestowment of a Bible upon every individual of our species. The present is a remarkable age. It is distinguished by the most brilliant schemes of benevolence. Men are devising liberal things in every department of society, and associations are everywhere forming for the diffusion of scientific and religious knowledge. Among them I regard one as pre-eminent—this is the Bible society; and it stands first in the scale of human beneficence.

If you will permit me, Mr. Editor, I will mention two motives which should stimulate the efforts of this association.

The first is the moral grandeur of the enterprise. It contemplates the universal diffusion of the Scriptures. This is no common-place undertaking. The thought originated in heaven, and it began to be carried into practice by men, of whom the world was not worthy. True, there are other important and liberal movements, other schemes, which command the admiration of the world; but none may compare with this. They are important—this *most* important. They twinkle like stars—this shines like a sun. Is it glorious to free a nation from the chains of bondage—to snatch the pale son of sorrow from iron-handed oppression? O, it is far more glorious to spread the holy Scriptures over the land, that, by its instrumentality, the ignorant may be instructed, the erring restored, and guilty thousands directed and encouraged in their search after mercy. Archimedes, the great philosopher, said, “Give me where to stand, and I will move the world.” But the Bible society has found where to stand—it stands upon the unchanging faithfulness of God. The Bible is the lever—the promise of God the fulcrum. It is now moving the world, and, resting where it does, shall continue to move it until the very pillars of darkness shall rive asunder and fall, and the Bible throw its regenerating light upon the darkness of every nation, and the gloom of every mind.

To be stimulated, we should ponder the wants of the destitute. And are any destitute of the Bible? Yes, thousands. I do not speak of the destitution of Asia, or even Africa blasted as she is by the winds of her own deserts, and the still deadlier siroc of human cruelty, but of our own free and happy state. I blush to say that thousands of our own state have no Bible. And now

tell me not they do not want it. Does he want bread who is starving? Does he want water who is perishing with thirst? Then do they want the Bible who are destitute of it. Want it! They are perishing without it—O, they are *perishing* without it! They have no hope, no happiness, no heaven. They are without God and without Christ in the world; and this is not far distant over the wide seas, where our charities cannot reach them, but nearer home—*around* us. By our very side men are perishing for lack of knowledge, and plunging body and soul into the torments of a ruined eternity. O, with what unwearied industry should we give ourselves to the work of circulating the Scriptures, prompted by the wants of the needy, the love of souls, and the rewards of eternity! And these efforts shall be successful. “My word,” says God, “that goeth forth out of my mouth, shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.”

Cincinnati, March, 1842.

THE ONLY SON.

“THE only son of his mother, and she was a widow.” Who has not felt the touching pathos of these few words? When we see the lifeless form of the “only son” stretched upon the bier, our sympathies are all called forth for her who in this sad blow appears bereft of every earthly comfort. Around “the only son of his mother, and she a widow,” we know that the tenderest affections of the human heart have twined themselves with the strength of a “three-fold cord that is not easily broken.” We involuntarily associate with the image of an only son all that is affectionate, respectful, kind, dutiful, and we almost unconsciously indulge the expectation that he is the comfort and support in his manhood of her who has been the faithful nurse of his infancy, the guide of his youth, and the counselor of maturer years. Are our expectations always realized? Are they *often* realized?

I know an “only son of his mother, and she a widow.” Early had the fond expectations of married life been blasted. While their first born was yet a lisping prattler, she was called to resign the best beloved of her heart to Him from whom she had received him. With the Christian’s hope and faith, and with the Christian’s resignation, too, she bore her loss. For heavenly consolation, she turned to her Bible and her God; for earthly comfort, her heart turned to him who was the miniature image of what she had lost.

Who can appreciate the melting tenderness, the unwavering devotions, the untold yearnings of a mother, as she presses to her bosom the first, and last, and only pledge of the love of him, in whom her young heart had laid up all its earthly treasures, and he gone to “that bourne whence no traveler returns?”

With what cheerful assiduity did she labor that all his wants might be supplied. With all a mother’s fond pride, how did she struggle that her scanty resources should not affect his comfort. I love to think of the

noble devotion with which, day after day, and year after year, she used the most unremitting exertions in those few avocations open to woman, that she might clothe, feed, and educate her only son.

Nor was she satisfied with providing only for that part which perishes. The immortal soul received her care. The sacred Volume was the familiar subject of study and comment. He loved to sit at her feet and listen to the words of Divine inspiration. And she led him to God in prayer. Often and often was the soft hand laid lightly upon his little head, as she besought the blessing of his Father in heaven upon this her only son. Often and often did she plead that He who "took little children in his arms and blessed them," would make this dear one a lamb of his flock. And often did the solitude of her chamber and the loneliness of her pillow witness her wrestlings with God, that he might be made an heir of everlasting salvation.

Were her prayers answered? "He who planted the ear, shall he not hear?" When did the prayer of faith and submission ascend in vain?

Joyful was that mother's heart, joyful beyond all earthly joy, when yet in the morning of his days he enlisted under the banner of the great Captain of his salvation. And when kneeling beside her, he first received the sacred symbols of the crucified body and blood of his Redeemer, she cried with Simeon of old, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Can there be a dark side to such a picture? Alas! for human frailty. The sunken rock upon which many a mother has wrecked much of earthly comfort at least, wounded her. She loved too well. Too assiduous, too devoted, too careful, his comfort too much her study; he learned to think himself the first object of consideration. O! how does this sap the foundation of much that is valuable, that lays at the root of peace of mind, to say no more.

She implanted principles of unswerving integrity, but how was their lustre dimmed by little omissions. He loved her, but how was this love manifested? By regard for her wishes? By respectful and kind attentions? He consoled himself for the neglect of present duty by promising to return at some future time all he owed her. When fortune smiled, what pleasure it would give him to maintain her who had so long supported him.

But I would not make my sketch too accurate. I would rather others should look around and observe the conduct of those who have been too much the objects of solicitude, and thence derive a lesson.

Is it not reversing the order of nature, for the parent to look up to the child? To be guided by his opinion before experience has given wisdom? What must be the effect of such a course? He who is thus the object of a silent and unconscious flattery, can scarcely resist its influence. He cannot be expected long to obey one, to whom he is taught to consider himself superior! Who has not witnessed self-sufficiency, disrespect, bursts of ungoverned temper leading to disre-

spectful language, and a total neglect of those little reverential and affectionate attentions that a widowed mother, above all, has a right to expect, nay, to demand, in return for the ten thousand sacrifices she has cheerfully made.

O! mothers, why will you, by too much tenderness, sow with your own hand those seeds that can produce nought but the piercing thorns of mortified pride and wounded affection? Why will you refuse to wield that sceptre which God himself has placed in your hand? You cannot throw it aside without sinning, nor can you fail, by so doing, to bring sorrow upon yourselves and those you love. You have only to read your Bible to learn that God has commanded you to govern your children. O! that they might feel the sin of disobedience! O! that parents could feel that God has delegated to them authority, for the proper use of which they are responsible to him.

Have any of my readers been so happy as never to have seen a professing Christian, leading a moral life, a regular worshiper in the temple of the Lord, obscuring the lustre of his Christian character, and becoming a stumbling-block to others, by a want of filial piety?

O! that all such would arouse to a Christian sense of their duty to their parents, "that their language might be respectful, their actions dutiful, and their whole behavior such that they might not increase the burden and care of their lives, but prove a comfort and a blessing to them."—*Mother's Magazine.*



Original.

THE MEDIATOR.

BE sin man brought himself under the Divine displeasure, and without a Mediator must have perished for ever. Christ undertook to reconcile the parties at variance; and in order to effect this, an atonement was to be made for man. That he might make a suitable atonement, it became necessary for him to assume our nature. This he accomplished in the fullness of time; but in that assumption he did not partake of the depravity that is common to the nature of man. While, then, he is without sin, and in possession of every excellence to which human nature could be exalted, he is "God over all and blessed for ever." Thus he possesses all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and is a proper Mediator, not only on account of the holiness and dignity of his character, but also because he partakes of the nature of each of the parties at variance. Embracing the Divine and human nature in his character, he can lay his hand equally upon both; and thus God and man meet in him and become reconciled to each other.

When he came to the world as our Mediator, he made no ostentatious parade, no proud ambitious display; but his compassion carried him far beyond the ordinary bounds of philanthropy and love. While, in the usual exhibitions of human charity, our gifts are laid on the altar of Christian zeal and kindness, enough is reserved for convenience and comfort; but He who

"was rich, for our sakes became poor." He laid aside his glory, and denied himself the enjoyment of the things he had created, until he became more destitute than the lower orders of the animated creation. Hence the exclamation, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

While it is too common for man to neglect the wretched, the poor, and the fallen, and they are left to drag out a miserable existence, without sympathy or aid, Christ manifested a different spirit. Guilty, wretched, and degraded man was the object of his pity; and he turned away from the attraction of unfallen beings—from cherubim and seraphim, to bestow his blessings on the fallen family of man. But the heavenly hosts followed him with wonder and adoration down to earth; and the lowly shepherds of Bethlehem heard them praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Man may relieve a friend in distress, while he has very little sympathy for the miseries of an enemy; but Christ endured privation, almost every kind of indignity, and even death itself for his enemies. And in the closing scenes of his persecution and suffering, he displayed such forbearance, mercy, and magnanimity as the universe has never equalled. When assailed by prejudice and falsehood—when buffeted and spit upon—when scourged and arrayed in the habiliments of mock royalty—when nailed to the cross, and derided as a vile impostor, his patience and forbearance never forsook him. While the convulsions of the earth opened the graves of saints, and burst asunder her massy rocks—while powers celestial and infernal gazed upon him in overwhelming awe and astonishment—when the sun was made to cease his shining, and the wrath of God was ready to be revealed from heaven against the murderers, his prayer for mercy shielded them—he stayed the sword of Divine justice from the guilty. And he quieted the confusion of nature; and when he cried, "It is finished," he healed the wide breach between man and his God, so making peace betwixt earth and heaven. He was taken from the cross to the tomb; but beyond the appointed period for his exaltation, the powers of darkness could not confine him.

"Soon his triumphal chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies."

And now in heaven "he ever liveth to make intercession for us." The blessings that accrue to man through his mediation are numerous and great, and they extend through time and eternity. Pardon of sin, regeneration, adoption into the family of God, and entire sanctification, are blessings he procures for his "willing and obedient" people in this life. But "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" shall be theirs in the world to come. Time, with its changing seasons and annual blessings—the enjoyment of present good, with the hope of future bliss, and in fine "every good and perfect gift" that we enjoy, comes from the Father of lights, through the ever blessed Redeemer.

Salvation is offered unto us in his great name. Let us then come unto God by him, that we may obtain it. When we do so, we shall be happy. Creation will appear more beautiful, for we shall behold it in a new light. Then the "heavens will indeed declare the glory of God, and the firmament show forth his handiwork." In the darkness of night we shall be tranquil; for no "guilty gloom," shall rest upon the mind. When morning breaks around us, bright and lovely, it will be to us as the emblem of heaven. Amid the splendor of noon we will think of him who is the "brightness of the Father's glory." And the milder charms of evening will be more inviting; for we shall then be reminded of the close of life, with all its toils, and our entrance into the "boundless bliss of heaven."

A. BAKER.

Original.

NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

AN aged divine at the funeral of a child said that "our children are not our own but are loaned to us by the Lord, and the love he feels for them is infinitely greater than the fondest parent can possibly feel or comprehend." This remark struck me with peculiar force, and excited in my mind a train of reflections which I trust I shall never forget. It is a thought full of rapture to the pious parent: dearly as I love my babes, anxiously as I watch each development of character, and fervently as I pray for their salvation, yet there is a Being who loves them infinitely better than I do; whose eye marks the forming character with deeper solicitude, than the most devoted mother possibly can. This being is omnipotent; and "in his hands are the issues of life." Then with what confidence, with what unwavering faith, can I implore Heaven's choicest blessings to rest upon my children, praying that his Holy Spirit may breathe upon them, that his love may occupy the first place in their young hearts, and that living or dying they may be his for ever.

But there is one thought connected with this doctrine, of startling interest. I have been so situated as to be compelled to place my infant in the arms of a nurse that she might supply to it the place of a mother, and with a mother's tenderness attend to all its wants. Now if this nurse had treated with harshness and severity the babe I committed to her care; or if through mistaken or pretended love she had gratified all its desires; if instead of giving it wholesome food, suited to its constitution, she had indulged it in eating only sweetmeats, thereby endangering its health and life, would not my anger be kindled? Though she had entreated me with tears to permit her to retain the object of her charge, I would have snatched my darling from her arms as from a devouring beast, to place it in more prudent keeping.

The Lord has intrusted me with two dear children; but they are not properly my own—they are only committed to my care by their heavenly Father, who

feels for them more than maternal love. He has required me to be their nurse, guardian, and teacher—he has given me instructions in his holy word how he would have them trained; and his will therein revealed is to be my guide in all my conduct towards them. I am not at liberty to treat them as my caprice might dictate, as their wishes might demand, or as imperious fashion might require. Their heavenly Father cannot be deceived, but marks with a jealous eye all my dealings towards them. If, in attempting to correct the faults or allay the fretfulness of childish humor, I should reprove and correct with angry tongue and cruel hand, and continue in such a course, so as to blunt all the finer sensibilities of their nature, blast in the bud every tender affection, and crush every gentle virtue, would I not, by such a course, incur the just displeasure of the holy One? or if, through mistaken tenderness, I indulge them in unbridled liberty—suffer them to follow the dictates of depraved nature, without endeavoring to eradicate from their young hearts each plant of noxious growth—neglecting to use my exertions to train them up in the way they should go—to water and cultivate every grace—in short, should I fail to employ every reasonable means in my power to train them for usefulness here and happiness hereafter—for such neglect of duty would not the anger of the Lord be kindled against me? and might I not justly fear his judgments would be inflicted on me, either in my own person, or in the persons of my children? I think it probable that the Divine Being has permitted thousands of children to be torn from the arms of their agonized parents by resistless death, for no other reason than that those parents were recreant in their duty towards their children. The Lord, out of compassion and love for his innocent ones, removes them from under the protection and influence of parents, where, to remain, would be ruinous to their souls. O, for wisdom to direct, for ability to perform, and for perseverance to accomplish the pleasing, the fearful task of training young immortals for heaven!

CYNTHIA.

THE POPE'S RETORT.

INGRATITUDE in a superior, is very often nothing more than the refusal of some unreasonable request; and if the patron does too little, it is not unfrequently because the dependant expects too much. A certain Pope, who had been raised from an obscure situation, to the apostolic chair, was immediately waited upon by a deputation sent from a small district, in which he had formerly officiated as *cure*. It seems that he had promised the inhabitants that he would do something for them if it should ever be in his power; and some of them now appeared before him, to remind him of his promise, and also to request that he would fulfill it, by granting them *two harvests in every year!* He acceded to this *modest* request, on condition that they should go home immediately, and so adjust the almanac of their own particular district, as to make every year of *their* register consist of twenty-four calendar months.

Original.

THE SABBATH.

WE all know that Sunday is one seventh equal division of time. We all know that time is the basis of life, as it also is of death and of eternity. In life, in death, and in eternity, we all have an equal stake. Though our life may be shorter or longer than that of another, yet, as to its ultimate and full value—the salvation of the soul—it is equal to all. Is there one who denies this? Is there one created being who dares to say that God requires more of us than we have the ability to perform! And this ability God supplies to us. Now Sunday being the seventh part of *time*, if not misused, affords to us a seventh value or proportion of opportunity to help ourselves towards God, and so has a seventh value in our endeavor after salvation. Yet more, as God “set apart the seventh day,” and “blessed it,” and appointed it a Sabbath of rest and of holiness, so by that very act and decree do we know that its use is not at all, neither shall be, necessary to our secular support. There are but few exigencies, in all the varied life of God’s creatures, that shall render it necessary to use this sacred day, this holy time, to the conservation of our life, or even of our comfort. And even these instances, this necessity, we must believe we have superinduced upon ourselves, by some train of previous sin, which has worked out this natural consequence of disadvantage to us, and for which we should all the time repent, and pray for the remission of a further penalty. And yet the instances which I have mentioned are not of deliberate Sabbath breaking, but of what we deem necessity, to extreme cases. That we tend the sick, comfort the afflicted, and “go about doing good,” we have the authority of Christ’s example, as well as precept. We know that the appropriate use of the day is attendance on preaching, prayer, holy reading, and meditation; and by this improvement of the day—to its specific appointment of a Sabbath—it shall far outweigh its proportionate value of a *seventh* to our hoping and our gaining—verily it shall in some measure commute and cover the lesser and insufficient gainings of the other six days. If we must not say this to ourselves in this form, yet let us not be so dull, so little reflective, as not to perceive that the *influences* of a well spent Sabbath do extend and spread themselves over the frame, and condition, and available agencies—in a religious sense—of the succeeding six days, till another appointment invigorate our faith, and renew our strength, and may be receive some accumulation from preceding Sabbaths, and their connecting influences from week to week. And in how many instances could we admonish the many that their Sabbath, even with church attendance, and other acknowledged proprieties, yet falls short of the decency of holiness—that holiness which we do not deny by the ascription, but which, alas! we often contradict and gaineay in the practice. There is far too much dress, and *sense of dress* on the Sabbath. This littleness obtains, even with mothers and fathers, whilst the grown daughter sometimes divides her vanity be-

twixt her clothes and *herself*; and though she is not conscious of it, the effect of these and a subdued coquetry, sometimes even in God's house, more than divides her thoughts, and renders her attendance there worse than were omission. She is hardly conscious of this, we say. We speak not bitterly, but in sorrow. We admire to see a beautiful young woman. We admire to see her well dressed—it is suitable and proper. Both of these perhaps she can be, and go to Church, too, without calling for our rebuke. But *finery* is so out of place in a temple inscribed to the Most High, that disgust is the first impression, and charity, perhaps, a second allowance. The dress should be very plain at Church, not affectedly so, though; for it is no place in which to sport any form of sin. We have often thought the Spanish Domino,* viewed as a dress alone, is the most becoming and the most suitable of any for the Sabbath dress. At least, if it does not eradicate vanity, by shrouding it from others, it prevents the mischief of diverting attention, and exciting the desire of like frivolous, and may be, the worse passion of envy in those less able to pluck on to a like sin, &c., &c.

The deportment of the young is more or less conformed to the *scale* of their dress. There is no ill nature, but the most perfect sincerity in our observations. Will any person believe another sincerely pious, who goes to Church bedecked as for a show—of which the elaborate toilet even should have cost an hour's time, and much reflection and arrangement? And how does the young gentleman look at all this? Is he himself in a position to object? If he have a good sense of truth, can he also say he has no *sense of self* when too much dressed? We especially speak of the impropriety of much dress for this occasion. This is our admonition to the young whilst within the walls of the Church. And if, by chattings and gallantries on the way home, and by light and irreverent topics when there, the day is violated and profaned, their *succeeding week will not be, as happy for it*. At least no influence will *extend* from it to protect and guard them against the vivacious and indiscreet tendencies of youth. And we admonish them that it *be not so!* 'Tis not the young alone, amongst the decent classes of society, who are Sabbath breakers. Their sin of vanity is perhaps less unholy than is the sin in those of riper age, of a deliberate and calculating avarice, which seeks occasion and furtherance on this holy day. But no furtherance shall it find, but the direct contrary; for although the disadvantage is neither immediate nor apparent, yet is it so arranged in the providence of God, that the Sabbath worker is allying himself to causes which, in the chain of events—in the four-fold web of life—either in the physical, the moral, the intellectual, or the spiritual—or in the combination of some, or of all these together—that his impious deed

* The Domino, as worn in Spain and other Catholic countries, is a large loose over garment, fitted with a veil or a head-piece, shrouding and enveloping the whole person, and is invariably of black.

shall work him disaster, and hindrance, and annoy, and if he repent not, consternation and woe; for he who is wanting to his own soul on the Sabbath, shall hardly be faithful to it on any other day. How many classes are yet unrebuked! The children about their parents' knees shall suffer for it, if their parents keep them not in the measure of reverence which they owe to this day above all other days. And the old—the absolutely old—if they are not right in this particular—if experience and the telling of time has not admonished them, neither would they be taught, “though one should rise from the dead.” Of the railer, the rioter, the scoffer, we have spoken not. They are the outlaws of society, as they seem to be the castaways of grace; and their unthrif course makes itself apparent in no way more strikingly than in that of Sabbath breaking. We would wish them to reflect, that as the wrath of God should have been stayed on the wicked cities of old, for *ten's* sake, so, in their course of iniquity, let the Sabbath alone be excepted from their days of sinning, and perhaps for *seven's* sake, they may in God's mercy yet be saved!

MEXICANA.

ABYSSINIAN CUSTOMS.

THEIR manner of dancing consists rather in the motion of the shoulders and head than in that of the legs or feet. When several dance at a time, they move round in a ring. The men jump a great height at times, while the women sink down by degrees, making motions with the head, shoulders, and breast, until they nearly squat on the ground. They afterwards spring up in a lively manner, and go round as before.

The Abyssinians, while they profess to be rigid followers of the Christian faith, are yet ignorant of the greater part of its precepts; which arises chiefly from the want of a good example being shown to them by those of the superior class. The heads of their clergy are in general the greatest drinkers in the whole country, and at feasts, the quantity of raw meat which they consume, and the ravenous manner in which they devour it, exceeds all belief; indeed, they behave more like drunken beasts, when in company, than civilized beings.

Notwithstanding the libertine conduct of the Abyssinians, they strictly keep all their fasts, which are very numerous, and on those days never eat or drink till about three o'clock in the afternoon, which time they compute by measuring so many lengths of the foot given by the shade of the body on level ground. This, indeed, is the only way in which they keep time in Abyssinia. Their great Lent, which commences in February, lasts fifty-six days. Their years are called after the four evangelists—that of John is the leap-year. They reckon the number of years from the creation of the world to the birth of Christ, five thousand five hundred; and from the birth of Christ to the present time, one thousand eight hundred and five; the latter being about nine years short of our time. The administering of the holy sacrament is quite a public ceremony. After receiving it, they place their hands to

their mouths, and go their way; nor will they on any consideration spit that day, even if a fly by chance be drawn into the mouth by their breath, which at other times would occasion them to vomit, as they detest a fly; and many will not even eat or drink what a fly has been found in.

On passing a church mounted, they alight from their horse or mule, and kiss the gateway or tree in front, according to the distance they are at when passing; and if at a distance, they take up a stone, and throw it upon a heap, which is always found on the road opposite to the church. In Abyssinia, a traveler, who sees in the wildest deserts large piles of stones, might be led to attribute the custom to the same motive which occasions similar piles to be found in Arabia, where some one has been killed and buried, and all who knew him, as they pass, throw a stone on his grave; but this is not the case here, those stones being thrown there by Christians, who know that the nearest church lies opposite to the spot: and on this account an Abyssinian traveler, when he sees such a pile of stones, knows that he is opposite to a church, and, in consequence, kisses the pile, and adds another stone to the heap. The priests are numerous beyond belief.

There are priests and deacons, who go about to the different towns, or residences of chiefs, where they find employment in teaching children to read. Their school is held generally in a church-yard, or in some open place near it, sometimes before the residence of the master, and in that case, during the rains, they are all crowded up in a small dark hut, learning prayers by word of mouth from the master, instead of from a book. When a boy is somewhat advanced in learning, he is made to teach the younger ones. However few the scholars, the master has in general great trouble with them, and, in addition to the ordinary punishments, numbers are constantly obliged to be kept in irons. The common way of punishing scholars is as follows: the schoolmaster stands over them with a wax taper, which cuts as severely as a whip, while five or six boys pinch the offender's legs and thighs; and if they spare him, the master gives them a stroke with the taper; but the correction considered most effective for these young Abyssinian rogues, is that of having irons put upon their legs for many months together, which in one instance I knew, proved fatal. It was a grown Agow boy, about thirteen years of age, who had more than once contrived to get his irons off, and desert from the school; for which the master, by desire of the parents, put so heavy a pair of irons upon his ankles, that he found it impossible to get them off: and this enraged him so much, that he drew his large knife, cut his own throat, and soon afterwards expired.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The priests came, and the customary prayers were read, and my poor child was carried away to be buried, his mother following in a distracted manner. After the funeral, the people returned to my house, and when they had cried for a half an hour, I begged they would leave off, and let me have a little rest, as I found my-

self unwell. They complied, and left me with only a few friends; but in a few minutes, the people of Antola, my acquaintances, hearing of my misfortunes, came flocking, and began their cry; and I was obliged to sit and hear the name of my dead boy repeated a thousand times, with cries that are inexpressible, whether feigned or real. Though no one had so much reason to lament as myself, I could never have shown my grief in so affected a manner, though my heart felt much more.

Before the cry was over, the people with *devves* were standing in crowds about my house, striving who should get in first; and the door was entirely stopped up, till at last my people were obliged to keep the entrance clear by force, and let only one at a time into the house. Some brought twenty or thirty cakes of bread, some a jar of maze, some cooked victuals, fowls and bread, some a sheep, &c.; and in this manner I had my house filled so full, that I was obliged to go out into the yard until things were put in order, and supper was ready. The head priest came with a jar of maze and a cow. What neighbors and acquaintances bring in the manner above mentioned, is called *devves*. The bringers are all invited to eat with you; they talk and tell stories, to divert your thoughts from the sorrowful subject; they force you to drink a great deal; but I remarked, that, at these cries, when the relatives of the deceased become a little tranquil in their minds, some old woman, or some person who can find no one to talk to, will make a dismal cry, saying, "O, what a fine child! and is he already forgotten?" This puts the company into confusion, and all join in the cry, which perhaps will last half an hour, during which the servants and common people standing about will drink all the maze, and when well drunk, will form themselves into a gang at the door, and begin their cry; and if their masters want another jar of maze to drink, they must pour it out themselves, their servants being so drunk that they cannot stand. In this manner they pass away a day, without taking rest.

I must say, however, that the first part of the funeral is very affecting: and the only fault I can find is, that they bury the dead the instant they expire. If a grown person of either sex, or a priest, is by them when they expire, the moment the breath departs, the cries and shouts which have been kept up for hours before, are recommenced with fury; the priests read prayers of forgiveness while the body is washed, and the hands put across one another upon the lower part of the belly, and tied to keep them in that position, the jaws tied as close as possible, the eyes closed, the two great toes tied together, and the body is wrapped in a clean cloth and sewed up, after which the skin called *mect*, the only bed an Abyssinian has to lie upon, is tied over the cloth, and the corpse laid upon a couch and carried to the church, the bearers walking at a slow pace. According to the distance of the house from the church, the whole route is divided into seven equal parts; and when they come to the end of every seventh part, the corpse is set down, and prayers of for-

givenness offered to the Supreme Being for the deceased. Every neighbor helps to dig the grave, bringing his own materials for the purpose, and all try to outwork one another. Indeed, when a stranger happens to die where he has no acquaintances, numbers always flock to assist in burying him; and many of the townspeople will keep an hour's cry, as if they had been related.

There is no expense for burying, every one assisting his neighbor, as I have above mentioned. But the priests demand an exorbitant sum, from those who have property, for prayers of forgiveness; and I have seen two priests quarreling over the cloth of a poor dead woman, the only good article she had left. If a man dies and leaves a wife and child, the poor woman is drained of the last article of value she possesses, to purchase meat and drink for those priests, for six months after her misfortune, otherwise they would not bestow a prayer upon her husband, which would disgrace her and render her name odious amongst the populace. In this manner I have known many families ruined. An Agow servant of Mr. Coffin's, who had been left behind with me on account of ill health, died at Chelicut where he had formerly taken a wife; and the little wages he had saved had enabled him and his wife to keep a yoke of oxen, she having a piece of land of her own. Knowing the land to be very poor, and the great regard he had for his master, I was induced to give a fat cow and a jar of maze to the priests, to pray for the poor man's soul. This they took, and the poor woman made what corn she had into bread and beer for them; after which they refused to keep their weekly *fettari* (prayers of forgiveness) for one month, unless she paid them more; to complete which, and to satisfy these wretches, she was obliged to sell her two oxen; and the poor woman was again reduced to work and labor hard with the pickaxe.—*Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce.*

THE INFANT SMILE.

THAT smile affords a transient gleam,
Of purity and bliss supreme,
That once in Eden bloomed;
Ere bright perfection fled from earth,
And sin and sorrow marked our birth,
Or death his power assumed.

If thou shouldst hasten to the tomb,
Sweet innocent! who'd dare to doom
Thy soul to endless woe;
When Christ declares, in words of love,
"Of such consists the world above,"
Enough for us to know.

It would be hard indeed to part
With thee, sweet treasure of my heart!
To me so kindly given;
Yet, if that smile in death should sleep,
I would not in despondence weep,
It must awake in heaven!

R. S.

2

Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. VI.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

SIMONIDES—THEOGNIS—PHOCLIDES—PINDAR.

SIMONIDES was born in the island of Ceos, (or Coe, now Coos,) B. C. 556. Of his history we know but little. He seems to have been frequently employed by the different Grecian states, as an ambassador both between themselves and foreign powers. He was highly respected by all who could appreciate true genius. At Athens he was on terms of intimacy with the tyrant* Hipparchus. He enjoyed many honors from Pausanius the Spartan general; and was esteemed a friend and confidant by Hiero I, King of Syracuse. At the court of Hiero he was ever a welcome guest. That monarch most highly valued his talents, both as a poet and a diplomatist. It is related that on a certain occasion, as Hiero was about to engage in a battle with Theron, King of Agrigentum, Simonides acted the part of mediator, and succeeded in reconciling these two sovereigns at the very moment when their respective armies were about to join in battle.

It was during one of his visits to the Sicilian court, that Hiero inquired of him concerning the nature of God. The poet requested one day for deliberation on the subject. On the following day the King repeated the question. Simonides asked for two days longer. At each subsequent interrogation he doubled the time of the preceding. At length the astonished monarch, lost in wonder at the novelty of his procedure, asked the reason. "Because," replied the poet, "the longer I reflect on the subject, the more obscure does it appear to me to be."

We need not wonder at this answer, when we reflect that Simonides was a pagan. It is true, the light of nature does teach the existence of one Supreme Being. Many of his attributes also are distinctly visible in the creation and government of the natural world. But these traces of the Divine power, wisdom, and benevolence, paganism has always buried, or at least attempted to do so. Not liking to retain the idea of a holy God in their thoughts, they corrupted the knowledge which they possessed, and turned into midnight darkness the feeble rays of the light of nature. Had Simonides possessed the Bible, he might have told the proud Sicilian King that "God is love." But this fact he knew not himself. How then could he communicate it to others? O, with what amazement must many a heathen philosopher and poet have been struck when the awful and sublime realities of eternity first opened upon their view!—an unknown God—an unheard of eternity! How dreadful—how inexpressibly awful such a situation! But to return to our subject.

As a writer Simonides was particularly celebrated for the pathos and sweetness of his muse. Hence, the elegy was his favorite. He is said to have been victo-

* The word "tyrant," as used by the Greeks, simply signified a ruler, and not necessarily a despot—in other words, it was not so restricted in its sense as with us.

rious at an Athenian contest, over Æschylus himself, in an elegy in honor of those who fell at Marathon. This doubtless resulted from the tenderness of feeling necessary in a piece of this character, and which the latter did not possess.

Simonides likewise used the elegy as a plaintive song for the death of individuals, lamenting, with heart-felt pathos, the decease of those dear to him. Among these are the beautiful and touching verses concerning Gorgo, who, while dying, utters these words to her mother, "Remain here with my father, and become, with a happier fate, the mother of another daughter, who may tend thee in thy old age."

Another species of writing, in which Simonides excelled, was the epigram. In this department his pen was eminently successful. Nor were themes wanting in which to employ his powers. The contests with the Persians afforded ample opportunity for their display. One of the most beautiful specimens of these was inscribed on a monument erected at Thermopylæ, in honor of the Spartans who perished there: "Stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians that we are lying here in obedience to their laws!"

Simonides lived to the advanced age of ninety, and died at the court of his patron and friend, Hiero. He was the first who wrote poetry for money. Of his writings but little remains, except fragments.

THEOGNIS.

Theognis was a native of Megara, and flourished about the year B. C. 550. He was of that class called Gnostic poets. On account of his political sentiments he was exiled from Megara, and afterwards made Thebes the place of his residence. He was considered quite a traveler—was a warm politician, and a man devoted to pleasure. His poetry, like that of Hesiod, was committed to memory by the youth in schools. "The versification of Theognis is marked in general by rhythmical fluency and metrical neatness." He is said to have lived to the advanced age of eighty-eight years. Nothing but fragments of his writings now remain. The world, however, has probably lost but little in their destruction.

PHOCLIDES.

Phocylides was also a Gnostic poet—a native of Miletus, and contemporary of Theognis. He was a philosopher as well as poet. His writings had regard principally to the public weal. We have, however, only a few fragments remaining.

PINDAR.

Pindar was born at Cynocphali, a town not far distant from Thebes, and under its dominion, in the year 520, B. C. His father's name was Deiphantus, (or according to some, Scopelinus;) that of his mother Myrto, or Myrtis. He was early educated in all the literature of his age, but became especially attached to music and poetry. This taste he most probably acquired from his parents, one of whom, at least, (his father,) was a musician. His early education was intrusted to females. From them he received his first lessons in music and poetry, to which two sister arts

he afterwards devoted his whole attention. His first preceptress in poetry was Myrtis. Whether this was his own mother, or some other person by the same name, cannot now be ascertained. Afterwards he received lessons from another celebrated female—Corinna. Of her history we know but little. It seems, however, that under her guiding hand Pindar made such proficiency, that he afterwards entered the poetical arena with her as a competitor. When he contended with men, even the first of his age, he was almost always victorious. Yet not less than five times she proved his successful rival in different musical contests. The reason of this most probably was, that she wrote in the Bœotian dialect, which the judges were more familiar with than the Æolic, in which Pindar usually composed. It is not improbable, also, that the distinguished beauty of his fair rival produced a stronger impression upon them than the excellence of her poetry. At least, such is the almost universal opinion. Of her poetry nothing now remains. Pindar was also a pupil of Simonides. But his style is directly the opposite of this last named instructor.

Although Thebes claimed him as especially hers, yet Pindar soon became the poet of the whole Grecian nation. His reputation was the same everywhere. "The fastidious Athenian was proud of the compliment paid to his city by a Bœotian—the elegant Rhodian inscribed his verses in letters of gold within the temple of his guardian deity; and in a later age, Alexander, the son of Philip, 'bade spare the house of Pindarus' when Thebes fell in ruins beneath his hands."

Pindar is said to have lived to the advanced age of eighty-six. His death was calm and peaceful. It took place while he was sitting in a public assembly, probably in which some of his odes were recited, and till the spectators had retired, he was thought to be slumbering. The highest honors were paid to him during life, and after death.

As a writer, Pindar stands unrivaled among all the poets of antiquity, both for the boldness of his imagination, and the variety and sweetness of his diction. The writers of Greece speak of him as "the man whose birth was celebrated by the songs and dances of the deities themselves in joyous anticipation of those immortal hymns which he was to frame in their praise." Splendor was the chief characteristic of his mind. His very pride seems to have suggested to him that nothing but splendor was worthy of his muse. His genius, to use a figure of his own, was the eagle of Jove, that could not be severed from the sceptre and the god. The celebration of great actions seemed to be the chief object of his pen. In these it mattered but little to him whether they were performed by the peasant or the king. Each shared alike in his eulogies. Nor did his commendations blind him to the faults of those he celebrated. The proud Hiero, upon the Sicilian throne, is not exempt from reproof, or above being counseled and admonished by the Theban bard.

Pindar was eminently a moral poet. He stood forth as the champion of the religion of Greece, but not in

its grossest forms. He attempts on the one hand to defend it from the sneers of philosophers, and on the other to spiritualize it, and prevent its degenerating into mere image worship. His deities are not the gross and cruel beings which his predecessors had represented them. They are just and benignant, and the all-wise rulers of all things. It has been supposed by many, and with some show of reason, that Pindar was acquainted, to some extent, with the Jewish Scriptures, and that many of his ideas of the Deity he derived therefrom. Whether this be true or not, few writers can be found who inculcate purer principles of morality in all their writings. And scarcely a page of his can be found in which his reverence for the gods is not distinctly visible.

In every species of writing he excelled. We have remaining, however, only a few odes which he wrote in celebration of the victors in the different national games, and hence denominated Epinikian odes. These number forty-five in all. From them we shall make a few extracts, as specimens of his style of writing. We quote from the translation of the Rev. C. A. Wheelwright, in the London Family Classical Library. The first is a single stanza from one of his Olympic odes, showing the power of poetry even when based on fable.

"When from poetic tongue
The honeyed accents fall,
How'er from monstrous fiction sprung,
They win their unsuspected way,
And grace disguises all,
Till some far distant day
Render the dark illusion plain;
Yet not to mortal lips be given
By tales unworthy or profane
The majesty of heaven."

The following, also from an Olympic ode, dissuades from an attempt to pry into futurity, the desire of which seems almost universal with fallen man.

"Then let not vain, presumptuous man,
Seek with unhallowed eye to scan
Th' irrevocable doom,
If clouds invest his final day,
Or heaven shall gild with cheerful ray
The darkness of the tomb;
For bliss and sorrow, with alternate flow,
Sway the uncertain tide of life below."

The following, from one of his Pythian odes, shows that human nature has not changed much since his day.

"I joy that merited success
Should all thy recent efforts bless;
But I lament that envy's cloud
Must thy victorious actions shroud;
Yet such, they say, is man, whose fate
By weal or woe is checkered still—
No constant happiness his state
Attends without approaching ill."

The following is part of a beautiful and highly poetical invocation to the lyre, showing its effects on gods and men. It constitutes, in part, an introduction to one of the Pythian odes.

"O, golden lyre! to whose harmonious string
Apollo and the fair-haired Muses sing,
Glad prelude which the choral train obey,

2

When moving in the mazy dance,
To the sweet strains the band advance,
Their movements guided by thy sovereign sway,
Thine is the potent art to tame
The lightning's everlasting flame.
Jove's slumbering eagle on his sceptre laid,
Rests with swift plume on either side displayed.

Thy melting sounds his eyelids close
In the dark shadows of repose,
While his curved head and quivering back declare
That even in sleep thy darts have entered there.
Mars, as he listens to thy lay,
Gives his impetuous spear to rest—
Thy numbers charm his rage away,
And lull to peace his stormy breast.
Nor less are all the inmates of the sky
Soothed by the shafts of harmony,
Whene'er Apollo's skillful hand
Conducts the Muse's sacred band."

We make but a single quotation more. It is a description of Elysium. The poetry, as our readers will all agree, is extremely beautiful. Of the sentiment it is not our intention here to speak.

"Where beams of everlasting day
Through night's unclouded season play,
Free from mortality's alloy,
The good shall perfect bliss enjoy.
They nor with daring hands molest
Earth's torn and violated breast;
Nor search the caverns of the main,
An empty being to sustain;
But with the honored gods, whose ear
The faithful vow delights to hear,
Shall be their tearless age of rest,
While pangs of aspect dire distract the impious train.

But they whose spirit, thrice refined,
Each arduous contest could endure,
And keep the firm and perfect mind
From all contagion pure,
Along the staid path of Jove
To Saturn's royal courts above
Have trod their heavenly way,
Where, round the island of the blest,
The ocean breezes play;
There golden flowers ever blow,
Some springing from earth's verdant breast—
These on the lonely branches glow,
While those are nurtured by the waves below.
From them the inmates of these seats divine,
Around their hands and hair the woven garlands twine."



SIN FORGIVEN.

SWEET are the visions of the eve,
That float in fancy's eye;
And sweet the hour when troubles leave,
When dark afflictions fly;

But sweeter still the joy that flows,
From sin forgot, forgiv'n,
Yes, sweet the peace the sinner knows,
Whose hopes are rais'd to heaven.

O may the lot of him be mine,
Whose sins are all forgiv'n,
For whom the joys delightful shine,
The peace that flows from heav'n.

Original.
THE ONEIDAS' APPEAL.

The following lines were suggested by reading the address of the Oneida delegation to the New York Missionary Society, requesting that society to manifest an interest in their behalf, that Congress would permit them to retain possession of the lands at the west which they then occupied.

"Know ye the land" where the setting sun
Sleeps on the blue lake's tide—
Where oaks their lofty branches wave,
In lone, majestic pride?
Or know ye where the deer bounds free,
O'er the green, fertile plain?
Thou such untutor'd steps may not
By skill, by power tame.

From that far land, by the Spirit's guide,
A weary way we've come,
To pray that spot, with toil possess'd,
May be our children's home.
Where now ye dwell, the rising sun
Tints the Atlantic sea:
That wave once bore the Oneida's bark,
In nature's artless glee.

Then far, on its surrounding shore,
Each glen to us was known;
In conscious pride, we wander'd free,
And called them all our own.
Alas! all these were rent away—
We sought a far-off land—
We fled away to the setting day,
A brave, but broken band.

A white man came—on his fair brow
The Spirit's seal was set;
Though years are fled, his honeyed words
Live in our memory yet;
He told us of a Being bright,
Who curbs the angry tide;
That he who stills the tempest's might
Would be the red man's guide.

We heard, believed, and sought the light
That shineth from on high;
And in our hearts it kindled bright,
A hope that cannot die.
He spoke of other friends afar,
On this fair, distant isle,
For the poor Indian sought in prayer
The Spirit's gracious smile.

At last we came your face to see;
And though with cares oppress'd,
The red man still will pray that ye
May be for ever bless'd.
Nor will ye dare reject our plea,
When sordid souls again
Would force us from our chosen rest,
To increase their treasur'd gain.

We cannot go—the Spirit's care
Is o'er the red man's home;
We still would bow and worship there,
Where first his grace was known;
A lovely temple we will rear,
Far in the green wood shade,
And there our heart's best offerings pour,
Where prayer was never made.

And now we ask in peace to have
Alone this *little spot*;
The world is wide around us yet,
O, *wherefore* may we not?
EUGENIA.

Original.
G O N E .

GONE to their gracious Father's home,
The hues of heaven around them glowing;
And blest, they hear the lowly tone
Of Zion's harps with music flowing,
Now loud, now soft, now gently rolls
The heavenly psalm o'er their souls;
In the pure robes of bliss arrayed,
And roaming o'er the expanse of heaven,
Perchance they'll meet a brother's shade,
Like them redeemed, like them forgiven.

And now they'll talk their sufferings o'er,
Amid the bloom of Eden's bowers,
And joy to know that death no more
Shall reap the grain, nor blast the flowers:
They see before the Lamb's white throne
The martyr'd millions bowing down;
And ever thus their joys increase,
And thus their souls, to glory given,
Shall shout and sing their great release—
Shall swell the note that rolls through heaven.

L. C. L.

THE PIOUS DEAD.

THE last cruel tempest has blown,
The last passing danger is o'er,
The last dart of Satan is thrown,
And terror and care are no more.

How selfish to wish for their stay
Mid the beggarly elements here;
Rather plume thee, my spirit, away,
For flight to a happier sphere;

For a flight from the regions of pain
To the mansions of pleasure above,
Where no separation again
Shall chill the pure feelings of love.

For the last cruel tempest has blown,
The last passing danger is o'er,
The last dart of Satan is thrown,
And sorrow and sin are no more!

THE BOWER OF PRAYER.

ARRANGED AND HARMONIZED FOR THE REPOSITORY BY REV. T. HARRISON.

Air.

To go from my home, and with

kindred to part, To break up my friendships, af - fects not my heart,

Like leaving that blissful and ho - ly place where Je - ho - vah has

heard and has answered my prayer, and has answered my prayer.

- 2 Sweet bower ! where the vine and the poplar o'erspread,
 Have woven their branches a roof for my head :
 How oft have I knelt by the evergreen there,
 And poured out my soul to my Savior in prayer.
- 3 The early sweet notes of the loved nightingale
 My hours of devotion would faithfully tell—
 Would call me to duty, while birds in the air
 Sang anthems of praises as I went to prayer.
- 4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
 The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine,
 But sweeter, O sweeter the pleasures which there
 I often have tasted while offering my prayer.
- 5 But soon I must bid my loved bower adieu,
 And leave for a region that's distant and new :
 Yet O, blessed thought ! I've a Friend everywhere,
 Who will, in all places, give ear to my prayer.
- 6 His love and his power he will daily impart
 To strengthen my mind and to gladden my heart :
 And when on my deathbed, he'll be with me there,
 And take me to heaven in answer to prayer.
- 7 And high in the mansions of glory and joy,
 My soul shall be blest with delightful employ—
 Be freed from all sorrow, and anguish, and care—
 And bask in his smile who has answered my prayer.

NOTICES.

THE WESTERN LANCET, devoted to *Medical and Surgical Science*. Edited by *Leonidas M. Lawson, M. D. May, 1842. Cincinnati*.—This is the first number of a new monthly periodical, which ought not to fail of success. It has appeared to us unaccountable that Cincinnati and Ohio are without a medical journal, while Kentucky has two, one published at Lexington and another at Louisville. With a flourishing medical Institute, and able professors—with so many talented practitioners as this city boasts, we have often wondered why it was so. We are pleased to find that there will be no longer any ground for this query. The *Lancet* is an octavo of forty-eight pages. Its mechanical appearance is remarkably neat. This number contains mostly original articles of great merit, contributed by Drs. Harrison, Mussey, Rolker, (a translation from the German of Scholer), Eberle, of Indiana, and the editor. The selections are judicious, as far as we can appreciate them, and the bibliographical notices are valuable.

As to the qualifications of the editor for his work, we can, without hesitation, say, that in regard to literature he lacks nothing. He writes with great ease, and in an attractive style, as some articles heretofore kindly contributed to the *Repository* evince. His professional acquirements are also, we doubt not, suitable to the task he has in hand. We trust the enterprise will succeed. The subscription price, three dollars per annum in advance, is remarkably low for a work of the kind, and suited to the pecuniary condition of the country.

BIOGRAPHY AND POETICAL REMAINS of the late *Margaret Miller Davidson*. By *Washington Irving*.—This has been before the public more than a year; but it did not immediately fall under our notice. It is difficult to say whether the author or the subject of this biography is most known to the American public; not that they are peers in any sense, unless it be in original gifts or genius. But the extreme youthfulness of the Davidsons has ministered greatly to their fame, and scarcely a name of living writers is more familiar than theirs to the American ear. The eldest of these, Lucretia Davidson, wrote and died in her childhood. Margaret was two years old at her sister's death. She grew up the counterpart of her senior, pouring forth strains which entranced a nation, and almost in her babyhood laid aside her earthly harp to join the choirs above. We do not hesitate to say that no example can be found in which two children, gifted with such personal charms, and mental and moral graces, sprung up in one family, and fled so early to the grave. The theme—the biography of one of them—was enough to inspire dullness with enthusiasm; and no wonder that, under the pen of the gifted author, it forms a most charming book. Every reading youth in America will be sure to peruse it.

DR. MOTT'S TRAVELS.—This is an octavo of 450 pages, from the press of the Harpers. Dr. Mott is an eminent physician and surgeon of the city of New York. His travels were in Europe and the east—namely, in Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Saxony, Bohemia, Austria, Bavaria, Switzerland, Lombardy, Tuscany, The Papal States, The Neapolitan Dominions, Malta, Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, Turkey, Moldavia, Wallachia, and Hungary. These journeys were performed between the years 1834 and 1841. In hastily glancing at the pages of this work, we find that it bears the stamp of the author's profession. The reader would easily divine that it was written by a physician. He gives us brief notices of living physicians, and professional schools, practice, etc., almost without number. Other matters are not neglected; and the reader will find many descriptions of natural scenery, population, customs, incidents of travel, &c., all along through the regions of his pilgrimage. The following is a specimen. It is from a description of Mt. Parnassus, a name familiar to our readers, as is also that of the particular object so prettily described.

"We continued our ascent up the mountain by narrow zig-zag horse-paths, often precipitous and dangerous, and compelling us to dismount and have our horses led, until at last we reached a considerable table-land, or plateau, a little distance

below the line of perpetual snow. Upon this plateau is situated the famous CASTALIAN spring. It is directly at the foot of the snow of the highest summit of Parnassus. Before we reached the spring we came to a considerable stream of running water, on a pebbly bottom, and, following this up, we soon arrived at its source, the superb Castalian Fountain. The moment we saw it we could not wonder that the ancients had been enraptured with its beauty. It is of a semicircular shape, of several feet in diameter, and boils out from the rock, not in bubbles, but in large, expanded globular volumes of the purest limpid water, exceeding in size and in furious activity any thing of the kind I ever beheld. One could almost imagine that the spring itself was convulsed with poetic phrensy. Who, then, that drank of it could fail to imbibe some of its inspiration? We ourselves having beheld this wonder, the theme of so much eulogy, could readily conceive how the refined taste of the Greek poets should have concurred with unanimous consent in giving to its fountain a pre-eminence over all others known; and that if there was any drink short of the nectar of the gods that could clarify the intellect and enrich it with

'Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.'

It must be this bubbling crystal fluid distilled from the dew-drops of eternal snows. We should apprehend that Apollo and the Muses must have frequently forsaken their ambrosial groves on Helicon to visit the god of Parnassus, were it only for the pleasure of gazing upon and tasting of this delicious fountain, dedicated to their special uses. We, in common with all mortals, felt the necessity of partaking of this classic beverage; not with any expectation, however, that it would rouse into existence dormant poetical emotions, or even endow us with the prophetic insight into futurity, one of its supposed virtues. We accordingly dismounted, and each scooped down and drank, and bathed our hands in it at its source. Though it was early in the month of May, the *forget-me-nots*, even at this high elevation, were in full bloom around the spring, some of which we gathered and preserved as beautiful and delicate mementoes of this revered place. It may be considered to have been a most unpoetical act of mine to have not only had my attention drawn to, but also to have actually gathered, and even gone through the grosser process of eating, some handfuls of the luxuriant water-cresses that grow in rank profusion in the bed of the stream as it issues from Castalia, and which were the largest specimens of the plant I have ever seen. Perhaps, however, we ought not too much to lower the character of this humble cruciform, as its pungent qualities may have not a little contributed to give a spicy flavor to the poetry-inspiring virtues of the fountain itself, Lord Byron's denunciation of its unfitness to be tasted of by a lady to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Before our departure I selected from the bottom of the fountain a beautiful rounded and water-worn pebble as a more enduring souvenir of this classic spot. We saw nothing either of the old fig-tree or clustering vines of ivy which some travelers speak of."

The most interesting portion of the book is the description of oriental scenes, namely, in Asia Minor, and in Egypt. It displays less of the author's professional predilections. The following notice of what is supposed to be the site of ancient Troy, we add to the foregoing.

"We found ourselves in an extensive forest of huge oaks, on an elevated spot commanding a view of the Mediterranean, and nearly opposite the Island of Tenedos, with a distant view of Thrace on the Continent of Greece. Here we dismounted, and in rambling about the woods we discovered here and there large fragments of pillars of beautiful marble, and in one place the most COLOSSAL SINGLE COLUMN we had ever beheld in all our travels. It appeared to us to be quite equal in dimensions to Pompey's Pillar or the obelisk at Heliopolis. It was broken into two parts, being a monolith of a plain, smooth, and polished surface, and apparently of the simple Doric order. If it be all that is left of immortal Troy, it is a magnificent relic, in its mournful and embowered solitude. It must have inspired even the ruthless Goth with its beauty, to have been permitted thus for 4000 years to remain intact and undefaced. Though prostrate to the earth, it is touchingly emblematical of the fallen

but mighty city, whose mournful history may, in truth, be as briefly and sublimely expressed in this superb shaft of marble as it was in those two emphatic words of the Mantuan bard, 'Fuit Ilium.'

"In this forest we met a straggling Turk, whom we laid under contribution to convey us to any ruins that there might be in the neighborhood. He conducted us to an immense ruin in the midst of the forest, being the foundation, apparently, of an edifice of an enormous magnitude. We entered through a large archway into what seemed to be the cellar, and which was divided into several compartments, all sustained by massive arches, upon which must have reposed some stupendous superstructure. In perusing the late interesting work of our countryman, Mr. Stephens, we have been reminded of these ruins by his descriptions of the splendid structures which he saw at Palenque and other places in Central America, and which he found almost covered with impenetrable forests of huge timber. If there be any parallel to be drawn from this similitude, our American ruins which are represented to be in a state of preservation about equal to those of the Acropolis at Athens, must have a claim to a much higher antiquity than many imagine, at least 3000 to 4000 years.

"In all directions around the forest where there was any habitation, we saw columns and portions of former ancient edifices strewn about the huts, entering into the garden fences, and serving various purposes.

"That there was once, and in a remote period of time, far beyond the memory of man or the evidence of recorded history, a vast city on this location, there can be no doubt; and, from the site of it, and the best traditions that remain, we believe that this neighborhood accords fully with the position described by Homer as the residence and capital of the immortal Priam. It is true that we are told that a *new Ilium*, many years after the first great capital had crumbled into ruins, was built at some short distance from the latter. It is possible that such may have been the fact, and that a temple was erected there, and that the treasures of the ancient city were removed to it; for so hallowed, even in the time of Xerxes, was the renowned story of Troy, that it was then on every tongue as the most delightful theme of the glories of by-gone days. He, in his expedition to Greece, made, as is averred, a pilgrimage to *Novum Ilium*, that he might treasure it in his memory, as Plato, Herodotus, Strabo, and others had worshiped at the foot of the Pyramids. So also, like Xerxes, did the matchless Alexander, on landing in Asia Minor, repair with holy zeal to the shrine of this Troy, and there knelt before the sacred armor of the great Achilles, that he might breathe in some holy inspiration to spur him on to valorous deeds of arms. And, last of these illustrious conquerors, Julius Cæsar himself, boasting of extraction from the consecrated line of Trojan kings, came expressly from Rome to add his name to those who had made a journey to Troy personally to record there the homage of their admiration.

"We descended from this forest to a beautiful plain, which we believe to have been that of ancient Troy. It extended from the forest to the range of mountains, of which Mount Ida is the most prominent and memorable.

"At the extremity of this plain, towards the mountain, on the opposite side to the forest, we came to the river *Scamander*, which is rather less in size than the Cephæsus at Athens, and a number of the sources or springs of which we counted near *Buonar-bachi*, with the greater satisfaction, as we knew they had been fully and completely identified with those described by *Homer* as existing but a short distance from the walls of Troy. We saw a number of the springs, but could not make them reach to forty, as some travelers have done.

"We returned back that night to *Buonar-bachi*. In our ride we had a fair and distinct view of the mound on the plain and near the sea-shore, and which tradition states to be the tomb of Achilles, with a smaller mound near it, which is believed to be that of Ajax. The Greeks are stated to have buried their dead on the plains, and the Trojans theirs in the neighboring mountains. We therefore may be said to have reposed for two nights in the memorable region between the tombs of Hector and Priam, and those of Ajax and Achilles."

THE WESTERN SCHOOL JOURNAL.—This is a monthly sheet, published at Covington, Ky. Two or three numbers only have been issued. It is well conducted, and should be well supported. It vindicates the claims of the rising generation, to the means, and the best methods of education—enforces the duty of governments, guardians, and parents, towards the young, and, in a word, does all that a *school journal* ought to do.

THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR AND LITERARY MAGAZINE. Edited by the very Rev. Felix Varela, D. D., and Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D. D.—This is a neat octavo, of sixty-four pages, issued monthly at three dollars in advance. An article in the April number, by Dr. Pise, on *spiritual pleasures*, attracted our attention, and was read with interest. He divides spiritual pleasures into "*Intellectual*, or pleasures of the intellect; *Cordial*, or pleasures of the heart; and *Virtuous pleasures*, or the pleasures of virtue." His thoughts on each are well conceived, and happily expressed. As a *Catholic Expositor*, this magazine displays the peculiarities of the Roman Catholic faith. Its hymns are three of the blessed virgin, and two of the apostles; but not one of praise to, or remembrance of the Father, Son, or Holy Ghost. While we speak well of the literature of the Expositor, and are interested in several of its leading articles, we of course disapprove of this feature of the work.

MORMONISM MEASURED BY THE GOSPEL RULE. A Sermon. By A. O. McLaughlin, of Kentucky.—This is a brief exposition and refutation of the gross errors of Mormonism. It is written with considerable ability, and will do good. We were not aware, till lately, that a serious refutation of the blasphemous assumptions of Mormon prophets could be necessary. But men love to be deceived; and this lying wonder, gross as are its doctrinal absurdities, and practical mischiefs, is spreading abroad and destroying souls.

THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE, AND JUVENILE HARP, for the Young. Edited by Mrs. H. E. B. Stowe.—This is a 12mo. of twenty-four pages, at seventy-five cents per year. It contains a great variety, and will interest children.

REASON vs. ALCOHOL. By Rev. Joseph Cross.—This is an address delivered in Cazenovia and Auburn, and represents Alcohol as brought to trial, charged with being a *Wiley Seducer*, a *Merciless Despot*, a *Highway Robber*, and a *Cold-blooded Murderer*. It is a stirring address.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE FIXED STARS.—These are distinguished from the planets by their twinkling, which is supposed to be caused by their intense inherent light, like that of the sun. The difference between the planets and the stars is like that between the moon and the sun. We can look at the full moon, but the brightness of the meridian sun dazzles and blinds us. Let both be removed farther and farther, till the former has the apparent dimensions of a planet, and the latter that of a star, and they would exhibit the same differences as do the stars and planets. The stars are at an immense distance from us. It takes a ray of light eight minutes to travel from the sun to the earth; but the stars are so much farther from us, that a ray of light emitted from the nearest of them would not reach us in ten years.

A celebrated lecturer on astronomy in this city, suggests that some allusions are made to the ordinances of Heaven in the book of Job, which admonish us to expect new and magnificent astronomical discoveries. He is making an effort to purchase, by subscription, a telescope superior to any in the world, and asks why the honor of some new discoveries may not be acquired by the Queen City. Should he succeed, as we wish he may, it will be incomparably more desirable to take a deliberate survey of the heavenly bodies through this telescope, than to visit the ruins of Thebes, the wonders of Petra, and all the works of art and wonders of nature on the face of this globe. Many have traveled hundreds of miles, and expended money to see the falls of Niagara. Much wiser were they to journey the same distance, and expend the same sum, to take one glance at the heavens.

SPINNING OF HINDOOS.—Mr. Pierpont, in one of his lectures, says that an uneducated heathen girl, by the use of her hands simply, can surpass, in delicacy and fineness of texture, the production of the most perfect machinery, in the manufacture of cotton and muslin cloths. In England cotton has been spun so fine, that it would require a thread four hundred and ninety miles in length to weigh a pound; but the Hindoo girl has, by her hand, wrought a thread which would extend one thousand miles to a pound. The Daccala muslins of her manufacture, when spread on the ground, and covered with dew, are no longer visible.

It is difficult for us to credit these statements, and yet the testimony establishes their truth. How such skill can be acquired is past all our comprehension. The spider's web cannot be much finer than this.

AMERICAN CHURCHES.—The different religious denominations in the United States may be classed, as to numbers, as follows:

Congregationalists,	180,000
Presbyterians,	270,000
Dutch Reformed,	22,000
Lutherans,	60,000
Cumberland Presbyterians,	50,000
New Lights	150,000
Baptists,	450,000
Methodists,	900,000

We have not information respecting the Protestant Episcopalians and the Roman Catholics, except in regard to their hearers, of which the former are said to have 600,000, and the latter 800,000.

The eight leading denominations mentioned above have a little more than 2,000,000 of communicants. How few, then, comparatively, of this highly favored land enjoy the blessings of the Gospel! How many millions amongst us are more guilty than the heathen, and are likely to make the Gospel a curse rather than a blessing! And why is it so? Because, as Christians, we do not let our light shine before men. Let the Churches awake—let their members become holy, and this unhappy state of things will pass away. We would not be understood to say, or imply, that the above two millions enjoy the power of religion. To say that half of them are converts, and live as Christians, is a liberal calculation. What a sad account of human nature is this! In a land, abounding with Bibles and ministers, and Sabbaths, and all the means of grace, and enjoying these for so long a time, less than one in seventeen is a true believer in Christ. The heart is desperately wicked.

BLENDON SEMINARY.—This is an institution for boys; and being located within a few miles of Worthington, affords a convenient opportunity to parents to place their sons and daughters in the same neighborhood. The Blendon Seminary is under the patronage of the Ohio Annual Conference—is well located for health and all other purposes, in the midst of a community scarcely surpassed for intelligence, sound morals, and piety. It has excellent teachers. We take the following from a printed notice lying before us.

Officers of Instruction and Government.—Rev. D. H. Kingsley, late of Oneida Conference, Principal and Teacher of Mental and Moral Science. Rev. J. G. Blair, A. B., of the Wesleyan University, Vice Principal, and Teacher of Ancient and Modern Languages, and Literature. Rev. I. C. Kingsley, late of Genesee Conference, Teacher of Mathematics and Natural Science.

The academic year of this institution has been divided into two sessions of twenty-two weeks each; and each session into two terms of eleven weeks each. The first term of the winter session will commence on the 30th November, 1842; the second on the 16th February, 1843. The first term of the summer session on the 11th May, 1842; the second on the 10th August, 1842.

This young and promising institution is located at Westerville, Franklin county, on the stage route leading from Cleveland to Columbus, twelve miles from the latter place, and five miles from the Worthington Female Seminary, of the Ohio Conference. The building is new and commodious, surrounded by a truly moral, religious, and enterprising community, to

whom the well-being and prosperity of the students will be a matter of deep and anxious solicitude. Facilities of access—healthfulness—natural scenery—and morality, unite in rendering Westerville a location very desirable for such an institution.

The *Course of Instruction* will be thorough, systematic, and practical; and every reasonable exertion will be made to improve the mental, moral, and physical powers, and rapidly, yet fully, to qualify students, not only for the advanced classes in our colleges, but also to engage with success in all the professional and business operations of life.

The *Government* will be parental and mild, yet inflexible; and such as strictly to guard the morals, and promote the health, of the student during his residence at this institution.

Library, Reading Room, &c.—By recent exertions of its friends, there have been connected with the institution, a library of nearly 400 volumes, a small, but fast increasing, cabinet of minerals, and a reading room, containing a respectable number of papers and periodicals. Arrangements are also being made to obtain mathematical, geographical, and astronomical instruments; also, a philosophical and chemical apparatus, sufficiently extensive for a course of experimental lectures in these departments.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR, 1842.—This paper shows the Springfield Seminary to be in a very flourishing condition. It has eighty-eight students, and efficient instructors. In this last respect it has been singularly blessed. We trust this institution is destined to rise to great importance and will soon be accommodated with additional buildings and hundreds of pupils. Let its friends in Springfield, its patrons, its teachers, and the conference, be zealous and persevering, and it will soon be of more value to the interests of education than any of our second rate colleges. There is not a location in America more suitable for such a high school than Springfield. It is an enchanting spot, and the Academical Hall is built upon one of the most slightly eminences any where to be found. We extract the following:

Course of Study.—For the accommodation of those who wish to pursue a somewhat extended course, a course of study is arranged, embracing most of the English branches usually taught in colleges. It is commenced at the beginning of each academic year, and will embrace a period of three years. The object aimed at, in the arrangement, has been to combine necessary mental discipline with practical utility. Those who do not pursue the full course, can receive instruction with the regular classes in any branches they please.

The preparatory requisitions for the course are, reading with correctness and facility, parsing well in prose, and a good knowledge of the fundamental rules of arithmetic. When the course is completed, the student will be entitled to a diploma certifying the same.

TROY ACADEMY.—Mr. and Mrs. M'Murdy, who were, much to their credit, sometime connected as teachers with the Blendon and Worthington Seminaries, have opened a high school in the pleasant and flourishing town of Troy. The advertisement says:

"The situation of Troy, for a school, is certainly desirable. The health of the place is superior to that of the Miami valley generally. But what is much more to its praise, is, the moral and religious character of its inhabitants. Perhaps a more quiet and orderly place could not be selected in all the country. Religion and morals have a strong hold upon the minds and affections of the people generally. The teachers bring with them uniform approvals from various sections of this and other countries.

"The summer session will commence on the 3d of May, of each year, and continue twenty-two weeks, closing on the 3d of October. The winter session will commence on the 2d of November, and continue twenty-two weeks, closing on the 3d of April. Each session will be divided into two quarters of eleven weeks each.

"The teacher's department will receive a considerable share of attention, and will embrace all the studies required by the regents of the New York University."

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.



CINCINNATI, AUGUST, 1842.

... and seeing they were sole possessors of them of all their energy, he called to them in a gentle manner, and told them to run to the fort, apprising these vast regions, whereas now they have no spot assured to them.

SPINNING OF HINDOOS.—Mr. Pierpont, in one of his lectures, says that an uneducated heathen girl, by the use of her hands simply, can surpass, in delicacy and fineness of texture, the production of the most perfect machinery, in the manufacture of cotton and muslin cloths. In *Each of these* whom the well-being and prosperity of the students will be a matter of deep and anxious solicitude. Facilities of access—healthfulness—natural scenery—and morality, unite in rendering Westerville a location very desirable for such an institution. *The Course of Instruction will be*

ville, Franklin county, on the stage route, ten miles from Columbus, twelve miles from the latter place, and five miles from the Worthington Female Seminary, of the Ohio Conference. The building is new and commodious, surrounded by a truly moral, religious, and enterprising community, to eleven weeks each. "The teacher's department will receive a considerable share of attention, and will embrace all the studies required by the regents of the New York University."

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST, 1842.

VIEW OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

This picture cannot fail to impress on the reader the unequivocal features of the regions bordering the Upper Susquehanna. The river of this name issues from Lake Otsego, in the state of New York. Several times it crosses the line between New York and Pennsylvania, and finally runs southeasterly to Wilkesbarre. From thence it turns towards the southwest to the town of Sunbury, where it receives its western branch. It then pursues its course to Harrisburg, the political capital of Pennsylvania, and at Havre de Grace enters the head of Chesapeake Bay. This river is remarkable for its breadth and shallowness. It is of comparatively little use for the purposes of navigation. This has caused the construction of numerous canals along its banks, and slightly divergent into neighboring regions. The country through which it passes has vast mineral wealth, and its resources have been considerably developed.

Northumberland is a place of no great consideration, so far as population is concerned; but it is surrounded with most picturesque scenery, portions of which merit the appellation of sublime. The cliffs and ridges are not only precipitous and rude, but some of them have the magnitude and elevation of mountains. The water scene in the picture is exceedingly beautiful, and creates in one's mind a wish to be there.

The settlement of these central regions was attended with severe hardships, and imminent perils. The incidents of savage warfare and treachery in the Susquehanna valley, and on its tributaries, are of the most thrilling interest, and some of them romantic in the extreme. Many tokens yet remain of the rude defenses constructed by the pioneer fathers of the country for the preservation of their exposed families. An incident is upon record in a work now before us, which is a fair specimen of the tragic scenes which were not of unusual occurrence at the settlement of this country.

An old man who owned a farm about a mile from one of the forts, sent his son and daughter one evening to feed the stock at his barn, and being unwell retired to rest. He soon fell asleep, and dreamed that he saw his two children scalped and running to him for shelter. The dream affected him very much, and starting from his bed, he seized his gun and went in pursuit of them. The result shows that, even to this day, if any great or merciful end can be obtained, God may admonish us by dreams. He reached his farm in great disquiet, and pausing to regain his composure, he saw two Indians advancing towards his children at some distance from him. Lest a sudden alarm should rob them of all their energy, he called to them in a gentle manner, and told them to run to the fort, apprising

them that danger was near. The Indians started in pursuit, pouring forth their savage yells to intimidate the children, and deprive them of the power to escape. The old man showing himself at that moment, with gun in hand, the Indians stopped, and attempted, as their custom is, to shelter themselves behind the trees. He then attempted to run for the fort, but the savages pursued and gained upon him, and he turned to fire. Again they sprang behind trees, and the old man did the same, taking aim at one of the Indians, whose refuge, a small sapling, did not entirely cover his body. As he was on the point of firing, the savage felt his exposure, and dropped behind a prostrate log close at his feet. The next instant the reserved shot took effect beneath the log, and the Indian rolled over, stabbing himself twice in the breast.

Having killed one, the old man, Morgan by name, left the tree, and again fled. The Indian pursued, and the race was continued about twenty rods, when looking over his shoulder, the old man saw the gun raised within a few paces of him. He sprang aside, and the ball whizzed harmlessly by. It was now a more equal contest. Morgan struck at the Indian with his gun, receiving at the same instant a blow from a tomahawk, which cut off one of his fingers. They closed immediately, and the Indian was thrown, but overturned the old man with a powerful effort, and sitting on his breast, uttered a yell of triumph, and felt for his knife. A woman's apron, which he had stolen, and tied around his waist, embarrassed him. Morgan seized one of his hands in his teeth, and getting hold of the handle of his knife, drew it through the Indian's hand, and wounded him severely. In the struggle which followed they regained their feet, and, still retaining the hand between his teeth, Morgan gave him a fatal stab. The savage fell, and the old man, quite exhausted, reached the fort.

Such were some of the incidents of that border warfare which, in the spread of the white settlements farther and farther west, was waged with unrelenting cruelty for so many years. In it our fathers displayed great firmness and heroism; but they did not always exhibit those moral traits which would have added unspeakable lustre to their martial prowess. This very Indian was found alive by a company from the fort, and while pleading for his life, was cruelly tomahawked and scalped. The bodies of both were flayed, and their skins used for shot-pouches.

Where are the Indians now? It is long since their feet pressed the soil of the Susquehanna valley, or their light canoes shot along its banks. How mournful it is to reflect that recently they were sole possessors of these vast regions, whereas now they have no spot assured to them.

Original.

BURYING THE DEAD.*

THE grave! How precious are its spoils! How unremittingly it multiplies them! Its gatherings are now more than a hundred generations. For six thousand years, it has been the sole office of Death and his ministers to sow in its bosom the seeds of springing life. It will prove a fruitful soil; for by a slow but certain growth it will produce the harvests of immortality. But its treasures are not its own. They are a sacred trust, which in due time it must render up for the peopling of other worlds. It holds in abeyance the hope of heaven—it holds in abeyance the hope of hell.

No wonder, then, that the grave has been regarded with reverent interest by civilized men from the beginning of the world. No wonder that this interest has illustrated itself in the various modes and ceremonies of sepulture. Why should we look with indifference on the body? The almighty Creator cares for it; and when it is dissolved, he watches its dust. Is it strange that he should impress mortals with concern for that which is an object of his own regard? He has inspired us with this concern. We feel it as an instinct, and religion, which tempers and controls, is not intended to eradicate it.

This regard for the body extends to its separate state, seeking a place for its repose, and impelling surviving friends to watch, and guard, and ornament its sepulchre. And this is not the mere impulse of a superstitious age. As the records of the past fully witness, it was practiced by nearly all the generations of our race.

Historical notices of funeral forms and incidents extend back to gray-haired antiquity. They embrace a period of four thousand years. Let us glance for a few minutes at some of the burial customs which have prevailed amongst the principal nations, in all past time. We shall find that it has been an almost universal usage,

1. *To provide receptacles for the dead.* In patriarchal ages, sepulchres were common among the Canaanites, as we learn from the language of the sons of Heth, who said to Abraham, "None of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." Burial was universally practiced amongst the Hebrews, who excluded from its rites none but such as had committed suicide, and them only for a day. If we may judge from existing monuments, as well as from their history, the Egyptians abounded in tombs which were constructed with singular toil and skill. All are aware that Greece and Rome held the rites of sepulture to be sacred. Other portions of the globe, whose early annals have no place in history, bear the tokens of having cherished early races of men who paid great regard to the interment of the dead.

Amongst the principal nations of the world, burial was so uniform, and so deeply rooted in the mind was

the conviction of its propriety, that it was deemed the greatest misfortune to be deprived of funeral rites. Superstition connected the destiny of the soul with the disposition of the body. On the interment of the one depended, as was believed, the Elysium of the other.

Such having been the sentiment and the usage of antiquity, no wonder that there are many existing monuments and proofs that the fissures of rocks and artificial excavations were anciently used as chambers of repose for the dead. Burial has been so generally practiced, that it can scarcely be considered a sign of civilization. It was common amongst the grossest barbarians. Indeed, it seems that humanity enjoins it, and that in this, the most untutored of her children understand and obey her voice.

2. These receptacles for the dead have been chosen or constructed with reference to *durability*. In primitive times, the most common burial places were the rude work of nature. They were grotts or caves, sometimes in the sides or bases of mountains, and sometimes in rocky vales. In the progress of ages, these rude chambers of death yielded to artificial sepulchres, formed of the caves, or cut out of the solid rock. At length, when kings or heroes were to be honored with a more imposing burial, tombs were erected at great toil and expense, and pains were taken to render them imperishable as nature's own handiwork. As society improved, tombs became common, and were used for the people as well as for the princes. The great expense incurred in their construction was in part avoided by making them merely monumental, while the bodies of those whom they commemorated found a more secure mansion in the grave.

We know, from Scripture testimony, that the sepulchral grotts of primitive times were occupied by successive family generations. For hundreds of years the descendants were laid side by side, in silent repose, with their venerated and patriarchal ancestors. But we know still more. The reports of travelers ascertain to us that some very ancient sepulchres remain to this day. Of this there are the most convincing proofs. Their very appearance suggests it to the antiquarian observer. All tradition concerning them is gone, or lends this hypothesis a strong confirmation. Their inscriptions have lost their significance, even amongst nations which boast a lineage and literature almost eternal. Thus the receptacles of the dead have been chosen with reference to *durability*. They were constructed for posterity, and, to speak in hyperbole, some of them for eternity; for they survive all the monuments of antiquity.

3. These receptacles of the dead were selected or constructed with reference to *ornament*:—and that of two kinds—namely, the decorations of nature, and those of art. The former consisted of trees, shrubbery, and flowers. These probably beautified the first sepulchre of which we have any description—that of Sarah in Hebron. We learn from the twenty-third chapter of Genesis, that Abraham's purchase embraced the field of Ephron, the cave that was therein, and all

* An address delivered by the Editor, in July, 1842, on the opening of the Wesleyan Cemetery, near Cincinnati, at the request of the joint committees of the several city stations.

the trees which were in the field, and in the borders round about.

From the language, we may infer that the trees were reserved by special contract, not passing with the soil, as by modern conveyances. Perhaps they constituted the principal charm of the spot, as it appeared to the discerning eye of Abraham, who had just now resigned the care of his flocks, and forsaken the pastoral groves of Beersheba, that he might come and bury his beloved Sarah who had died at Hebron in his absence. It seems that the cave where he wished her remains deposited, was "in the end of the field." Of course its position was in the shade of the border—no doubt gracefully embowered among the overhanging trees, and half concealed by creeping vines, fragrant flowers, and aromatic shrubbery.

It is stated in Holy Writ, that Deborah, Rebecca's nurse, was buried under the shade of a tree, as was Saul, the king of Israel. According to the best evidence, the Hebrews, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, were accustomed not only to cultivate flowers in the vicinity of their tombs, but to strew the graves of their friends with the leaves of plants, and the boughs of the myrtle. It is certified that to this very day the women of Egypt weekly visit their tombs, and adorn them with flowers, covering them also with palm leaves, and rendering them fragrant with a profusion of sweet basil.

The artificial ornaments of the sepulchre are those of architecture, sculpture, and inscription, to which may be added what is called, by the Evangelists, *garnishing*, or painting the tomb. These decorations have not been used in every age; but they have been common for more than three thousand years. Architecture has varied in different periods. In ancient Egypt it sometimes contributed magnificence rather than beauty, as the eternal pyramids testify. These, to be sure, might have been the ground-work of many clustering ornaments, both of architecture and sculpture; but no tokens of the fact remain. Probably no such decorations belonged to them, but in their construction the single idea was *grandeur*. If so, the object of the builders was attained.

In the cavernous sepulchres of Egypt, and in the tombs of Petra and Palestine, are some specimens of delicate sculpture, which excite the admiration of all intelligent travelers. The finest examples of the art found in Jerusalem or its neighborhood, are in the tombs of the kings. Sepulchral inscriptions, in modern times, not only commemorate posthumous names and virtues, but add variety of ornament. There are ancient inscriptions remaining to this day. Some of them were doubtless ornamental; but generally little can be known either of their significance or their original appearance. The most of you have read of the written mountains of Arabia, containing numerous inscriptions, which some learned men undertake to maintain were executed in the days of Moses, and which others believe to have marked ancient burial places.

Our Savior speaks of garnishing the tombs of the prophets, from which we learn that in the decline of

the Jewish nation, it was one of the offices of Phara-saic devotion to paint the monuments erected in memory of "holy men of old," or to give them, by some method, an artificial, showy aspect. In Egypt the tombs of the kings on the upper Nile, are embellished with interior paintings, which appear fresh and vivid as the work of yesterday. They are historical and descriptive, and throw much light on the ancient habits and usages of the nation. Travelers speak of these decorations with enthusiastic admiration. Such ornaments are now less used in the east, and are unknown in the west. The orientals still adopt architectural ornaments; but they are of little account in western Europe and America, where sculpture is so much used. Some of the finest productions of this last mentioned art are found in European cemeteries, and rarer specimens in our own burying-grounds. Inscriptions are seldom dispensed with in Europe or America, whenever a stone is used to mark the grave of a deceased friend.

4. In selecting *sites* for tombs or cemeteries, much regard has been paid to convenience. It seems that many of the oriental nations have generally chosen elevated ground; but not uniformly. Job, in one instance, uses language which has been supposed to signify, that in his day the vallies were the most common places of burial. But this meaning of the passage is disputed. "The clods of the valley shall cover him, means," says an eminent critic, "that the green turf around his tomb, like the verdure in some rich vale, or on the borders of a running stream, shall be sweet unto him." In Egypt, Idumea, and Palestine, the tombs are oftener elevated than depressed. They are generally formed in the sides of hills or mountains, possibly because these are precipitous, and the face of a naked and perpendicular rock is conveniently excavated and formed into a sepulchre. Most of the sepulchres in the neighborhood of Jerusalem are on the sides or summits of the hills; yet the valley of Jehoshaphat, a very low ground, contains several tombs which pretend to a high antiquity. It is not probable, however, that the valleys bounding this ancient city were much used for ordinary burial. The pyramids occupy a plain. They skirt the edge of the Lybian desert, close upon the cultivated regions watered and enriched by the Nile. The celebrated ancient Egyptian cemetery, situated near Lake Acherusia, was on low ground. Yet the evidence is conclusive that the high grounds of Egypt were much used for burial.

The primitive Grecians practiced domestic burial, having tombs prepared in their private dwellings. Their heroes and other eminent men were, in after times, buried in their cities. Sometimes the temples of the gods received the remains of very pious and patriotic citizens. Euclides enjoyed this honor, for traveling a thousand stadia in a day to bring hallowed fire from Delphi. At one period it was customary to bury their dead by the highway side, to impress the minds of travelers with a sense of their mortality, and to rouse martial courage in the defenders of a soil, along

whose public roads an enemy could not pass without profaning the sepulchres of their fathers.

The Roman usages were nearly the same. Their public burial places for the patricians were in the Campus Martius, and for plebians without the Esquiline gate. The vestal virgins were buried in the city.

5. In the construction of tombs there has been no uniformity of *figure* or *size*. It seems that in these taste has governed. But it was sometimes a national as well as an individual taste. The Egyptians, for instance, were fond of the pyramid. The foundation of this preference, as stated by Herodotus, is of sufficient interest to be mentioned. They held that the pyramid was emblematic of human life—the ample base representing its origin, and the apex its termination in the grave. The pyramid was also in use among the Greeks and Romans. But the common graves of early Greece were caves dug in the earth—paved in later times, and covered with arches. The Arabians heaped stones upon the grave, after the manner of our American Indians. A single stone for a monument came into use in process of time; and at last this began to be fashioned by the chisel, till it grew into exquisite beauty under the hand of the artist. Among the Mohammedans the graves of eminent men are surmounted by large structures, supported by columns, and arched over head. The Campanian tombs, in which were found the beautiful Grecian or Etruscan vases, are mere inclosures of sabler, roofed with shelving flag-stones. But it were endless to describe the forms which rude or refined taste, an erring superstition, or a wanton invention has impressed on the dwellings of the dead.

6. The burial customs of every age betray the strength of our regard for *patrial, social, and domestic relations*. Turn, for illustration, to the closing scene of the life of Jacob. He had exacted an oath from his son Joseph not to leave him in Egypt, but to convey his body to Canaan, and bury him with his fathers. The oath was not forgotten. And the appeal of the pious patriarch, in his last moments, is full of touching pathos. We seem to see him in the agonies of death, surrounded by his sons, the heads of Israel's tribes, on whom had just descended his last paternal blessing. But on one is fixed his chief regard. It is his Joseph, who bends reverently over him, and listens to catch his dying whisper. Fastening on the juror his beseeching eye, with frequent pauses to recover his fleeting breath, he says, "I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in Machpelah, before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife: there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah." His wife, his kindred, and his country! these, and the hope of mingling his dust with theirs, occupy his dying thoughts. Joseph in turn took an oath of his brethren, as the representatives of their descendants, that his bones should be carried up from Egypt.

Frequent hints in sacred history assure us that the

Hebrews valued above price the privilege of home burial. The Grecians scarcely reckoned burial a blessing, unless its rites were performed by their relatives and they were placed in the sepulchres of their fathers. At any rate they considered foreign burial worse than death. Such is the sentiment in the following epitaph of one who was buried in a distant clime—

"From my dear native land remote I lie;
O, worse than death! the thought is misery!"

The original proprietors of this soil—a thousand tribes diminished and brought low by the consuming vices of white men—have been driven abroad. Taking up their march for the wilderness, what has been the principal theme of their lament? As they turned their faces to the setting sun, they mourned not the loss of their hunting grounds, but their exile from the graves of their fathers. They are savages; but theirs is the voice of humanity—not merely in its barbarous and depraved, but in its purified and polished state.

To this deep and universal affection for country, friends, and kindred, we may probably trace the cemetery, or the practice of gathering the bodies of the dead into places of common burial. This is an ancient usage; for some of the spacious sepulchres of early times were occupied by whole families in their generations, and sometimes by a whole tribe or people. But the first burial ground that we read of, bearing a strict resemblance to the modern cemetery, is that already mentioned in Egypt. Allowing much for fable, it is represented to have been situated on a lake called Acherusia, near Memphis. It was a spacious plain, with a sandy surface, but at a slight depth composed of solid rock. It was surrounded with groves, and intersected by artificial water courses, whose borders were verdant, and enameled with aromatic, flowering shrubs. It was called *Elisout*, or *Elisiens*, signifying rest. From this might have been borrowed the poetic Elysium of Homer and other pagan writers. In its details this description may be fabulous; but it seems that the Egyptians had one or more field cemeteries, somewhat resembling those of later times.

Of modern cemeteries we can say but little. The most noted of Europe is at Paris. Its site is a gentle ascent, facing the city on the northwest. It is very spacious. The beauty of the ground and the splendor of its ornaments are spoken of with great admiration. Intermingled with the choice and trained productions of the soil are monumental columns of every form. Obelisks, pyramids, funeral vases, and choice statuary of incredible variety—some chaste, and suited to the solemnities of the grave, and some, outraging all the principles of taste—seem to crowd these fields of death.

But why dwell longer in "meditations among the tombs!" Death lives not merely in history. An hundred and fifty generations are his victims; but living and coming generations are under doom to the same relentless power. To live is to die. The grave is not full; and all over the earth its fresh monuments of conquest are glittering in the moonlight, and whitening in the sun. We and our children are mortal. This has

urged us from the walks of worldly care, and brought us hither. To prepare our bodies for the grave has cost us years of solicitude and toil. To prepare a grave for our bodies may well employ one fleeting hour. In this work of preparation we should consult human nature, the proprieties of life, and the judgment of Jehovah.

As to human nature, in a most important sense, it is always the same. So far as it depends on innate, or on circumstantial influence, it cannot greatly change. True, it may be molded in its outward features. It is like the thorn whose branches you may bend—whose foliage you may trim to many pleasing forms, but which, under every shape and inclination, remains an unfruitful and an offending tree. When we propose, then, that human nature be consulted, we do not mean that all its dictates should be heeded. Pharaoh and Absalom obeyed its voice when they erected the pillar and the pyramid. It may suggest to us what it prescribed to them—costly monuments to feed our hungry pride; for the unsanctified heart has the ambition of that usurper, who seized his father's throne, and then reared up a pillar to perpetuate his name.

But human nature sanctified demeans itself more meekly. And yet it hath desires. Joseph uttered them when he besought his brethren to carry up his bones from Egypt to Canaan. So did Jacob when he requested his son to swear that he would bury him in the sepulchre of his fathers. So did Abraham when he refused to deposit the remains of Sarah in the tombs of the Hittites, but insisted that Ephron should receive a price, and make Machpelah sure to him. These examples we may innocently copy. Nay, more—it is commendable to secure a spot where, after death, we and our families may repose undisturbed. Abraham was rich; but we have no notice that he purchased any land, except that field. He could feed his flocks upon the commons, or shelter them in the depths of the wilderness, where, for the time, the occupant was owner. But when he would bury his dead, he must *purchase* a grave, and fortify his title by every possible device. To this forecast he owed it, under God, that so many of his sons and grand-sons, with their wives and little ones, scattered in their life-time by treachery and dissension, found burial in the family domain.

In preparing our graves, we should regard the proprieties of life. A stone to tell where we lie, set up by those whose happiness we cherished through successive years of weakness and exposure, is a savory offering of filial gratitude. But simplicity becomes the grave. Soaring pride should not light upon the tomb. It invites a meeker guest. May not humility possess one resting place on earth? O, let her wander hither, and erect her chastened monuments of holy, sweet affection! Let her rear the pyramid on yonder waiting soil, and water the springing willow with her tears. These will impress the millennial generations which shall follow, with respect for their progenitors, and with sentiments adapted to their walks among the tombs. We do not deck the dead with flounces, nor burden them

with jewelry; so let their graves be decent. Gather all around, the rose and cedar and alanthus. These are fitting decorations. Mute as they are, they can discourse to us of departed, pious friends, being lively emblems of their beauty while on earth, of the evergreenness of their immortal graces, and of their paradise of jubilating joy.

To learn our duty in every stage of life, we must listen to Jehovah. To-day, as always, we need his word to guide us. Assembled to set apart a place for the burial of our dead, with what forms must we proceed? The oracle answers not. It prescribes to us no consecrating ritual. Left to our discretion, we would at least be grave. If we err, let it be on the side of sweet simplicity.

This scene is not a pantomime. We have no forms of consecration. Superstition hath her ceremonies, unprescribed by Scripture; but *just devotion* consecrates. To impure or careless hearts, what are forms but rash irreverence? The precept of the Bible bows our knees in prayer; but does it sprinkle holy water on the place of graves?

We are not assembled, then, for the display of mute and inexpressive forms. These heaven does not challenge at our hands. Neither does revelation urge, nor unblind reason sanction them. Such we leave to children, and in them they are rather to be pardoned than approved.

Under the Christian dispensation, consecrating acts are become a deep and inward work. A pure or contrite heart alone can execute them. Whoever wears these priestly robes is qualified to minister. For spiritual sacrifices he is clothed with apostolic power. What then! Though we waive all outward forms, yet contrite hearts and tears will serve us better. Happy those who can afford them; for they are choicer than all unctions—more precious than the burial ointment of our Lord.

But do we fear, lest by craft of man or devil, our bodies come to lodge in unconsecrated ground? It cannot be, unless we desecrate the soil. The grave of every saint is blest. Jesus wrought the work when he lay within the tomb. He is therefore said to have *perfumed* the grave; because as fragrance delights our senses, so through his death and burial the tomb hath pleasant odors. Its prisoners rest in hope. Christ has almost wed the grave to the everlasting throne. He passed from crucifixion to burial, and from burial to heaven. Thus, greatly to our comfort, he has blended in close union, death, the grave, and the glory that shall follow. Go, then, and excavate your tombs. Fill yonder grounds with the victims of disease. Cluster them all along the banks of yonder stream. Make the careless passer along your shaded avenues start and shudder at the thickening monuments which shall soon, with peering ghastliness, look out upon his walks. But when days on earth are ended, and the lamps of night shall no longer shed their beams upon these graves, may we and our children, then sleeping in this dust, ascend like Jesus from the sepulchre to the throne!

Original.

ECONOMY OF CONTENTMENT.

PERHAPS there is no principle in early training so little attended to as the inculcation of contentment, and the correcting and repressing of that vagrant disposition of childhood, which is seeking constantly after novelty and change. And this tendency is so universal, and, as would appear, so difficult to satisfy, that we must suppose the proper remedy has not been often applied, and that *necessity* alone, in cases, has controlled the error, which, perhaps, it were equally within the power of tuition and discipline to effect.

That the subject has not claimed a closer consideration is matter of surprise, whether we view it in regard to the well-being of the child himself, or in relation to its effects upon others—its immunity upon parents, and inmates, and all concerned. Not only is it matter of present importance, but one that extends to a vastly wider field of contingencies in the future, swaying or controlling almost every domestic morality, in the accidents of health, hope, cheerfulness, amiability, scholastic acquirement, prosperity and worldly success, &c., and these again re-producing, by the sense of fair estimation, that amenity which fits and attunes the mind for still higher attainments. Of so vital importance is *temper*—contentment being one of its grand components. It runs its course with life, but in its issues terminates not with it, but happily constrains that *piety* which extends beyond.

But, confining our attention to the branch of our subject first assumed, namely, of "infant training to contentment," let us proceed to examine the feasibility of the experiment. And in doing this, we must take into account all the varieties of character with which we have to do. Some few, no doubt, we find so softly set and so gentle, that we would bide the adage, and "let well alone," lest any alternative were rather mischievous than of reform. To such children, where the *practice* is so good, we may await maturity before it shall be necessary to discuss with them the principles and the "science of contentment."

In almost every household we find two or three or more children associated by age and condition, and awaiting the discipline of parental dictation. And whether they be too much or too little indulged, this unamiable and annoying propensity to discontent is likely to ensue. Where the happy medium is not found, it is much more probable to occur from the former than from the latter cause. The parent, no doubt, is often puzzled and distressed, that he do not, either by concession abet laxity of performance, or by too rigorous demanding overtask the child's ability, and so discourage rather than advance him. In the variety of cases which may require to be managed, no particular rule will apply. The parent, like the wise physician, will not always follow *prescriptive* rule, but, in particular cases, will attend, as it were, the bedside, and by close attention, *watching* the *symptoms* as they arise, await the *clinical practice* with his patient.

But however undecided the parent may be as to the *means* of discipline, the *method* admits of no uncertainty. *Positive* methods are both surest and most easy. The greatest axiom which we gather from the economy of nature is the salutary action of *necessity*; and since we would not choose what to our sense is bale, that which is distasteful to us, the benevolence of Providence hath put beyond our choice. The reaction of our sins, so necessary to our use, is also inevitable; and so we are relieved from the conflict of uncertainty with hope, and acquiesce in the necessity which we cannot countervail. Our aberrations are our own—the righting of them is of God; and happy are those who accept the grace and appropriate the admonition.

Obedience should be a desideratum in parental government. It sometimes happens that the elder members of a family, who are just advancing to the threshold of society, claim the too exclusive attention of their parents over their juniors of the nursery and the school-room. This is a great mistake; for the little people, having yet hardly formed other acquaintances, are almost wholly dependent upon household notices for their enjoyment; and if these are denied or withheld from them, we think they have some cause of discontent. The social spirit, the loving heart of childhood must find companionship. Nature hath provided them with those the most proper to guide their years of innocence and ignorance. These are their parents, their household guardians, their constituted companions and helpers, by the same law of Providence which consigned them to their charge. And the young parents who prefer too often the claims of social life over their home duties, are unfaithful and untrue to this law of nature as to their own offspring, and will probably reap its consequences in an unruly and discontented household, its influences extending, as we have hinted, beyond the present instance or the present hour.

Childhood should abide in *simplicity*; for as children are incompetent to a variety of tastes, so much the more, if indulged in novelty, shall their humors sway and control them. Lead them into a variety of amusements and they are *not suited*—they have a perception of this; and as they know not what *would* please them, they are only excited to discontent and craving for continual novelty and change.

Many adults are in the same predicament; but as their pleasures are of their own choosing, they take to themselves the aristocratic salvo of a "too refined tact," subjecting in all things to find but "*ennui*." This is too true; but it originates not in a delicate but in a vitiated taste. Whilst the simple pleasures of life cloy not, nor fatigue, the very hurry upon the animal spirits is in itself unfitting in the opposite course of dissipation.

But to return to our babies of the nursery. How simple should their pleasures be kept! A walk in the garden—a play with their mates on the green—sometimes a ride—a little visit with their nurse—the talk with their parents—affection and kindness being their greatest excitements—an occasional commendation—

the book, not yet conned, but valued by prescription—the baby-house of simple expense, with its little ménages, its inventions, its mimic proprieties, and its industry—the Sabbath day privilege of church going with the grown family, the white frock and the best hat or cap, and the demure and staid step, the subdued laugh, the forbidden jest, with admission to the parlor on their return, &c., shall mark to them for ever the distinction of the Sabbath over other days, and serve for ever to hallow and guard its decencies from profanation. And not to one day alone do we speak; for all these little nothings, these earliest and well remembered pleasures, embodied in practice, and continued by habit, shall shape the baby's character, and widening with his growth, and spreading themselves forth into the future, shall form the leadings and the tastes of life. But let us wait on him still; for our baby is already grown much stronger, and slipping away from his dependence on his nurse, he pauses and puts on a little sulk. He cannot tell his ail, but we know that he is *discontented*. He experiences a want, a craving and a *real* want; but the relief supplied is artificial, factitious, and unsuited. The child, like the man, wants an object and a *purpose*; but he is put off with an amusement or a *toy*. The toy should be his recreation, not his *employment*!

Industry is more intimated to us—it is recommended equally by its process and its results. It is the grand lever, and goes to the furtherance of the world. Also is it indicated by the physical structure of man, and is commended to him with best beneficence. And if it find not its agent in humanity, it *will* avenge itself, and querulousness and discontent shall ensue upon the delinquent. Our baby being a unit in this great plan, has as much right to be discontented as another. Industry, then, must be obeyed; and there are proofs that you can hardly begin with this discipline too soon. Witness how much more happy is the child gathering berries, or *picking chips*, than he is surrounded by piles of toys, or see him even amidst his little companions, though full of sport and glee, yet changing his play every three minutes for another. Or mark with what self-importance his brother, the youngest on foot, conveys a message to a servant, or runs into the next room for mamma's handkerchief.

It may be remarked that the children of the poor are seldom beset with this restless, unsatisfied hankering after change, which we have noticed. Their few simple pleasures, recurring again and again, are never tasteless; for these children are pretty soon put upon some performances of *duty*; and in these the little actors receive much more benefit than they *render*—the character is assured and strengthened by it. Observe with what mixture of fondness and self-complacency the eldest girl nurses her younger sister, and how alert is the step of the little boy, helping his mother with her parcels from the grocer!

Action, then, with a *purpose*, is the answer to our close questioning of discontent in the infant bosom—the former supplying physical, the latter mental en-

largement. Keep the child upon some sufficient performances, and we guard him for the present, innocent as he is, from his besetting tormentor—the demon of sloth. Full happy we are in our conviction, that this enemy is *without*, and not *within* himself. Discontent, we believe, is rather a habit superinduced by indulgence than a vice of constitution. You reply that if discontent is not inherent, or the essential sin of nature, yet that the sin of nature adopts it. Yes, as readily as “the sparks fly upward;” but 'tis the necessity of perversion, and against this we would guard; for we “fight not as beating the air.”

Too great variety, as we have hinted, should not be presented to the child's choice. Latitude in any sort is mischievous to children. Nor need we fear contracting or narrowing the character, for the whole tendency is to excess. Restriction is salutary in more than one view, at the same time that it forbids excursions, which is unfriendly to contentment. It also constrains a more fixed attention upon the subjects submitted to its choice, and tends to correct the dissipation of mind ever attendant upon too great indulgence of novelty.

We think children should be considered and allowed for—should be gratified and often indulged, but not to their hurt. *Humoring* a child absurdly has exactly an opposite effect to that intended, if gratification is the motive; for nature hath forbidden any gratification to the unquiet shiftings of caprice.

Another cause of discontent should be guarded against. A child should be early instructed to indulge no hopes opposed to probability. If he can be assured that he cannot obtain an object, he will cease to regard it. When *necessity*, the most positive of all laws, constrains a subject, it is put at rest, and a corresponding certainty is established in the mind—the conflict of desiring and of doubt is over, and the resignation is complete. But would you “so sadden our child's temper, so indurate his spirit!”—the sternness of philosophy suits not with infant years,” say you. But the buoyancy of nature is not so easily subdued; and if it were, the gentle mood is better than the discontented. There are many objects in life. Our child is of more than one affection. We intend him to have too much character to succumb to the first adversity. When we demand a sacrifice of him, we deny that he is either saddened or indurated; for arousing the sensibility has the effect both to elevate and to soften character; and the attempt at magnanimity is the best relief which the case admits of. It is true, we must not put the child upon a code of ethics—the ponderous tome suits not his baby hand. But we can and will put him upon the *practice*; and if we keep him steady and regular in his easy course, when he is grown he shall never need open the book, for why should he?

We have forbidden him his false hopes; but this is no cruelty. Deprivation, in common cases, at least at the instant, is more easily submitted to than the disappointment which accompanies it. And now is your opportunity. The child is denied a boon which he vehemently desires—he is earnest and sufficiently made

up from childish levity to understand you—his mood is strong enough for you to ingraft upon it any sentiment of kindred tone with effect. And he can be better consoled with somewhat of equal greatness, than, by a simple denial, he can bear the subsiding into indifference or the flatness of disappointment. Observe, whilst you talk to him, (unless he is a spoiled child,) that you have arrested his grief, and he attends earnestly to you; and now especially offer him some sympathy, but without coaxing, and make your proposal. Give him a motive and ground it in his own character, and *self-love* shall assist you to commend and point its use.

For deprivation supply hope; but leave it not vague and at large. Identify it with character, with definite attainments and performances, and turn the mind, running to waste in the vagrant course of external things, in *upon itself*; and whilst it contemplates the duty; hope supplies action to the energy, which, without a purpose, had drived into humorsomeness and discontent. The child of greatest character will be least satisfied with idleness, although the same, if not attended to, will be found foremost in the pursuit of novelty and amusement.

We believe that early character may be redeemed and fashioned and trained to almost whatsoever we would; but it is the untiring patience and assiduity of the *mother* that can do it. The child that is taught by methods of application and industry, by obedience and piety, to hope in *himself*, will become a strong character. And we believe that a *juvenile good sense* may be instilled and established to the incalculable advantage of coming years.

We have led our boy on from infancy to childhood, and approaching even to another stage. *Youth*, with its "thick-coming fancies," and its host of passions, shall be better coped with than if no restraint and no discipline had preceded it. As we pass on in life, we often perceive that the wayward fickleness of our own nature disturbs and hinders us more than would a constrained acquiescence in what is distasteful to us.

Could we unravel the causes and consequences, we should see that a youth of hardship is not the most to be deplored. In reading the biography of the eminent and the effective, it will strike those conversant with that branch of illustration—how *large is the proportion* of such who have arisen from obscure parentage! Whilst the difference (in the ratio) is acknowledged, of poor men's sons who have attained to station over those of rich parents and delicate breeding, the superior attainment of the former is often imputed to a scanty outset in business, demanding a better economy of *money* than does the other; but it is in reality a much wider principle, of broader basis, grounded in the shapings of character that has effected the difference. The hard and scanty condition of their childhood, with deprivation and *endurance*, was the proper training and nurture of greatness—the simple joys, the undisturbed mind, the imposed duty, the disciplined spirit, braced to a hardihood commensurate to almost any circum-

stances of life. It were a startling assertion to say that a parent "abuses his child," and an offense to call him short-sighted; but can he not perceive that for one present improper indulgence, the character and the future well-being is drawn upon with the usurious, the gripping avidity of the miser? Does not violated and jealous virtue assert and right herself in her whole course? Go with her and you are safe—the line is *one*. Diverge, and the distance lost is, in proportion to itself, *two*—the return is as long and much more difficult than was the aberration.

We could fancy a scale, a tree of life, where, abiding in the right, every succeeding year should have its appropriate duty, its additional acquirement; but once quit the course, and there is either a backset or an entire lapse of the space lost in regaining it. To take our idea out of the demonstration, we know, morally, that any departure from propriety produces a coarseness of sentiment that renders the return both difficult and distasteful. And what shall compensate our wounded self-love? Without self-respect none are happy; and with it few are miserable.

Some parents would seem to take as much delight in the *pride* as in the affection with which they view their children. We do not discuss whether this is ever a proper sentiment; but often, when we see the sturdy boy of six or eight years, who has been too tenderly guarded in his inability and cowardliness, we would think him any thing but an object of pride. Instead of having been, at every little emergency, put upon the heroic, and in the exercise of self-defense, he was allowed to cling, with "endearing dependence," to mamma's apron-string. If the events of life shall call for heroism, how defenseless and unprepared will he be! Meanwhile, our child of precarious and unprovided resources, shall grow stronger and stronger, bearing cheerfully his portion of life; for we would think our philosophy but half-advised, if he did not bear *well* the inconveniences which he may be said rather to *sustain* than to *suffer*. We would have him modest, too, whilst he exhibits that promptitude, cleverness, and efficiency, compared with which the rich man's son, poor boy, if cheated out of his birth-right, petted, humored, and enfeebled, shall appear but as a driveler or a dolt.

We are aware that where so much self-dependence is insisted on, there is danger of arrogance and conceit; but we have provided that the religious education of our protégé be commensurate with the moral training, indeed, that they are inseparable, the one being grounded in the other. Neither could the parent, by all of her dictation, expect "to build up" her child, her little immortal, without a resource beyond herself; and both would know that their strength was *derived*—not a *property*, but only a *means*—and that its ultimate is God.

MENTORIA.

It is impossible for any rational creature to be happy, without acting all for God. God himself cannot make him happy in any other way.—*Brainard*.

Original.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN BRAZIL.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

Location of S. Paulo—Taipa houses—Parlor arrangements—Public buildings—Botanical garden—Festival of St. Paul's conversion—Preaching—Procession—Excursion to Jaraguá.

I now pass to notice the appearance and condition of S. Paulo. The city is situated between two small streams, upon an elevation of ground, the surface of which is very uneven. Its streets are narrow, and not laid out with regard to system or general regularity. They have narrow side-walks, and are paved with a ferruginous conglomerate closely resembling old red sand-stone, but differing from that formation, by containing larger fragments of quartz, thus approaching breccia.

Some of the buildings are constructed of this stone; but the material more generally used in the construction of houses, is the common soil, which being slightly moistened can be laid up in a very solid wall. The method is to dig down several feet, as would be done for the foundation of a stone house; then to commence filling in with the moistened earth, which is beaten as hard as possible. As the wall rises above ground a frame of boards or planks is made to keep it in the proper dimensions, which curbing is moved upward as fast as may be necessary, until the whole is completed. These walls are generally very thick, especially in large buildings. They are capable of receiving a handsome finish within and without, and are generally covered by projecting roofs, which preserve them from the effect of rains. Although this is a reasonable precaution, yet such walls have been known to stand more than a hundred years without the least protection. Under the influence of the sun they become indurated, and, like one massive brick, impervious to water, while the absence of frost promotes their stability.

The houses within the city are generally two stories high, and constructed with balconies, sometimes with and sometimes without lattices. These balconies are the favorite resorts of both gentlemen and ladies in the coolness of the morning and evening, and also when processions and other objects of interest are passing through the streets.

The houses in Brazil, whether constructed of earth or stone, are generally coated outside with plastering, and white-washed. Their whiteness contrasts admirably with the red tiling of their roof; and one of its principal recommendations is the ease with which it can be re-applied in case of having become dull or soiled. In S. Paulo the prevailing color is varied in a few instances with that of a straw yellow, and a light pink. On the whole, there appeared a great degree of neatness and cheerfulness in the external aspect of the houses in S. Paulo.

While upon this topic I may introduce a remark respecting the internal arrangement of dwellings, which is equally applicable to other portions of the empire.

There is a considerable variety in their general plan; but almost all are so constructed as to surround an area, or open space within, which is especially useful in furnishing air to the sleeping apartments, and is rendered the more indispensable by the custom of barring and bolting, with heavy inside shutters, all the windows that connect with the street. In cities, the lower stories are seldom occupied by the family, but sometimes with a shop, and sometimes with the carriage-house or stable. The more common apartments above are the parlor and dining-room, between which, almost invariably, are alcoves designed for bed-rooms. The furniture of the parlor varies in costliness according to the degree of style maintained; but what you may always expect to find, is a cane-bottomed sofa at one extremity, and three or four chairs arranged in precise parallel rows, extending from each end of it towards the middle of the room. In company, the ladies are expected to occupy the sofa, and gentlemen the chairs.

The suburbs and vicinity of S. Paulo are remarkably pleasant, abounding in beautiful residences and gardens. The town is a rendezvous for the entire province. Many of the more wealthy planters have houses in the city, spending only a portion of time on their estates, and here being on hand to direct respecting the sale and disposal of their produce, as it passes down the serra to market.

In one of the pleasantest locations near the city, about a mile distant, is the botanical garden, established about ten years ago. It is laid out in very good taste, with curvilinear and shaded walks, and a tank of pure water. Its dimensions are ample, and with proper attention it might be made a most charming resort. At present, however, it is rather neglected from a scarcity of funds in the Provincial Treasury. In its neighborhood are several fine residences; and from the elevation on which it is located one may enjoy an excellent view of the town.

The day subsequent to my arrival at S. Paulo being Sabbath, I visited several of the churches, of which there are twelve in the place, including the convent chapels. The See of the Bishopric, or Cathedral, was very large, and in it some twenty ecclesiastics were chanting high mass. A considerable number of persons were present, chiefly women. I observed two men intently engaged in conversation, alternately standing and kneeling. In another church, much smaller, about as many persons were in attendance, and I remarked as much apparent solemnity as in any similar service I witnessed in Brazil.

On the 25th of January was celebrated the religious festival of the conversion of St. Paul, the tutelary guardian of the town and province. I had several days previous read an Edital from the Bishop, prescribing an order of exercises in commemoration of that "glorious and wonderful event." The principal items were mass, preaching, a public procession, and the kissing of relics. Accordingly, at mid-day I repaired to the Cathedral, to listen to the sermon, which was delivered by one of the canons. It was simply a historic eulogy

upon the life and character of St. Paul, not particularly distinguished for elegance of diction, or energetic delivery. The speaker, as usual in the Brazilian pulpit, recited his discourse memoriter. In some instances, I have witnessed a most impassioned delivery, but on the present occasion the good canon must have been sadly pushed for want of time to commit, or else have been afflicted with a treacherous memory; at least he required a second person to stand near him with the manuscript in his hand. A curtain had been placed before the last named gentleman, to shield him from the vulgar gaze; but as his services came into requisition, more light was needed—the curtain was thrown aside—the prompter stood forth in all the importance of his office.

The style of construction in this, as well as the Brazilian churches generally, has no reference to the convenience of a speaker or his auditory. The pulpit is upon one side, the rear of the church being invariably devoted to the chief altar. There are no seats, save the earth, wood or marble floor, which may be severally found, according to the sumptuousness of the edifice. The floor is sometimes strewn with leaves, sometimes covered with clean boards, and in a few cases I have seen temporary seats carried in. On the present occasion, the large area within the railing that protected the side altars was filled with females closely seated *à la Turque*; and having become thus arranged, in attention to the mass which was celebrated in front of them, they were unable to face the speaker, although he took care to place himself on the right side of them.

The appearance of this portion of the assembly was truly imposing; nearly all the females being covered with their dark and graceful mantillas, serving at once as hat and scarf. My Parisian friends were peculiarly impressed with this part of the scene, and were not a little disposed to murmur when subsequently they discerned, under the folds of the mantillas, so large a proportion of colored faces. As good Catholics they felt bound to remonstrate, that a considerable share of the music performed as sacred during the solemnities, was known in France as licentious and profane; but even this was not laid to heart like their disappointment respecting the complexion of the ladies. It should be here remarked, that the Paulistanas are not rivalled in respect to beauty or accomplishments by their sex in any portion of the empire, while the purity and illustrious character of their descent is a common boast. But it is not in a promiscuous assembly like that referred to, where a fair representation of the above qualities can be expected. Moreover, elegance of dress is by no means an index of condition or character in Brazil. The lower classes exhaust the avails of their industry in holiday ornaments, and mistresses take pride in adorning their slaves. In certain instances the gold and jewelry purchased to shine in the drawing-room, are seen glittering in the streets, in curious contrast with the ebony skin of domestics, who are the humble, though temporary representatives of the wealth of the family.

At 5 o'clock, P. M., the procession issued from the Cathedral, and marched through the principal streets under the heavy chiming of bells. The whole town was on the alert to witness the expected parade, and every window and veranda was thronged with eager spectators; while from the mansions of the wealthy, curtains of damask were suspended in honor of the passers by. Two brotherhoods, the first colored, the second white, composed the train; each individual bearing a lighted wax candle of sufficient length to serve for a staff, and having upon his shoulder a white, red, or yellow scarf, (capa,) indicating the order to which he belonged.

The images were much fewer in number than ordinarily. There were only three; the first designed to represent the Virgin Mary with her infant; the second, St. Peter and his keys; the third, St. Paul. In rear of the last walked the bishop, sustained on either hand by aged priests, who, next to the prelate, were clad in the richest ornaments of their sacristy. Smoking incense preceded this venerable diocesan, already bowed down with the weight of years. Gold and diamonds sparkled on his mitre, and a silken canopy was borne along over his head; while he held before his face a small crucifix containing the host, to which he appeared devoutly praying. The procession was closed by a band of martial music, and about a hundred apologies for soldiers, in the uniform of National Guards.

Among the excursions we made in the vicinity of S. Paulo, not the least interesting was that to the ancient gold mines of Jaragua. These are situated about three leagues distant, at the foot of a mountain, from which the locality is named, and which can be plainly seen from the city in a northwesterly direction. These mines, or washings of gold, were the first discovered in Brazil. They were very productive in the early part of the 17th century, and the large amount of the precious metal sent from thence to Europe secured for the region the name of a second Peru; while it promoted exploration in the interior, and ultimately resulted in the discovery of the various localities of gold in Minas Geraes. They have long since ceased to be regularly wrought, and are now the private property of a widow lady, being situated upon a plantation embracing not less than a league square of territory.

Senhora Donna Gertrudes was not only proprietress of this immense Fazenda, but also of six others of nearly equal value; two of which were situated still nearer the city, and all stocked with the requisite proportion of slaves, horses, mules, &c. She resided in one of the most splendid establishments of the city; and being distinguished for a disposition to contribute to the entertainment of visitors to the province, had favored our company with a kind invitation to spend a little time at the Fazenda de Jaragua, whither she would temporarily remove her household. Mules were provided for the expected guests, but having the offer of a horse from another friend, and being detained from going with the company on the evening appointed, I made my appearance by means of an early ride the following morning, in ample time for breakfast. That

repast was enjoyed by about twenty persons, seated on benches, at a long table, permanently fixed in the dining-room. It was a matter of peculiar pride to the Donna, that every thing partaken at her table was the produce of her own soil: the tea, the coffee, the sugar, the milk, the rice, the fruits and vegetables, the meats, and, in fact, every thing except what she overlooked—the wheaten flour, the wines, and the salt, which latter had made the voyage of the Atlantic.

Knowing my fondness for rural adventure, Mons. G. had proposed to me an especial distinction—the privilege of accompanying him and his botanical assistant to the summit of the Jaragua mountain, which stood frowning above our head. Soon after breakfast we were under march, accompanied by a guide, a Portuguese lad, and several blacks. The route was altogether unfrequented, and, in fact, had to be sought out in a winding course over a high hill, by which we approached the rear of the mountain, the only part where ascent was possible. Several hours were spent in cutting and trampling our way through dense jungle and high weeds. Long before we began the ascent proper, my companions came to the conclusion that it would be much better for them to botanize below, rather than persevere in such exploits. No persuasion could induce them to go forward; but abandoning the enterprise to me they turned back, and as they afterward informed me, missing their way, lost nearly all the time it took me to accomplish the ascent. Several motives induced me to go on; retaining in my company the guide, the bearer of my port-folio, and the Portuguese boy. We soon found the walking more expeditious, although the ascent was exceedingly steep, and the surface rocky. Fearful stories had been told me about the rattle-snakes and other serpents, that would render the excursion perilous, but I encountered none of them. Here and there we found a resting-place, and at length placed our feet upon the very summit of the peak.

The rock was granitic, approaching to gneiss; but from long exposure to the atmosphere, its exterior was so much decayed as to resemble decrepitated limestone. It was chiefly overgrown with a species of thin grass, in the midst of which I found several rare and interesting plants. Precisely in the centre of the small area upon the summit, was an excavation several feet deep. This I inferred to have been an essay of the ancient gold hunters in search of treasure; although I was subsequently informed of a tradition, stating it to be a burial place of the aboriginal inhabitants, who sought out the highest eminences as places of repose for their dead.

On reaching this elevation my attendants set up a deafening shout, making at the same time a demand on me for handkerchiefs to wave to the dwellers below, as a signal of triumph. The peak of Jaragua is the highest in the whole region, being the southern extremity of the serra do Mantiqueira. It is called the barometer of S. Paulo; for when its summit is clear the weather is uniformly good, but when its head is capped with clouds, then all look out for storms. Moreover, it is the land-mark of the traveler, by which, from any

direction, he judges of his relative position, and of his remoteness from the city.

The prospect here enjoyed was varied and beautiful beyond description, repaying a hundred fold the toil of ascent. At no great distance in the rear were several lavradas, or gold washings, which having been extensively wrought in former times, left the soil broken and naked. In the opposite direction lay the capital of the province spread out upon the declivity, originally denominated the plain of Piritininga. The localities of Campinas, Itu, Sorocaba, Santo Amaro, and Mogi das Cruzes, were discernible. The general aspect of the country bore some resemblance to scenes I had beheld in the northern hemisphere; and, owing to my distance from any distinguishing object, save a few plants on the neighboring precipices, I might, for once in Brazil, have easily imagined the scene a part of our own United States. Such associations at such a time make an impression not soon to be forgotten. I had now wandered to the farther extremity of the torrid zone; and from the Equator downward, could scarcely gaze upon an object calculated to remind me, otherwise than by contrast, of the land of my nativity. But here my proximity to the temperate regions of the south, and still more my momentary abstraction, from contact with things as they were below me, called up in vivid recollection the days and scenes of other years. But the illusion had soon to be broken by the necessity of hastening down the mountain. Another look showed me the vast circle of vision skirted with mountain ridges disappearing in the blue distance, while the intervening surface undulated between every variety of hill and valley. Here and there could be observed the angular encroachments of the cultivator upon the forests—the richness and romance of the whole view being greatly augmented by the winding courses and occasionally glittering waters of the Tieté and the River of Pines.



EARTHLY JOYS.

I TWIN'D me a wreath of the rosiest flowers
The morning could boast in the cool shady bowers,
When the dew-drop was clear in the brocket's blue eye,
And the bright leaves were wooing the summer winds' sigh.

I sought them again at the close of the day,
In the morn where I left them, all shining and gay,
But I found that the violet had droop'd its fair head,
That the bloom of the rose and the lily was fled.

Yet sweet as the breath of their flourishing hours,
A perfume was wafted around from the flowers,
Though each gem of the garden was wither'd and dead,
Yet e'en from their dry leaves a fragrance was shed.

And, methought, it was thus to the desolate heart,
That virtue a fragrance and balm can impart;
Life's sunniest hours, tho' laughing and gay,
Must be ended—but virtue can never decay.

W. P. SPARKS.

SANCTIFICATION.

Extract from President Mahan's sermon on "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

THE attention of the reader is invited to a consideration of the following propositions:

I. *To all who love God, a knowledge of the "only living and true God, and of Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent, is eternal life."*

II. *The conditions on which Christ will impart this knowledge and consequent blessedness to us.*

I. To all who love God the possession of this knowledge will be eternal life. In other words, it will induce a state of blessedness as great as the capacities of the subject will permit, and endless in duration.

1. It transforms the whole moral character into a perfect resemblance to that of Christ. The infinite and perfect blessedness of God results from the conscious possession of infinite and perfect holiness. Just so far as the believer enters into a conscious possession of a character like that of God as revealed in the plan of redemption, so far, to the extent of his capacities, he possesses the pure and perfect blessedness which God himself enjoys. Now the possession of the knowledge here referred to, results in the full and conscious possession of such a character. "We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Let Christ lift the veil, Christian, and show you his glory, as he is able and willing to do by his Spirit, and you would be like him. Your whole moral character would be transformed into his likeness. The natural result would be, that his "joy would be fulfilled in you." The blessedness which he enjoys would be yours to the full extent of your capacities. And this would be "life eternal." This would be the life eternal which God enjoys, and which the pure spirits around his throne possess.

2. Such knowledge of God, such apprehensions of the infinite glory and love of Christ, induce the continued exercise of that perfect love which is the consummation of blessedness. The highest happiness of which we are susceptible arises from the strong and continued exercise of the benevolent affections. Any object that can call forth these affections and induce their strong and continued exercise, will render us in the highest degree blessed. Now there is but one object in existence that is capable of doing this. It is a "revelation of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Let the Spirit of God "take of the things of Christ and show them to the believer;" let him impart to him a full and distinct apprehension of his glory—let the Most High "cause all his goodness to pass before him"—and the result is, that the "fountains of the great deep" of feeling and affection in the soul "are broken up." The tide of love rolls on with a power perpetually increasing. The heart's purest, strongest, and best affections for ever roll around one blissful centre. This "perfect love casteth out fear," and in the

continued flow of the benevolent affections, the blessedness of the soul can be measured only by the extent of its capacities. Christian, "this is life eternal."

3. Those deep and tender emotions which a fixed contemplation of the glory of God as it "shines in the face of Jesus Christ" excites, render the blessedness of the soul as great as its capacities permit. The emotions excited by a continued contemplation of objects beautiful, grand, or sublime, are of the most happy nature which the mind experiences. Men will cross the ocean, they will circle the earth, to enjoy those deep and expanding emotions, which a perception and contemplation of the sublime scenery of nature awakens. Men have often expended fortunes to secure the enjoyment of the emotions awakened by a contemplation of the sublime objects of the different continents. But the emotions of delight awakened by the contemplation of finite objects, however beautiful, grand, or sublime, in themselves, when compared to those awakened by the contemplation of the infinite, such as the infinite and boundless love and glory of God, are almost as finite to infinite. Take one or two examples in illustration.

Mr. Tennent had occasion to take a journey which would occupy a whole day. Before he started, he entered his closet and besought the Lord to "manifest himself to him" on the way. As he mounted his horse the veil was lifted, and he "beheld with open face the glory of the Lord." He had those full and distinct apprehensions of the love and glory of God, which filled the whole sphere of moral and intellectual vision. In these divine contemplations, his mind was occupied during the entire day in a state of such entire fixedness, that he was wholly insensible to all things else around him. At length his horse stopped at the place of his destination, without the exertion of any conscious direction on the part of the rider. So wrapped was he in the visions of the divine glory, that it required much effort on the part of the people in the house to recall him to a consciousness of the scenes around him.

Now I suppose, that during that day, the emotions awakened by such contemplations rendered the mind of that man of God as blessed as his capacities permitted. Nor could his powers long have endured such a crushing weight of glory. Take another example.

A man of God, of a similar spirit to Tennent, on retiring, one morning, to his place of private devotion gave directions to a domestic to call him down at the expiration of three hours, as he was then to receive a visit from some friends. At the specified time, the domestic found him in such fixed contemplations of the divine glory that he returned without disturbing him. At the end of three hours more he returned and found his master in the same state as before. So perfectly absorbed was his whole mind in those visions of "the breadth, and depth, and length, and height, of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," as to render him wholly unconscious of the presence of any other object. Again, he retired, and after three hours, returned

once more, and found the man of God in the same fixed contemplations as formerly. God was "causing all his goodness to pass before him." On being then aroused, his first inquiry was, whether it were possible, that the time had come for the arrival of his friends? He had been so fixed with those spiritual apprehensions as to be entirely unconscious of the lapse of time.

Many persons, such as Mrs. Edwards, and Dr. Payson, near the close of life, have had similar manifestations of the divine love and glory. Now while the soul is borne upward and onward in the tide of emotion awakened by such contemplations, nothing but an increase of capacity can render its happiness greater. And as a revelation to the mind, of the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," is adapted to hold all the powers of our being in a state of perpetual fixedness, in which the tide of blissful emotion shall rise and swell for ever, with constantly accumulating power, how true the declaration of our Savior is—"this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." It is not to be expected, that Christians shall, at all times, and under all circumstances, have these overwhelming visions of the divine glory. Our present capacities do not permit it. But, Christian, we would impress this truth deeply upon your mind, that it is your privilege, as well as your duty, to have those perpetual apprehensions of the divine glory which shall render your blessedness, at all times and under all circumstances full. Let Christ once lift the veil and show you his glory, and the deep emotions of love and delight which would swell your bosom, would render the "life eternal" referred to in the text, a blessed reality in your experience. Christian, Christ is able and willing, yea, infinitely desirous, to do this for you. If you will "seek him with all your heart," he will thus be found of you. He will "bring you out of darkness into God's marvelous light." "God himself shall walk in you and dwell in you," and with "open face, you shall behold, as in a glass, his glory." And thus, "the sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God, thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

4. The fact that the knowledge under consideration must be eternal life, may be shown also by a reference to the relations which the individual thus knowing God, recognizes as existing between him and God. Let us suppose, that while an individual has a full and distinct apprehension of the infinite perfections and glory of God, such as the Spirit only can impart, he becomes perfectly conscious that every attribute of Divinity stands pledged to secure and advance his eternal blessedness, that throughout eternity, God is to employ the resources of his own infinity to render him in the highest degree holy and happy; let him also become as fully sensible of the fact, that in consequence of the

relations existing between him and God, he is brought into such relations to the arrangements of universal providence, that not an event will ever transpire throughout the universe, which will not "work together for his good," in short, that "all things are his," whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come: all are his; and he is Christ's; and Christ is God's." To know God with the consciousness of sustaining such relations to him as these, this surely must be life eternal.

II. The conditions on which Christ will communicate this knowledge, and consequent blessedness to us.

1. We must set our heart supremely upon its attainment. "My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; yea, every good path." "Then shall ye seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." The great mass of professing Christians walk on in darkness without finding God, simply because they never set their hearts upon finding him. A friend of mine, speaking of a certain sister in Christ, said, that sister knows what it is to have fellowship with God, and I doubt not you will find her prepared to sympathize with you in reference to your views of the infinite and boundless love of Christ. Years ago she received such apprehensions of the great mysteries of redemption, as few obtain in this life. She became fully sensible, he said, that it was her privilege to know God as she never had known him, and to enjoy him as she never had enjoyed him. She then fixed her whole heart upon attaining this state. She besought the Lord night and day, "with strong crying and tears," to manifest himself unto her, by "showing her his glory." As she came from her closet one Sabbath morning to accompany her family to church, an accident occurred, which she saw would occasion a delay of two or three minutes. She felt that that interval was too precious to be lost. She hastened to her closet and spent the time in the most fervent prayer, that God would manifest himself to her soul. As she entered the house of God, he did manifest himself to her, to such an extent, that her mind was almost overpowered with the weight of glory and blessedness that pressed upon her. Since that, while I knew her, she seemed to be continually sitting at the feet of Christ, with a full realization, in her own experience, of the truth of the declaration, "this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." Those who thus seek God find him, and none others do find him.

Think of the African alluded to in a former number of the Evangelist, who, as Mr. Buck, in his religious anecdotes, informs us, crossed the ocean to hear about

"the Christian's God that paid the debt." In his own country he became sensible of his condition as a sinner. At the same time the thick and impenetrable gloom of despair settled down upon his mind, because he was in total darkness in respect to the way of pardon and eternal life. In this state he was accustomed to sit under the shade of a particular tree, and weep aloud in view of his lost and hopeless condition. A wicked sailor who heard his cries one day told him to "go to England, and there hear about the Christian's God that paid the debt." Without a moment's delay, he sought the nearest port, and took the first ship he could find, that was bound for London. On the voyage, he continually besought the sailors and all on board to tell a poor negro about "the Christian's God that paid the debt." But none could unfold the mystery. On his arrival at London, he passed up and down the streets beseeching the multitude that passed, to "tell a poor negro about the Christian's God that paid the debt." Some gave him money, others heaped abuse upon him; but none pointed him to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." At length he gave it up in despair, and as the shades of evening came on, he sat down on one of the public greens, and began to utter the same mournful cries that he had been wont to utter amid the deep moral midnight of his native land. His cries attracted the notice of an evangelical clergyman who was on his way to a public lecture. "Do," he cried, as the man of God inquired the cause of his grief, "do tell a poor negro about the Christian's God that paid the debt." "Go with me," said the minister, "and I will tell you." He took the inquirer into the church, and gave a history of the plan of redemption, representing sin as the debt, and Christ, by his incarnation and atonement, as paying the debt. "I have found it," cried the African, as the mystery was unfolded to him. As the minister came down from the pulpit, after the congregation had retired, he found the stranger entirely unconscious of visible objects, so perfectly absorbed was his whole soul in the mystery of mysteries which had dawned upon his mental vision. He had sought the Lord "with all his heart," and was "found of him," and now his cup was full.

Now, reader, if you do not know God in such a sense, that your blessedness in him is also full, you are as really in darkness, and as utterly dependent upon divine teaching for the light of life, as that African was. If you will seek God as he sought him, "he will be found of you," too. If you do not thus seek him, you will never see the light. You will wander on in darkness, without "knowing at what you stumble." If you continue to walk in darkness, without "seeking God with all your heart," when you know that you may enjoy his marvelous light, what else can you expect, but that the darkness around you shall thicken into the gloom of eternal midnight? Reader, will you "seek the Lord with all your heart," until "he is found of you?"

2. If you would attain this knowledge, Christian,

set your heart supremely upon the *object* for which Christ imparts it to you. If Christ should give you to "behold as with open face, the glory of the Lord," it would be that you might be "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord," in other words, that you might be free from sin, and rendered pure and holy, like God. Would you above all things prize this state together with the blessedness that results from its possession? If so, you may seek the Lord with the assurance, that you will find him, and that in finding him, you will find eternal life.

3. You must seek this knowledge with the most perfect assurance, that its possession will in fact be "life eternal." Do you believe, that if Christ should admit you as it were into the holy of holies of his sacred presence, and permit you to behold with unveiled face, the glory of the Lord, your blessedness would be full? Can you seek such a knowledge as such a good? If so, be assured, that in seeking you will find him, and that in finding him, your joy will be "unspeakable and full of glory."

4. Seek this knowledge with the profoundest humility and teachableness. A philosopher of Germany became sensible of his condition as a sinner, and set himself to study the Bible for the purpose of understanding the way of life, there revealed. But impenetrable darkness hung over the sacred page. At length he requested a poor peasant, whom he knew as a very ignorant, but highly spiritual man, to sit down with him and teach him the way of life as revealed in the Bible. Thus humble and teachable must you become, if you would find God. Is this, reader, the spirit which you breathe? Are you ready to be taught and led by any one, even a child, or a beggar, if he can only lead you to Christ?

5. Seek the counsel, and secure an interest in the prayers of those who have the most full and rich experience of that knowledge of the "only living and true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent," the possession of which is "life eternal." Lay open to them your whole heart, and having received their counsel, engage them to "bow the knee unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that you might be filled with all the fullness of God." Brother, take this course, while you also yourself seek the Lord with all your heart, and he will do for you "exceeding abundantly above all that you ask or think."

6. Seek this knowledge, in devout dependence upon the teachings of the Holy Spirit. Seek and expect his teachings with a humble confession of your darkness and ignorance, in the most prayerful study of the Bi-

ble, and attendance upon all the means of grace. If you will do this, rest assured, that you will find God. He will "bring you out of darkness into his own marvelous light," and you will have a blissful experience of the truth of the words of Christ, "this is life eternal, to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." And now, Christian, do you want eternal life enough to seek it with all your heart? Will you now enter into a solemn covenant with your own soul, that you will never rest, until you have a full and rich experience of that knowledge of God, which is eternal life? Say, will you?

Original.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY S. G. ARNOLD.

IN the early part of the fifteenth century, that vigorous and able monarch, Henry V, of England, having conquered the greater part of France, and married Catharine, daughter of Charles VI, was received at Paris as the future master of that kingdom. Death, however, cut short his schemes of ambition. But as his infant son, by Catharine, was heir to both kingdoms, he left his brother, the Duke of Bedford, regent of France during the minority of the prince, with directions that he should prosecute the war. Charles VI, of France, died about two months after, leaving what remained of his distracted kingdom to his son, Charles VII, a prince of no great capacity, but who possessed many amiable qualities. He was gay, profigate, and generous; sincere, affable, and condescending. His followers, therefore, seem to have been attached to his person and cause, though they had no great confidence in his abilities.

At this time, Rheims, the usual place of the coronal ceremonies, was in the hands of the English, and hence Charles had been crowned at Poitiers, in a remote part of the kingdom—a circumstance which was by no means agreeable to his people. Bedford, in the mean time, prosecuted his conquests with vigor; and having reduced almost every fortress on the north side of the Loire, and defeated the French at Verneuil, he next laid siege to Orleans, an important post, still in the hands of Charles, and the key to the whole country which acknowledged his authority.

The French king saw the necessity of resolutely maintaining this fortress, and threw into it all the strength that he could command. But Bedford, with his powerful resources, pushed the siege with so much vigor, that the King gave over the city for lost, and seriously meditated retiring, with what forces he could collect, into Languedoc and Dauphiny, and maintaining himself as long as possible in these distant provinces. On breaking the matter to his queen, however, and to his fair friend, the beautiful Agnes Soreille, they dissuaded him from his purpose, and induced him to make another effort for the salvation of his kingdom.

Charles was at Chinon, a village distant only a few miles from Orleans, surrounded with what remained of his gay court, and endeavoring to collect his scattered resources for his last hopeless struggle, when, on the 24th of February, 1429, an attendant announced that a maiden of extraordinary appearance and pretensions waited an interview.

"Is she a mendicant?" quoth the King.

"Nay, sire, but a maiden of comely face, of fair proportions and gentle manners, though she bears herself somewhat loftily."

"Is she alone?" again inquired the King.

"She comes," replied the nobleman in waiting, "with a few acquaintances, and hath made her way through the enemy's posts, from Lorraine, one hundred and fifty leagues. She hath, beside, a word of commendation from Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, and declines to declare her mission to any but the King."

"The proud huzzy!" mused Charles, his curiosity evidently excited to the utmost: "we must humble these arrogant pretensions of our fair subjects. Inform her that we are employed on business of state, and cannot give her audience."

The attendant knew the humor of his master, and proceeded: "Nay, your majesty must not treat her so rudely. She is the beautiful Joan d' Arc, the propheticess who communes with saints and angels, and comes to your majesty with a message from heaven."

"Ha!" exclaimed the King, starting from his seat, "bid her enter! We will hear her heavenly tidings."

In another moment the maiden stood before the King; and if he had felt aught of carelessness or levity at her novel pretensions, the feeling was soon dispelled. She was not decked in the ordinary adornings of her sex, but was clad in an armor of linked mail, from which the helmet was alone removed, disclosing a face of extraordinary beauty, glowing with health, and beaming with inspiration. She was apparently about nineteen years of age—her dark locks hung carelessly around her steel-clad shoulders—her eye was large and soft, and fell at once upon the manly proportions of the King; and as she advanced without hesitation or fear, or even the usual bow to recognize the royal presence, she seemed, to the astonished monarch, like a being from another world. For some moments no word was uttered. The maiden at length broke silence.

"I come," said she, "not in the strength of steel, or of mere earthly wisdom, but mailed in the panoply of righteousness and truth. My credentials are from heaven—my commission from the Lord God omnipotent. The arm of a woman, though in itself as feeble as the trembling reed, is, in the strength of Jehovah, mighty to deliver, and strong to save. Know, then, thou anointed of the Lord, that if thou wilt trust thine armies to my guidance, and wilt follow the counsel of the poor and friendless Joan, she will assuredly raise the siege of Orleans, and thence conduct thee to Rheims, to be crowned like thy fathers, and acknowledged by this whole nation King of France."

The monarch, astonished beyond measure by the appearance, the boldness, and the apparent sincerity of the girl, and probably half inclined to credit her celestial mission, listened to her whole story with the most respectful attention. He afterwards convoked an assembly of learned divines, who, on a full examination, indorsed her sacred pretensions, and declared that she had been raised up to deliver the French nation from her foreign invaders; and with this sanction, the King and court, soldiers and people, gave themselves up to this strange infatuation.

The pretensions of the fair Joan, having been thus recognized by the court, and her services accepted, she was furnished with a new and splendid suit of armor, mounted on a white steed, and having been provided with a particular sword, which she had desired, from the church of St. Catharine, she presented herself before the army bearing in her hand a banner of snowy whiteness, and was hailed with enthusiastic acclamations as the chosen deliverer of her country.

The fair Maid of Orleans, as she was afterwards called, was now in the full blush of her youth and beauty.* She was the daughter of a peasant, without advantages or education; but having served as a menial at a public tavern, and, unlike the majority of her sex, fond of active sports and manly exercises, she had acquired a skillful use of the rein, and managed her noble steed with a grace and dexterity which seemed altogether incompatible with her sex and years. She had imbibed a strong passion for sacred things in her youth, and was often found wandering in the forest, where she retired to commune in secret with her own spirit, and where, according to her own statement, she held communion with the archangel Michael, the angel Gabriel, St. Catharine, and St. Margaret. She was, doubtless, a full believer in the divine character of her mission, and hence undertook it with confidence, and conducted it with spirit.

Having thus inspired all classes with the certainty of her success, she seized upon the moment of enthusiasm, and placing herself at the head of a convoy of troops, bearing provisions to the famished garrison, she dashed forward to the beleaguered city. But rapid as were her movements, the strange story of her life had gone before her, and in an age of superstition had produced its natural effects. The English who at first affected to speak in derision of Joan's heavenly commission, were really confounded, if not terrified, by the strong persuasion which everywhere prevailed of its truth, and thus half vanquished by their own fears, were the more ready to give way before her impetuous charge.

She entered the city with a pomp becoming her assumed character. Before her was borne the standard of the King, and around her were the nobles whose enthusiasm she had most inspired; but her own person, as she gracefully sat on her noble war horse, and held

aloft her consecrated banner, continued to be the chief attraction for every eye. She was received as a celestial deliverer by the governor and his half famished people, and a rapid succession of brilliant exploits, approaching the character of miracle, followed. Nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the gallant maid and her enthusiastic troops, who, in following her standard, were infatuated with the belief that they were aided by the invincible might of Heaven. She completely overcame the English in several desperate attacks, and on the 8th of May they raised the siege, and retired in terror and confusion.

Thus was fulfilled one part of her strange promise—the remainder was comparatively easy. The people now flocked to her standard from every quarter, and she pressed the monarch to follow her immediately to Rheims. This city was in a distant part of the country, was in the hand of the enemy, and the road to it garrisoned by strong bodies of British troops. To undertake a journey thither would, therefore, a few weeks before, have appeared like madness. But as things had now turned, the King did not hesitate, but prepared to follow his adventurous leader. He accordingly set out at the head of twelve thousand men, and met the enemy at Patay, where the army, still under the command of the Maid of Orleans, won a decided victory. Two thousand five hundred of the English were left dead on the field, and twelve hundred taken prisoners, among whom was the English commander, the brave and able Talbot. From this time town after town opened their gates to the invincible and warlike maiden; and the King, as he progressed, scarcely perceived that he was passing through an enemy's country, till, on the 16th of July, about two months after her success at Orleans, and nearly five months after her first appearance before Charles, at Chinon, she planted her standard on the battlements of Rheims.

The following day was devoted to festivity and joy. A vast assemblage of people was convened—the bells were rung—banners floated in the air on every side—triumphal arches were reared, and long processions swept through the streets, accompanied by strains of martial music, and bursts of enthusiastic rapture. In these joyous exhibitions the Maid of Orleans bore a conspicuous part. She is represented as having managed her milk-white steed with even more than her accustomed grace and to have borne herself with a dignity suited to the important place she occupied in the eyes of the people. By her direction the King was conducted with great pomp and circumstance to the Cathedral, where the coronation of a long line of his predecessors had been celebrated, and there crowned in all due form, with the solemn ceremonies of the church, and anointed with holy oil, brought, according to one author, by a pigeon from heaven to Clovis, the first King of France.

"Having now," says one of our authorities, "fulfilled her mission, she petitioned her royal master for liberty to leave his court, and return to the quiet and obscurity of her native village, and her former condition.

* Our authorities differ as to her age. One account represents her as born in 1401, another in 1410, and a third in 1412.

Charles' entreaties and commands unfortunately prevailed upon her to forego this resolution. Honors were lavishly bestowed upon her—a medal was struck in celebration of her achievements, and letters of nobility were granted to herself and every member of her family. Many gallant and successful exploits illustrate her subsequent history; but these we cannot stop to enumerate. Her end was lamentable, indelibly disgraceful to England, and scarcely less so to France.

"On the 24th of May, 1430, while heroically fighting against the army of the Duke of Burgundy, under the walls of Compeigne, she was shamefully shut out from the city which she was defending, through the contrivance of the governor; and being left alone, was, after performing prodigies of valor, compelled to surrender to the enemy. John, of Luxemburg, into whose hands she fell, sometime after sold her for a sum of ten thousand livres to the Duke of Bedford. She was then brought to Rouen and tried on an accusation of sorcery. The contrivances which were resorted to in order to procure evidence of her guilt, exhibit a course of proceedings as cruel and infamous as any recorded in the annals of judicial iniquity; and on the 30th of May, 1431, she was sentenced to be burnt at the stake.

"During all this time no attempt had been made by the ungrateful and worthless prince, whom she had restored to a throne, to effect her liberation. In the midst of her calamities, the feminine softness of her nature resumed its sway, and she pleaded hard that she might be allowed to live. But her protestations and entreaties were alike in vain. On the following day the horrid sentence was carried into execution in the market place of Rouen, and the poor, unhappy victim died courageously and nobly as she had lived, a martyr to her delusions."

INDIAN ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.

THE following account of the general deluge, was taken from the mouth of the chief Faquir, at the supposed tomb of Noah, in the vicinity of the ancient city of Oude, in the province of Hindostan, Dec. 14, 1797.

The translator observes, that the fidelity of the translation may be depended upon, except in one or two instances, where a regard to delicacy compelled his departure from the exact letter: in one of them, where he has borrowed his expression from the heathen mythology, he is conscious that he has subjected himself to critical animadversion; but for this inaccuracy, his motive will, he trusts, form a sufficient apology.

"In the days of Noah, men were become so wicked, as totally to neglect the worship of the true God—when an almond shell fell from heaven, accompanied with a voice, directing Noah to form an ark after its shape, the length of which should be 11,000 yards; this model, Noah carried to four workmen, a worker in iron, a hewer, fashioner, and carrier of wood, and desired them to make the ark; they gave him in answer, that on no other terms than his giving them his daughter, on the completion of the job, would they undertake it.

"On this, Noah addressed the Supreme Being, and was enjoined to close with their proposal, and rest satisfied; which he instantly obeyed. When the ark was finished, they called on Noah to fulfill his part of the agreement, when he again called upon God, petitioning for his direction, and was ordered to procure the young of the four following animals, one of each kind, a female, and make them fast in the four corners of the ark; a dog, a cat, an ass, and a monkey, and in the centre of them to seat his daughter on the book of the word of God, and that in the course of one night the four animals should be changed into form, feature, and in all respects the exact resemblance of his daughter.

"These metamorphoses having taken place accordingly, Noah presented them instead of his daughter, to the builders of the vessel. By some untoward circumstance or other, however, these deluded workmen began to be suspicious, and accusing Noah of witchcraft, went in a body, and by way of revenge, in a manner too vile to be named, defiled the goodly work of their hands.

"Noah again had recourse to divine assistance, which causing a pestilential wind to blow, all who had been instrumental in the beastly deed, were instantly afflicted, some with blindness, others with deafness, others with lameness; in short, among them were liberally dispensed all the ills of the famed box of Pandora.

"At length, a leper, but not of those so punished for defiling the ark, accidentally fell into the midst of the gulf, when (wonderful to relate) he came out again perfectly cured of every symptom of his loathsome disease. The consequence of this was, that every diseased person to whose knowledge this surprising system of cure of bodily ills had come, thronged to the polluted ark; so that in a short time not only all the filth was cleanly licked up, but even the beams and planks were scraped, to the loss of three or four inches of their original substance; their labor was not lost, one and all were healed.

"Noah then heard the voice from heaven, crying, 'Behold now the ark is purified, assemble forthwith, of all the animals which I have made, of each kind one pair, and shut them up in the ark; choose also of men the most upright which the world affords, forty of each sex, and with them and thy wives and thy children ascend the ark; for I will send water upon the earth, and every living thing thereon shall perish.'

"As the voice predicted, so it fell out—the water rose first from an old woman's oven, which, with that from above, lasting in all six months, destroyed every living creature upon the earth, except one old woman, who believing in God, had begged of Noah to take her also into his boat; but in the hurry he it seems forgot and left her, but not to destruction; for the Almighty loving her for her faith, placed her upon an aggregation of foam caused by the gurgitation of the water, and defending by his power, saved her from the universal wreck.

"The ark landed first at Carbelah, from whence Noah floated on a part of it to this place, about 6,500 years ago.

"The tomb is 17 yards in length."—*Imperial Magazine*.

ADDRESS

OF A PASTOR AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, KENNESVILLE, SEBEK CO., N. Y.

"And her children arise up and call her blessed," Proverbs xxxi, 29.

IN this chapter the portrait of female perfection is penciled by a master-hand. Solomon here sketched the outline of an ensample, addressing itself to the heart and taste of all-inviting imitation. He describes "the wife," and gives a single touch, that we may look upon her as a mother to the children of her husband. It is but a word; yet brief as his language is, it implies volumes. No additional language can strengthen or give greater force to it. "Her children arise up and call her blessed." To say this, is to say the most that words can express of the virtues of a mother. That cluster of graces that throws a sacredness around the memory of one that nurtured us, is more to be envied than the crown of Victoria. For it is a token that she has faithfully discharged her duty in her appropriate sphere.

In setting the "solitary in families," God appointed the mother to the most arduous and responsible station: and in faithfully fulfilling the charge, she is the centre from which radiates all that renders home the loved spot of earth. While she lives, she gladdens many hearts; and when she is gone, blessed is her memory. She is followed to the tomb by the saddest procession of mourners. Yes, when she carefully walks in the paths of her allotment, "her husband praiseth her, and her children arise up and call her blessed."

What panegyric more noble than that? far better than to say of her that she sat upon thrones and ruled nations.

But, I address myself to the mother. Most present are happy in being addressed by this significant title—are rejoicing that God's providence has called them to discharge the duties of the relation, however unqualified in their own estimation, for the station. Notwithstanding the consciousness of incompetency a mother may desire to rear her offspring in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; still she too often feels pride as well as fondness when she looks upon her children—when she meets so many eyes turned to her for protection, and comfort, and counsel, in all the unwavering confidence of childhood; and if she be a Christian mother, the burden of her daily prayer is for wisdom and discretion in the duties of her sphere. To give just occasion for her children to rise up and call her blessed, is the praiseworthy object of her toil, her study, her self-denial, and her prayers.

What is it that attaches *blessedness* to the memory and name of mother? There is much. Every thing conspires to make a mother dear to those she has nurtured and trained. Maternal fondness ever manifesting itself—caresses, and those thousand kindnesses that none but a mother knows how to evince—these together entwine a strong chord, binding the whole family to its maternal head; and this whether the love and ten-

derness she feels is exercised with prudence or not. It may be the same if manifested by overweening, culpable indulgence.

But simple maternal fondness is not all that attaches a *blessedness* to the name of mother—that *blessedness* of which Solomon speaks. It is a small part of a mother's duty simply to love her children, or to excite in their hearts simple filial affection. Much else has she to do to make her name and memory truly blessed. Neither is that common protection which maternal love instinctively extends to the child—to feed and clothe, and supply its physical wants, to cherish when well, to nurse when sick—this is not all; although this is sufficient to enstamp a mother's image indelibly upon the heart, yet it is not her whole duty. These things ought she to do, but not leave the others undone.

Again. I ask, what is the duty to which a mother should devote her energies, that her name may be blessed?

I. It is to prepare her child, by careful training in early life, for the trials, the cares, hardships, realities of subequent life. Childhood is a period of probation, not only for eternity, but for after years of earthly existence; and such is the relation that childhood holds to maturer life, that not only the usefulness and the respectability of manhood eminently depends upon early culture and discipline, but personal happiness and content depends much upon the molding of the dispositions, inclinations and prejudices, by a mother's hand.

We are all destined to live in a world of wants, where the laws of the land or of common life can guaranty no provision for our necessities but what results from daily industry. We must live by the "sweat of the brow." Liable to a thousand daily accidents, the time hastens on when fathers and mothers molder in the dust; the paternal roof crumbles, or strangers come in to occupy—patrimony is scattered and gone. And how many leave no legacy but their memory; and those now helpless in childhood, ignorant of want or toil, will be called to meet face to face with the harsh realities of life wholly unprepared. The mother's hand may prepare the child for any event or contingency of this kind; and on the other hand, her remissness or ill-directed tenderness may throw them in contact with strangers and the world, as the petted nestling meets the winter's blast.

A mother's duty is to train her child for real life—to prepare it for reality, without subjecting it to certain disappointment. If rightly instructed, and subjected to proper discipline—to self-denial—to hardships adapted to its years—and taught what is to be encountered in future life; then will children grow up to manhood—to woman's estate, and as they traverse this world of cares "they will call their mothers blessed."

How many have I seen made to themselves miserable, and unpleasant to all around, solely on account of neglect in childhood, chargeable to a mother's overweening, culpable fondness. It is the greatest unkindness to a child to neglect in this respect its early culture.

With this as preliminary, I present the following

points of attention, and leave them for you to expand, and carry them out in their application to the subject:

In training children as probationers for temporal existence,

1. Exercise over the child absolute authority, and the power of absolute restraint. It was not without reason that Jeremiah said, "It is well for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

2. Inculcate the virtue of self-restraint.

3. Accustom a child to labor and privation adapted to its years.

4. Suppress pride, and all the various passions. The earthly curse of thousands is a pride fostered by a mother's hands in childhood.

5. Excite a laudable ambition for usefulness and independence.

If a mother desire to throw a blessedness around her memory, let her,

II. Train her children as probationers for the world which is to come.

This the ultimate end in view, when God commits precious souls to a mother's charge. For this he clothes a mother with influence unbounded, and creates the child docile and tender. But here I need not dwell, for these thoughts have been made familiar to you all by frequent repetition.

The father is the protector. He tills the land, fights the battles, and gives himself up to the rougher concerns of life; while the mother sits at the cradle, rules in the nursery: and upon her it especially devolves to prepare the little son to take its father's place—to rear the daughters to fill the place vacated by a mother's death—to prepare the next generation to enter upon the stage when this shall have been swept away and forgotten. When this is faithfully done, then shall each generation rise up and call the mothers of the past BLESSED.

But as the Christian instructor, the mother acts for eternity. She preaches the Gospel where even an apostle cannot enter. When faithful here, saints in glory, redeemed by her prayers and her instructions, "shall rise up and call her blessed."—*Mother's Magazine*.



Original.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

—
BY MISS DE FOREST.
—

CONNECTICUT! thy rolling shore
Is fading fast away,
And thou shalt greet my sight no more,
For many a weary day.
The glistening waves are dashing high,
Our gallant boat beside,
But calm and pure the azure sky,
And softly on we glide.

Connecticut! thy name hath power
To call my thoughts all home,

When in an over anxious hour,

They o'er the future roam;
Then forth steps busy memory,
From dreamy past upspringing,
And visions light of days gone by
She evermore is bringing.

The voices of the friends I loved
Are ringing in my ear—
The faithful ones whom time has proved,
In seeming now are near;
The hills around my youthful home
Upon my fancy seize;
But tones of woe and wailing come,
Borne on the fitful breeze.

Pale death hath taken one by one,
And time a change hath wrought,
Till those who wept, must weep alone,
And those who smiled, smile not:
The lonely grave hath claimed a boon
From many a sorrowing one;
And such will joy to know that soon
Their work on earth is done.

Connecticut! one long farewell
Unto thy sunny shore;
But soon above where angels dwell,
Thy lost ones part no more:
As thy fair hills are fading fast,
A brighter land appears;
So may it be with us at last,
Beyond this vale of tears.



THE STRUGGLE.

Mock not with proffered sympathy
Such agony as this;
Seek not to soothe with love's kind words,
Affection's tear or kiss:
Thou might'st assuage a common grief—
A lighter sorrow share;
But, O! such bitterness of heart
One, only one must bear;
'Twere almost bliss to grieve, and feel
That love might bear a part;
Alas, such bliss ne'er mingles with
Such bitterness of heart!
Then leave, O leave the stricken heart
To agony and tears—
To sorrow o'er its baffled hopes,
And battle with its fears:
For such a heart *earth hath* no balm—
For such it hath no cure—
Leave it to wonder at the past,
To live, and yet endure!
Leave it! perchance it yet may turn,
When every tie is riven,
And hap'ly find repose at last
In faith, and hope, and heaven!

M. R. K.

Original.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

BY E. THOMSON.

SEATED last Sabbath in the altar of a crowded church, and sympathizing with a large assembly which was rather impatiently waiting for the arrival of a distinguished preacher, my attention was suddenly attracted by a gentleman who advanced slowly up the aisle. Time had whitened his temples, care had ploughed his cheek, and affliction had evidently opened the fountain of his tears, and spread over his countenance that softened expression on which the eye of the musing soul loves to rest. He bore in his arms an infant wrapped with unusual care. Throwing one covering after another over his arm, he at length disclosed the treasure so carefully concealed. It was a babe of extraordinary beauty. Its brow was of marble whiteness, its cheek of rosy hue, and its sparkling eye of almost unearthly lustre. How *beautiful*, thought I, is the human form! This is an abode worthy a new made angel—this is a temple fitted for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. How *innocent* the human infant! No unholy thought has disturbed this intellect—no unworthy purpose has agitated this bosom—no transgression has polluted this character; and though “engendered of the offspring of Adam,” yet, thanks be to Jesus Christ, the “free gift” descends upon it, and, if translated to heaven, it could share the bliss, and swell the song of the upper sanctuary. Were the Savior in this temple, doubtless he would take it in his arms and bless it, saying, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” How *dignified* is the human infant! Here is but a little particle of perishing dust, yet who can tell what destinies it may wield. Within its bosom there slumber passions, whose outbursting may convulse the nations. Beneath its skull there lies an intellect that may illuminate the world, comprehend the universe, adore its Author, inscribe its name in eternal histories, and shine in everlasting and progressive glory among the highest order of the heavenly hierarchy. No wonder that it has an angel, who beholds the face of its Father in heaven continually. And can we, on earth, behold it with indifference? Blessed creature, thought I, I will pray for thee, that thou mayst be guided by a Divine hand through this world of sorrow to the realms above. How *helpless* the human infant! All other creatures have some ability for defense or escape, some judgment in relation to nourishment and danger; but man, the lord of the lower world, comes into existence entirely dependent upon the ministry of others.

I perceived that this child had been clad with unusual care—its unstained garments were as snow—its head-dress evinced a taste and care quite remarkable—exhibiting a striking contrast with the coarse and careless garments of the father. Alas! here is the father, and there is the babe, but where is the mother? The scarf of the old gentleman answered the question.

He had recently come up from the chambers of death, where he had deposited the mother of his child. As he turned his eye to the seat where the dear departed used to listen to the Gospel, a tear issued, unbidden, from its spring, and his countenance seemed to say, O, Mary, Mary, would to God I had died for thee! But what kind bosom receives this motherless babe, and what soft hand wipes away its tears? These inquiries were readily answered. A blooming maiden, clad in deep mourning, followed the old pilgrim's footsteps. She was no sooner seated than she received the lovely infant to her arms, and bending, as if to escape observation, pressed it to her lips; and then her eye gazed intently upon its playful features, and her soul grew enraptured by its smiles. Though deeply interested with the discourse which followed, I could not forbear, occasionally, to survey the countenances of that lovely and interesting group. Never did mother's countenance more vividly represent maternal tenderness, nor helpless infancy more clearly portray filial dependence, contentment, and affection. I had often seen the triumphs of a sister's love—I had often witnessed and experienced a mother's unfailing, intense attachment, but never before had I beheld the blended influences of a sister's and a mother's love. What, thought I, will be the affection of this pair, should Providence spare them until the infant ripens into manhood.

The sermon being ended, the candidates for baptism were invited to come forward. The first who stepped within the altar was the aged patriarch, bearing his infant boy, and followed by his lovely daughter, who, instead of the mother, stood at the baptismal font. I involuntarily recurred to the mountain of Moriah, and thought of Abraham offering his son Isaac, and then my imagination advanced a little, and painted the sister of Moses watching her brother in the bulrushes; but the real exceeded the beauty of the imaginary picture.

I had seen woman, lovely woman, at the hour of danger, and on the day of trial—I had witnessed her at the cradle of her first-born, in the chamber of the sick, and by the pillow of the dying—I had attended her as she followed the departed partner of her bosom to “the house appointed for all the living;” yet never did I behold her in a more interesting attitude than on that day.

He that has never suffered extreme adversity knows not the full extent of his own depravation; and he that has never enjoyed the summit of prosperity, is equally ignorant how far the iniquity of others can go. For our adversity will excite temptations in ourselves, our prosperity in others. Sir Robert Walpole observed, it was fortunate that few men could be prime ministers, because it was fortunate that few men could know the abandoned profligacy of the human mind. Therefore a beautiful woman, if poor, should use a double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt others, her poverty herself.

Original.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT is often inculcated upon us, and never more frequently than when we are suffering under the pressure of accumulated evils. That we should submit to the consequences of our own ill course of imprudence, indiscretion or impatience, is but proper, as to the thing itself. That we should resign ourselves to inevitable evils, and most of all, that we should acquiesce in the decisions of Providence, is claimed at our hands both as an act of piety, and of common sense.

Perhaps we may do all this, and yet not be *essentially contented*. That we are placid and resigned under annoying, nay, distressing circumstances; that we neither cherish nor indulge the thick-gathering humors of bile or of passion; that we make no resolve against our own self-possession, is, perhaps, as much as can immediately and at once be expected from the victim of disappointment and chagrin. And it is only those who have never suffered, or never suffered alike, the accumulated evils that follow in the train of adversity, who will urge the hard condition upon us.

What is contentment? It is the satisfaction of our nature in her own proper enjoyments. And what is our nature? Firstly, most immediately and imperatively, it is the claimings of physical existence—of food and raiment and habitation, and so much of ease as exonerates us from continual, and fatiguing and disagreeable employments: these, as superadded to the common gifts of health, sanity of mind, capacity of advancement, &c. Next come the cravings of the moral sense, including the social, (which, indeed, is a half mixed principle of the former classification,) with friendship and fair appreciation as manifested by acts; and participation in all proprieties of intercourse, the interchanges of regard and beneficence, as also the equal dealing of business, and of the eligible and the expedient, without let or hindrance. Even leaving out the refinements of taste, which nevertheless do either thrill with delight, or grate harshly upon those chords near and about our hearts, with yet some more extended influence upon our mental perceptions also; either aggravating our sense of evil, or else inducing and affording a larger harmony of contentment. And the yet full demanding of an intellectuality, which at every accession of light, gives us substantially and vitally, a keener perception of whatever destitution exists within and about us.

Under circumstances of disaster, the accumulated evils of our manifold being throbbing in our nerves, beating in our hearts, and glancing its lightning rays athwart our mind, pointed as it is by the index of a self-love inwoven with all; it shall not seem surprising to any one, or of any one, competent to entertain the whole idea, that with the light of truth in our bosom, upon these conditions only, that we disdain to name our suffering and our philosophy, by the blessed name of contentment. A name which is of regeneration—a name which, in its advent of peace, has no other sponsor than that of Jesus Christ the holy—the mediator

betwixt us and our God—who alone is able to “hide us away in the day of his wrath,” and can cause all the griefs of “this present evil life,” to seem to us as if “they were not.” C. M. B.

Original.

MRS. JUDGE M'LEAN.

MRS. M'LEAN was born in South Carolina. Her father, Dr. Edwards, and also her mother, were natives of Virginia. While she was quite young her parents removed to Kentucky, and settled in Scott county. They were both members of the Baptist Church. Dr. Edwards, having a delicate constitution and being in feeble health, lived only a few years after this removal. After the lapse of some years his widow was married to Dr. Stubbs, an Englishman, of somewhat eccentric habits, but of great learning. He had been regularly ordained as an Episcopal clergyman, in England; but after his migration to America he was principally engaged in teaching the languages, astronomy, and the various branches of the mathematica. Under his direction Miss Edwards acquired an accurate knowledge of the English language, and of some other branches of education.

Mr. Stubbs removed from Scott to Boon county, and thence to Campbell, in the neighborhood of Newport. It was there, in 1803, that Miss Edwards became acquainted with Mr. M'Lean, her future husband. He studied the languages under Mr. Stubbs. At this time they were both young, he being eighteen and she seventeen years of age; but an attachment was formed which continued through life.

In March, 1807, they were married, and shortly afterwards fixed their residence in Lebanon, Ohio. Mr. M'Lean the succeeding fall commenced the practice of the law, and had no other reliance for the support of his family. At that time a more rigid economy was observed than at the present day, without any restriction on social enjoyments.

A few years after their marriage, through the instrumentality of that excellent and pious minister of God, the Rev. John Collins, they were brought to think seriously of religion. And they agreed with each other to seek for it earnestly and perseveringly, in the way recommended. This was no hasty decision produced by momentary excitement. It was formed most deliberately, after many conversations on the subject. Some weeks after this determination, in the fall of 1810, at the house of Mr. Anderson, in Lebanon, an invitation being given, by Mr. Collins, after sermon, they approached him together and joined the Methodist Church. On the same day another couple and several other persons joined. From this time a revival in Lebanon commenced, which increased the Church in that place, from a small class, to one of the most respectable societies in number and character in the state.

The days of this revival have long since passed, and many of its subjects have gone to their final account. Very few of them are now to be found in Lebanon.

But those of them who still live, can never fail to retain the most lively impressions of this memorable period. The members of the Church saw eye to eye, and were truly as a band of brothers. Those who were not of the Church took knowledge, that the members of it had been with Jesus. Great numbers attended on the preaching of the word, and many remained to pray. More excitement may have been often witnessed, in a revival, but such was the spirit of love and of faith, of joy and of triumph, that no one could attend the religious exercises of the society without receiving the most solemn impressions. Mrs. M'Lean engaged most heartily in the cause of religion and of the Church. From the first, under no circumstances was she ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; and it was not long before she was enabled to say, from her own experience, "it is the power of God unto salvation."

She was not enthusiastic in her feelings, but her susceptibilities were acute, and there was an unsurpassed depth of sincerity and firmness of purpose in her soul. At the time she became a member of the Church, almost all her associates were irreligious, and many of them entertained strong prejudices against the Methodists. But this had no weight with her on so momentous a subject. She deliberately counted the cost, and having taken the first step, she cheerfully and joyfully bore the cross. In the religious intercourse of her new friends she found a sweetness and consolation, which the world could not give, and to which she had before been a stranger.

The public duties of her husband, first as a member of Congress, and then as a judge of the Supreme Court of the state, left her nearly half the time alone with her little family, to which she was much devoted. But her religious associations cheered her solitude, and made her happy. At length in the spring of 1823, her husband having received an appointment at Washington, that city became her place of residence. Here a new and an interesting scene opened to her view. She was thrown amongst strangers, and connected with the highest political circles. And among those most distinguished, there were very few who had the form of religion, much less its power. They were generally gay, fashionable, and intelligent. Their entertainments were frequent and brilliant; and her position required that she should attend, and, to some extent, reciprocate them. The ambition and aptitude of her nature soon placed her at ease in these associations, and she conciliated the good will and respect of all with whom she had intercourse. Her acquaintance thus formed, during a six years' residence at Washington, embraced the most distinguished persons of both sexes in every state of the Union, and all the ministers, their ladies and legations from foreign courts, resident at that city.

But she did not give her heart to these things. They were submitted to from a sense of duty, and this would not admit of her falling behind the courtesies of others; but in the bosom of the Church she found her chief enjoyments. These were cherished with a sacredness which nothing was permitted to violate. And in all

her intercourse, she never compromised the dignity and circumspection which belonged to a professor of religion. In the spring of 1829, her husband having been appointed to the supreme bench of the Union, removed his family to Cincinnati. Mrs. M'Lean left, at Washington, a numerous circle of warm friends, and, it is believed, not an enemy. The only pain which resulted from this change was the separation from her eldest and third daughters. They were both married; the former remained at Washington, and the latter in Philadelphia. But this pain was mitigated by the consideration that she should spend her winters at Washington, with her husband, at her daughter's; and pay an annual visit to her daughter in Philadelphia.

In December, 1829, the first stroke of death was felt in her beloved family. Being of a delicate form and constitution, she had experienced, in her own person, much affliction, which she uniformly bore with uncommon fortitude and resignation. But her children had generally been healthy, though not robust. Her youngest son, near nine years old, contracted a severe cold, which fell upon the brain, and which the skill of physicians could not remove. He died after an illness of little more than a week. The hearts of his parents were bound up in this boy. He was exceedingly promising and amiable, and their hopes were fixed upon him. The hope of meeting him in heaven, after his death, was the only consolation left to them. Mrs. M'Lean in this, as in every other trial, showed a firmness in her nature and a confidence in God which could not be shaken. Like David, the child being dead, she restrained her sorrow and submitted with a calm resignation to the afflictive dispensation.

In the course of a few years the health of Mrs. Weed, her eldest daughter, of Washington City, became very precarious. In a short time her disease assumed a pulmonary character, and her physicians advised travel as the best means to protract her life and afford any hope of improving her health. With this view Mrs. M'Lean remained with her, and spent the spring and summer in travel, and at the Red Sulphur Springs of Virginia. These means may have prolonged the life of Mrs. Weed for some months; but as the cold weather of the fall and winter approached, she became worse, and died late in December.

Through all her sickness, night and day, Mrs. M'Lean was with her, administering to the comforts of the body and the instruction of the soul. The body sunk under the pressure of disease, but the soul triumphed. While dying, Mrs. Weed retained the full vigor of her mind, and was perfectly calm and collected. She sent remembrances of love to her friends, and consoled her distracted husband: "Why," said she to him, "do you mourn at my loss? I am happy. I shall soon be in heaven. If you could feel as I now feel, you would not fear death. O seek religion!" Her last hours were thus employed.

This heavy affliction was borne by Mrs. M'Lean, as she had borne the loss of her youngest son. The destroyer had taken her first and last child. He had

broken the family circle, and left a vacuum which neither time nor circumstances could fill.

After the death of Mrs. Weed, Mrs. M'Lean's journeys to Washington were discontinued. The delicacy of her health and the unavoidable exposures in crossing the mountains, in the winter, rendered this necessary.

In the course of a few years her third daughter, Mrs. Richards, having removed from Philadelphia to New York, became ill, and was threatened with the same disease of which her sister died. In hopes of arresting the progress of the disease, she sailed in the fall to the West Indies, and spent the winter at Santa Cruz. Her health was greatly benefited by this voyage and residence; but on her return the vessel encountered, in the bay of New York, a storm which continued several days, from which she contracted a severe cold. This brought on a relapse of the disease, with increased violence. Hearing of her return and illness, her parents, in great haste, visited her. They found her wasting by disease, but cheerful and resigned. After the lapse of some days, the public duties of Judge M'Lean required him to return to the west, but Mrs. M'Lean remained.

The disease continued to advance, and in the course of a few months, Mrs. Richards became its victim. She died as her sister had died, in great peace and triumph. She left a most interesting little daughter about two years of age, which she consigned to the care of its grand-mother. A sudden indisposition of this child, and the entreaties of its bereaved father, induced Mrs. M'Lean to return to the west without it. Mr. Richards engaged to bring her to the west in a short time. But this child was destined to be, indeed, a child of affliction. She was the most beautiful and fascinating little creature that the writer ever beheld. She was as delicate as the flower that grows in the shade. In a short time after the death of her mother, she was seized with a disease of the spine, which for many months prostrated her, and from which she never recovered.

About a year after the death of his wife, Mr. Richards ruptured a blood vessel; and so great were the discharges of blood that his system gave way, and in a few weeks he was numbered with the dead. His afflicted little daughter, as soon as she was able to travel, with a careful and affectionate nurse, was brought to the arms of her grand-mother. For a year or more this beloved child seemed to acquire strength; but the ravages of the disease continued, and greatly injured the beautiful symmetry of her form.

In the fall of 1840, Mrs. Hayward, the fourth daughter of Mrs. M'Lean, and who resided at Boston, was suddenly attacked by a disease which proved fatal in some eight or ten days. In May preceding, this daughter, having spent a year with her parents in the west, left them for home in good health and spirits. This blow was the more distressing as it was so unexpected. The last words of Mrs. Hayward were, "I leave all suddenly, but I shall be happy."

Thus four of the beloved children of Mrs. M'Lean were cut down in the morning of life, whilst the future

was blooming with hope. It is thus that sorrows come when joys are anticipated. How wisely is the future covered from our view. Could we see events in time to come as in time past, we should have little or no relish for life. Our social enjoyments would be marred, by the certainty of an approaching separation. The beauties of nature and the gayeties of life would be shrouded in the gloom of death.

The lovely and afflicted little grand-daughter entwined herself closely around the heart of Mrs. M'Lean. Her disease rendered respiration difficult, so that her life was a continued struggle for existence. But her sufferings and her most endearing qualities, took hold of the deepest affections of the soul. Her extraordinary precocity and beauty of countenance, excited the admiration of all who saw her. But she, too, was destined to fall by the hand of the spoiler. Ere the bud had unfolded its beauties, it fell into decay.

In the summer of 1841, whilst Judge M'Lean was absent on his circuit, this beloved child took the measles, which in a short time proved fatal.

During the winter of 1841, Mrs. M'Lean had a severe cough, and was greatly reduced. Indeed, for some years before, during the cold weather, she had had a cough which was attended with more or less debility. Still she was not depressed under her sufferings. And although her frame was slight, yet in her nature there was so much buoyancy and firmness, that some of her friends persuaded themselves she would be spared many years. But those who knew her best and loved her most, saw with the deepest anxiety and apprehension that her system was sinking. Of this she was fully sensible. As the warm weather approached in the spring of 1841, her cough gradually subsided, and in the summer it entirely left her; but her strength did not much improve, and she was impressed that her end was nigh. This did not affect her spirits, and she uniformly exhibited her usual cheerfulness to her friends.

For the last two years of her life she was prevented from attending public worship, regularly, by her infirm health and the remoteness of her residence from the church. But this did not deprive her of communion with her God. In her last illness she remarked, "Last winter I was always anxious for the return of night, that I might retire early and in its silent watches, on my bed, hold communion with my own soul and with God."

As the cold weather approached in the fall Mrs. M'Lean's health became worse, and her cough returned with increased violence. Palliatives were used, and it was thought that the symptoms of her disease were somewhat mitigated. But a little exposure made her decidedly worse. On Monday week preceding her death, while at breakfast, she was seized with a severe chill, which lasted nearly two hours. She drank but part of a cup of coffee, and, with her husband, retired to her chamber. This was the last time she filled her seat at the family table. The last time—what weighs more heavily on the heart than this! And yet there must be a last time to us all. The last time at

church—in friendly intercourse—in family worship—at table.

In a few minutes after they entered the chamber Mrs. M'Lean observed to her husband, "I have been looking for this. Last winter when I was extremely ill I felt some reluctance to die, on account of my beloved and afflicted little grand-daughter, who looked up to me for protection and support; but a wise and merciful God has taken her to himself, and by this he has opened the way for me. I am now perfectly resigned to his will. I am safe in Jesus. I have no doubt of my acceptance."

Her chill was succeeded by a high fever, which remained for many hours. The skill of physicians was exerted with but little effect. As the fever subsided, she suffered under extreme debility. In a conversation she again remarked, "I know in whom I have believed. Jesus has pardoned all my offenses; he is my surety; in him I am safe, and in this I rejoice." A remark being made to a friend who had called to see her, that she had no fears beyond the grave, she observed with emphasis, "No, not a fear." To her physician she said, "Doctor, I am not afraid to die. My way is bright. I rejoice in my Savior." When all had retired from her chamber one night, except her husband, she observed to him, "This is a sacred place. I hope, my precious husband, that you are determined to urge your way to heaven."

She made her arrangements in regard to giving memorials of her affection to her friends with as much minuteness and composure, and as free from any excitement, as if she were only about to take a journey. Nothing seemed to escape her memory on the occasion. She observed, "I was astonished while sitting near the death-bed of our dear Arabella, (her eldest daughter,) to see how she could with so much calmness distribute various articles of property among her connections, and send to them messages of love while dying; but now I understand it." To her husband, who was deeply affected by her conversation, she observed, "You must not give way to such feelings; man up; our separation should have been looked for. You have too much sense to sink under this trial. God is wise in all that he does, and we should submit to the dispensations of his providence. It is much better that I should be taken than you. You can be of great service to our dear children, but I, if spared, could do them but little good."

On the abatement of her fever a trembling hope was cherished, that the crisis of her disease was passed; but it returned, and it was apparent that there was an inflammation of the stomach, which, unless arrested, must prove fatal. But the skill of her physicians was exerted in vain.

Early on Monday evening week after her first chill, she observed, "This is my last night:" and it was at a late hour on that night, that one of the most solemn and impressive scenes took place which has ever been witnessed. Her three children, (a daughter and two sons,) her husband, the wife of her eldest son and two

of her grand-children, were standing around her bed, with hearts broken with unutterable sorrow. To her eldest son, who stood near her pillow, she said, "My son, my dear son, I have endeavored to make my calling and election sure: and through the assisting grace of God, I have accomplished it. I am prepared to die. I have no doubt of my acceptance. And now, my dear son, will you promise to meet me in heaven? Four of my children, I have every reason to believe, are now in heaven; and I shall soon be with them. But I feel deeply for the three I shall leave behind me. I want to meet you all in heaven. Seek religion, my son, and God will bless you. Without the religion of Jesus, what would now be my situation?"

To her son's wife, Mildred, who stood next to him, she said, "My dear daughter, I love you much. Earnestly seek religion. God is merciful. He will pardon your sins, and at last take you to himself. And my dear Eva, my precious daughter, will you promise to meet me in heaven? Let nothing hinder you in making a preparation for death. You must die—and you cannot die in peace without religion. Seek the Lord and he will be found of you." To her other son she observed, "And you, too, my son; will you promise to meet me in heaven? God will pardon your sins and bless you, if you will only approach him as your Bible directs. O seek religion, and persevere until you obtain it." To her little grand-daughter she said, "Read your Bible, and ask instruction from Miss Mary, (her teacher.) She will explain many things which you cannot, of yourself, comprehend. Don't suffer your attention to be withdrawn from the subject of religion. It will enable you to live well and to die in peace." Her little grand-son she addressed in the same affectionate manner, asking him and his sister to meet her in heaven.

These are substantially her remarks; but they are far less pointed and affective than the words used. They were spoken in a slow, distinct, emphatic and affectionate tone of voice, that would have melted a heart of stone. Every word was most appropriate, and seemed to fall from the lips of inspiration. The eloquence appeared to be angelic.

Sometime after this, a person came into the room nearly connected to her, and in whose welfare she felt a deep interest. She took him by the hand and said, "This is probably the last visit you will ever pay me. I love your soul. Will you not promise me to meet me in heaven? I have taken Jesus for my portion. In him I have peace, and I have no doubt of heaven. Seek religion: it is the only thing worth living for, and it will be hard dying without it."

These scenes were so solemn, so deeply affecting, that they can never pass from the memory. Her remarks were concluded by a prayer that God would give the desired effect to every word spoken. She had taken some medicine to remove the phlegm from her throat, but she had not strength to throw it off. An opiate was administered which afforded some relief. She perfectly understood from her own feelings and

the countenances of her friends, that there was no further remedy. But this seemed to have no effect upon her mind.

In the latter part of the night it was evident that the hand of death was upon her, and she was fully sensible of it. But her composure and her expressions of confidence in God continued. While one was praying at her bed-side he besought the Lord to mitigate her sufferings, when she added in a strong voice, "or give me patience to bear them. Thy will be done, O God." These remarks were made by her on several similar occasions.

When near her last she was asked, "Do you find Jesus precious still?" "O yes," says she, "he is more than precious." The morning of the day on which she died, being very pleasant, it was observed to her, "This is a beautiful day on which to enter heaven." "Yes," said she, "and I shall soon be there." "Yes," the person observed to her, "you will soon unite with your dear children and friends now in heaven." "O yes," said she, "I shall be no stranger in heaven." And for the first time in her life, perhaps, she shouted, "Glory, glory to God in the highest; blessed be the name of the Lord." The names of several of her connections, besides her children, were mentioned, as being in heaven. She supplied several names omitted.

When the coldness of death extended almost over her whole system, she was asked if Jesus was still precious? She answered, "Yes, indeed." These were among the last, if not the last words she pronounced. She frequently endeavored, after her hands were as cold as ice, to unite them, but could not, while her soul was uplifted to God. And such was her end, at Longwood, near Louisville, Kentucky, the 5th of December, 1841.

In her, death was divested of all its horrors. The chamber in which she died seemed to be consecrated; and had it not been for the sufferings of the body, would have appeared more like heaven than earth.

In this sketch many things are omitted which might have been appropriately mentioned. The charities of the deceased have not been referred to. To the extent of her means, she clothed the naked and gave bread to the hungry. She sought, especially at Washington, the haunts of poverty, and administered relief to the unfortunate—not to the vicious. A just discrimination was always observed in her charities. But these acts were done in so private and unostentatious a manner, that her nearest connections were only made acquainted with them by accident. The Scripture injunction in such things, not to let one hand know what the other doeth, was strictly observed by her.

The leading qualities of her character were, abiding affection, deep sincerity, and surpassing moral firmness. Her mind was susceptible of high cultivation and of great expansion.

MENTAL pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

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Original.

CRITICISM.

We hardly ever read a review or a literary criticism, in any form, but what the question again presents itself to us, "Why is criticism so much respected—why so much dreaded?" To detail its history would require more references than we have any recourse to; and would also, in its progress, engross learning, to which we make no claim. Its history we attempt not to present; and yet we may, with a clever simplicity, guess, that it had no very large beginnings, nor any specific pretensions in its commencement, but was only the word-of-mouth comment of some reader, who besides the argument and the incident of a book, gave yet a third look, and either *did*, or did *not*, "quite like the way in which the thing was told," &c. A neighbor, perhaps, fancied differently, or for talk's sake took the other side of the question. May be too, he was a little witty, or, what should more provoke the derision of his opponent, pretended to a wit which he had not, and yet succeeded in calling up the laugh of the by-standers against the other. This was too bad—'twas unpassable and unpardonable. The dispute, we see, has by this time got into second hands; and 'tis not now the *book*, but the superior cleverness of the two antagonists, who make it their text in avenging each other, which is now the stake—and which shall, perhaps, in the course of discussion, elicit all the pedantry and all the egotism of both. But the book, the unlucky book, shall be lashed into an undeserved notoriety, or be, perhaps, condemned to a premature oblivion, not for its own sins, but for the sins of its commentators.

Why, then, should not individuals assume to weigh the merits of the commentator himself; especially as it regards his ability for the vocation assumed? And even if he is found worthy of the office by mental sufficiency, let us reflect how many other qualities and qualifications it shall yet require to constitute a critic. Not only truth, but candor is wanted. And besides thorough literary accomplishment, there should be taste and tact; and to the addition of good will and good humor, a yet further judgment and allowance of the position, age, desert, and opportunities of those "under the question:" and all these amenities for the author should be held in check by an impartiality so fair, that the balance should neither fall short nor exceed, by a breath of concession, nor a hair's breadth of censure. May be with all sufficient endowments for the office, we have yet seldom seen the critic who was practically what he might be.

To refer, from across the water, to the earliest which we ever saw: "The Edinburg," "Blackwood's," and the "Quarterly." These giants in the art of criticism, were notorious for opposition and partisanship. And what the one *would*, for that cause only, it would sometimes seem to us, that another *would not*. And the poor book, bepraised by the Hercules of the North, should but "defer its fate," and be made succumb to the Jupiter Tonans of the South—having its choice of demolition. We allow that the public, in the mean-

time, were amused and enriched from the archives of belles-lettres and black-letter; that wit and acumen, whetted up by opposition and spurred on by rivalry, made a stirring show in the literary arena; that attention was engrossed, and intellectuality was excited and rewarded. But when the magazines of wrath were expended, when the giants themselves were getting exhausted, then also was their victim, the book, annihilated and buried out of sight, under the more exciting spectacle of the combat itself.

The critic claims to sit in judgment upon the merits of a composition, as such. And as it regards literary proprieties in the peculiar sense of rules, terms, unities, suitability of allusion, &c., we would accord to him a supremacy of dictation. But in some other particulars, as choice of subject, the fable, method of treatment, purpose, taste, tact, skill, &c., the reader may not unfrequently claim equality of decision—equal right of suffrage and opinion. And still further, as he would be faithful to the author and to himself, let him see the original work, (not always read,) and say whether the reviewer's ministration has been of fairness and truth, or of misrepresentation and prejudice.

The action of right is always salutary, and such a right is vested in us. The proverb says, "Our soul's our own;" which in reverence we suppose means, that under God, no man can fetter it. If we permit him, which is another matter, we betray the truth. We do indeed "sell our birth-right for a mess of pottage;" and our posterity shall, in the meanness of their lineage, like the descendants of Esau, for many a day bewail our apostasy.

We would say that in accepting a critique, the review of an author, we would hold the critic in abeyance to our decision of his own fairness, before we go all lengths of opinion, or before we side with him at all. And for this purpose, let us by all means see the book itself, as well as the review of it.

We are often good-humored enough to laugh *with* the critic, may be at his wit; let us also be just enough to laugh *at* him, if in his jump of judgment he fall short of his aim, and expose himself to the hit intended for his author. Wit, we have said—but in soberness we do not admit that wit is a fair weapon in the case, albeit much of criticism is built upon it. Wit is not only not truth, but it is often adverse to it, sometimes its direct contrary. And this makes the point of our marvel, why this bugaboo criticism is held in so much dread, so unfair reverence. It is notorious that in all cases of popular interest or discussion, whether of politics, polemics, of civil or even of literary questions, a party is formed; and the adherents on either side are not only warm and in earnest, but they are often zealous to the measure of blinding themselves to the merits of the cause at issue—and yet worse, of blinding themselves to their own fairness of decision. And this error once allowed, gains force by the nature of the thing itself: the exciting and the stimulating of passion and party, over offended truth, embroils a true judgment, and establishes as it were,

an innate system of might over right. And by this vicious selfishness, the actors betraying others are also self-betrayed.

Whatever may be the stimulus in regard to closer interests, this matter of literary partisanship, in the outset, is often arbitrary and purely gratuitous. To the fair and proper critic we would defer; but we cannot assume that every reader in his vivacity of dissent or of championship, is influenced by his own delighted or offended tastes. If he is neutral in these conditions of a critic, perhaps it were better that he also preserved a neutrality of opinion—or rather, we would say, of expression—and assuming to himself the pacific sanction of, "None so impertinent as an intermeddler," shall leave the belligerents of the schools to fight out their own battles, in their own way. But if such an one will assume to dictate, we would hint that he is, not very modestly perhaps, making his own judgment, instead of his author's, the standard of the public liking. This is especially so as it regards subjects peculiarly of taste; for which, although there is a standard, yet few authors affect to reach it, and few readers are so hyper-critical as to demand a thorough and continued conformity to it in the book.

This being pretty nearly the state of the case, why is it that criticism is so much dreaded—so much feared? Certainly the book criticised is essentially *what* it was before the critic took it in hand. No comment of his shall either enhance or detract from its intrinsic merits. If he deals fairly, in condemning he but makes an exposition of weaknesses and errors, which certainly were better amended than left. Suppose that in the writer there have been errors of ignorance, not of imposition, is it not a simple thing, if conviction have wrought its work, to acknowledge them—nobly and simply acknowledge them, without all that suffering before the public? Such apology is due them, as readers; but no more, no sacrifice of feeling for an unintentional fault. The author who makes this apology, gives earnest by this act of candor, that by-and-by at least, he will evolve that measure of truth for his readers, which is *in him*, and for which they shall yet have cause to thank him. But if he lets a selfish vanity sink him, he must sink.

If the criticism is not just, many a reader will find it out. And although ridicule may have pointed its shaft, the laugh elicited shall be light and transient, detracting not from the authority of individual opinion, and involving neither our judgment, nor our sense of desert; but if unfairly urged, calling for our animadversion and prompting defense. If the denouncing shall be altogether unworthy, vile and vituperative, it carries, in its own character, its refutation along with it; and we have instantly a full conviction of the case, and we see rather the reviewer's prejudice, than those faults of the author which, we perceive, he is more than disposed to aggravate. So that criticism is not, in all instances, of so genuine authority, as may at first be supposed. A literary work, it is said, is the property of the public. If the "author is too bashful to face the public, he should never present himself in type."

Another instance we would notice, and it is the extreme case—one in which the tender mercies of the reviewer are indeed of cruelty and death. We mean those instances in which the effusions of youthful genius (which are necessarily confused, and the most so in the fullest minds) are violated and heckled, torn up and butchered to death. What abomination is this—what dullness, what insensibility! There is no literary legislation, at least in legal sense; nothing penal, even as it regards the property of literature. But the possession of *genius* is somewhat more precious than this, and as such it should be guarded. The French Cousin tells us, and he is good authority, that “genius is the possession of the world.” As such, then, should it be defended against individual hostility—its germs fostered, and guarded from the rude assault of envy or of dullness. We have in particular view the fate of the English Keats, a victim of this sort; and although we know not the instances, yet are they too often alluded to for us to doubt the fact, that his genius and life were both sacrificed, whilst he was yet very young, to the horrors of public derision as the conceived result of a barbarous and denouncing critique. We have seen but one of his effusions—the Delphic Apollo—from which, abrupt and irregular as it is, we should at once read him a poet born; and that from its *tone*—uncommon, wistful, earnest, vehement, and desiring as it is—we should say he was a poet, such an one as in all of time has seldom been.

The law of England provides that a peer of the realm shall be tried only *by his peers*; and so in the realm of poetry should we say, that none of other clime, or other soul, should try the poet. The native constitution, the gift, is what alone should constitute the ability to do it. Mr. Channing has beautifully defended Milton against the “rules,” by saying that he “violated none so great as those he obeyed.” The insufficiency of the critic in this walk of literature we have not unfrequently noticed. Nor is it surprising that it should be so. That what is so little tangible, so sublimated, so subtle, so much of fantasie in its tastes and essence, so evanescent of sense, so irresponsible to all common tests as poetry, should be so little understood. So rare indeed is the true poetical temperament, that being perceived and known only by its affinities, to the many the “very language in which you would note it, is a strange tongue.”

Criticism in its treatment, is, we know, sometimes ultra, sometimes under—though it less rarely offends us by the “too much,” than it does by the too little of praise. It sometimes temporizes rather than discriminates its subject—and whilst the poor author is “damned with faint praise,” the reader (of the review only) is left with a very inadequate idea of how much may be found in the book itself. This, we think, is more often a device of deliberate intention, than are the instances of condemnation as noticed above.

Our country is getting to be a literary country; and though we cannot assert that there is as yet no party spirit in “the trade,” we are happy that the fact yet

remains a question. In addition to the *esprit du corps* which tends to keep them a unit, we also think they have too good taste to sin much in this particular. They have been so notoriously warned by the strife of British reviewers, that discretion should adopt the question where taste surrenders it; lest, in conflicting houses, for the sake of each other, both should come to be doubted.

We have already hinted, that even amongst professed and allowed critics the case sometimes occurs, where the poetical temperament is not at all accredited; instances of reviewers, who prefer even a cold and barren rhetoric to the richest fullness of the *mens divinor*: cases where they afford no cognizance of the “fine frenzy,” for the honestest of all reasons—because they *cannot*. This insufficiency, being of nature’s parsimony, should in their own case, like other dullness, be allowed the pass; but when in its ignorance it assumes the authority of criticism, it should also, like other empyricism, meet the public scoff—since, being referable to opinion only, it is beyond the lash of a condign punishment. We have sometimes seen one of these self-constituted judges take in hand the beautiful, soul-breathing effusion of some youthful poet, and by misapprehension and misrepresentation, tear and mangle and deform it out of all shape and comeliness, and *then* pronounce upon it the verdict suited to its debased condition. It would remind us of nothing so much as of some fair young stag, bounding on the hill-side, throwing up its antlers, and snuffing in the purity and joy of all around it—or else leaping away to some limpid spring, quaffing and taking at every change a new inspiration of delight and of existence! But lo! he is seen—he is marked—the envious archer takes his aim, he draws the bow, the shaft has sped, and that fair young creature staggers first, then falls—in the midst of being yields up his life, with nature’s struggling, tearful agony. Even after he has languished and died on the spot, the victim of butchery—the relentless sportsman, more insatiate than death, still pursues him and says, “Behold, what a vile *carcase* is there!” Such has sometimes been the martyrdom of genius; even such was meted to Keats.

But the style and treatment of this branch of literature has undergone a great change in recent days. Not only a necessary change, of conformity to the change of tone in popular compositions; but a change in its own handling and treatment of its “subjects.” And criticism would seem, by general consent, to be of a less stern and rigorous character; also would it impress us as being much less earnest, looser, and not so much in point now as formerly. In short, it gives us the idea of a test less to be dreaded and less respected, than when only the discriminating, the great, the tremendous wielded the pen. Their power was their intellectual superiority. But now the thing is common; every other reader is also a critic; may be for the pleasure of scribbling, may be for our good. Often the thing is purely gratuitous, neither demanding nor deserving our thanks. We neither fear nor tremble;

and it is not worth while to lose our temper—for though we have been interrupted and annoyed, yet as little harm has been done, our magnanimity, reversing the adage, takes the "deed for the will," and so settles the matter comfortably. The department, we do fear, is not as dignified as it has been.

But we hold our hand—for we have just now, while penning this article, seen three or four or five American criticisms, each of which, in different degrees, has delighted and satisfied us. One, professing to be a notice of Longfellow's poetry and style, we should say affords, at short, an exposition and analysis of the soul of poeie, of its claimings and methods, and of its proper aliment. It also shows large acquaintance with its artistical laws of rhyme and rhythm, of euphony and measure, &c., as well as of its essentials of temper and of tone. One of its expositions, simply beautiful as it is, should be engrossed as an apothegm of poetry, in gold or adamant. It is questioning the propriety of promiscuous subjects, and rejecting utilitarian and even didactic ones for the Muse; it decides, with the evidence of all that ever wrote, that "*beauty*, in widest acceptation, is *alone the legitimate subject of poeie*." The rule must be considered, also, in its large admission of "sublimity." This explication, or rather the difficulty which it explains, had ever been a want and a puzzle to us, in our judging of much poetry, of many poems from gifted minds, which *some how or other* yet fell short of the propriety, the unctuous efficiency of others, less important, less elaborated, and from less talented sources. But now that the riddle is read to us, its very simplicity of explication would seem to rebuke our dullness, excepting upon the axiom, "that the verities of nature are so direct of cause and effect, and so well suited to their own purpose of condition, that we were wiser perhaps in our research, if we would more often say to ourselves, 'Not so fast,' and 'not so far.'"

Another hardly less lucid and able critique is afforded to the subject of Lowell's poetry. Much discriminating guidance and admonition are propounded, and a liberal and hearty allowance of encouragement bestowed—encouragement, that boon and guerdon of the poetical temperament; and this without compromising the possibility of a conceited self-sufficiency. The Tyro is put upon his studies, and his models of nature, and his probation of industry, for the excellence that he may achieve. This is a generous and honest criticism, and we respect the writer in his vocation of critic.

Another is styled a "Chat about Keats." This also betokens the true taste, the racy smack and relish of the pure Helicon.

These three reviews are all in Graham's Magazine for March, 1842. We have no clue to the authorship of either, excepting that to that upon Lowell, the initial C. is appended. We may have misread the letter; perhaps it was G.—Graham?

In a periodical, emanating from Newton Centre, Massachusetts, we have lately read a review touching the subject of "Original Thinking," in which, although the text book is not largely adverted to, yet does the wri-

ter afford most capital hints and methods for the attainment and culture of this power of the mind. Its exposition and argument are lucid and cogent, and the discussion is in itself a complete illustration of its subject matter. We think the book (not now at hand) is called the Evangelical Magazine, or some title of that import. We suppose the piece alluded to is by the editor. But who is he? Why, like the god of the Lama worship, is he hidden away from his votaries? Acquaintance-ship could exert none but a genuine influence in this case—could it?

We were also well pleased with a notice from the editor of the Methodist "Quarterly," for April, 1842; in which he commends to his brethren, and to students for the ministry, a book which has hitherto been withheld from them—a Classical Dictionary. The present edition, a revision of Lempriere's, is expurgated of its offensive portions, and its fables pointed to a better significance. Heathen mythology being often the only key to classical elucidation, must either be resorted to, or the access closed against the student who would take counsel or head of the ancients; who would delectate with their poets, or participate in the lore of their sages; or even would he wander and muse amid their high places, this should be his most efficient guide-book. Edited by Anthon, it is of discreet authority—and is recommended by the editor of the Quarterly. This short critique, in the freeness of its admissions, pleased us; the tact and keeping were in point to the book revised; as also to its specific object—the advancement of those addressed.

Although we have contemned a partial and spurious dictation, yet would we acknowledge the uses of a *fair criticism*, as being salutary both upon their subject author, and the public. Such writings need not be mistaken. By their tone and tenor we shall soon discern of what spirit they are; whether of benignity as affording aid and enlightenment to the literary Tyro, or whether, disregarding justice and humanity, they obey the promptings of a ribald, invidious, and self-seeking vanity. And many a reader, who should not be able to note the literary deficiencies of the author, neither his grammatical commitments, his rhetorical violations, nor his classical inaccuracies, shall yet in the review at once perceive that an unfair motive is at work, instigating to a false judgment of the matter in question—for the odiousness of ill-nature is of immediate cognizance. Such a critic establishes his own character, at least; and we can only compare him to some unclean reptile, which might itself escape detection, but that betrayed by its abominable odor, it is at once obnoxious to the sense of all within its reach.

EVILS are more to be dreaded from the suddenness of their attack, than from their magnitude, or duration. In the storms of life, those that are foreseen are half overcome; but the *tiffoon* is a just cause of alarm to the helmsman, pouncing on the vessel, as an eagle on the prey.

Original.

TO AN INFIDEL.

On being presented with some choice flowers.

O, CANST thou thus these fragrant flowers admire
Formed with such beauty, such transcendent skill,
And not discern the feelings they inspire,
To search for charms more elevated still?

Canst thou not in each blending color trace
The pencil's touch of one by us unseen,
And then acknowledge that exquisite grace,
Which softens every shade of varied green?

Canst thou not read in nature's volume wide,
Spread open like a book before thine eyes;
And in thy mind where genius doth preside,
To make thee still more excellent and wise?

But O, thy mind's more lovely than the flower
Whose with'ring petals float upon the wave—
Has charms unseen in nature's fading bower,
Too bright to ever find for thought a grave.

'Twas made to grasp for joys far more sublime,
Than evanescent pleasures of a day,
To answer the Creator's great design,
His goodness to adore, and him obey.

O, how I wish I could present a form
Whose beauty should surpass all thou hast seen,
Prepared this inward temple to adorn,
Reflecting light from heaven's refulgent beam!

Couldst thou but view this angel from the skies—
Benign religion, soother of the breast—
Joy would spring up and sparkle in thy eyes,
And all in heaven and earth would own thee blest.

'Tis this alone can calm the troubled soul,
And touch life's deep impenetrable spring—
Subdue the passions with complete control,
And unexhausted stores of pleasure bring.

But thou hast never learned to search for truth,
Nor bowed before Jehovah's sacred shrine;
Thy days have passed in recklessness of youth,
Unconscious of the worth of fleeting time.

Doubt rests upon thy mind—the sceptic's gloom
Like a dark mantle wraps thee in its folds,
While clouds obscure thy passage to the tomb,
And unbelief its cruel empire holds.

May Heaven avert thy doom, accept the prayer
Offered for thee on friendship's hallowed shrine—
May not thy mind be left in darkness, where
No ray of hope can reach that soul of thine!

May unbelief, in the last trying hour,
Yield to the power of truth's unerring way,
And thy poor soul feel mercy's gentle power,
And on some angel wing be borne away!

S. B. T.

Original.

UNSANCTIFIED BELIEVERS.

"For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do," Paul.

We wander in a thorny maze,
A vale of doubts and fears—
A night illumed with sickly rays,
A wilderness of tears.

We wander, bound to empty show,
The slaves to boasted will—
We wander dupes to hopes untrue,
And love to wander still.

We wander, while unfading joy
We ne'er with zest approve—
The bliss that sparkles to destroy,
Secures our warmest love.

Some syren leads our steps astray,
But speaks no peace within—
We wander in a flowery way,
Yet wander heirs of sin.

Cleanse us, O Savior, from our stains
In mercy's living flood!
Restore the lost, and bring again
Us wanderers back to God.

Original.

SANCTIFIED BELIEVERS.

We travel now in "wisdom's ways,"
Strangers to doubts and fears—
Our day illumed with brightest rays,
And joyful are our tears.

We travel on, urged by love's glow,
With calm submissive will—
Our souls all filled with hopes most true,
We love to travel still.

We travel while unfading joys
Our blessed course do prove—
And bliss which nought on earth destroys,
Secures our warmest love.

We follow Jesus in the way,
He gives us peace within—
We travel in a flowery way,
Because we're freed from sin.

We have no will, or wish to roam,
Led by allurements strong,
But onward to our Father's home
By grace are borne along

Cleansed by our Savior from sin's stain
In mercy's living flood—
Restored by grace, we press again,
And hasten on to God.

THE MORNING FLOWERS DISPLAY THEIR SWEETS.

WORDS BY S. WESLEY.—MUSIC, A SCOTCH AIR.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of eight systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Air.
 The morning flowers dis - play their sweets, And gay their silk - en leaves unfold, As
 careless of the noon - tide heats, As fear - less of the eve - ning cold. Nipt

by the wind's un-time-ly blast, Parched by the sun's di-rect-er ray, The

mo-men-ta-ry glo-ries waste, The short-liv'd beau-ties die a-way.

2
 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows:
 Fairer than spring the colors shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.
 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-lived beauties die away.

3
 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine,
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.
 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains:
 Perish the grass and fade the flower
 If firm the word of God remains

NOTICES.

THE LIFE OF WILBUR FISK, D. D., First President of the Wesleyan University. By Joseph Holdich. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pages 555.—The subject of this work was well worthy of the extended biographical notices presented to the public in this octavo volume. He was, judging from his "Life," scarcely second to any American divine of the age. In native talent, and in acquired ability, in sincere piety, and in purity of conduct, in diligence and in usefulness, few have excelled him. In the moral, educational, and religious enterprises of the day he was prominently active, and exerted an important influence in their favor. As a Methodist he maintained a dignified consistency, which will recommend him to his brethren, and embalm his memory in their grateful and warm regards.

He operated in a high sphere, and well did he perform his part. The Wesleyan University was the child of his vigorous and persevering efforts. It owed its respectability, if not its being, to his genius and industry. To foster and rear it up to its present state was his great secular work. It stands, we trust, a perpetual monument of the zeal and energy of W. Fisk.

If any thing is to be regretted, it is that he had not written more, and left, by that means, a more lasting, if not a deeper impression on society. His small polemic work on the "New Divinity," and his "Travels," are, with the exception of pamphlet publications, his only remains. These are valuable; but it is to be lamented that he did not add ten times more to these fruits of his literary toil. He wrote well, sometimes admirably; and had he written more, he would have been one of the ablest writers of the age.

We rejoice that the light of such a star shines upon us through a clear medium. It were a pity that a track so lucid as that of Fisk's should not be clearly traced and attractively exposed. It is sufficient to say that the biographer has fully answered the expectations of the public. We cannot often say of a picture that it is faultless, but we can say of this production that it is a skillfully wrought portraiture of real life, and assorts with the original. We doubt not that it cost its amiable author much labor, for it bears the marks of pains-taking. But it justifies the opinion which the lamented Fisk had formed of his qualifications for the office to which he was designated by the wishes of the deceased.

We will conclude this notice by declaring that although we had formed a very high opinion of the mental gifts and moral worth of Dr. Fisk, yet we had not done him justice until our conceptions of his character were corrected and enhanced by this biography. The Church has lost and heaven has gained more than we knew of.

SELECT LETTERS OF REV. JOHN WESLEY.—This is a duodecimo of 240 pages, published at the New York Book Concern. The letters are mostly on experimental religion, and many of them are addressed to females. To read these epistles is next to sitting in company with Mr. Wesley, asking him questions, and listening to his answers. Although this little volume has been several years before the public, it is not so extensively read as it should be. How highly would the reader value the privilege of spending an hour in rehearsing to the founder of Methodism all her fears and difficulties on the subject of religion, and receiving his best instructions and advice. To read these letters is almost an equal privilege. They are replies to letters addressed to him by Lady Maxwell and others, stating their difficulties in seeking and adhering to the Savior. Every reader will find some of her own difficulties alluded to, and suitable advice administered. We cordially recommend this valuable selection to all who desire to grow in grace and obtain freedom from indwelling sin. Except the Bible, there is no greater help to holiness.

UNCLE SAM'S RECOMMENDATION OF PHRENOLOGY TO HIS MILLION OF FRIENDS. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Under a vein of pleasing humor, this little book contains a correct delineation of phrenology; and if any wish to pry into the principles of so mysterious a science (?), let them study Uncle Sam. They can do it without weariness; for its style is re-

markably adapted to its topic. It is *lucus vorborum*—a game of words all through.

HISTORY OF ITALY.—This is in three volumes of Harpers' Family Library. It surveys Italy and its islands from the beginning to the present time. It is from the pen of Wm. Spaulding, Esq., Professor of Rhetoric at Edinburgh. Of course it is presumptively meritorious. It embraces succinct recitals of all the prominent events, martial and ecclesiastical, of the Italians in their progress through great and varied revolutions to their present state. The writer was aided by a residence of some months in Italy. It is a remarkably attractive production, and will be read with great avidity by all who happen to find it out, and have a relish for history and description. Its ecclesiastical history will interest the Christian reader.

LEWIS AND CLARKE'S EXPEDITION TO OREGON is timely republished, and forms No. 155 of the Family Library. It is not unknown to our readers. At this time certain movements are being made towards the occupancy and settlement of Oregon by some of our pioneer citizens. This will render the republication of the "Expedition" popular, and will secure it many readers. It is replete with incidents of a romantic cast, and gives some valuable statements of the appearance of the country, and of its savage inhabitants at that early period, viz., 1803.

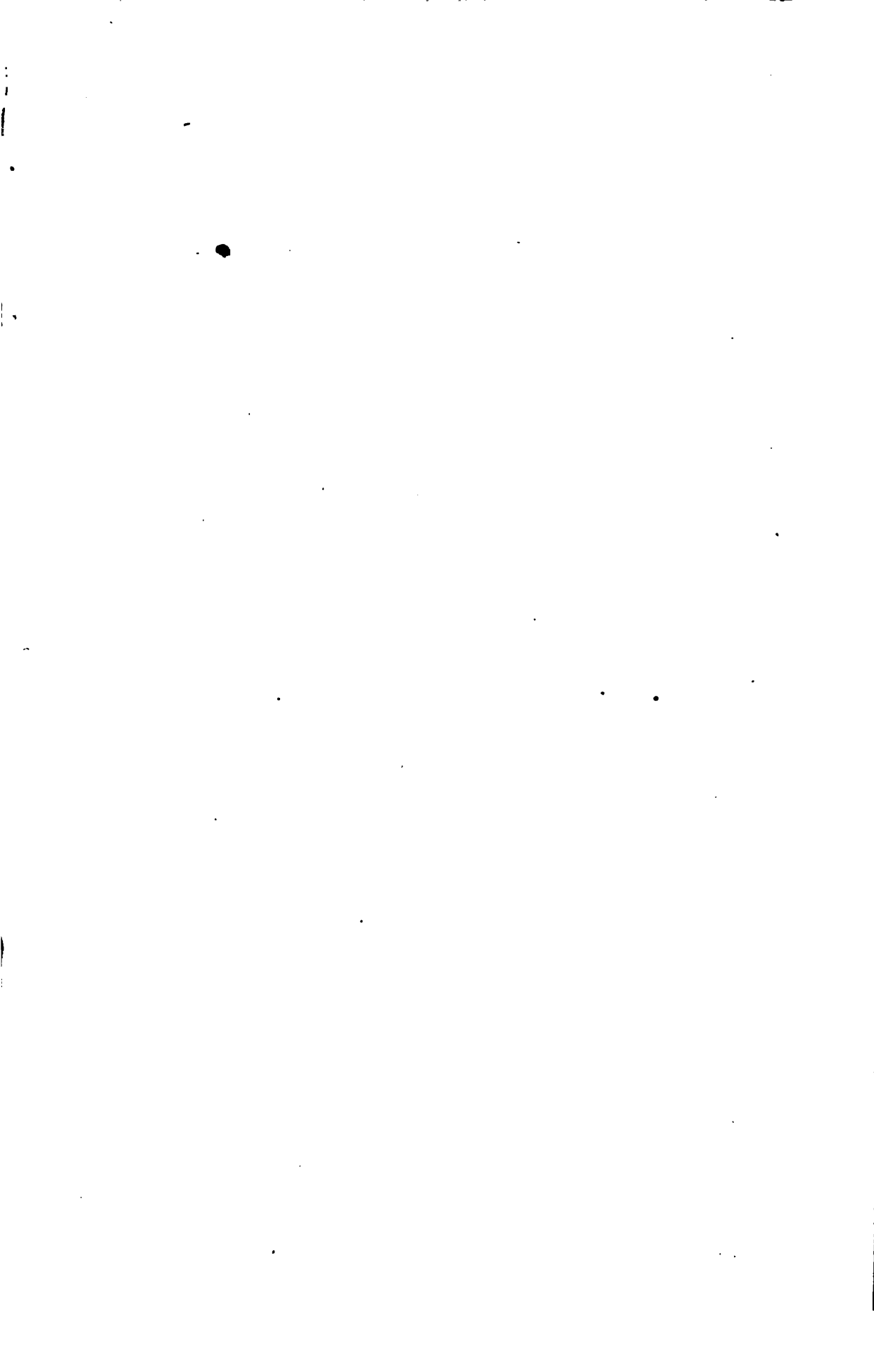
GUIDE TO CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.—The numbers for May and June are filled with instructive articles. The third volume is closed. We have often referred our readers to this excellent paper. We shall do it again and again, and not be weary in well doing.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—Cincinnati is in a fair way to outdo all the cities of America in the proposed enterprise of purchasing the best telescope in the world. A society has been formed for this object, and funds will soon be secured to make the purchase. Professor Mitchell, of Cincinnati College, is entitled to the honor of originating and conducting this scheme. He proposes to purchase an instrument of about one-fifteenth greater power, if we understand him, than that of the Russian Emperor's, which is believed to be the best in existence. Mr. Mitchell's lectures on astronomy have attracted much attention the past winter, and it will be a happy circumstance that when the telescope arrives, which will probably be within twelve months, he will be here to use it. It will be the means of exciting popular attention to the subject of astronomy; and we know not but, in the issue, some future scientific mechanic of this city will, in consequence of this movement, beat the whole world in the construction of telescopes; and some judicious star-gazer may make discoveries which will astonish and delight mankind. We recommend to our young readers the study of astronomy. It will, in addition to its present entertainments, prepare them to converse on a subject which will soon be of the highest interest. It is inevitable that the execution of its plan by the Astronomical Society will render astronomy the all-absorbing theme.

GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The cornerstone of a neat chapel, to accommodate the German Methodists of this city, was laid early in June. Addresses were delivered on the occasion by Rev. Adam Miller, German missionary of this city, by Rev. E. W. Sehon, and others. A subscription of \$150 was received on the ground. The chapel will be forty by sixty, with a good basement entirely above ground, and a chapel with about 500 sittings. It is now nearly ready for occupancy.

The friends of German missions have reason to thank God and take courage. It is five years since these missions began to prosper. Now there are 1400 converts, nearly twenty missionaries in the field, and about ten good chapels erected and being erected. A religious paper of the highest literary and theological merit circulates to the amount of 1500 numbers among a people who love to read; and the Lord of the harvest is evidently crowning this great enterprise with his special blessing.





Engraved by W. Woodcut, and printed by the Author's Proprietors.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, MOUNT VERNON.

Published by R. Wallis, in Broadway, N. York.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1848.



THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1842.

WASHINGTON'S HOUSE, MT. VERNON.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS structure is ninety-six feet in length, two stories high, with a full length portico fronting the Potomac. There are six rooms and a spacious hall on the ground floor. The northeast room is very large. Its mantle-piece is of marble sent to General Washington from Italy. The ceiling of this apartment is handsomely sculptured. It contains an organ on which Mrs. Washington was accustomed to play, she having been a skillful performer. The family dining-room is in the southeast corner of the house, and in it is Washington's library, or a collection of books of his own selection, except as more modern works have been added. In front of the house is a lawn of five or six acres, containing some shrubbery and poplar trees. On the right of this is a flower garden, and on the left a kitchen garden, containing, in their season, vegetable productions. The flower garden is in fine taste. It has a green-house, built by General Washington, and a pinery. Its walks are handsomely bordered with box-wood. South of the mansion, some forty rods distant, is a summer-house, which commands a pleasing view of the river, and of the White House several miles below.

The grounds are nearly in the same state as they were at the decease of General Washington, and thus may they remain while the republic endures. This estate originally consisted of about four thousand acres. The soil is thin. Oak, hickory, dogwood, cedar, &c., compose the forests. It is a healthy spot, being subject only to the bilious disorders of the climate. The river scenery is agreeable if not enchanting.

The mansion was built partly by Lawrence Washington, a brother of the General, who added the wings, and greatly improved the grounds. It is named after Admiral Vernon, under whom Lawrence Washington served. The estate descended from General Washington to his nephew, Judge Bushrod Washington. After the death of the Judge it was divided amongst his nephews.

A visitor at Mt. Vernon thus describes the appearance of the grounds and improvements:

"We were conducted over long gravel walks, bordered with box, which is arranged and trimmed into the most fanciful figures, and which, at the age of twenty years and upwards, still possesses the vigor and freshness of youth. At the extremity of these extensive alleys and pleasure-grounds, ornamented with fruit trees and shrubbery, and clothed in perennial verdure, stands two hot-houses, and as many green-houses, situated in the sunniest part of the garden, and shielded from the northern winds by a long range of wooden buildings for the accommodation of servants. From

the air of a frosty December morning, we were suddenly introduced into the tropical climate of these spacious houses, where we long sauntered among groves of the coffee-tree, lemons and oranges, all in full bearing, regaling our senses with the flowers and odors of spring.

"One of the hot-houses is appropriated entirely to rearing the pine-apple, long rows of which we saw in a flourishing and luxuriant condition. Many bushels of lemons and oranges, of every variety are annually grown, which, besides furnishing the family with a supply of these fruits at all seasons, are distributed as delicacies to their friends, or used to administer to the comfort of their neighbors in cases of sickness. The coffee-plant thrives well, yields abundantly, and, in quality, is said to be equal to the best Mocha. The branches under which we walked were laden with the fruit, fast advancing to maturity. Among the more rare plants we saw the night-blowing cereas, the guava, aloe of a gigantic growth, the West India plantain, the sweet cassia in bloom, the prickly pear, and many others.

"At every step in these pleasure-grounds, the thought occurred that the illustrious projector is no more. In passing the house, the chamber in which he died was pointed out to us; and imagination, aided by these memorials, soon presented the scene in such distinct and vivid colors, that we seemed almost to follow his remains to the grave."

The fame of General Washington rests on an imperishable basis. It will wax, but never wane. It is questionable, if any other mortal has derived, from a career merely civil and military, so lasting a guerdon of deserved and spotless honor. Heroic achievements will not always be received with the acclamation bestowed upon them in past ages. The period is doubtless near when the unprincipled martial hero will be looked upon in the light of Satan contending with the Son of God. But the aim, and the method of Washington's achievements were such as must consign his name to universal and imperishable honor. He was not a mere hero. He was the benefactor of his race, and, under God, the savior of his country. Philanthropy governed all his actions, and he girded on the sword and stood forth his country's champion, because circumstances rendered patriotism itself philanthropy; not because the benevolent affections of his heart were supplanted by those more limited or selfish in their outflow. He will live for ever in the hearts of his countrymen; and should the political institutions which he helped to rear ever perish, his fame will still survive. His martial and moral virtues, so unlike those of a Cæsar or a Napoleon, can never be forgotten. Should Americans forget him, the Arab and the Tartar will talk of him in their tents.

H.

Original.

ELOPEMENT.

"An elopement"—the elopement of a young lady of eighteen years—the daughter of respectable and wealthy parents, of whom she was the caressed and indulged child. But she hath abandoned them—father and mother—parted, too, from brothers and sisters—her companions, her contemporaneous friends ever since she has lived! Her assured, pleasant, and easy home, she hath forsaken; and all at the instigation of a stranger—at best the acquaintance of a few months! The affliction of the parents we can imagine, not portray—the bitterness of that sting which is "sharper than a serpent's tooth," and does, indeed, "outvenom all the worms of Nile," it took a Shakspeare to note, and none other may reveal so deep an anguish.

But how could a daughter do such cruelty against her parents—how disgrace their old age by an act so coarse? Was her training so faulty? Had no admonition, no comment been afforded to her inexperience? Had her parents been only indulgent, and not faithful to her! How, in a well ordered family, should such a thing occur? Are there no circumstances of extenuation in the case? There is, we fear, some concession of this sort, but nothing at all unusual. How many families, who believe themselves regular and consistent in the management of their children, do yet err as to this contingency—not by disregard as to the theory—not by an *adverse*, but by a *defective* and short-coming practice in the social economy of home! I know not how far this might have been the case in the present instance. The extreme youth of the young lady, whilst it affords some palliation to her error, yet suggests the idea, that had she been *very carefully* trained, *timidity*, grounded in delicacy, had supplied to her youth the place of discretion, and guarded her from the boldness of her present act.

The young man, *with whom she ran away*, was, we understand, not *very* exceptionable, saving so far as this instance implicates him—and that is far enough—was not very offensive, though not a favorite with the parents. And had he been dignified enough to come into the family in a regular way, the parents might probably, in time, have been won upon by the wishes of the daughter to sanction the connection, and she, retaining their regard, might have been married, as a proper young lady would wish, in her own paternal home. Yet, bewildered in the novelty of the adventure, neither the groom nor his bride seem aware of the ignominious notoriety which they have called forth. A few seasons passed, and they will perceive that there *has* occurred a change in the estimation with which they are regarded—they will know that they have not worn well with the respectable and the discreet, and that the undue *hurry* in a matter so important as a connection for life, rests not with the one act, but is imputed as a *characteristic* trait upon both parties. Self-love may be aroused before the more generous jealousy of friendship shall be touched; and thus this young pair are in danger of a false start, and of get-

ting at odds with the world at the outset. And as nothing is so distrustful as conscious delinquency, so their course will be disturbed by imaginary as well as by real annoyances. Their humor and tone will be very unfavorable, not to themselves alone, but to all the relations to which it may extend. In short, they have made a very great mistake.

The partial excuse which we have conceded to the minority of the lady, we do by no means extend to the gentleman. As instigator of the plot, and as having the advantage of some seven years' experience, we afford him no such palliative. He was old enough, had he been generous enough, to have counseled himself in this sort—"In urging this step, I know I am betraying the delicacy of the woman I love—not betraying her from the propriety of her course before the public alone, but betraying the deeper faculties of her heart—the gratitude and consideration which she owes by principle, as well as all that should impel her by affection to her earthly parents—if we must, alas! leave out of the account that which she owes to her Father in heaven; for she hath not been well defended—she does not refer herself to such a reliance! And *can* she, who finds it possible, under any circumstances, to trample on home duties—can she be faithful under any form of obligation! Shall the wife be mere true than was the daughter? No, verily; for 'out of the same fountain' shall *not* come forth waters 'both sweet and bitter.' Yet I am affording her countenance and conduct in this apostasy! If, even amidst the bewilderment of passion, it is already apparent to my apprehensions, that she can be *persuaded* to do what is wrong, where shall my trust repose itself when she is *mine*, and necessarily the depository of my respectability and my honor! Yet do I pluck on to the issue; for I cannot abandon my speculation in its crisis of success." And what *are* his motives?

Let the young girl, before she permits herself to be persuaded into the impropriety of a clandestine proceeding in the matter of marriage, reflect, that it is almost invariably the case, that her solicitor and abettor is of *inferior station and fortune to herself*. Let her recollect all the instances within her memory, and see if this is not almost uniformly the case—so much so, as to warrant her in her distrust of the disinterestedness of his motives. Can she not, in her own case, say, he affects to prefer me, with all these difficulties, and forbiddings, and violations of order and rule, and exposure to censure and discredit, &c., &c.; but is it not—*because*—my father has a better *fortune* than any other with whom he might connect himself? If he is an absolute *adventurer*, perhaps he *tells* her that he is rich, and that motives of interest have no part in his object of a connection—he disclaims, with suspicious asseveration, *any* degree of regard for wealth—"filthy lucre" he despises equally with the dross from whence it has been gathered. All the while, he would not talk so much about it, if it were not so much in his thoughts.

Not, however, that we would make *fortune* the one consideration on which so important a matter as mar-

riage should turn. Yet, upon this subject, it is not narrow, but only discreet, that the young lady, if she have a fortune, should distrust rather than confide. Let her refer herself to her parents to know whether this sinister tendency—a sordid love of money—may consist with the character presented; and if it do, let her believe, that where it sways at all in the season of youthful emotion, that *there*, also, it engrosses and leads with predominating power. Thus far in her premises, and the deduction is direct enough, i. e., that he might love another as well as her—if *equally eligible!*—“*as well!*” If she is not now disenchanting, we must leave her to the thrall of her own groveling and ignominious ideas of the case.

We do not assert that every man who marries a rich wife has been attracted by her property; for we have seen those who were in a manner deterred by this very disparity. And we know individuals whose disinterestedness was their recommendation, and to whom, in this idea, encouragement was proffered over more wealthy suitors. But we have much more often seen the young female of character and merit, who would not, in her own case, have commuted the least quality of mind or heart, for all of *Cæsar's* wealth, yet sacrificed to the assiduity and to the machinations of a *fortune hunter!* And our young heroine, who is requested to *abcond* with a gentleman, had better reflect, that if he were *true*, and had been well trained in his own paternal home, he would hardly demand such sacrifice from one who, by her youth and inexperience, is insufficient to adjudge the case fairly, and whose only safety is in the protecting influences of her home affections. Let her think that he who could endeavor to persuade her against rectitude and propriety, may be not only sordid, but does not possess that moderation and considerateness of others which is the wife's best guaranty of happiness in the companion of her life.

But perhaps, under all discouragements, she marries him. Let us trace their course and progress, in the first place, leaving apart the command which says, “Honor thy father and thy mother.” She hath offended, affronted, and aggrieved these—her parents—and they are fain, without hardness, to put her away from them, or rather to acquiesce in the distance which she hath so irreverently prescribed to them. Yes, she hath turned away from her parents—separated herself by an act of opposition to their wishes concerning herself. True, she hath never doubted, in a single instance, their disinterested regard for her—but she prefers a stranger. From her brothers and her sisters, too, she hath in a sort divided herself; for they naturally take part with their parents. Especially do her sisters see fit to assert their own discretion, since *her* conduct points upon them an opposite inference. Her gay companions, the least advised amongst them, for a transient season, participate in her bridal festivities. The twelve-month, perhaps, finds her in a home *so very different* from the paternal one, that it should require other solace than any offered by the aggravated feelings of her disconcerted, disappointed partner to cheer her.

The sunshine friends, who could once, in their own sense, borrow consequence from her superior station, now find her of no more worth, and determine never to afford her the opportunity of requital—making *her* defalcation from duty an excuse for their own derisive levity—a convenient logic, worthy of those who use it. But of *such* is the world, or rather *their* world; and *for such* are they straining every effort, in their diminished powers, to sustain appearances, and by factitious means to keep up a *factitious style*—the one engrossing littleness of their hearts. But with all its sacrifices and sufferings, it will *not do*; and the crush of *bankruptcy* closes the first act of “the clandestine marriage.” And though I have likened it to a worthless pageant, it is a startling and anxious reality to them. Nor, had means and fortune always sufficed them, would their disobedience, or their impiety have been the less.

“What then,” you say, “are young persons never to marry because the old people do not happen to think as they do?” We reply that the instances are very few in which the parents are not won over to acquiescence at least—unless objection is substantial—unless the connection proposed is a positively improper one. And even these few instances of pertinacity and unreasonableness, we verily believe, if submitted to, or deferred, result in more satisfaction to the junior party than would their own *wills*, as arrayed in opposition to those who, in the course of nature, will cease to dictate whilst they are yet in the midst of life.

It were indeed a bold as well as a heartless idea to *calculate* the death of a friend—neither is it so; but if the affection have endured, the sacrifice were endeared over the grave of the departed; and the sad survivor, having dropped “her natural tears,” and given a lapse of time which betokens her respect, whilst it heals the shock of her bereavement, knows that the sacrifice is no longer necessary; and our pious young friends may yet live together many days in “the land which the Lord their God giveth them.”

An instance of this sort has come under my immediate cognizance, and relates to a friend of my early youth. This lady was a person of great character; and I have always been delighted to recollect a refined and spirited observation of hers—“I will never,” said she, “marry without my parents' consent; nor will I ever go out of their house to be married.” And this considerateness, indeed, she owed to their sedulous training of her. Albeit, they were sturdy, and, as most persons thought, unreasonable in their opposition to her marriage. The suitor was a gentleman by birth, and of undoubted character—in intellectuality superior—of education and standing—the best; but he was *poor, comparatively*, very poor; for the lady was very rich. Yet not an individual amongst all her baffled admirers ever accused him of coveting her fortune. Indeed, he was an instance in point of the disinterestedness which I have noticed above; and was preferred accordingly. But the parents could not listen at all to it; and after the subject had been once regularly dis-

posed of, no further mention or importunity was proposed by the suitor or the lady; for of the senior couple it was well understood, that their decree, like the law of the Medes and Persians, altered *not*; and they hoped that, with sufficient time and discouragement, the daughter would *wear out* her regard. But after the silence and lapse of *three* years, they began to fear that she *herself was wearing away*. Her health was changed—her spirit seemed weary, and she found no delight in any thing. She was a highly accomplished girl. Whatever she did she *did well*; and her performances had hitherto ministered not only to the delight of others but to her own satisfaction. But now nothing pleased her. Her drawings, in which she excelled, were neglected—no further specimens were produced. In music, too, she was a proficient; but her “grand piano,” which had been sent out to England for, by her father, a great improvement upon the other two instruments in her music saloon, remained untouched—only enough used to betoken her cognizance of the favor intended. Social society she had almost entirely abandoned. Three years, I say, had elapsed, yet she spoke of no hope, breathed no complaint.

It was about this time that she made the noble observation that I have mentioned. Her magnanimity, I think, conquered her parents' reluctance. Her father proposed that she might marry if she chose; that he would no longer withhold his consent. The mother had, perhaps, really yielded before this time. So the daughter was married by the sanction of her parents, and in *their house*.

Even this last circumstance is no insignificant matter. A church, indeed, is a most suitable place to witness so important a solemnity as marriage; but, excepting that, none other is so fitting as the paternal mansion. How revolting would it seem to a young lady, should a gentleman propose to her, in any other ceremonial, that she should be not waited upon, but advancing, *assisting*, as it were, to the *rendezvous*. In this case, I would think, least of all. And though the reproach may never be expressed by the party proposing, yet I doubt not but the lady loses some degrees in his respect by this compliance.

But my reader is good enough to be interested in the progress of my last hero and heroine. The son-in-law in a few years found himself the favorite and valued friend of the family who had received him; and more recently, when their very large fortune was apportioned to the heirs, he, in right of his wife, shared equally with the other members of the family.

It may be observed that there is a preliminary faithfulness from parents to their children concerning this point, which, if it have been disregarded or neglected, affords the greatest extenuation to the latter, which the case of an unsuitable marriage admits of. And this is where the parents have given no warning or intimation of discontent in the society and attentions of a young gentleman visiting their daughter. If they have allowed one, who they intended should never be permitted to intermarry in their family, the freedom and inti-

macymacy of their house, though they have not abetted, yet have they in a sort unwarily betrayed their daughter into the connection which now they affect to condemn. It was a result naturally to be expected from such a state of things. They have exposed the young man, and deceived him into seeking a marriage to which otherwise he would not probably have aspired. Let those who are not improper as *acquaintances*, be, for good neighborhood's sake, not excluded from your house on occasions of general association; but if you will not let them marry your daughters, guard sedulously that your hospitality does not go beyond this. The intimacy of your parlor may seem to imply somewhat more than you intend. I have even heard, with some very vain persons, of the baseness of giving countenance to more humble aspirants, to swell the list of a daughter's train, and so provoke the rivalry of *acceptable* suitors; but I believe such manœuvring not frequent—not of easy imposition upon any young man who has spirit enough to *take care of himself*. But against less gross practices perhaps he is in more danger.

I now recollect an aggravated case of this kind, where a young gentleman, of fine person, of engaging talents and address, was the allowed, indeed, the solicited guest of a family. He was the constant attendant and chaperon of the female inmates. His accomplished flute, or his rich volume of voice, was the accompaniment of the daughter's piano; and his gallant and dexterous sportsmanship constituted him the favored companion of the father's hunting, fishing, or fowling excursions. The mother was pleased with his complacent good humor, and his obliging cleverness to whatever occasion or purpose it suited. Was it strange, then, that he was beguiled by all around him? Was it strange that he loved the daughter, or that she reciprocated the sentiment? Under these circumstances, that the parents should affect a refusal to the connection was not an instance of a merely deferred prudence, but—of a hard-hearted profligacy! Yet they did so refuse; for the young gentleman, accomplished and amiable though he was, yet possessed not sterling worth of character, or of purpose, or stability. His opportunities had not been good. Early bereaved of his father, his mother had not been sufficient, except for his outward education. And the time spent with the riding or the fencing master, at the dancing-school, and with the music teacher, had not only encroached on the hours of mental application, but had established their own spirit, and superinduced a light and dissipated turn—a taste for the easy and the graceful, and a positive revulsion from the arduous and the requiring, however necessary. The young lady's father was not at fault in his perspicacity—he perceived and knew this at once; yet was his head so much better than his heart—yet was he so selfish and so unprincipled that he let the *hason* confirm itself upon the young people, and *then* would fain have forbidden the banns! But it was too late. Neither was it a fair argument which he pleaded in excuse of his denial, that the gentleman was not a proper match for his daughter. It is true that he

was not; for she was greatly his superior, both in qualities and by training. And the fair pride which the father might have assumed for his daughter, was but an impertinent assertion, as the case now stood. They were married; and the only child of her parents was forbidden their house, whilst they were left bereaved and disconsolate, and all in consequence of their own wanton, heedless *disregard of household regulation*.

The last I heard concerning them, the young couple were living, if not in absolute want, yet in circumstances of narrow deprivation; for the husband was incapable of business, having neither the steadiness nor the information necessary for affairs; whilst the poor parents were suffering the worse mortification of an unendeared and distasteful luxury, which had been provided for their child, and which served only to remind them of her constrained desertion. But it was the ordering of Providence that they should not enjoy the things in which, perhaps, they had been too entirely absorbed. But since they accept not of this admonition, to any wise use—since, though old, they have not taken hold of the comforts of piety—they continue still to languish out their unsolaced existence—pining and wretched amidst the unappropriated abundance which surrounds them.

Gentle reader, yet one other variety of elopement, which has come under my observation, and I am done. I remember of yore a beautiful sylph-like young creature, of about fifteen summers. Abiding in the same town, and now a student in college, was a young gentleman about five years her senior. It took a very short time after their introduction for them to form an engagement. This was sanctioned by the parents of the lady, (the gentleman was from abroad,) with the proviso that they should wait the expiration of his term in college before they married. And this stipulation, one would think, were unnecessary, inasmuch as it is *contrary to law* that a student does marry during the college course. However, for the sake of performing a romance, perhaps, one *moonlight evening* Miss D. stepped *through a window*, instead of out the door, which was impertinently convenient, and ascending a carriage, was *wheeled away to a justice of the peace*—the nearest similitude to the Blacksmith of Gretna Green—and *married*—having previously procured, in some clandestine way, a *special license*, instead of awaiting the publication of banns for three successive Sabbaths by a *priest*. The parents missed their daughter, but were in no great consternation or anxiety concerning her, knowing that, as she *had no where else to go*, she must of course *come home* again. The only reason why she had not asked their consent, at this time, was that she *knew they were perfectly willing* for the connection; and it would have marred the consistency of her stratagem to have gone on in a regular way. So, after having spent two or three weeks in the usual bridal excursion, they returned home, and the daughter rushed into the house, and throwing herself incontinently at the feet of her parents, implored their forgiveness for the *rash step* she had taken, &c.

This young lady had only read too many novels. But, alas! she enjoyed all this farce of romance better in the beginning than she did in the sequel of "poetical justice." The gentleman, though not unpromising when she married him, yet soon merged into vice; and the poverty which soon followed, in his course of inebriety, she submitted to with what grace she could, was bitter enough. They lived together a few years, when he fell a victim to dissipation; and she, having tasted enough of novel-like romance, is corrected of her folly, and is now a reasonable and pious-minded widow. Recently it was related in her presence, that a runaway heroine, being overtaken by her parents, had performed a little *ruse* to excite their sympathy and forgiveness. When the parents got into her room, having bursted the bolted locks, they found her lying, with closed eyes *dishevelled tresses*, upon the floor, and at a little distance a nearly empty two ounce bottle, labelled "LAUDANUM." Alas! poor parents, how was their horror, after its first relief, changed into a mixture of indignation and shame, when the chemist, having assayed the remaining drops of the bottle, pronounced it to contain nothing more baleful than—*sweetened water!* When this story was related to our widow, she checked her first irresistible outbreak of humor, and with a deep, and deeper blush, cut short the derisive censure of her own remark, adding in a somewhat low tone, "But, indeed, young people *can* do things too absurd almost for old people to believe." Her sense of rectitude could have supplied a more fitting epithet than "absurd" to this gross violation of domestic and of social duties; but, humbled by the recollection of her former self, she acquiesced in this one more instance of that reflected shame which had visited her bosom, and pointed its consciousness through life. And yet this was but the lesser and lighter phase of the subject. In her piety to God, and in her deeper convictions, as her repentance was sincere, she had also been better consoled; and though her fault had not been very aggravated, yet had it drawn a notoriety upon her modest parents, shamed their propriety, and subjected them to the unfair imputation of having neglected her early principles of discretion. But now that she had attained to the more thorough and enlarged principles of holy rule, she perceived *where the short-coming* had been, and said within herself, "If, instead of an isolated principle—a mere selfish rule—my caretakers had placed my feet upon the 'Rock of ages,' I had not fallen—I *could not* have erred. Yet, mixed with the fallacies of their philosophy, do I acknowledge the consentings of *my own wicked will*; and as such is our tendency—our liability by nature—it points the excellency of that restraining grace which is sufficient to all the exigencies of humanity." But the recurring shame which continued to place its symbol on her brow, she suffered meekly, adding, "I would not gainsay this, if I could. The little disturbance is salutary within. Hidden away in the grace of God, my patience covers it; and for the outward exhibition it shows the beautiful economy of Providence, which

tends to conserve *order*, even in her own elements. 'In confidence, too,' I will tell it; and if the youthful observer is wise, it shall be to her—a *beacon*."

I am aware that the instance may frequently occur, that it is not to the *heedless* that I need address myself. Alas! it is by the prevalence of an opposite vice that my warning is of supererogation; not too much carelessness, but too much *avidity* is the shame. And our romantic young lady is informed that elopements are quite out of taste—quite antiquated; that demonstrations of this sort, or any ultraism of sentiment, or of its counterfeit, stands in rather broad contrast to the prevailing taste of the day, which is more for *luxury* than for *love*, and that many a belle prefers her father's stately mansion, in the centre of the city, over the "sweetest cottage" in the most "sequestered dell" of which she has ever read. A Brussels carpet is softer to her foot than all the mosses of the shade; and she prefers lobster salad over cream and strawberries—if—they "must be gathered where they grow." And this *sensible girl*, if she cannot step out of her father's house into one *quite as splendid*, decides that *she may as well stay where she is, and take her chance* for a more equal proposal.

But levity apart, for I feel that it is unworthy of my subject, unworthy to follow the more solemn admonition and the *reference* to which it is pointed, I will add that I have been perfectly sincere and in earnest, and not at all captious. And, at a partial view, although I rejoice that I have not myself a daughter to involve me in the possible disgrace of an *elopement*, yet, did I not abide in a more enlarged philosophy, should I envy the mother who is possessed of pious and obedient ones.

I have addressed my subject to the young and the reclaimable; but the *married woman*, who can abandon her home, her husband, her children, her duties, and her vows, comes not within the category of my censure. She is not only lost, but *unprincipled*; and as the mercy of Heaven is accorded to every penitent, all should say, amen, yet do I concur, that decent society, in guarding its members, owes her no further consideration—no countenance—no obligation, *ever* to receive her again within its ranks.

CONSTANTIA.



Original.

DECENCY AT CHURCH.

It is an invariable custom to consecrate new churches to the worship God by religious ceremonies. The practice seems to be warranted by examples recorded in the Old Testament. When the tabernacle was set up in the wilderness it was dedicated to the service of God. The consecration extended to the vessels used in the sacrifices of the Jewish religion. When the tabernacle was supplanted by the magnificent temple built by Solomon, the dedication of the new house was a most imposing ceremony. The description of it in 1 Kings, chap. viii, is solemn and instructive. When the Israelites were released from their captivity in the days of Ezra, and were permitted to rebuild the tem-

ple, the house was again dedicated with many tokens of joy, and hecatombs were sacrificed in honor of the occasion. In John x, 22, mention is made of a certain festival called the "feast of the dedication," which was in winter. This feast is supposed to have been derived from the Maccabean cleansing of the temple, when it was polluted by Antiochus Epiphanes, and the dedication which followed. See 1 Macc. iv, 52, 53, 54. The temple rebuilt by Herod was also dedicated with solemn ceremonies. This was only four years previous to the advent.

Many things besides the temple were dedicated by the Jews, as vessels, altars, cities and their gates and walls. Nehemiah dedicated the walls and gates of Jerusalem. The Jews dedicated even their private houses, as we learn from the language of Moses, who, on the eve of battle, said to the people, "What man is there that hath built a new house and hath not dedicated it? Let him return to his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man dedicate it."

The dedication of churches is not intended to render *them* holy, but rather to solemnize and chasten the minds of worshipers, and by the power of association make that seem holy to them which is of itself like any other place or object. The usage may very properly be maintained. It is sanctioned by long precedent, and is doubtless acceptable to God.

But when a house is thus dedicated to God, certain improprieties of behavior should be discouraged and guarded against. We should not mock our own solemnities by after indecencies or indelicacies. Men should be sharply reproved who bestrew the consecrated walls and furniture of the sanctuary with the tokens of that unbecomingly practice, tobacco chewing. We have seen fine churches more defiled by these "abusers of themselves," than would have happened by converting the sanctuary, for a season, into a pig-fold, under the inspection of a diligent and wary swine herd. Seats as well as walls, which at the dedication were pure as drifting snow, have become so defiled with the juices, as to make the reverent worshiper grow giddy on his knees, and produce clerical gag-gings from the pulpit.

We have no lectures for the men, as this is no vehicle of admonition or reproach for them. But we appeal to their decent wives and daughters. Not that we would provoke their permanent ill-nature; though we must confess that few things in creation merit more conjugal severity than the practice of domestic chewing, which scatters around the habitation the excrements of a mouth most defiled and stenchy. But what we would of the ladies, is that you protect the house of God. If there is no other way to do it, put on your best silks, and when you reach the sanctuary sit close to your erring husband, forewarning him that you are resolved no tobacco juice shall fall upon the walls, or floor, or utensils of God's house, and that, to save him from the guilt of defiling the "holy place of the sanctuary of the Most High," he must make you *his spit-box*.

We have heard of a lady, in high and honored life, who, when her forgetful husband bedaubed the floor of the pew with a quid, grasped it with her glove, wiping the juices with her very costly handkerchief. The event was satisfactory. He purchased her some new gloves and kerchiefs, and did not chew in church for twelve months thereafter. Was she wrong? Were her costly garments more precious than God's temple, "the place where *his honor dwelleth*?"

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MATERNAL DECISION.

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BY REV. JOHN TODD.

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It is not difficult to be decided, were this all; but to be decided and firm while the feelings and the voice are as soft as the lute, is difficult. Your child has no judgment. Many times every week, and sometimes every day, he must be denied, and his wishes and will be made to submit to yours. When he is well, you must, of necessity, be constantly thwarting his inclinations, forbidding him, or commanding him; and when he is sick, you must force him, and stand further than ever aloof from indulgence. Even when you feel that he is on the bed of death, you must control him, govern him, command him, and see that he obeys! Your own decision, energy, and firmness, must never waive for a moment in his presence. While a mother's heart pleads for indulgence, you must have a resolution which will lead you to do your duty, even while the heart bleeds, and the eyes weep. That noble mother—who held her child while his leg was amputated, and did it with a firmness which he dared not resist, and with a tenderness that made him feel that she did it for his good—who does not admire? These two qualities, decision and mildness, are seldom found in man. He is either too stern or too lenient. But the mother, she can possess them both, and have them both in exercise at the same moment. She must, however, have the aid of Heaven. She must seek it in prayer, at the foot of the throne, and there she will find it.

I could point you to a son who cherishes the memory of his mother as something inexpressibly dear and sacred. She was a widow, and he her only son. When a young man he said or did something in the presence of his sister and a cousin, both young ladies, highly improper. His mother told him of his fault, mildly and kindly, and requested him to make an apology to the girls. This he declined. She insisted upon it, and even laid her commands. He refused. She next requested him to go with her into his chamber in the third story. He complied. She then very coolly took the key, and told him, she should lock the door, and he would neither see her face, nor receive food, till he submitted.

The next day she called at the door of the prisoner.

"My son, are you ready to comply with my request?"

"No, mother."

The second day, the same question was asked and the same answer received. The third day she went to the door, and said, "James, you think by holding out thus, your mother will yield, and come to your terms, but you do not know her. I am in the path of duty, and I shall not yield till the timbers of this house decay and fall, should I live so long!"

That evening he would have sent a message to his mother, but he had no messenger. On the fourth day he promised to do whatever she required. She opened the door, and her pale, sickly looking boy embraced her with tears, asked her pardon, and submitted to her requisition. He has since been seen to shed tears of gratitude over that decision and faithfulness, and to assert, with the utmost confidence, that it was this firmness, in his widowed mother, that saved him from irrevocable ruin.—*Mother's Assistant.*

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Original. PHRENOLOGY.

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BY ALFRED M. LORRAINE.

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It is not our object, at present, to examine the claims of phrenology; but to inquire, if true, wherein does it conflict with revelation, tend to infidelity, or contravene the moral agency of man? When we say, if true, of course we mean in the main, without embracing the condiments with which it is usually served up.

If the superstructure of the system is founded on the presumption, that the physical organs give an arbitrary direction to the dispositions and acts of immortal spirits, which will necessarily tend to certain ends, and no adequate provision has been made to arrest such tendency, then would it deserve the most indignant opposition of all sensible and pious persons. But the phrenologist, by inverting the above position, may establish a platform more reasonable, and at the same time more tenable. Instead of supposing that the organs are made to control the mind, let him admit that the growing and unfolding dispositions of the soul give shape and direction to the outward man, and then, as far as we can see, the theory will be conformable to the most approved theology, time immemorial.

It is certainly admitted, in natural philosophy, that the bones and cartilage of the head and face are extremely flexible in infancy, approaching almost as near to a fluid as to a solid state. And we may justly suppose that until they are perfectly ossified, and hardened into manhood, they are not entirely impervious to mental impression. We find but little difference (waiving accidents and extraneous circumstances) in the heads of infants. It is true, it will be said the child is like this one or that one; but wherever there is a pleasant gentleman, somewhat inclined to obesity, and who has an innocent and bumpless head, full face, and double chin, nearly all the children who are born in the circumference of his acquaintance are accused of being

(in miniature) his *fac simile*. So much for the uniformity of infants.

Wherein does this doctrine militate against orthodoxy? Has it not been admitted, time out of mind, that although all men are fallen, yet depravity is developed variously in different subjects? Among children of the same family we find an interesting boy, who, although he gives ample testimony of original sin, is nevertheless a sensitive bulb of benevolence and mercy. He

"Would not heedlessly set foot upon a worm,
But turn aside and let the reptile live."

But his ungracious brother is a mere Nero in principle. He banquets upon the miseries of his fellow creatures; and the groans of brutal expiration is music in his ears. His companions start back from his unfeeling sports, and wonder where his rampant cruelty will end. Is this scriptural? Yes. The apostle Paul exhorts us to "lay aside every weight and *the sin* which doth so easily beset us." And all this accords with experience. In our love feasts we sometimes hear a brother, after speaking of the work of grace in his soul, lament that his peculiar besetment is "levity of spirit;" and after recounting some of the conflicts with, and victories over this standing enemy of his peace, in view of a perpetual warfare, he claims the prayers of his brethren. Another complains of "hardness of heart," while others are fighting hard for life, and resisting, almost unto blood, propensities so unlovely, that they are willing to keep them in perpetual concealment, until the Lord shall send forth judgment unto victory. It appears, then, that there are moral bumps, cleaving (not merely to the cranium—that were a light thing—but) to the soul. And this once admitted, all the consequences may be pinned to it, that are righteously or unrighteously fastened to phrenology. The impious may say, whether the bumps or imperfections are mental or physical, they are clear indications of the truth of infidelity. This we deny; for there are religious communities who hold to the darkest aspect of fatalism, in conjunction with the truth, and yet so efficacious is the Gospel, that, even beclouded with this deadly incubus of error, it is the power of God unto salvation to all who believe. But *consistent* Christians may say, in those deep characteristic curves and lines, "We see the eccentric and voluntary aberrations of our fallen nature from pristine purity; but we see, also, a gracious plenitude of centripetal power to bring the farthest wanderer back to the orbit of full salvation, if he will only yield to be saved by grace." It is no proof against phrenology that the work of regeneration does not immediately transform the body. "That which is born of the Spirit, is *spirit*." It is the spirit and not the body that is born again. And although regeneration frequently imparts to the most unfavorable structure a pleasant aspect, yet we need not wonder that it does not remodel bones and features which have been long consolidated by age. It is enough for us to know that God has promised to extend this grace to the body in due time; and that in the morning of eternity our bo-

ties shall be fashioned like unto the glorious body of our great Mediator. Yes,

"Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every feature, every face,
Be heavenly and divine."

In the mean time, a bad development in the head or face of a Christian, should cause none to esteem him less. The harder the subject the brighter the trophy. And many such have clearly illustrated the doctrine of our Lord, "To whom much is forgiven, the same will love much."

Again, admitting that it is the mind that gives prominence to the organ, the circumstance of a man's losing a portion of the brain by suppuration (*if?*), or a feature of the face by excision, and still retaining his distinctive character, is no argument against either phrenology or physiognomy. We might as well expect that the amputation of the tongue would cure a slanderer of his bent of sinning. No, let the unruly member go by the board, and give the man pen and paper, and he will slander still. Indeed, it is only because he possesses not the constitution of a polypus, that the untamable organ does not revive.

Why, we ask, should the Church be so sensitive in regard to new theories, unless they are broached in avowed hostility to the Gospel? The present well established philosophy of the heavens and earth was once viewed askance by the Church, (such as it then was;) and there are some now, ignorant, it is true, but duly pious, who will not admit the diurnal revolution of the earth, because the Bible, in accordance with human phraseology, tells of the rising and setting sun. Others reject the idea of a plurality of worlds—planets larger than our own, because it draws along with it the conclusion that they are inhabited. And *this they think* militates against Christianity. However, such cases are becoming more sparse, as the light of science steals insensibly through the universe of mind. And all true sciences, when winnowed of the chaff of human speculations, are in perfect amity with the word of God. Notwithstanding all the use that infidelity once made of astronomy, the Church has at last brought forth a Chalmers and a Dick, who have gathered from that celestial science an immense revenue of glory into Christ's kingdom. So when phrenology and physiognomy (they should not be divided) are "sifted as wheat," they may be found in fellowship with truth, and constitute an indispensable study in clerical lore. In eighteen hundred years ancient sciences have been more perfectly disclosed—new theories have sprung up, but the venerable Gospel stands unharmed.

"Like some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Spreads from the vale, and mid-way leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

He that will often put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly at both of them, will find that the more often he contemplates them, the former will grow greater and the latter less.

Original.
NATURAL SCIENCE.

BY PROFESSOR MERRICK.

BIRDS—DRESS.

BIRDS are beautifully attired. Of them it may be said, as of the lilies, that though "they spin not, yet even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Still, there is no sacrifice of comfort for mere show. Their covering is peculiarly adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. It is warm and light. Feathers are, in an eminent degree, non-conductors of caloric, or heat, and are so constructed and arranged as to confine a large quantity of air near the body, which is an excellent protection from the extremes of temperature. And what lighter than a feather? How beautifully adapted for the clothing of an animal destined to move in so rare a medium as the air! Birds that remain in high latitudes through the year, are much more warmly clad than those that migrate to warmer regions. In addition to ordinary feathers, they are covered with a fine, soft down, in which they defy the fiercest blast of a northern winter. Aquatic birds are also covered with a very thick coat of feathers and down, which, when anointed with an oily secretion copiously provided by glands near the tail, effectually preserve them from becoming wetted, though in the water for days together.

In the *color* of their dress, birds present a greater diversity than is found in any other class of animals. Here may be found every shade, from the snowy white of the swan, to the coal black of the raven. The liveliest colors are seen in the tropical regions. But in all climates, *as is meet*, the female, and the young of both sexes, are generally "arrayed in modest apparel"—much less showy than that of the adult male.

Most birds molt or change their dress at least once a year—many twice. Some, in this change, undergo a great metamorphosis. The fire-wing blackbird, for example, before his migration to the south, lays aside his glossy black coat, with his bright red epaulets, for the plain garb of the female, from which he cannot then be easily distinguished. But though some few have their summer and winter dress, with them there is no "change of fashion." Nor is there occasion; for their dress is most beautifully adapted to their form, habits, and "circumstances in life." The blustering and garrulous jay would certainly appear quite "out of fix" in the modest attire of the ground pigeon, or dove, while the latter, in the gaudy plumage of the jay, would be about as appropriately clad, as a blushing country lass decked in the tinsel of a city belle. And what is appropriate one year is equally so the next.

In the *structure* of the feather there is very striking evidence of design. Take the large feathers in the wing. In these it is important that the qualities of lightness and strength should be in a high degree combined—a thing by no means common. We find the lower end, or the quill part of the feather, composed of

a tough horny substance, formed into a hollow cylinder—a disposition of the materials best calculated for resisting flexion. The upper part, or vane, consists of two rows of flattened filaments, arranged on opposite sides of the stem, with their edges in the direction in which the greatest force is to be resisted. This gives them sufficient strength to prevent their bending upward, when the air is beaten by the wing in the act of flying. But these filaments, which are arranged with their flat surfaces in contact, are found to adhere to one another with considerable tenacity. Attempt to separate them, and, if the feather be large, it will be seen that they are held together by no glutinous matter, but by an immense number of minute fibrils, arranged along the upper edge of the filament like a fringe, and so constructed as to catch upon and clasp those with which they come in contact. By the aid of the microscope, the same contrivance is seen in the smaller feathers. In some few species the feathers are not furnished with fibrils, but such birds are not fitted for flight. The ostrich is an example.

VOICE.

Birds are remarkable for their strength of voice. Though, as a class, much smaller than the mammals, they can be heard at a far greater distance. This great power of producing sound is the result of their peculiar organization. The throat is large and strong, the lungs capacious, and connected with numerous other air vessels, and the whole arrangement such as to enable the bird to force the air from its body with great velocity. And what a pleasing *variety* of sound is produced by the different species. Harsh and soft, shrill and grave, gay and plaintive, are the notes that mingle in the general psalm. Several kinds of birds readily imitate the voice and notes of others, and some few the tones of the human voice, and the voice of other animals. The most celebrated of these is the American mocking-bird, (*Turdus polyglottus*), which imitates the notes of nearly every other bird with such perfection as to deceive the most practiced ear. The powers of the parrot, in imitating the human voice, are well known.

THE SENSES.

In birds sight is by far the most extensive and acute of the senses. On this they chiefly depend in discovering their food. The kite, when soaring at an immense elevation, perceives upon the earth the object of his prey, though as diminutive as a field-mouse, or sparrow. The swallow discovers the tiny insect upon which it feeds when darting through the air with the velocity of an arrow. The sense of *hearing* is also quite acute—that of *smell* less so than among quadrupeds. The supposed acuteness of this latter sense in carnivorous birds, especially in those that feed on carrion, has been most clearly proved by Mr. Audobon to be erroneous. The organs of taste and touch are very imperfectly developed in this class of animals, and appear to afford them but little service.

In their *habits* and *instincts*, birds are as remarkable as in their organical structure. On these subjects a

volume might be filled with the wonders of science. A few remarks, however, must suffice for this place. These will be confined to the nidification and migration of birds, and their powers of imitation.

NIDIFICATION.

In making their nests, each species has its own plan, no two constructing them just alike. But with the same species there is a remarkable degree of uniformity. The robin of Europe builds its nest like the robin of this continent—the young like the old, and undoubtedly those of the present day like those that nestled in the trees of paradise. Most birds place their nests upon trees—some build upon the naked rock—others burrow deep in the ground—some seek the barn or deserted dwelling, while others conceal their nests among the rushes and flags of marshes and fresh water pools, where they often float upon the surface of the water. In *constructing* their nests, some act the *mason*, some the *carpenter*, some the *weaver*, and some the *tailor*. The cliff swallow is among the most skillful of the first class. It “conceals its warm and feathered nest in a receptacle of agglutinated mud, resembling a narrow-necked purse, or retort.” The nests of the barn swallow, martin, and pheebe, are examples of ornithal masonry familiar to all. The crow works after but one “order” of architecture, and that is the *log-cabin order*, of which he gives but a rude specimen. He is but a poor carpenter at the best. The woodpecker far exceeds him both in industry and skill. The latter often provides a place for its nest by gouging out a spacious apartment in solid wood, with no other instrument than his wedge-shaped bill. The chimney swallow combines the mason and the carpenter. But the most skillful artisans are found among the weavers and tailors. Who has not admired the beautiful nest of the Baltimore oriole, or hang-bird, suspended from the depending boughs of the elm, or willow? Still more ingeniously constructed is the nest of the orchard oriole. This is composed chiefly of a species of tough grass, “formed into a sort of plaited purse, but little inferior to a course straw bonnet. The artificial labor bestowed is so apparent, that Wilson humorously adds, that on showing it to a matron of his acquaintance, betwixt joke and earnest, she asked if he thought it could not be taught to darn stockings.” The nests so highly prized by the Chinese for *soups*, are woven of gelatinous fibres, the material for which is provided by the mouth and stomach. Of the *tailor birds*, the *Sylvia sutoria* of India, and a species of the same genus found in Italy, are the most remarkable. The former prepares a receptacle for its nest by sewing together, with thread, or fibres of bark, the edges of several leaves at the end of some pendulous branch, where its eggs and young are safe from the voracity of the serpents and apes. According to Kirby, the *Sylvia* of Italy unites the leaves of the sedges, or reeds, by real *stitches*. In the edge of each leaf, she makes, probably with her beak, minute apertures, through which she contrives to pass one or more cords formed of spider’s web. These threads are not very long, but are

often knotted, and in some places divide into two or three branches.

The nest is generally built by the female. In some species the male assists; and in the case of the most common species of wren, (*Troglodytes fulvus*), the latter often completes his habitation even before he has selected his mate.

Some birds lay but a single egg in a season—others fifty or more; indeed, the most common species of our domestic poultry, “those victims,” as Buffon remarks, “which are multiplied without trouble, and sacrificed without regret,” often furnish us with several hundred in a year. The period of incubation varies from ten to between thirty and forty days. During this time, and while the young need their protecting care, most birds seem, in a great measure, to lose their natural shyness. The murre allows itself to be seized by the hand, or killed on the spot, rather than forsake its eggs or young. The ostrich, however, is said to be an exception; and it is supposed that reference is made to this fact in the passage in Job, which states that “she leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers.” But with all birds,

“The young dismissed, to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care.”

And here must end our brief remarks upon this subject, to give room for a few—and our limits require that they should be very few—upon

MIGRATION.

But few birds spend their summer and winter months in the same place. Most prefer a more northern climate in summer than in winter. Change of temperature, however, is not the only cause that impels birds to change their place of residence. Some perform long journeys in quest of food, and others, far remote from their ordinary place of residence, seek a place of safety for rearing their young. In their modes and habits of traveling, they present a great diversity. Most perform their journey through the air, some in part upon land, and some almost entirely upon the water. Some,

“Ranged in figure, wedge their way,
—and set forth
Their airy caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing,
Easing their flight,”

pursuing their course with an order and precision truly surprising; while others dash along in utter confusion. Some collect in countless numbers, others pursue their journey alone. Some travel by day, some by night, and others both by day and night. Some, by long and toilsome flights, accomplish their journey in a few days, rarely stopping for food or rest; while others loiter by the way for months, regaling themselves upon the abundant supply of food which He who “feedeth them” has provided for their accommodation. The al-
most unerring certainty with which birds accomplish

this part of their destiny, is well calculated to excite our admiration. But

"Who bade them thus, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not their own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day—
Who forms the phalanx, and who points out the way?"

He who made them to show forth his praise; for by his "wisdom" alone "they stretch their wings toward the south."

POWERS OF IMITATION.

The facility with which several species of birds imitate sounds was noticed when speaking of their voice; and examples will be given when describing the species there referred to. "The imitative actions and passiveness of some small birds," says Nuttall, "such as goldfinches, linnets, and canaries, are, however, quite as curious as their expression of sound. A *Sieur Roman* exhibited in England some of these birds, one of which simulated death, and was held up by the tail or claw without showing any active signs of life. A second balanced itself on the head, with its claws in the air. A third imitated a milk-maid going to market, with pails on its shoulders. A fourth mimicked a Venetian girl looking out at a window. A fifth acted the soldier, and mounted guard as a sentinel. The sixth was a cannonier, with a cap on its head, a firelock on its shoulder, and with a match in its claw discharged a small cannon. The same bird also acted as if wounded, was wheeled in a little barrow, as it were, to the hospital, after which it flew away before the company. The seventh turned a kind of wind-mill; and the last bird stood amidst a discharge of small fireworks, without showing any sign of fear."

A similar exhibition, according to the same author, in which twenty-four canary birds were the actors, was also shown in London in 1820, by a Frenchman named Dujou. One of these suffered itself to be shot at, and, falling down, as if dead, was put into a little wheelbarrow and conveyed away by one of its comrades.

OUR ACTIONS.

THE only things in which we can be said to have any property, are *our actions*. Our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison, they may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken from us by misfortune, our reputation by malice, our spirits by calamity, our health by disease, our friends by death. But our *actions* must follow us beyond the grave; with respect to them *alone*, we cannot say that we shall carry nothing with us when we die, neither that we shall go naked out of the world. Our actions must clothe us with an immortality, loathsome or glorious; these are the only *title-deeds* of which we cannot be disinherited; they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity, when every thing else is as nothing; and their value will be confirmed and established by those two sure and sateless destroyers of all *other things*—Time—and Death.

Original.

SCENES AT SEA.

ON a charming autumnal morning, in company with an aged mother, on a visit to the land of her fathers, I placed my foot on the deck of a splendid New York packet ship bound for the Old World. The first evening on ship-board can never be erased from memory. The sky was cloudless and serene—the setting sun had left a mellow tinge over the receding coast—the images of a thousand stars reflected from the surface of the sleeping deep, while the mantle of night spread a pensive but pleasant gloom around us. Alone, on the star-board quarter, till the midnight hour had passed, I remained with my eyes immovably fixed upon the Sandy Hook light-house till its last lingering ray fell upon my vision; then I felt that I was on the sea, the deep blue sea, but still under the protection of Him who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heaven with a span. How numerous and how thrilling the reflections awakened in the imagination by a luminous point, which, in the darkness of the night, appears at intervals above the agitated waves that lave the shores of home.

The pleasant weather and the smooth sea were not of long continuance. A calm, however agreeable for a short time, soon becomes tiresome. Anxiety to reach the port of destination overcomes the love of ease and the fear of danger. Before sunset, the third day out, all hands at work, adjusting the ropes, spars, and other fixings of the ship, the playful gambols of the porpoises around us, and the dark heavy clouds floating in the atmosphere, portended the approaching blow. With the wind came on an unusual roll of the ship; and its constant companion, to a landsman, sea-sickness, seized upon me, producing sensations altogether indescribable, and equally unpleasant. If I stood still, it seemed an incubus was upon me—if I moved, I was in danger of measuring my length upon the deck—if I cast my eye on the agitated ocean, it appeared as if all the apothecary shops in the world had cast their ipecac upon its heaving surges. Matters growing worse and worse on deck, after a desperate effort I got below. But our pleasant cabin was now a vast hospital, cooks, waiters, and stewards, acting the physician, attending and administering with all the kindness of the most skillful sons of the healing art. "Drink a little more—let it have its way—all over by and by—try to sleep, and be composed," were their most common prescriptions, and, if followed, would prove the most efficacious. Under their kind and skillful treatment, the war of the elements having ceased, health was soon restored. Sea-sickness always proves a blessing in disguise—an evil that good may come. It has no remedy but patient endurance and heart-felt cheerfulness.

A WRECK.

At an unexpected moment, while comfortably seated in the cabin, a seaman's voice from the maintop, "a wreck to windward!" fell like lead upon my ears, producing a train of emotions that words cannot describe. On board all was excitement. I knew not where to

look, or what to do. A ship in distress on the wide ocean! What feeling in the heart could remain untouched amidst the scene! Our noble vessel seemed in agony as she dashed wildly through the mountain waves to lend deliverance to suffering humanity. Our worthy officers, and their efficient crew, exerted every nerve to relieve, if possible, the distressed. In a few minutes we were close on to the wreck. It was the shattered hull of a brig, water-logged, and abandoned. I gazed upon it, tossing heavily upon the tumultuous deep, with painful and thrilling interest. It was a melancholy sight, and it has left an imperishable and mournful recollection upon the soul. Her masts shattered—her helm lashed—her rigging torn, and her deck swept clear—not a trace was left by which any information concerning her could be obtained. She had evidently drifted for several days. But the waves that broke over her, and the water that gushed in and out of her hatches, indicated that her ill-fated hull would soon sink. What became of the poor crew, when the wreck-making billow came over them, is left for conjecture. They may have been rescued, or they may have gone down amidst the howling of the tempest. All we can say is, she left port, encountered a storm, and was lost. How many are the perils of the sea, and the dangers of those that go in ships, and dwell upon the great waters!

Kind reader, we have left our moorings—our all-important voyage on the sea of time is progressing. Have we a safe conveyance? Are we guided by the chart and compass of the Gospel? Have we Jesus with us in the ship? If we are safe, and our prospects fair, we may behold, on the tempestuous ocean of time, while our sheet anchor is Christ, and our destination the realm of endless glory, innumerable moral shipwrecks, and souls perishing—immortal hopes destroyed. Signals of distress are waving over a lost world—agonizing cries for deliverance, in one accumulated wail, come upon us from millions of undying souls. Shall we, with pious zeal, and holy haste, man the Gospel ship, and send the life-boat of mercy to their rescue? Let our influence, our prayers, and our efforts swell the spreading sails of the Gospel ship, that speedily she may find her way to every clime, and give salvation to a perishing world.

A STORM.

During a few days, favored with a fair wind, sailing under close-reefed topsails, we made rapid headway, expecting shortly to gaze upon the green hills of the Emerald isle, and the lofty mountains of Wales. But ere this pleasing sight could be realized, we had to experience a severe gale. How often are human hopes fallacious, and our most cherished expectations sadly disappointed. A storm at sea has been often described; but fully to realize its awful grandeur, and sublime terrors, we must hear the howling tempest, see the tremendous swells, and feel the dashing spray. The wind roared fiercely, and the rain fell in torrents—the passengers, with few exceptions, were below—every thing appeared in the habiliments of gloom and sadness.

The peremptory commands of the officers, and the prompt "ay, ay, sir!" of the faithful sailors, soon brought our gallant ship to "scud under bare poles." But before this necessary preparation for a "blow" was through, some of the sails were torn in ribbons, and several of the spars riven, by the resistless storm. A steady hand was placed at the helm—every tar stood at his post, ready and willing to do his duty. The ship, tossed like a feather, dashed fearlessly through the foam-encrested water. While the storm was raging, and the waves, mountain high, were rolling, numerous sea birds could be seen, poised on the tip of the spray, or sailing in the clouds. How homeless and desolate, under such circumstances, the appearance of these lone dwellers upon the deep! To greet their flight, and for a moment to follow their rapid wing over the restless deep, was a sight of abiding and pathetic interest. Surely, if God watched over these frail wanderers, amidst the raging tempest, how great the security of man, the master-piece of creation! The special providence of God—unwavering reliance upon his almighty arm—was a stronghold—a place of perfect peace, when surrounded by the perils of the ocean. The thick darkness of the night that succeeded this tempestuous day, occasionally illumined by the lurid glare of the lightning's flash—the phosphorescent gleam of the troubled ocean, lashed into fury by the increasing gale, greatly magnified the sublimity of the storm. It was a sleepless and solemn night—two hundred souls on board—our frail bark struggling with the mighty ocean in its untried strength. The parting of a rope—the failure of a bolt—the springing of a timber, may let in the waters, and all is gone. Our track was over our grave, and at any moment we were all liable to sink into it, without a coffin or a shroud—the deep wide ocean grave yawned beneath ready to receive us. Though the sea wrought, and was tempestuous, and deep called unto deep, all was well—in the hand of Omnipotence we were safe. Such a tempest, and perfect security amidst all its appalling dangers, impress upon the mind the power and goodness of Jehovah in their fairest lustre and brightest glory. Dreadful must be the insensibility and ingratitude of the heart that would not most humbly acknowledge, and devoutly adore that Being whose invisible but omnipotent hand guided our frail vessel in safety, and at whose word

"The gambling storm"
Came crouching at his feet."

DEATH ON BOARD.

No sooner had the wind abated, the waves yet rolling tremendously, than we were called to witness a funeral. The insatiate archer, waiting only for the nod of Omnipotence, lodged his arrow in the heart of an only son of his mother, and she was a widow. The corpse was neatly clad in the usual habiliments of a watery grave, wrapped in sail-cloth, with a weight at the feet. It was borne aloft by two sailors, laid on a board on the larboard bulwark, and after appropriate religious exercise, was cast into the unfathomed depths of the ocean grave, to rest till the clangor of the arch-

angel's trump shall bid the earth and sea give up their dead. As the body fell, a few bubbles arose, but as quickly for ever fled, leaving no trace, no fond memorial to designate the place of sepulchre:

"But the sea-bird's wail, and the stormy gale,
And the roar of ocean wave,
Sang deep and long the funeral song,
O'er the infant's trackless grave."

The burial was a solemn and affecting scene; but, alas! how soon did mirth and thoughtlessness succeed. The human heart is the same on sea as on land. The impression, produced by the late terrific tempest and the death on board, resembled the snow-flake falling upon the flinty rock—it passed away, and no mark was left.

On the twentieth day out, our noble ship was introduced into her transatlantic home, in the "Prince's Dock, Liverpool." Thus safely moored, our perils o'er, the scene irresistibly led my mind to contemplate the triumphant landing of the Christian voyager on the shores of blissful immortality. On our left was moored an East Indiaman, just arrived—her bulwarks stove—her masts in shivers—her sails and rigging rent in fragments. She barely made her port. Christian friend, how shall our voyage on life's tempestuous ocean end? Shall an entrance be ministered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ? Or will you, as by fire, make the heavenly port? Now spread your canvass, and catch the celestial breeze—aim at high attainments in usefulness and holiness. Then, in full trim, will you bid farewell to the shores of time; and amidst the bursting halleluiahs of the ransomed hosts that have crossed the flood and gone before, will you, first in song, and nearest the throne for ever dwell.

"Then firmly let us grasp the helm,
Though loud the billows roar;
And soon, our toils and dangers past,
Our anchor we shall safely cast,
On Canaan's happy shore."

B. W. C.

Original.

TO A CLOUD.

CLOUD! that careerest through the trackless air,
How dark and all-mysterious art thou!
Thy very lightnings, with their vivid glare,
Deepen the gloom that rests upon thy brow.

Who can reveal the secrets of thy womb—
Who tell what thunders in thy bosom sleep—
And who the forms that thou wilt yet assume,
As, changing still, thou cleav'st the airy deep?

E'en Fancy's self, grown weary in the flight,
That boldly would thy mysteries unfold,
Furls its tired wing, and like a bird at night,
Sinks down to rest—thy secrets still untold.

We hear thy thunders bursting from afar,
And see, athwart thy breast, thy lightning's gleam;
And then, we deem the elements *at war*,
But *gore* and *death* are wanting to the dream.

Anon, we call thee, as thou fliest on,
Sailor of upper deeps, and ship of heaven;
But the resemblance holds in this alone,
That thou by winds invisible art driven.

Roll on, dark cloud, thy destiny fulfill,
No finite power thy onward flight can stay;
Tis God alone can scatter thee at will,
Or by his counsel guide thee on thy way. M.

Original.

ON HOPE.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

ANGELIC beam! thou cheer'st the heart
With radiance, heaven-born and divine;
O, cling to me! let us not part;
But closer let thy tendrils twine
Around me—let them, clust'ring, cling,
To strengthen, 'mid the storms of life;
And round me may thy golden wing
Be spread, in nature's dying strife!
Bereft of thee, each scene would fade—
Life's pathway then would cheerless be—
Its brightest sunshine turn to shade—
To billows change my smoothest sea.
Dark blighting cares would fill the breast,
Smiles ne'er would lighten up the eye,
Nought check fierce passion's stern control.
Our cherish'd wish would be to die—
To pass from this cold clime away,
And leave each dark deserted scene,
To wake in an unclouded day,
And view again its smile serene.
Hope, that *blest* feeling, gift divine,
A precious gem to mortals giv'n;
It radiant in God's courts shall shine,
Undimm'd amid the joys of heaven.

H Y M N.

WHY those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship—
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep.

Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone.

Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste—
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last!

O, what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more.

Original.
A CHAPTER ON COMETS.

BY J. S. TOMLINSON.

I AM satisfied that an article on the subject indicated by the above caption, would not be uninteresting to the readers of the Repository at any time, and especially at *this* time, when the approach of one of these celestial visitants is frequently adverted to in the public journals, and in the social circle. The one to which I refer is called Encke's Comet, from the name of the philosopher by whom its periodical time, or the date of its re-appearance was accurately determined. In the year 1819 he made such observations upon it as led him to predict that its re-appearance would be at intervals of three years and three months; and from that time to the present, the correctness of his prediction has been most surprisingly verified, thus adding another trophy to the wonderful achievements of mathematical science. It is proper to observe, in general, before we proceed, that the path of a comet is a very long, narrow ellipse, or oval, and that the sun is within this path, and very near to one extremity of it; and when the comet is in that part of its path nearest the sun, it is said to be in its *perihelion*; and it is only when a comet is *in* or *near* its perihelion that it is visible to the inhabitants of the earth. In the other parts of its orbit it is so remote from the earth, and is so diminished in its splendor, by its increasing distance from the sun, as to be imperceptible by the most powerful telescopes that have ever been invented. Whenever, therefore, a comet is visible to us, by any means, we may certainly conclude that it has re-visited its perihelion, or is in the neighborhood of it.

During the present visit of Encke's Comet, the time of its setting has been so near that of the sun, that, as yet, it has not been visible after nightfall. It has, nevertheless, been very distinctly seen in the day time with the assistance of glasses of considerable power; so much so as to enable astronomers to assign its position among the fixed stars with great precision. But before it leaves us again for its long and dreary journey, we may possibly have the pleasure of beholding it while the sun is below the horizon.

It is estimated by some of the most distinguished philosophers, that there are no less than five hundred comets belonging to the solar system; but so great is the difficulty of obtaining, by observation, the requisite elements, that the periodical times of only three, or, at most, four out of this number have been satisfactorily established; namely, Halley's, Encke's, Biela's, and the great comet of 1680, as it is usually called, by way of eminence. A few remarks upon each of these, with the exception of the one already considered, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

A comet appeared in the year 1682, upon which the celebrated Dr. Halley bestowed very particular attention; and by a careful comparison of his own observations upon it with those of Kepler upon the comet of

1607, and those of Apian upon a comet of 1531, he became convinced that they were identical, and not different bodies, as had been supposed. And so fully persuaded was he of their identity, that he unhesitatingly predicted that, after the lapse of the same interval, (that is, about seventy-six years,) it would make its appearance again. And, sure enough, in the latter part of the year 1758, it returned to its perihelion, corresponding so strikingly with the Doctor's recorded description of it, as to satisfy the most sceptical, that they were one and the same. The question was regarded as so entirely settled, that the men of that generation proceeded, as a matter of course, to fix the time of its return for 1835. And, to the honor of science be it spoken, in August of that year, as many of us cannot fail to recollect, it greeted our world with a passing recognition. And when the reader and the writer shall be sleeping in their graves, it will have accomplished its mighty circuit again, and from its lofty position in the skies will look down upon our children, and our children's children; and Heaven grant that it may behold them wiser, and better, and happier than their predecessors!

So great is the eccentricity of the orbit of this comet, that while its least distance from the sun is only about sixty millions of miles, (considerably less than that of the earth from the sun,) its greatest distance is almost twice that of the Georgium Sidus, being largely upwards of three thousand millions of miles. The principle by which this fact is determined it is not necessary here to explain. Suffice to say, that the result is based upon mathematical processes, of the most rigid and unquestionable character, as every one that has gone thoroughly into the study of astronomy very well knows. And here I would remark, by the way, that there is a popular mode, and a scientific mode of pursuing this noble study. The former embraces what may be called *descriptive* astronomy, and consists of but little more than merely reciting or narrating the facts of the science; whereas, the latter goes into an analytical investigation of the causes or reasons of these facts, and is called, by way of distinction, *physical* astronomy. It is not every alledged study of astronomy that is entitled to the name. To have an intelligent, comprehensive view of the subject, the mind must be deeply imbued with almost the entire range of pure and mixed mathematics. Nevertheless, without this, much, very much may be acquired that will be highly entertaining and valuable; especially in elevating and expanding our conceptions of the wisdom, power, and benevolence of God.

But to return. Of the four comets whose periodical revolutions have been ascertained, Biela's is the third one included in our enumeration, in regard to which I will only remark, that it was so called from a Bohemian astronomer of that name, in honor of his having discovered the time in which it passes through its orbit, which is six years and about two hundred and seventy days.

By far the most interesting of all this class of heav-

only bodies, is that which is emphatically called the great comet of 1680. It is supposed, and, indeed, it can hardly be doubted, but that this was the same comet that appeared in the time of Henry the First, of England, in the year 1106, in the year 531, and also in the year 44 before Christ; making its periodical time so enormously great as 575½ years. It is a remarkable fact, that if we take this period and count back seven times from the year 1680, we shall arrive at the year of the world 1656, the very year, according to the most approved chronology, in which the general deluge happened. And hence it is conjectured by many, that this comet had a vast influence in bringing about that terrible catastrophe. By some it is thought that, in passing, it struck the earth, and turned it out of its original position, causing a reflux of the waters of the oceans, and a consequent submergence of the dry land, and the drowning of its inhabitants. By others it is thought that the luminous trains of the comets consist, in part at least, of watery vapor; and it is known by calculation that these trains are millions of miles in breadth as well as in length. Now it is not unplausibly imagined that the earth, at a great distance from the *body or nucleus* of the comet, passed through *this luminous train*, and that the watery vapor, which it held in solution, was condensed by the inferior temperature of the earth, and in such quantities as were sufficient to bury the earth to the depth represented in the sacred Volume. Notwithstanding the immense velocity of this comet, yet, from the great extent of its train, both in length and breadth, we may readily suppose that it would take the earth several days to pass through it—even as much as “forty days and forty nights.” But I will not dwell on these opinions, much less will I avow my belief in either of them. I merely mention them, *en passant*, for the reflection of the reader. I must be allowed to add, however, that if, as seems to be the fact, this comet *did* appear at the time of the general deluge, it is certainly not unreasonable to suppose that, *in some way*, it had a very important and powerful influence in bringing about that awfully punitive dispensation of divine Providence.

When the comet, of which we are now speaking, was in its perihelion, so great was its approximation to the sun, that it was only about 120,000 miles from his surface. And it is affirmed by Sir Isaac Newton—and the affirmation is susceptible of the most satisfactory proof—that while in that situation, its heat must have been so intense as to have been 2000 times as hot as red hot iron. And hence it is very properly concluded, that unless it is composed of exceedingly dense and refractory materials, it would not only have been fused, but literally evaporated. So that the supposition formerly entertained that the comets were nothing but mere *congeries* of vapors, must be altogether unfounded. If the *aphelion* distance of Halley’s comet overpowers the imagination, what must be the effect of contemplating the distance traveled by *this* comet to reach the utmost limit of its trajectory? By the application of the same unerring principle before adverted to, it is demonstrable, *yes, demonstrated*, that when this comet is in its

aphelion, it is no less than twelve thousand millions of miles from the sun; that is to say, about seven times the distance of the Georgian planet. And great as these numbers are, we have a very imperfect conception of their magnitude from simply hearing them announced. The number last mentioned is so great, that if a man could live so long, it would take him more than four hundred years to count it, supposing him to count twelve hours each day, and at the rate of a hundred in a minute. This comet will not appear again until the year 2255.

I am fully aware that to those who believe the earth to be a vast extended plain, immovably fixed in the centre of the universe, and the sun, moon, and stars to be comparatively small bodies, revolving about it every twenty-four hours—I am aware that to such persons all we have said about the comets would appear quite visionary, incredible, and absurd, and that they would be inclined to place these statements in the same category with “stories about giants fifty yards high, or those rabbinical legends about leviathan, in which they alledge that every day he swallows a fish three miles long, and is thereby preparing himself to become the food and entertainment of the blessed at the great feast of paradise.” I trust, however, that the Repository has but few, if any readers, who have profited so little by the lights of modern times, as not to be willing to *credit*, even if they do not comprehend, those sublime truths by which astronomical science is now enriched. If you tell these people that the works of God are so extensive and magnificent, that if the earth were struck from the map of the universe, its loss would be no greater, comparatively speaking, than the loss of a single leaf from a forest of ten miles square, they would look at you with mingled amazement and pity, as one that was utterly reckless of either truth or probability. And yet, maugre all their incredulity, pity, and amazement, such an assertion would be incontestably true, unless the entire science of number and quantity deserves to be scouted as an idle dream. To go minutely into the reasons corroborative of such a statement as this, would lead us too far from the subject more immediately in hand. Suffice it to observe, that there is, in the mind of every astronomer, the most ample proof that the sun is a million times as large as the earth, and that there are, in the regions of space, and *visible to us*, myriads of millions of bodies, at least equal, and probably far superior in magnitude to the glorious luminary which constitutes the centre of our system.

Various hypotheses have been and are entertained as to the purposes for which the comets were intended in the mechanism of the universe; for we cannot doubt for a moment but that some wise and beneficent design was contemplated in their creation. God has made nothing in vain. To our limited intellectual vision many things may appear to be useless and even injurious in the great frame of nature. But to Him whose broad and all-pervading eye takes a connected survey of the whole, and sees the end from the begin-

ning—to him any thing that he has made is doubtless operating in such a manner as faithfully to contribute its part in working out the eternal but unfathomable purposes of infinite wisdom. Of course we are now understood to be speaking of inanimate existences. Many of those who believe with Newton that the sun is an immense globe of fire, placed in the midst of our system, solely for the purpose of keeping the planets in their orbits, and supplying them with light and heat, are of the opinion that the comets were intended as fuel for the sun, to supply the waste that results from its constant radiation of light and caloric, and that these bodies will be successively drawn into the sun for this purpose as they come to their perihelia. It is supposed that when the comet of 1680 was last at its perihelion, it was within the sun's atmosphere, and must have had its centrifugal force considerably diminished; and that, at every subsequent return, this diminution will be going on, until, ultimately, the centripetal force will so far predominate as to cause its inevitable absorption by the sun. The theory of Dr. Herschell, that the sun is not a ball of fire, but an opaque, inhabitable body, surrounded by luminous phosphorescent clouds, militates strongly against this supposition. And I think it cannot be questioned but that the evidence in favor of Herschell's theory is decidedly preponderant. Even admitting that, by passing through a portion of the sun's atmosphere, its velocity is retarded, as suggested, this effect may be counteracted, and more than counteracted by the accelerative influence of some of the superior planets near which it may and probably does pass in some of its revolutions. And, moreover, it has been shown by experiments on light by Dr. Priestley and others, that the whole quantity of luminous matter that would be thrown off by the sun in the course of six thousand years would, so to speak, be next to nothing. It is, nevertheless, possibly true, even according to Herschell's theory, that the comets may, from age to age, become united with, and converted into the luminous matter by which the body of the sun is enveloped.

It is generally admitted that the comets are highly electrical bodies, and that the luminous trains by which they are generally accompanied, are composed *mainly* of streams of electricity, which they are caused to give out by induction, when in proximity with the sun. And, indeed, these beautiful sectoral, or fan-like trains may be strikingly imitated with the electric machine, by holding a metallic rod towards the rubber of the machine, when negatively electrified, performing the experiment in the dark; or still more strikingly, by having a large glass tube with a metallic rod in one end of it, and presenting the rod to the prime conductor of the machine when in operation. In that case there will emanate from the interior extremity of the rod, and fill the cavity of the tube, a brilliant pencil of rays impressively analagous to the train of a comet. But without having recourse to any such analogies, comets have been known to exert an electric, or rather an *electro-magnetic* influence upon terrestrial bodies,

particularly the magnetic needle. During the presence of Halley's comet in 1835, the north pole of the needle of our college compass was elevated about five degrees above the horizontal level, and others in the vicinity were affected exactly in the same way. And from the position of the comet, and the return of the needle to its horizontal position after the departure of the comet, I had no doubt but it was the cause of the disturbance referred to. And I would here ask, may not the comets be the great purveyors of the electric fluid to the various parts of the solar system, to replace what may, from time to time, be lost from the planets by its passing into space—a vacuum being a good conductor of electricity? Or may they not be designed to operate in some way in preserving the equilibrium of the electric fluid throughout the universe?—a fluid which very probably has far more important agencies throughout the wide range of animate and inanimate existence, than we can now possibly conceive. The last appearance of Biela's comet was in 1832, about contemporaneously with the breaking out of Asiatic cholera in this country; and who can say that it did not exert such an influence upon the electricity of our planet, as to bring about those terrible consequences which many of us well remember, and most bitterly deplore! And yet, such evils may be only incidental, and by no means to be compared with the general good that they are instrumental in accomplishing. I will only add on this point, that many eminent medical men were disposed to ascribe that horrible scourge to cometary influence. And may we not suppose that the ever memorable *shower of meteors*, which afterwards occurred, was only the breaking up of that peculiar electric state of the atmosphere which had been the source of so much mischief?

"I suspect," says Sir Isaac Newton, "that the spirit which makes the finest, subtilest, and best part of our air, and which is absolutely requisite for the life and being of all things, comes principally from the comets."

I will close this article with a notice of only one more opinion in regard to the nature and purposes of comets. There are some who believe, or at any rate, have believed, that they were once planetary orbs like our earth, and that their inhabitants having served out their probation, the good were translated to other and far more blissful abodes, and that the incorrigibly wicked were left upon them, and that they were, by some means, struck from their accustomed orbits, and by their approximation to the sun, were set on fire, and will for ever continue to be the punitive abodes of the wretched inhabitants that were left upon them. This idea will be found in Milton's *Paradise Lost*; and whether it is to be regarded as his sober belief, or a mere poetic fancy, we have no means of determining. A similar idea (at least so far as relates to the original nature of the comets, and how and why they were brought into their present condition) is conveyed by the Ettrick Shepherd in his "*Pilgrims of the Sun*." And though I make no pretensions to great critical acumen in compositions of this sort, yet I will venture

the opinion, that the passage in which this sentiment occurs, is one of the finest and most magnificent that ever emanated from the human mind. And having given this passage, I will, for the present at least, take my leave of the subject now under consideration. The lines to which I refer may be found in Part Second of that poem, and reads thus:

"I can remember well
When you* was such a world as that you left;
A nursery of intellect for those
Where matter lives not. Like these other worlds,
It wheeled upon its axle, and it swung
With wide and rapid motion. But the time
That God ordained for its existence ran.
Its uses in that beautiful creation,
Where nought subsists in vain, remained no more!
The saints and angels knew of it, and came
In radiant files, with awful reverence,
Unto the verge of heaven, where we now stand,
To see the downfall of a sentenced world.
Think of the impetus that urges on
These ponderous spheres, and judge of the event.
Just in the middle of its swift career,
Th' Almighty snapt the golden cord in twain
That hung it to the heaven. Creation sobbed!
And a spontaneous shriek rang on the hills
Of these celestial regions. Down again
Into the void the outcast world descended,
Wheeling and thundering on! Its troubled seas
Were churned into a spray, and, whizzing, flurried
Around it like a dew. The mountain tops,
And ponderous rocks, were off impetuous flung,
And clattered down the steep of night for ever.
Away into the sunless, starless void,
Rushed the abandoned world; and thro' its caves,
And rifted channels, airs of chaos sung.
The realms of night were troubled; for the gillness
Which there from all eternity had reigned,
Was rudely decomposed; and moaning sounds,
Mixed with a whistling howl, were heard afar,
By darkling spirits! Still, with stayless force,
For years and ages, down the wastes of night
Boiled the impetuous mass!—of all its seas
And superficies disencumbered.
It boomed along, till by the gathering speed
Its furnaced mines and hills of walled sulphur
Were blown into a flame—when, meteor-like,
Bursting away upon an arching track,
Wide as the universe, again it scaled
The dusky regions. Long the heavenly hosts
Had deemed the globe extinct—nor thought of it,
Save as an instance of Almighty power;
Judge of their wonder and astonishment,
When, far as heavenly eyes can see, they saw
In yon blue void, that hideous world appear—
Showering thin flame and shining vapor forth
O'er half the breadth of heaven! The angels paused;
And all the nations trembled at the view.
The time will come, when, in likewise, the earth
Shall be cut off from God's fair universe—
Its end fulfilled; but when that time shall be,
From man, from saint, and angel, is concealed."

It will be seen that my own opinions, as far as they are indicated, are somewhat different from those embraced in the preceding paragraph. I was not willing, however, to forego the satisfaction of placing before the reader the almost inimitable passage just quoted. I would rather have the honor and the pleasure of having been the author of such a passage as that, than to

* Pointing to a comet.

have been born to a thousand pounds a year. But there is an honor and a pleasure infinitely greater than that, and which, it is gratifying to know, we may all obtain without money and without price.

Augusta College, Ky., May, 1842.

IMMORTALITY.

To what untried scenes of future existence will man be introduced, when he shall see with other eyes, and hear with other ears, and perceive by other means than he knows at present, and be in company with beings of a celestial origin, who were never united to flesh and blood; flames of ethereal fire, pure and perfect intelligences, who never lost their primeval innocence; who were witnesses to the creation of numberless worlds, and the primary constitution of the laws of nature; who have studied with enlarged capacity the mysteries of matter and spirit, their union, nature, and operations! "At present we see but through a glass darkly." Obscurity and human ignorance draw an impenetrable curtain over the eternal state. Man is but in the infancy of his being, at the commencement of existence, a mere embryo, inclosed in the shell of a material body. When the veil of flesh is removed, and the bandage is taken from his eyes, he will be initiated into the sweets of a world purely intellectual, and, ever insatiate, will drink at the fountain of perfection and wisdom. Then will he learn intuitively, and rise by one progressive scale of knowledge, through eternity, surrounded by an interminable prospect of felicity.

In our present state of probation, there seems to be an innate desire of immortality incorporated in our very essence. "Nature's first wish is endless happiness; annihilation is an *after* thought." No man wishes to become extinct at the hour of death, until *guilt* has rendered immortality an object of his dread. If man be not immortal,

"Then whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?"

We are fired in the contemplation, to enjoy endless felicity. Hope cheers our prospects, and supports us amidst the numerous "ills that flesh is heir to." Music lends her enchanting voice, "sweet as celestial symphonies;" and in the raptures of a congregational hymn, we look forward with a prospect of celebrating the praises of Deity through an endless duration! Nature everywhere smiles! God is everywhere good. If he has manifested his eternal abhorrence of moral evil in many instances by the baneful operation of natural evil in the world, it was absolutely necessary. The moral perfection of his nature must make an immutable distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice, or the interminable rectitude and happiness of his creatures could never be secured, nor the glory and perfection of his moral attributes be fully discovered. All things, therefore, are founded on general good, on the principles of unsullied rectitude, on a philanthropy which is immense, unconfined, and eternal.—*Imperial Magazine.*

Original.

THE FAULTY MISTRESS.

"PATIENCE! patience!" said Mrs. Fretful to her husband; "it's intolerable. The girl has been moping about the kitchen six long hours, and not a thing is done. Don't talk to me about patience. I'll not try to be patient. I have more trouble than I can bear. All the lazy girls in town contrive to get upon my hands. They impose on my good nature. I'll not bear it. I'll—"

Here the wife's irascible volubility was interrupted by the house-bell. She smoothed down at once, and put on the air of a modest, kind lady. The poor girl who had been the theme of her discourse, escaped from her presence, and ran to answer the bell. I was ushered into the receiving room, and was joined in a few minutes by Mrs. Fretful and her husband. She, being my second cousin, and on terms of great intimacy, resumed her ill-humor as soon as she saw who I was, and, at my solicitation, gave me an account of her provocations and distresses. She concluded all by asking my advice. I promised to give it in the form of a letter, which, as its cautions may suit more ladies than one, is here spread before them.

Mrs. M. B. FRETFUL.—You complained the other day that you cannot, with your best efforts, succeed in pleasing and retaining your domestica. If you claim from them the amount of labor which seems to you equitable and just, you say they murmur, leave, go abroad and slander you. In these circumstances you ask advice. It shall be frankly given.

To secure the faithful service and good will of your domestica, you must, like the orator, pay regard to matter and manner. As to matter, you must

1. Require of them a *reasonable* service. On this point I believe you err. You expect too much of your girls. Of this there is conclusive testimony.

The day Mrs. Amadon spent at your house let her into the secret of your difficulties. You had often complained to her, and she was curious to learn, if possible, why your girls all quarrel with you. She tells me that about eight o'clock in the morning you sent Sally into the kitchen to wash up the dishes, set things to rights, and prepare dinner. In half an hour she heard you call Sally and send her over to Mrs. Gaffield's to invite her to tea. Sally was occupied half an hour in fixing her dress, doing the errand, unfixing again, and getting about her work, which she had but just done when you called her a second time, and sent her to the store for a tooth-brush. On her return, instead of being permitted to go to the kitchen, you took her into the flower-garden to water the roses and shrubbery. While there you broke a flower pot, and sent her to buy another. Then the poor girl had to procure some fresh dirt, and spend an hour more in fixing it to your liking.

By this time it was eleven o'clock, and your girl had not yet got half an hour to herself in the kitchen. About one o'clock your husband came in for dinner, and in a few minutes I called and found you very an-

gry at Sally, insisting that she had been all the morning lounging about the kitchen, doing nothing, and when the dinner hour came there was nothing cooked. Now, my dear cousin, if you expect a girl to cut herself in two, and one half of her run all the morning on errands, while the other half dresses and cooks a good dinner, you must of course be disappointed. I advise you to give Sally another trial at the dinner before you turn her away, or call her lazy. Don't interrupt her about tooth-brushes, or flower pots, from nine o'clock till one, and see if she does not come out better.

Another thing to be mentioned under this head is the *wages* of your domestica.

A Christian woman like yourself should not be an "Egyptian task" mistress, either in regard to your servants' labor or its reward. I have touched upon the former. Now let us glance at the latter. How much do you give Sally? Mrs. Amadon understands that you pay her one dollar and a half. This might be tolerable wages, if paid bona fide, that is, in gold, or its equivalent. Even then, it would be low, as the average price of girl's labor is at least \$1.62½ per week. But it is said you pay her in *depreciated* currency; so that instead of \$1.50, the poor thing gets but \$1.35 per week. Now coz, that is not right. That same girl has always received high wages till she went to your house. You know she wished to live with you, not because she hadn't places enough with higher wages, but because she was a member of the same Church with yourself, and could see her minister now and then, and go to church. True, she has three or four hours each week for this last object, viz., afternoon and night preaching on the Sabbath, and one lecture each week. But would you lower her wages on this account? Think how much more time your other girls, especially that trifling chamber-maid, spends in vulgar amusement, night walking it sometimes to a late hour, and scarcely escaping imputations which would render her a reproach to your family. I cannot approve of this treatment of Sally in regard to her wages. You say she is satisfied. But *you* should not be satisfied. If she loves church and domestic religious privileges so well, as cheerfully to make this sacrifice to secure them, I beg you to consider how it looks for you, a Christian woman, to speculate on her religion.

I cannot, in one brief letter, dwell longer on the first point, and proceed to the second, namely, your manner. You know, cousin, that we may bestow favors in so ungracious a manner, as to chill the gratitude of the beneficiary. Of course, if we make reasonable demands on a servant, in a fretful or morose mood, we must expect that obedience will be rendered in the same spirit. And, as I love plain dealing, I shall, "without mincing," aver to you, that, in my opinion, this is your greatest misfortune. Your manner, whenever you address a servant, is *vulgar*. You never smile upon a domestic, however exemplary her deportment, or faithful her obedience. If she does bad you scold, and if she does well, you only scold a little less. I have often wondered why it is so, and have

been led to think it was a want of reflection—ignorance of the effect of your manner on those around you. Do you not perceive that ill-humor is contagious—that if you angrily demand labor it will be impatiently performed? A woman's philosophy is deep enough to comprehend this. You go to the kitchen with a cloud on your brow, and on entering it let out lightning and thunder. Under this guise of intemperate rage, can the domestics meet you with smiles? It would be folly to expect it. You must be a good natured wife if you would have a good natured husband. It is not less true that you must be a smiling mistress if you would have your maidens smile. If you were a servant, could you make up your temper to meet a petulant squire with soft cadences and honeyed words? Not you. Now you must reflect, that the maid, as well as the mistress, is a woman. She has in her all your susceptibilities and humors, and they are liable to the same provocations in her as in you.

I would have you pay particular attention to your countenance. The phiz is talismanic. You say I don't believe in Mesmerism. That's right. But you believe that one's tears or smiles may set sympathy to work in those around. One sneeze in a company of twenty will provoke ten sneezes. I must tell you, cousin, that your face is particularly ugly under a cloud. It may be because it is so especially otherwise in sunshine. They told me when I was young that gravity didn't become me. I looked in the glass and found it was a fact. I then tried to smile; but I couldn't keep it up. My nature was to look sour, and I had just to give up to it. Yet it has destroyed all my popularity, and for ever will. But you are made on another scale. You *can* smile, and if you will just turn to the glass a few times, in the same fix as when you are saying to Sally, "There it is, as usual—the victuals all spoiled," I believe you will not assume another frown or scold another lesson till dooms-day. It will frighten you to see yourself.

Now let me say a word on another subject. You are a professor. For sixteen years you have been a member of the Church. Sally joined the Church six months ago, and is now warm in her first love. She went to live with you in preference to others, because she expected you to help her in religion. To her there was a charm in family prayer, and the devotional associations of a pious household. I ask you, now, whether your manners are such as will tend to confirm her faith, and lead her close to the Savior. You said the other day that you would rather have any sort of a girl than a Church member. I have heard others speak in the same rash manner. When things come to this point, there is great wrong somewhere. Either the mistress should accuse the maid, or the maid the mistress, and one or the other should be church'd forthwith. I advise you never to say this again. It is an imputation on Christ and his religion. Indeed, I would suggest whether your conscience does not convict you of this fact, namely, that Sally might with show of reason, go to Mrs. D., or Mrs. M., your greatest ene-

mies, and say, "Of all places on earth deliver me from the kitchen of a *pious woman*. I tried Mrs. G., a Universalist, Mrs. F., a Deist, and Mrs. S., a real Owenite—Fanny Wright woman, but Mrs. Fretful can outscold them all." It would be particularly mortifying to you, should such a representation be made abroad. If your girl keeps on in the good way, she may not say it for the sake of the Church. If she backslides, she will be apt to take this method to excuse her apostasy. If she should keep silent under the provocation which I know you have given her, it proves that the maid is more discreet than her mistress.

Now, cousin, I write thus plainly, not to provoke in you greater errors, but to cure existing faults. Let me be heard, and don't get angry. You know I am an old friend, as well as a tolerably old man. Should you take this kindly, I may write again; and believe me, that although I am a little rough in this epistle, I have for you the kindest feelings in the world. And if I have arrayed your vices before you in a bold and withering light, I have not forgotten your virtues. Those I inscribe, as you here behold, on paper; these I have written on my heart.

Your affectionate friend and cousin,

PAUL CENSOR.



PRAYING unto God without communion, is like talking to a man who neither gives an answer, nor a smile, nor yet a look. No persons find a heart to pray who feel no fellowship with God. Fain would we grow notable by doing; it suits our legal spirit; but we can only grow valiant and successful by believing. Believing is the Christian's trade and maintenance. By it he obtains pardon and holiness. Naked faith, or a whole and simple trust in Jesus, is the Gospel instrument which brings salvation. But though faith alone, apart from its fruit, is the saving instrument, yet it cannot be alone, or without its fruit, where it is saving faith, as St. James declares. Saving faith brings heavenly peace, purifies the heart, overcomes the world. If you are not a real subject of Jesus Christ, you must be a stranger to the blessings of his kingdom. The riches are not bestowed upon the outward court worshippers. You must come within the veil, which is now rent open for access, before you a reconciled Father, and feast upon his grace. If Jesus Christ kept his court in your bosom, he would make peace there, for he is the prince of peace. Where he reigns, he commands peace. How can Jesus be your King, if he does not rule in your breast? How can you call Christ a Savior, if he does not save you from your sins? I must watch against sin, and pray against it too; yet not rely upon my own strength to conquer it, but wholly trust in Jesus, as my king, to subdue my will, my tempers, my affections, by his Spirit. I must wholly trust in Jesus, as my priest, to wash my guilty conscience in his purple fountain, and clothe my naked soul in his righteousness.—*Berridge's Christian World Unmasked.*

From the London Imperial Magazine.

DIVINE PHILANTHROPY.

THE philanthropy of God is displayed in the extensive range through the fair fields of science in which the human mind may rove.

Here intelligence wanders from flower to flower, from tree to tree, from plant to plant, from grove to grove, from sea to sea, from shore to shore. Every vegetable, and mineral, and fossil, and atom, is fraught with wonders. Every particle of atmospheric air, every drop of water, in the ocean's bed, every hill and mountain, every spire of grass, and leaf of the trees, is full of the wonder-working hand of God. Every animal, insect, and quadruped, all animated existence, is full of God. Or, shall we leave the vernal scenery, pass the silver cloud, and soar beyond, where "Aurora sprinkles with rosy fingers the eastern sky;" and quitting this earthly ball, "shoot across the spheres beyond the comet's pathless track;" or visit our neighboring planets, whether near the source of central fire, or on the utmost verge of sol's wide domain; or leaving our system, and dart, on lightfiling's wing, from star to star, from system to system, from nebula to nebula, until poor Terra has sunk to an obscure spot, and at last our sun entirely disappears? Here the human mind may wander among lost star-beams, or plunge into unfathomable space; and, wrapped in silent astonishment, adore that supremely glorious Being, who is God over all, blessed for ever!

But let us confine our observations to those things that come more immediately under our observations. How is the philanthropy of God manifested in the formation of the human body; in its preservation, and in all the wonders of sensation! How well designed is every object around us to give pleasure to a rational mind! The senses of man connect him with the whole visible creation. The eye, finished internally and externally by the finger of God, in pleasing serenity surveys the distant landscape. Millions of rays of light fall every moment upon its minute retina, and paint earth's various scenes. But these are transcended in wonder by the phenomena of the human mind, which, being sensible of the existence of material objects, holds an incomprehensible connection with the whole visible creation.

Our perception and conception of objects are alike mysterious and wonderful. The most *plausible* theories of the greatest geniuses that have adorned our world, leave us in the dark. But although we cannot account *philosophically* for the *manner* of our perceptions, the mere savage must feel penetrated with pleasurable sensations, when the *grand spectacle of nature* falls on the organ of vision.

Every prospect is beautiful, sublime, and infinitely diversified. The towering mountain, the majestic precipice, the meandering river, the placid sky, the ruffled or unruffled elements; whether frowning in tremendous grandeur, or smiling in silent sunshine; all are blended with beauty and sublimity, and furnish occasions for so many sensations either of joy or pain. The chaste and softer forms of nature impart unmixed

delight! The *simple* elegance and *innate* beauty of the pink, the carnation, the tulip, the rose, the lily, the hyacinth, the ranunculus, and a thousand other of nature's beauties, give a secret charm that is irresistibly pleasing! The delicacy of their forms and tints vibrates on the fine, the attenuated, though unknown springs of our intellectual powers. In fact, whatever branch of nature's productions strikes the eye, whether the stately oak of the forest, or the spire of grass on earth's flowery carpet, all, all declare the goodness of God.

If we turn our attention to those classes of animated beings which soar in the air, their fine forms, and beautiful plumage, diversified with the richest colors, from the small humming-bird of the grove, to the golden eagle which soars towards the resplendent orb of day; from the charmingly formed pheasant of the wood, to the spangled peacock, that struts with conscious pride through the farm-yard, cannot fail to arrest our attention, and command our admiration. The violet, red, yellow, and golden dresses, with which nature has decorated their elegant bodies, both to temper the summer's blaze and winter's storms, must inspire the *most savage* breast with pleasurable sensations! Nature here, as everywhere, abounds with an endless variety. Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, have their peculiar birds, endued with a melody of voice, and clothed with an elegance of plumage, and an exuberance of glowing color, that bespeak the existence of a Being supremely wise, great, and good; but the pleasing sensations they excite in man, can only be fully known by a sight of their beauties, or by the hearing of their notes. The innate characteristics of beauty and perfection are so strongly interwoven in the works of nature, that man is fond of tracing her inimitable forms, and penciling her rarest flowers. The highest perfection of art is that which gives the strongest imitation of her fair productions, delicate tints, and pure expression. Man has only to copy her, to arrive at perfection. She has been his surest guide in all works of taste.

Her "rows of reverend elms," cedars, and poplars, suggested the first idea of the pure taste of Grecian architecture; and hence arose the fine orders of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns. Hence the triumphal arches, vast colonnades, exuberant foliage, profuse beauties and sublimities, of the ancients, that have justly astonished succeeding generations, and that will remain monuments of perfection while sun and moon endure.

The embryo shell of the feathered choir, the globeose drops of water, and the bells of flowers, are the standards of our most elegant porcelain forms, and other works of art; and we have only to modify and diversify *ad infinitum*, to perpetuate the beautiful.

Had the benevolent God given to man only the sense of seeing, the objects of perception would have furnished inexhaustible sources of delight. But he has increased his sensations by an addition of diversified organs. The ear, although internally situated, communicates with external objects. The air serves the triple

purpose of purifying the blood by the lungs, feeding the expiring flame of life, and of strangely communicating with the mind. By vibrating on the tympanum of the ear, millions of multiplied effects strike the soul, as an instrument ever tuned to catch its varied tones; whether occasioned by the gentle zephyr that steals softly on its trembling strings, the reverberating echo that rushes back from the winding caves, or the murmuring waters that whisper their soft soothing accents on the weary traveler's ear!

The trembling motion of the air, that gently brushes over a thousand fragrant sweets in nature's garden, regales our sense of smelling with an exhilarating effect, that beggars human language! O, how charming art thou, most bountiful nature! Shall I ever forget the smell of the cowslip, the primrose, the honeysuckle, or the wild rose—of the pink, the carnation, or the intoxicating pleasure of the night-violet! Shall I ever forget the paradisaical effect produced on me by the combined fragrance of sweetbriar, of thyme, of jessamine, of a thousand mingled odoriferous perfumes drunk in from the pure source of nature's garden!

Shall I cease to remember the murmuring of distant waters, the falling cascade, the cooing of the turtle, the soft note of the cuckoo, the wild carol of the wood-lark, the mellifluous pipe of the blackbird, or the thrilling ecstasy of the nightingale? No, I shall not forget the artless concert of nature's full choir. The ecstatic swell of harmony poured from a thousand throats, the fragrant perfumes of a thousand sweets, must charm inevitably the *most savage* breast!

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame;
Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then!"

How full the concert, how complete, how charming! every performer plays its part. Each pretty little songster is pleased with its own existence, with its mate, with surrounding nature, and praises the benevolent Author of all its blessings. And shall man, ungrateful man, refuse to render praise to that God who gave him life, and being, and immortality? J. P.

RELIGION.

Is there a spot on this broad earth,
Can yield, without some base alloy—
Except religion give it birth—
One single gleam of real joy!
Did e'er the city yield delight,
Or give the anxious soul repose,
Except religion shed its light,
And pour'd its balm, to heal our woes?
Or rural scenes e'er fill the heart,
Or give the troubled conscience rest,
Without religion to impart
The consciousness of being blest!
No, 'tis religion only can
Assure the heart of sins forgiven,
And show to dark bewildered man
The path that leads from earth to heaven.

Original.

BE HOLY.

Be holy! let thy life proclaim
Thy Master's character divine:
Let ev'ry word and action prove
The virtues which he taught are thine.
Be holy! humble all thy pride,
And choose the Savior for thy guide.
Be holy! let each thought to him
In sweet subjection humbly bow—
Let passion bend at his command,
And all thy life his praises show—
Show that to man on earth is giv'n
An earnest of the joys of heav'n.
Be holy! 'tis thus man may rise
To heights of bliss as yet unknown—
Rise to angelic joys, and find
A seat near the eternal throne.
Be holy! and you shall receive
All that the Father has to give.
Be holy! 'tis the passport through
The radiant portals of the sky.
It on the soul shall then impress
The stamp of immortality.
Be holy! that will raise the clod
To an alliance with its God.
Be holy! let the soul assume
The perfect likeness of its sire—
Cast off its dross, and join the songs
Which flow from the celestial choir.
Be holy! and exultant spring
To heav'n on hope's untiring wing.
Be holy! and the dying strife
Shall lose its terrors, and the eye
Of faith shall gaze undazzled on
Thy great reward, above the sky.
Be holy! be for ever blest!
Thus seek, thus find eternal rest.

WM. BAXTER.

TO A BRIDE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE more divinely beautiful thou art,
Lady! of love's inconstancy beware;
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care
O guard thy maiden purity of heart:
At every whisper of temptation, start;
The lightest breathings of unhallow'd air
Love's tender, trembling lustre will impair,
Till all the light of innocence depart.

Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill,
If here a plant and there a flower, in play,
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,
It ebbs, and languishes, and dies away.

Original.
LOQUACITY.

BY EUNOP MORRIS.

LOQUACITY, which, according to Walker, means "too much talk," is a fault as disagreeable as it is common. It is not restricted to either sex. The reader must not infer, because this brief article appears in the Ladies' Repository, that I judge women to be more faulty in this respect than men. In either it is unlovely, and when indulged to excess, becomes reprehensible in the estimation of all judicious people.

Loquacity is objectionable, because it savors of vanity. It indicates that the speaker wishes to bring himself into notice by a display of words; and, consequently, that he presumes much upon his own intelligence, and upon the ignorance of others, as if they knew nothing until he enlightened them. The talkative individual seems, also, to take it for granted, that his neighbors have leisure and patience to be lectured by the hour, on any subject which fancy, inclination, or accident may lead him to introduce. This is a great mistake in most cases. Such a character would do well to study the import of Solomon's maxim, "A fool's voice is known by multitude of words."

Again—loquacity is troublesome. It breaks in on the regular calling of all who have the misfortune to be assailed by it. Few things are more annoying to a man of business or a man of study, than to be frequently interrupted by the idle and loquacious. It embarrasses him in his necessary avocation, and of course chafes his feelings; and, unless he possesses uncommon forbearance, lays him under temptation to rudeness of manner. There are individuals in every extensive community who seem to have no employment but to talk. They are generally very willing souls to give direction concerning the business of others, while they neglect their own; for, as Solomon said, "every fool will be meddling." But they are as poor counselors as they are unpleasant companions. Let it not be supposed that talkative characters are peculiar to this age or country. Paul said, "There are many unruly and vain talkers, and deceivers, especially they of the circumcision, * * * whose mouths must be stopped;" and he instructed Titus to "rebuke them sharply."

It is frequently observed, that they who talk most do it to least purpose. Public speakers, of a loquacious disposition, are generally diffusive; they often lack point, and obscure their arguments by a superabundance of words. If they be members of deliberative bodies, they are apt to become troublesome, lose their influence, and sometimes secure to themselves an unenviable notoriety. Such orators might profit by the advice of St. James, "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

A loquacious disposition leads to many indiscretions, of which some examples may here be furnished. It influences confidentials to divulge secrets, betray confidence, and produce open ruptures between neighbors.

It leads families to discuss their private business in the presence of strangers, which is improper. It betrays many individuals into the very impertinent and annoying practice of catechising civil travelers as to their residence, destination, name, and business. This is an extremely rude practice. Loquacity interrupts the harmony of conversation; for a talkative individual will often break in upon another while speaking, which is embarrassing and uncourteous. It makes people appear self-important and unteachable. For example, when a minister of the Gospel calls on a talkative family, instead of being heard as their religious teacher, he is compelled to keep silence, and listen to their desultory harangues, perhaps all speaking at once, till his time and patience are exhausted, or retire abruptly. To visit such a family, except for the purpose of teaching them better manners, is a waste of time.

In some instances, loquacity is an infirmity of old age, and in others, of partial insanity, and in all such cases should be endured with patience. But in young and sane persons it is usually a defect of education, or of natural judgment, or both together. It leads some very young persons, like saucy children, to monopolize the time in conversation, to the exclusion of the aged and experienced. This is very indiscreet. Few things are more disgusting than the frivolous conversation of young people to each other in the presence of seniors. Well educated and sensible young people, of both sexes, always pay respect to strangers and seniors, however inferior their accomplishments may be; but the ignorant and talkative respect no one, and of course no person respects them. They are radically defective in sound understanding, and in civility, and therefore introduce their uncalled for questions and topics, without regard to circumstances.

A few individuals, of loquacious habits, are sufficient to cause general confusion in a large social company; because no one of them is willing to be a hearer—they all speak at once, which produces sound without sense, very much resembling the gabble of a large flock of geese. Hence it is that social parties seldom afford any instructive or profitable conversation, on subjects of general interest.

I have not the vanity to suppose that this short essay on loquacity will reform any confirmed talker; but it may possibly be the means of preventing some individuals from becoming such; and with that result I should not only be content, but feel amply rewarded for the labor of writing.

It is admitted that there is an opposite extreme to loquacity; that is, taciturnity, or habitual silence. This is also a fault to be guarded against. Very diffident and reserved persons, are most liable to fall into this error. Often, when a few words might be spoken to the edification of some individual, or company, they keep silence, from timidity, or disinclination to talk, and thereby lose an opportunity of doing good. Man is a social being. It is wisdom in all to cultivate social habits and feelings; and one of the best means of doing so, is a familiar, friendly conversation. When we

engage in social converse, it should be to instruct, impress, amuse, or gain information; and as some one of these objects may be effected with any civil companion, there is no necessity of confining our conversation to a few select friends. Extreme taciturnity is not profitable, or commendable. Still, I am of the opinion, that to say too little is a less fault than to say too much, and, indeed, that it is better to say nothing than to speak unadvisedly.

There is, between the two extremes of loquacity and taciturnity, a happy medium—that of speaking on a suitable subject, at the right time, and in a proper manner, so as to accomplish some good purpose. If all would endeavor to speak thus, much idle and unprofitable talk would be dispensed with. Fine colloquial powers are among the choicest accomplishments of human life. If properly employed, they may be rendered exceedingly entertaining and instructive. They afford their possessor ready and easy access to society, and great facilities in accomplishing any object for which he is dependent on the co-operation of others; provided, always, that they be not used too freely. To be able to say enough on all occasions, without saying too much, is a rare attainment. It is the perfection of human converse, which every individual should aim to approximate as far as practicable.



Original.

ON DILIGENCE.

It is natural to abhor a lazy being. Even the indolent detest in others what they indulge in themselves. We cannot tolerate a lazy brute. There are reasons for this spontaneous and almost universal hatred of idleness. What are they?

Idleness is the parent of ignorance. We know that knowledge is not acquired without labor. We are directed, therefore, to seek for wisdom as for hid treasure. The indolent, averse as they are from study, grow up with unfurnished minds, and when they come to years, are children in understanding. The imagination is always more or less active; for the soul, in some of its faculties, must exert its immortal energies. It must busy itself, whether we will or no. It cannot cease from efforts of some sort, either useful or injurious, good or evil. Not being directed to that which is profitable, it becomes a deformed spirit, destitute of the graces and accomplishments of science.

Idleness is the parent of wickedness. Virtue requires that we pursue some innocent end, as our own support, or that of a family, if circumstances require it; if not, then the good and happiness of our fellow men. The diligent are tempted by one, the indolent by a legion of devils. Temptations will generally multiply in proportion to the leisure which we indulge in. This is inevitable; for as the mind cannot be unoccupied, unless we employ it in the pursuits of virtue, it will set itself on plotting evil. Let us be always busy, then, in devising or executing some scheme of benevolence. Let us accustom ourselves to toil as a

preservative from temptation; for however severe may be the toil of our chosen vocation, it cannot be so irksome as resistance to pressing temptation, nor so painful as the consequences of yielding to its power. We should never forget that industry is a great help to virtue, and that its opposite is the patron of all vice.

Indolence drives us into evil company. The industrious will not assort with the idle. They cannot, without a change of habits; for they have not leisure. An idle person chooses not to be alone. He lothes his own company. And not being able to command the attentions of the diligent and the virtuous, he forms alliances with such, as like himself, have no business to employ them, and find time a heavy and intolerable burden.

Idleness brings want; not that every one must labor with the hands to procure the comforts of life, but he must employ himself some way. Even if born to a fortune, some degree of diligence will be requisite to preserve it. And he whom indolence renders poor is generally ripe for any wickedness. "I cannot dig," is his first resolve—"to beg I am ashamed," will be his second; next comes petty larceny, after that larger transgressions, and finally robbery, murder, and their sequences.

Laziness in woman is generally, if no worse, a guileful disposition. Not one time in a thousand will an indolent female be found a sincere, an honest woman. Amidst the dash and slop of a filthy kitchen, and a disordered drawing-room, you will find deceit and falsehood constant guests. Excuses as false as they are foolish will be attempted as soon as you enter her premises. And in efforts to blind you to her domestic faults, the idle woman often contracts the habit of deceiving, till it enters into all her conversation and behavior.

Industry rescues from many causes of uneasiness, saves from many hours of irksome reflection, hushes many turbulent passions, and guards against many destructive temptations. It tends to render us happy in ourselves, and useful to others, by relieving the necessities, teaching the ignorant, and assuaging the sorrows of the afflicted. The industry here spoken of regards our worldly avocations. Christian diligence is another thing. It is more noble in its aims, and is pressed upon us by higher and more solemn considerations. Its reward is supremely excellent and desirable, and to neglect it will bring upon us the greatest possible evil. If it be not unreasonable to labor for temporal good, how much more should we employ our energies to secure the approbation and smiles of God, the society of saints and angels, and an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away! In this high and holy calling we are especially warned to be diligent. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure."

Happy are they who trust in God, not with a passive but with an active faith—a faith which rouses to humble effort, and induces the soul to use all diligence to make its calling and election sure. H.

Original.

MATERNAL LOVE.

BY DANIEL COFFMAN.

THERE are many things in this world to excite our admiration; yet amidst them all is there any thing to compare with that law in nature which binds the mother to her offspring?

My thoughts were directed to this subject by an engraving before me, which represents an infant cradled to sleep on its mother's arms. It is from a picture by Strange, and is allowed to be very expressive. Underneath it are the following lines, from the pen of Professor Wilson. They will, I am sure, find a response in the bosom of every mother.

"Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
O! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death?
Those features to the grave be sent,
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?
O, that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those dreams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's own God adoring:
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?"

A mother's love! There is scarcely any thing in nature so pure and disinterested. Constant, too, and untiring, it follows us through all our devious windings from the cradle to the grave. It is thought to be stronger than a father's love. If sickness or danger threaten, she is the foremost to render assistance—she enters more fully into all the little joys and sorrows of her child, and more willingly foregoes ease and rest for its sake. In her is emphatically "the ruling passion strong in death."

Not long since I stood trembling at the bed-side of one who was about to try the realities of the inviolable world. Just before the awful moment arrived, when the glad spirit dropped its clay tenement, and took its upward flight, the energies of nature appeared to rally a little—she gave a searching glance about the room, and feebly exclaimed, "O, my family!" This was the last coherent expression she uttered, and it vibrated upon every nerve of my body. I think I hear it still.

It is thought to be, I said, stronger than a father's love. In the account we have of Joseph and Mary returning to Jerusalem, in quest of their lost son, it is worthy of remark, when they find him in the temple, the mother, true to nature and to fact, is the first to address him: "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?"

It is the mother who fixes the destiny of the child—it is those lessons of instruction received at her knee, which, falling like dew upon the tender plant, give di-

rection to its subsequent course. But love alone, however much of moral beauty and poetry are in it, will never qualify her for a trust thus momentous—she must also possess much piety and wisdom—sterner virtues, it is true, but absolutely essential. Excessive love for a delicate child in a mother *proud* and *haughty*, ruined poor Byron; for "he was treated with an indulgence that, perhaps, went beyond the bounds of prudence."

It is pleasing to behold, amidst the devastations of the fall, one feature, at least, unimpaired. Contrasting strongly with other of the affections, which unhappily are so greatly disordered, maternal love stands forth a redeeming principle, forming an easy and safe criterion by which to judge the depravity of poor human nature on the one hand, and on the other the superior excellencies of that nature, had it retained its estate of primeval purity.



W O M A N .

PERHAPS one of the most indispensable and endearing qualifications of the feminine character is an amiable temper. Cold and callous must be the man who does not prize the meek and gentle spirit of a confiding woman. Her lips may not be sculptured in the perfect line of beauty, her eye may not roll in dazzling splendor, but if the native smile be ever ready to welcome, and the glance fraught with clinging devotion or shrinking sensibility, she must be prized far above gold or rubies. A few moments of enduring silence would often prevent years of discord and unhappiness; but the keen retort and waspish argument too often break the chain of affection, link by link, and leave the heart with no tie to hold it but a cold and frigid duty.



"HOPE not," says the celebrated Madame de Maintenon to the Princess of Savoy, on the eve of her marriage with the Duke of Burgundy, "for perfect happiness; there is no such thing on earth; though if it were, it would not be at court. Greatness is exposed to afflictions often more severe than those of a private station. Be neither vexed nor ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend—your only confidant. Hope not for constant harmony in the marriage state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally from each other sallies of ill-humor with patient mildness."



F R I E N D S H I P .

WARWICK, in his "Spare Minutes," thus describes common friendship: "When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the cap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarmed in abundance; but, in the winter of my needs, they leave me naked."

Original.
THE MISSIONARIES.

—
BY MISS BROWNING.
—

The New York Evangelist briefly notices the death of the Rev. Mr. Mitchell and his wife, missionaries of the American Board, which occurred on their way to their place of destination among the Nestorians of western Asia. Mr. Mitchell was a man of the highest promise and talents; and his wife, who was very young, is represented as combining all that is lovely in woman. Their melancholy fall, so full of anguish to the bereaved friends, and so deeply lamented by all who are interested in the advancement of Christ's cause, has called forth the following tribute to the memory of the youthful sufferers.

Yon valiant soldier of the cross! see now
Devotion kindle in his glowing eye;
Determination stamps his youthful brow,
For Christ to live, and in his cause to die.
A mother's sorrows and a sister's tears
Move not the noble purpose of his soul;
He points to heaven to soothe and hush those fears,
Which only faith in Jesus can control.
"How blessings brighten as they take their flight,"
And tighter twine around his heart those cords
That he must sever in the cause and might
Of the great King of kings and Lord of lords.
The memory of a thousand scenes of joy
Crowd on the heart their bursting eloquence—
A mother, nightly praying o'er her boy,
His hope, his blessing, and his strong defense—
Kind sisters, playmates of his childhood hours,
And sharers of the joy of riper years,
Are dearer now; and e'en the birds and flowers,
Could he but weep, demand the flowing tears.
But, O, a gentle one is by his side,
A very girl in tenderness and years;
Yet strong in faith and love, that youthful bride,
And hope that looks beyond the darkest fears.
Now is the hour for woman's soul to rise,
Unmindful of the agony within;
She points them to a home beyond the skies,
And sweetly whispers, "There we'll meet again.
We bear Immanuel's flag to Jacob's race—
We go to lead his chosen ones to God;
Then speed us with the story of his grace,
The raptured song of Christ's redeeming blood.
Father, you'll miss me at the hour of prayer,
Or when in praise the heart goes up in song;
You'll miss me ever from your tender care;
But time is short—you will not miss me long.
And, mother, when your patient, watchful love,
Would fondly yearn o'er one it sought to shield
From sorrow, pain, and sin, then look above,
And to your Savior's care your daughter yield
Farewell, dear parents—brothers, sisters, too;
Each book or friend, each favorite walk or tree,
Will bring my image back again to you,
And waken olden, tender thoughts of me.
My own bright sunny home, my childhood's pride,
And must I never taste your joys again?
The winter's evening, by the bright fire-side,
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In other climes can I forget thee then?
Farewell! our chosen home is far abroad,
Our pleasures those which love and duty bring;
We'll tread the verdant land our Savior trod,
And echoing hills shall with hosannahs ring."
The parting blessing to receive they kneel,
Those noble ones, the chosen of the Lord,
And nature holds her breath, lest the deep spell
Be broke—e'en angels still the lyre's cord,
And eager gaze in pure and raptured joy.
With solemn awe each murmuring heart was stilled,
As silent prayed that mother for her boy,
While chastened love her bursting bosom filled.
Back from his brow the clustering hair she threw,
And there a mother's parting kiss she left—
Whispered, "To God, to thy young love be true,
Of all earth's chosen friends, save thee, bereft."
Then rose a father's blessing in that hour,
"Great God, be thou their everlasting friend,
Guide them aright by thine almighty power,
And let thy love their wandering steps attend."
But now the spirit-stirring anthem rings,
To cheer those Gospel heralds on their way:
Still that fond mother to her daughter clings—
"Mother, farewell, I must not, cannot stay."
They're gone: the deep blue ocean rolls between,
Where oft the starry sky dips in its foam;
The birds are yet as gay, the leaves as green,
But there's a change within their childhood home.
Syria, fair land, most favored spot on earth,
Chosen by Him who crown'd thy verdant vales,
As sinless man's first home, thou'st given birth
To kings and prophets, and thy hills and dales
Have often echoed back the lofty praise
Of Judah's mighty God, from David's harp.
Thy zephyrs whisper tales of other days—
Of Babel's plaintive songs, of conflicts sharp
With Canaan's ancient kings, and victories won.
And e'en thy rugged mountains, cold and bare,
Are hallowed by that high and holy One,
Who sought their solitude for midnight prayer.
The spicy breezes, from each cedar grove,
And vineyard rare, waft us his dying breath,
Whose quenchless, wondrous, agonizing love,
Purchased our ransom by a Savior's death.
Syria, since, then, is all thy glory lost,
A guilty, darken'd cloud hangs o'er thee now;
Thy ancient temple spoil'd, thy sons oppress'd,
And to a stranger tyrant made to bow.
But yet I see a little cloud of light
Bursting on high for Israel's down-trod race;
It larger grows with rays more glorious bright,
And their redemption in its beams I trace.
Such were the thoughts of that devoted pair,
As side by side the vessel's deck they trod;
Each sound was hushed, and gone the daylight glare,
While the soft moon threw round her silvery flood.
The scene was one of passing loveliness.
Like some good spirit from the world of life,

To cheer his heart mid joy or loneliness,
 To that fond husband seem'd his trusting wife,
 As with the Christian poet's raptur'd eye
 God's promises to Abram's seed she plead,
 And saw their coming ransom sealed on high,
 While doubt and fear before her spirit fled.
 The winds among the canvass whispering low,
 Flung back the waving tresses from her brow;
 Her speaking eye grows brighter with the glow
 Of her own feelings, as they deepen now.
 The night was calm, and save th' All-seeing eye
 That guarded them with tender, constant love,
 They were alone beneath that cloudless sky,
 And shining stars look'd on them from above.
 Then, as arose upon the evening air
 The solemn voice of that devoted man,
 In soul-subduing, soul-exalting prayer,
 They gave themselves entire to God again.
 Before them lay the fair and promised land,
 And 'mongst its rocky hills, their destined sphere
 But neither rocky hills nor barren sands
 Depress'd their hearts, or caused the starting tear.
 E'en now they hear the deep, heart-rending cry
 Of millions, perishing for heavenly food—
 O, if they had but angel's wings to fly,
 To bear the blessed manna sent from God!

'Twas autumn twilight: the rich sunset sky
 Spread o'er a scene of lonely barren sand;
 Nor aught is seen to entertain the eye,
 Save one lone tent, in this deserted land.
 Why there alone? beside that desert spring,
 O'er which not e'en a pine its shadows threw—
 Mayhap a wandering Arab on the wing,
 With booty, plundered from the pilgrim Jew—
 Bold, fearless, tameless tribe, whose chosen home
 Is in the wilderness, or mountain land,
 Whose freedom is the desert plain to roam—
 O, when will thy redemption be at hand!
 And who can tell but this may be the spot
 Where banish'd Ishmael's fainting parent wept;
 Then turn'd unto the fount with blessings fraught,
 And promises which God has faithful kept.
 But, ah! the thrilling scene within that tent
 Is not of Arab, feasting on his spoils;
 That anguish'd sigh comes from a bosom rent
 With bitter grief, and bound with bleeding coils.
 O, who can tell the agony of woe
 To woman's heart, when all its hopes so bright,
 Its treasured love, are crushed beneath the blow
 Which hides their earthly object from her sight!
 And such, indeed, was the devotion pure
 Of that fair girl, exiled from early home,
 And every joy that can the heart allure,
 With one she lov'd, in stranger lands to roam.
 Since then, not one brief year has coursed its round,
 And with their mountain home almost in sight,
 Each glittering hope is trampled to the ground;
 For death is there, with his resistless might.
 There on a lowly couch the sufferer lies,

That holy man, a youthful martyr now,
 And faith relights the brighten'd hopes that rise
 To chase the gathering shadows from his brow.
 His cold and dying hands are clasp'd in hers,
 His icy cheek is pillow'd on her breast.
 Could she but warm them with her scalding tears,
 The desert, more than Eden bower, were blest.
 "Great God," she cried, "in mercy spare him now,
 O, leave me not alone in this dread hour;"
 Then press'd such burning kisses on his brow,
 As are unknown except to love's despair.
 She drew him closer to her throbbing heart,
 And vainly strove to warm his life anew—
 Raised her clasp'd hands to heaven, "Lord, must we
 part?

Then give him grace to die, and triumph too."
 Her prayer was answered, and his glowing eye
 Told of the holy joy that filled his breast:
 "Mary, dear Mary, I could calmly die,
 But, O, my widow'd wife, where will she rest,
 In that dark hour to which her heart must bow,
 When most she needs a husband's tender love?
 But God has called me, dearest; I must go;
 He'll gently guard thee, my own, stricken dove.
 My absent mother, be her hope and stay,
 God of my life! who dost not need me here,
 Else thou wouldst not have call'd me thus away;
 But let her know my sky in death was clear.
 God shield thee, wife, for I am going now;
 Earth fades away, but heaven is full in sight."
 One look of love he gave, and murmur'd low
 His last farewell; then sped to realms of light
 That spirit pure—too pure on earth to stay.
 Close to her breast the almost frantic wife
 Still pressed in agony the soulless clay,
 Seeking in vain to call it back to life—
 "O, breathe again, my husband, speak once more,
 Call me thine own, and bid me die for thee.
 'Tis all in vain. Great God in mercy hear—
 To thee, and thee alone, for help I flee;"
 Then by his side she sank in agony of prayer.

As the lost sailor, 'mid the howling storm
 And midnight darkness, sees the morning star
 Rise in the east, and instant all is calm;
 So when her soul, amid its deep despair,
 Look'd up to Christ, her only refuge now,
 He gently soothed and hushed its sigh and care,
 And bade her heart in sweet submission bow.
 She calmly wiped the dampness from his brow,
 And printed on his lips a last fond kiss:
 "Yes, dearest, sainted one, thou'st left me now,
 But soon I'll join thee in the realms of bliss."
 No wonder that those rude and mountain men
 Were filled with pity for that lonely child—
 More quick to do her bidding now, than when,
 For promised gold, along the way they toiled.
 She saw that their stern hearts could deeply feel—
 Then pointed to her husband's lifeless form;
 Their moisten'd eyes quick answer'd her appeal,

And told her she was safe from every harm.

O, what a night was that, as by his side
On suffering couch she lay till morning sun,
Of earthly friend and comfort all denied,
And toil, fatigue, and grief their work had done!

Then, as they bore her husband from her view,
Wrapp'd in his cloak, uncoffined, without shroud,
And o'er his form the desert sand they threw,
In pain and anguish there she meekly bowed.

That was the hour that woman's soul most tries,
(And who can feel its thrilling horrors may—
To attempt the scene in words my pen denies;)
And in that hour she knew that she must die.

Then thoughts of home came rushing thro' her mind,
A father, watching o'er her suffering bed—
A sister, in her warm affections twined:

"O, were they here to bathe my burning head!
And, mother, wert thou here to soothe me now,
Thy love would chase away my spirit's grief—
Would still the throbbing of my aching brow,
And to my dying hour bring sweet relief."

She linger'd there in pain a few brief days—
No gentler nurse than the attending Koords,
Who guarded them thro' all their desert ways,
And, save their pitying looks, no soothing words.
Sometime her thoughts in wild delirium roam,
To happy scenes that in her memory live—
To youthful friends around her childhood home—
Vain, fleeting fancies, yet they pleasure give.

And then, in joy too rapturous to remain,
Her husband labors in Nestoria's land—
She's by his side, and hears his voice again;
Then wakes, to die, there in the desert sand.

They buried her beside his lowly grave,
Bore to her weeping friends the tidings drear.
A penciled line that she in dying gave,
And bade them carry back—memento dear.

Who'll answer now the deep, heart-rending cry,
Borne on each breeze, from far Nestoria's land?
Shall it unheeded pass—the famished die?
And we dare meet them, curs'd at Christ's left hand?

And can we hear them ask the way of life,
Then weigh the anguish of a soul that's lost,
Shut out from heaven, consign'd to hopeless grief,
And longer stay to count the trifling cost?

O, Christian reader, by thy hopes of heaven—
By all thy blessings, rich, and high, and rare—
By all thy precious joys, of sins forgiven,
Art thou not call'd upon to hasten there,
With news of Christ, the fainting soul to cheer—
The Gospel feast to spread—bid sinners come—
The promised highway of the Lord prepare,
That Israel's ransom'd seed may hasten home!

What costly sacrifice hast thou to bring
To Christ? Come, haste, and offer at his shrine;
Give what thy soul most loves—an offering;
'Tis all thou canst return for love divine.
If thou wilt bear the cross, with all its shame,
Eternal life and Christ himself are thine;

And when at last he owns thy worthless name,
Thou shalt with him in radiant glory shine.

—••••—
SLEEPING CHILD.

—
BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.
—

SLEEP, dearest, long and sweet,
With smile upon thy brow,
Thy restless, tottering feet,
Are surely weary now,
Trotting about all day
Upon the nursery-floor,
Or happier still to play
Among the wild flowers gay
Beside thy father's door.

Thy little laughing eyes,
How tranquilly they rest,
Thy tiny fingers clasp'd
Upon thy guiltless breast,
While o'er thy placid face
The stealing moonbeams fall,
And with a heaven-taught grace
Thy baby features trace
Upon the shaded wall.

Sleep, dearest! She whose ear
Her nursing-infant's sigh
Hath never waked to hear
When midnight's hush was nigh,
Ne'er felt its balmy kiss
The cradle-care repay,
Hath she not chanced to miss
The deepest, purest bliss
That cheers life's pilgrim-way?

To see each budding power
Thy Maker's goodness bless,
To catch the manna-shower
Of thy full tenderness,
The immortal mind to train—
No more divine employ
Thy mother seeks to gain,
Until her spirit drain
The seraph cup of joy.

—••••—
Original.
HAPPINESS.

I HAVE been where 'twas said I should meet thee,
With the learned, the gay, and the fair,
But when I expected to greet thee,
Thy shadow was all that was there.

I come to the humble and holy,
And dwell with the faithful and true,
I shed a soft light on the lowly,
Who goodness and glory pursue.

S. B.

Original.

THE WIDOW.

"Choose all our changes, Lord."

I WAS once on board a steamboat where there occurred a little adventure, which fixed, and, as it were, pointed the text which I have placed as a motto, indelibly in my mind. There was, amongst the passengers, a young female with her two infant children, who had recently become a widow. Her bereavement, as I learned, had happened in a very sudden and affecting manner. The casualty of an instant had left her friendless and forlorn, in a country remote from her birth-place, and without the common solace of kindred or even of neighborhood. She was the wife of an emigrant, but a few months in our country, and but imperfectly acquainted with its customs and usages. She was a Scotch woman, the daughter of a farmer, and, as I found, quite an extraordinary character; and though her life had been simple, she had received a very good education, and whilst she knew very little of the world, was possessed of an intuitive good sense, which greatly supplied the deficiency. Above all, she was strongly grounded in *religion*. I saw her in a situation where she was sorely tried. I first saw her as I looked over the guard of the boat into the lower deck; for in that place she had taken her passage. And as she sat apart with children, I was struck with her superior look to those about her. I became interested to observe her closely, and subsequently, from conversation, I gathered her little story. It seems her young husband, desiring a better start in life than his patrimony afforded him, and having also met with some hindrances of property, had decided to cross the ocean, and seek, in America, the land of hope, a broader field of enterprise. Alas! he sought a grave; and many a time in his brief career, after he reached the land, he might have exclaimed with Hassan—

"Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
When first from *Sibiras'* walls I bent my way."

Alas! for him there was no return. He landed in New Orleans at an unsuitable season of the year to get acclimated. The weather was hot and depressing. He was amongst strangers, anxious, and short of money, and unacquainted with the resources of the country. It seems he had come up the river in search of a situation as overseer of a plantation, leaving his family in the city until he should ascertain a home for them. Some business he found, though not what he sought; for he had been objected to as appearing above the situation of overseer, and probably insufficient to its duties, as well as averse, by national feeling, to its peculiar offices. But he had obtained some business, and now wrote a letter to his wife to come to him, inclosing the necessary funds for her expenses. But the faithless messenger, a heartless villain, abstracted the money, and destroyed the letter, and the first news the unfortunate woman received was, that her husband was dead! He had been seized with the fever of the country, and in his delirium and his anxiety to see his fam-

ily, had wandered by night from his unattended bed to the river, and there was drowned, having been discovered too late for assistance.

The widow was now on her way from New Orleans to Bayou Sara, on the melancholy errand of seeing the spot, and learning the particulars of her husband's death—hoping, too, in her destitute condition, to save whatever little effects he might have died possessed of. She had taken her passage in the boat, as I have said, as deck passenger; but the captain, a benevolent man, when he ascertained the particulars of her case, told her she should come free of charge, and also, when a vacancy occurred that day, by the landing of some ladies at a town on the river, he removed her and her children into the vacant state-room. The water was in a very low stage, and it took the unusual time of five days from the city to Bayou Sara.

The day after the widow's installment in the ladies' cabin, there arrived a party from a plantation on the coast, consisting of a gentleman and his wife, an infant of two years and his nurse, and one or two other attendants. Their passage had been bespoken on the downward trip of the boat, and a state-room held in reserve for them. It so happened that when the lady of the plantation first entered the cabin, seeing the sun full upon her apartment, she declared herself dissatisfied, saying it was out of the question that her infant should lie in a room exposed to the sun, or on *that side of the boat where the sun came!* And she looked about, as we may suppose she had been accustomed to do at home, to espy *whom* she might dislodge; and seeing the lowly looks and humble arrangements of the widow on the opposite side, she asserted at once that she believed that *that* was the room which had been selected for her! The widow replied, "Madam, I don't know, the captain put me in this apartment." "O, the captain has made a mistake," insisted the lady, "I spoke first for the room, of course, as I engaged it on the downward trip; besides, my little boy is not well, and can't stand the sun." Some one suggested to the widow that the subject had better be referred to the captain. But she, feeling probably that she would not, however innocently, embarrass him with his passengers, said, with dignity and gentleness, in low but measured voice, "I *will* let the lady have my room, although, in a like case, I would not take hers;" adding, "If her babe is sick, she is welcome to it; for mine, thank God, are well." The rooms, she knew, were equally good; yet she felt the indignity of being displaced at the will of another. The poor creature was full of grief, and bewildered with anxieties; and the *unfriendliness* of this assault wounded and oppressed her. She made ready to remove her things. Her scanty packages gave place to the rich and massive traveling apparatus of the *lady*. What a contrast the two presented, in all respects, of condition and of *character!*

When the lady saw her busying herself to remove, she insisted that her servant should lift the things for her, "since," said she, in her petulant self-complacency,

"you have *chosen* to be so good as to remove for me, I ought to help you." The widow took a babe on either arm, as if they were her comforters. She looked much disturbed, and very pale; and making no reply to the other, she cast her eyes, which were full of tears, up to heaven, and said in a low, sustained, and humble voice, "Choose all our changes for us, Lord." She passed into the opposite room and shut the door. And amongst the twenty women that were present, there was silence in that hall for three minutes—attesting to the right feeling for the oppressed party. And when, with the next tack of the boat, the sun was seen blazing full upon the head of the innocent babe, the unconscious usurper, the ill-repressed titter and the half-malicious smile which passed from face to face, told the lady where to look; and she sprang into the state-room, impatiently pulling the door after her, and was heard taxing Nelly for "not keeping the sun out of the room." There she stayed for a quarter of an hour, and by this time she "was lonesome;" and when she re-appeared with her hands full of oranges, which, in their luscious ripeness, she dispersed to the company, they were as well received as if she had not been condemned by every one present, and as if it had not been decided, by unanimous vote, in her absence, to send her to *Coventry* during the rest of the voyage.

An hour afterward, when the widow came out of her room, the lady of the plantation rose alertly and fetched three fine oranges, saying, "I saved them for you." The little widow said, with humane dignity, putting back her hand, "You must excuse me; but the children may eat theirs—I thank you." The other was neither offended, nor touched, nor surprised—in fact, she had no delicacy. Selfishness and humorsomeness had devoured her sensibilities, and she was a petulant, spoiled grown baby. And though I have called her, *par excellence*, the "lady of the plantation," yet it was not because she owned one, and was indulged in luxury, that she was necessarily such; for many a judicious and excellent lady, amongst others, have I seen from the same station. She had been unlucky in her "raising."

But the manœuvre of the rooms, though it quelled for the present the lady's restlessness, had not come to its sequel yet. Our boat had been racing all day long with one of an opposition line; and just at dusk, when the light of the horizon dazzled rather than aided the pilot, we were entering what is called a *shute*, or narrow passage, where the channel is divided by an island, and each boat trying to forestall the other of the way, dashed ahead, when, lo! their boat came with all violence afool the bows of ours, tearing away the bulwarks, and probably, but for the intervention of a timber, would have pierced quite into it. The shock of the concussion was very great, and the terror for an instant was general. And it so happened that the brunt of the collision was received on the very berth which the lady had claimed for her child, and he was reposing there; and though nothing actually came in contact with his head, yet the shock, the terror, and agitation,

caused an access of fever, and great suffering. And now again the orange-eaters were full of significance and gratulation to the widow; but she repelled them, saying, "I am not wicked; I thank God that my children are well." And she expressed to the mother her genuine sympathy; and supposing a wound or a bruise had been received, she said, "I have some opedeldoc in my room, it is a very good thing."

Now the catastrophe is so signal, and partook so much of "poetical justice," that the reader may think it a romance; but it did all actually occur in the order in which I have related it. And perhaps it is not more direct, only more immediate and better revealed to us than many a *consequence* which our apprehensions have been too short-sighted or too dull to retrace to some miscalculating perversity of *will*, where we have plucked disaster upon ourselves, which had been avoided in a regular course of propriety.

When we arrived at Bayou Sara, the widow left the boat; and as she was passing out, she of the plantation heard the rest bidding her adieu. She rushed out of her state-room, halloing, "Here, stop," and putting a heavy bunch of coral into her hand, said, "That is for the children;" adding, without much tact, "You must remember me." The little widow had got to know her by this time, and good naturedly accepted the gift; and hoping the babe might soon be well, she added, with simple good will, "Yes, I shall remember you." At which the orange-eaters again were nearly in acclamation.

A steamboat is a very good place to read the world at large in little. What ever became of either of them I have never heard.

One other instance I recollect of the widow, which was characteristic, and, in her poverty, tested her principles. The captain came out on the guards where she and myself were sitting together, and told her that if she wished it, he would "take up a pool" for her. She did not at first understand the expression; and when it was explained to her that she might have the *avails*, or rather the proceeds of an evening's *gambling*, she hesitated not, but replied, "No, I must not take that." She thanked the captain gratefully for what he had done for her.

I had been much interested for her; and though I left her surrounded by disastrous circumstances, and not used to the world, yet, as she was neither rash nor ill-guided—as she was humble, patient, and truly *pious*, and as none need famish in our country, I trust that the widow's God has revealed to her some turn, by which she can gain a subsistence for herself and her children.

MATILDA.



If we had more faith, we should have more communion with our blessed Lord in his mediatorial office; and by beholding him as praying to the Father to send the promised Comforter, how would our expectations of receiving more abundant power from on high be increased!—*Mrs. Mortimer.*

Original.

TO MY FRIEND.

Blest be the ties that bound us!
 How sweet their memory proves,
 As, fondly, recollection
 Recalls our early loves!
 Deep on our hearts are graven,
 Till fancy cease to roam,
 The endearing scenes of childhood—
 The thoughts of early home.

With hearts of pure affection,
 There hand in hand we strayed,
 Along the flowing streamlet
 That irrigates the mead—
 To cull the hawthorn blossom—
 To twine the myrtle wreath—
 To see the active wood-nymphs
 Sport through the blooming heath.

'Midst deeply tangled wild woods
 And aromatic groves,
 We traced the warbling songsters,
 And heard the cooing doves;

In innocent amusement
 We gave their nestlings food,
 And watched the anxious parent
 Chirp o'er her tender brood.
 We sought the humble violet,
 The daisy and dew-drop—
 Fair emblem of our childhood,
 The sweet forget-me-not.

The Elysian fields of pleasure
 Our youthful feet have trod,
 No art of pen or pencil
 Can truthfully record.
 Deep on our hearts are graven,
 Till memory cease to roam,
 The endearing scenes of childhood—
 The thoughts of early home.

MARY.

"ONCE MORE AT HOME."

Once more at home! once more at home!
 How joyful is my heart!
 Who would not sometimes gladly roam,
 And from the dearest part,
 If there may come a meeting hour,
 And joy like this be known,
 And o'er our heart, affection's power
 Be felt, and seen, and owned!

Once more at home! and O how sweet
 Sounds each familiar voice!
 A smile illumines each face we meet,
 And all our hearts rejoice.
 The scenes of by-gone days appear,
 In memory clear and bright;
 And those who were in childhood dear,
 We meet with pure delight.

2

Once more at home! a happy band
 Around the evening fire:
 In our accustomed place we stand,
 To tune the sacred lyre,
 And once again our voices raise
 In chorus loud and clear,
 To Him who claims our earliest praise,
 And love the most sincere.

Once more at home! but, ah! not here
 Unmingled joy is found:
 Our smile is blended with a tear,
 And sighs are breathed around;
 For we are met a broken band—
 Our chain of love is riven—
 Death hath been here with cruel hand,
 And earth to earth is given.

But faith points to a land above—
 A land, where all is peace and love;
 And there, O there are never riven
 Affection's ties—that land is heaven. M. E.

—••••—

Original.

COME TO JESUS.

—

BY MISS DE FOREST.

—

"Come to Jesus," saith the Spirit—
 O, slight not his gentle prayer!
 Richest joys you may inherit—
 Noblest blessings freely share.
 Early heed his gracious warning—
 Look to Jesus while you may;
 In life's fair deceitful morning,
 Ask of him to guide your way.

Ask of him in faith, believing—
 None he ever turns aside;
 Nothing doubting—all receiving—

So his grace thy heart shall guide.
 Early, then, my dear Cornelia,
 Seek his love to make thee blest;
 Since he hath the power to save you,
 In his gracious promise rest.
 Onward, then, on him relying—
 Never fearing—never flying—
 Safely on to glory press.

—••••—

DISTRESS.

How many thousands at this very hour
 Feel the keen-pointed weapon of distress,
 Who little thought that his despotic power
 Would thus involve their lives in wretchedness!
 Perhaps some mother mourns her dying son,
 The only prop of her declining age:
 Some weeping orphan's last, last parent gone!
 Thrown lone and helpless on the world's rude stage.

NOTICES.

THE MILLENIUM OF THE APOCALYPSE.—Much is said and written of the millennium. Whether we do not err in directing the attention of the Church so frequently to its time and its manner is a question. We regret to learn that good men, and worthy ministers, are turning from the very labors which must bring it about, to deliver themselves of their speculations in regard to its near approach, and its visible aspects. Professor Bush published a work some years since on this subject, and a second edition is now issued, which, from the temper of the times, will find a ready sale. Its author is erudite, and all his productions are clothed with interest. He argues that the *millennium proper* is past, though great prosperity yet awaits the Church. We prefer, however, such appeals to the Churches as come to us from the pen of Harris. Zion needs to be told what she shall do to hasten on the triumphs of the Gospel, and she needs to be roused by strong appeal, and set to the doing of it. Mr. Bush, Mr. Miller, and all those who inculcate the theory of either, may entertain the curious, but this is not the best service that can be rendered to mankind.

MEANS AND ENDS, OR SELF-TRAINING. By Miss Sedgwick. Harper & Brothers.—Few works of its class equal in merit this little book, which blends so much profit and amusement that we know not which to admire most, its wit or its doctrine. It admonishes young ladies in high life of many things which even their indulgent mothers are prone to forget. We cannot refuse the following extract from a letter of a New York lady, who moved to the west, and found that house-keeping on the frontiers was not the same thing as in New York:

"The first morning after our arrival, I determined to be energetic, and do my best to make my family comfortable till I could supply Anne's place, so I hurried on my dressing-gown, and went down to the kitchen to make the coffee. But how was it to be made? I ran up to ask Rose. She had 'always seen it made in a greoque,' so had I, but we had none. I thought if I let it soak long enough in boiling water, it would be as good as if poured through a greoque. Accordingly, I soaked it till I had every thing else ready. Anne had left some little trout all prepared to fry. I put them in a utensil that I knew was called a frying-pan, and there they dried away to a coal. In attempting to cut the bread, I cut my thumb, it has been ever since nearly useless to me!

"What stuff is that?" asked my husband, when I poured out the coffee. I burst into tears, and confessed my ignorance. 'You should have boiled it, my dear,' he said. The next morning I did boil it, but it was so thick, it could not be drank. How to clarify it, none of us knew—we drink tea for the present. I have my beds to make, my rooms to sweep, and my tables to set, but I am well and strong, and should not mind it, (for I really feel the better for the exercise,) if I only knew how. Anne left us a large baking of bread. I looked forward with dismay to the time when that should be eaten up. We were reduced to the last loaf, and I begged my husband to ride over to the nearest neighbor's (two miles) and get me some leaven—for I knew that bread required leaven, though not how to make it, and unfortunately, my receipt-book was in a package of books not yet arrived.

"The good dame sent me some hard, bitter cakes, which she called 'turnpike emptyings.' How to apply them I did not know, but I grated them into my flour, and I rose in my own esteem: but, alas! my bread did not rise! You laugh, my dear friend; I laugh, too, sometimes; but, I assure you that I cry much oftener. All day, and all night, I waited for the dough to rise. In the morning, it was the same lump as when I mixed it. My husband suggested it might rise in the oven; this seemed to me a bright thought, and into the oven it went; but, alas! it came out even more solid than it went in. My children were actually crying for bread, and I had nothing better than a stone to give them. I went to my room. My beautiful Petrusca was lying on the table. I looked at it for a moment with a sort of loathing. I would gladly have given all my knowledge of Italian, of which I have felt proud, to know how to make bread! 'But,' said my conscience, 'you might read Italian, and make bread, too. The time spent in getting half-

a-dozen lessons, would have sufficed to acquaint you with this essential art.'

"Do you remember how we used to laugh at Uncle John, when he came down from the country, and would tell us that we did not know any thing? Vain-glorying as we were, in being the first scholars in Madame C.'s school; 'Learn to make bread, girls,' he would say, 'the staff of life—learn to make bread.'

"'But I know how to make cake, Uncle,' you replied. 'Fiddle de dee!' said Uncle John, 'that is an easy matter—but learn to make bread. Did you ever hear, girls, the story of the Queen of France, who, when she was told her subjects wanted bread, asked why they did not give them cake?' 'I do not understand you, Uncle,' said I. 'Perhaps not, but you may one of these days.' Poor Uncle John, it seemed to me his ghost was at my elbow while I was watching that bread. I could make cake—so could Rose. I once made some on a wager, under the eye of my mother's pastry-cook, but of what use was cake when we wanted bread.

"To return to my story. While I was lamenting my good-for-nothingness, my husband came in, and asked if he should unpack my piano? 'No-no,' I cried, 'I never will touch my piano again till I know how to make bread. Get me a horse, if you love me, and let me ride over to that woman, and ask what she meant by sending me those detestable *turnpike emptyings*.' By the time I got to Mrs. Gates', my feelings were somewhat subdued; so that I asked, very meekly, for directions how to use the *turnpikes*.

"'Gracious me!' exclaimed the good woman, 'I thought you knew as much as that!' I blushing confessed I did not, and she gave me the directions. I went home, kneaded up my bread, and that evening's meal on the nice light loaf of my own making, was, it seems to me, one of the happiest of my life."

BUNYAN'S "HOLY WAR."—This and Pilgrim's Progress, the principal works of the celebrated John Bunyan, will immortalize their author. What has now brought the former to our notice, is its re-publication by the American Sunday School Union. The "Holy War" is an allegory, and sets forth paradise—that is, the inward paradise of the soul—lost and regained. It details fancifully the conflicts between celestial and infernal powers for the possession of the town of "Manoul." The edition now issued is illustrated by numerous engravings. The Christian will read this work for profit, and the careless for amusement.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE? OR THE WILL AND THE WAY. By the Author of "Wealth and Worth." Harper & Brothers.—This is equal, or superior in merit to Wealth and Worth. The story is full of life; and the style is chaste. We understand that Wealth and Worth has passed already through four editions, and another is forth-coming. This is almost unprecedented. If any stories are of a good moral tendency, these are among the best, and should by all means supplant others in the hands of the young.

CHARLES ELWOOD, OR THE INFIDEL CONVERTED. By O. A. Brownson.—This book of poetic fiction was lately loaned us by a friend, who had read it with great admiration of its style, which she strangely characterized as "more than simplicity itself." It is the product of a disordered brain, and a mal-verted heart. Yet its abominations come forth with all possible grace of expression. Its doctrine is arsenic; but it is ministered in a cup of clarified honey. Read the following paragraph:

"The last time I had seen him, he was on the anxious seats, where he succeeded in becoming converted. He was now a saint, and could address his former friends and associates as sinners. Conversion operates differently on different subjects. Some it makes better, manward as well as Godward, sweetening their dispositions, elevating their feelings and aims; others it makes decidedly worse. By persuading them that they are saints, it permits them to fancy that they can do no wrong because they are saints. Of this latter class was my friend George. Religion had in him, combined with a harsh, haughty and vindictive temper, and had given him the courage to display what he had previously studied to conceal."

Mr. Brownson is the *converted* infidel (?)—the hero of his own tale. We do not impeach Mr. Brownson of any other sin than heresy, for we know nothing of him; but we warn our readers against his book. They ought not to dwell in the house with it. It is worse than all plagues.

THE CLASSIC, OR COLLEGE MONTHLY.—The first number of the third volume appears in a new and attractive dress. Its frontispiece is embellished with a good lithographic view of the buildings and grounds of the Wesleyan University. This monthly sustains itself well, and great praise is due to Professor Willet, its editor, and his collaborators, for their efforts. Such a periodical must subserve an important end in provoking the efforts of young collegians to produce something worthy of the press. Composition is too much neglected in all our academies and universities. This beautiful monthly will, we trust, cure this evil in our Wesleyan University. Let the work be sufficiently sober, (not, however, losing its literary aspect,) and the whole Church will be interested in its success. We utter no complaints, for the *Classic* has, in the main, been supplied with very excellent matter.

THE MAGNOLIA, OR SOUTHERN MONTHLY, edited by P. G. Pendleton, is about to be removed from Savannah, Ga., to Charleston, S. C. This periodical has been enlarged. Its mechanical appearance is respectable, and its correspondents are the best writers of the south. It has of late become more grave, and several of its articles are among the very best presented to the American public.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The first number of volume twentieth is a pledge of coming entertainment to the numerous readers of this fashionable magazine. This periodical is too well known all over the land to require any notice of its beauties or blemishes from us. It is probably the best magazine of its class; and if we were readers of the fashionable literature of the day, the *Knickerbocker* would be our first choice, and our second would be

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE—a splendid work, with its inimitable steel and mezzotint engravings, to say nothing of its fashions for every month, which will suit others, though it should offend us. Surely little can be done in the way of improvement, beyond the *seeming* perfection displayed in the paper, typography, embellishments, and, if the world will have it, the well-wrought fiction of *Graham's Magazine*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FEMALE SEMINARY IN CINCINNATI.—For several months past, efforts have been made to mature a plan for a Female Collegiate Institute in this city. The following is an outline of the plan adopted by leading members of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

1. It is proposed to have the institution chartered with authority to confer degrees.
2. To procure extensive grounds, and erect buildings adapted to the character of the enterprise.
3. To teach all the sciences usually pursued at American colleges, together with all the ornamental branches which a sober regard to morality and religion will warrant.
4. To provide an excellent faculty of instruction and discipline.
5. To have a *normal* department for the purpose of training female teachers.
6. To pay special regard to the moral and religious training of the pupils. And,
7. To make it thoroughly Wesleyan in its character; or, in other words, build a *Methodist* seminary.

The warrant for this enterprise is found,

1. In the entire *destitution* of this city and its vicinity. We have no Methodist female seminary in the southwestern part of Ohio. Nearly every other branch of the Church in this region is cherishing one or more institutions of the kind. They are, to be sure, mostly private seminaries, but they exert an influence in favor of the several denominations to which their respective teachers belong. The Protestant Episcopalians, the

Unitarians, the Swedenborgians, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and the Catholics, have each one or more in this city.

2. Within a circle of twenty miles there are from twenty to thirty thousand Methodists to support such an institution. Many of these are wealthy. The city and its suburbs alone contain three thousand members, and these are lending their support to schools of other denominations—some to Catholics, and some to Protestants.

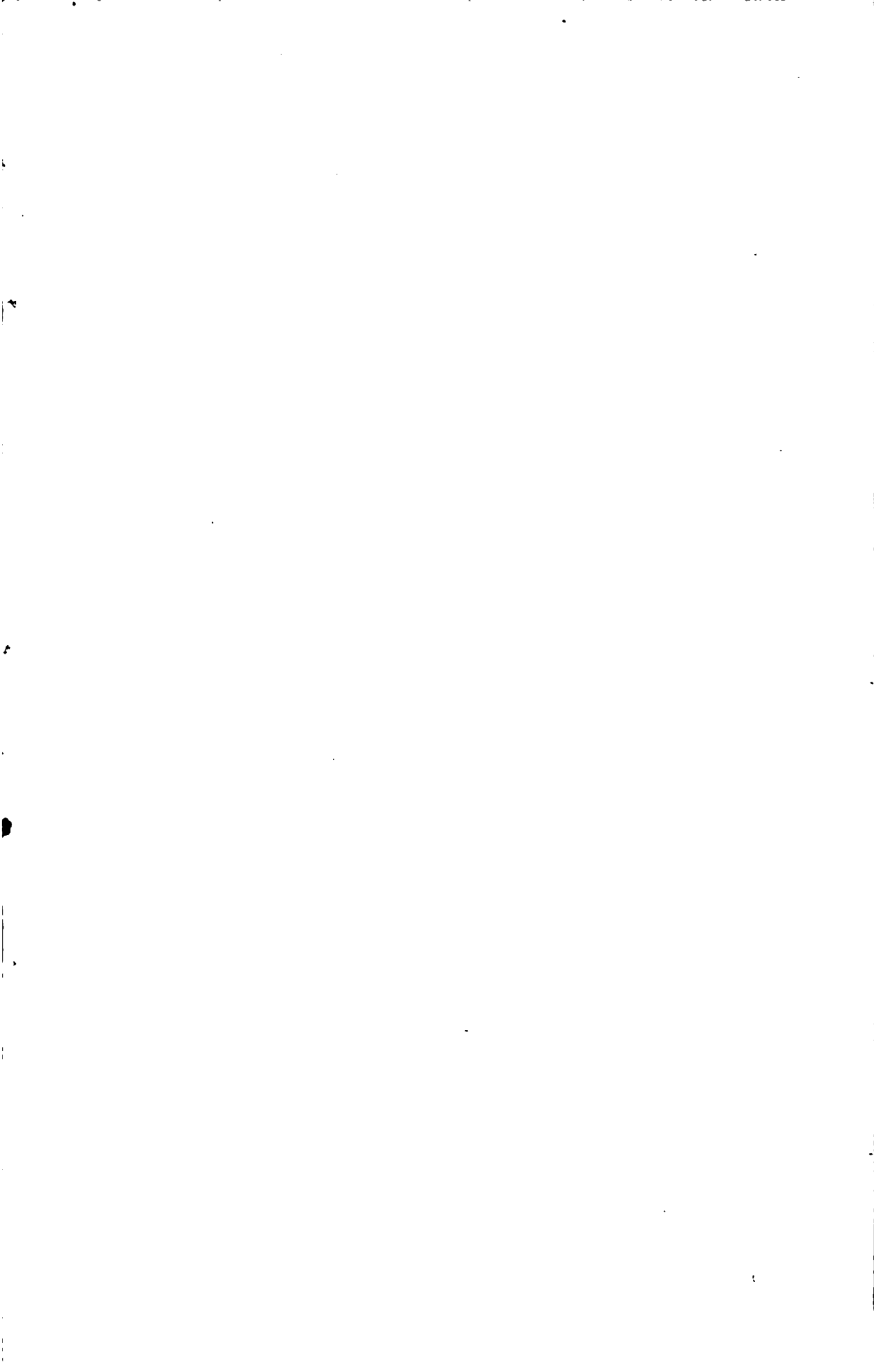
3. Providence—in the order of which men should always strive to act—seems to open the way for this enterprise. Many leading members of the Church have been stirred up to new zeal on the subject. In regard to teachers, the way has been opened to procure such as it is deemed are best suited to sustain and advance the enterprise.

The school, then, will be opened according to the tenor of notices which have appeared in the *Western Christian Advocate*. Provisional arrangements have been made, which are perfectly satisfactory to the movers and early patrons of this plan; and all that is required to render the seminary ultimately one of the very best in the land is a hearty co-operation of the members and friends of the Church. We commit the cause to God, in whose name, and by whose blessing it has been planned, and so far executed.

MISFORTUNES OF A CORRESPONDENT.—"Mr. Editor—After being shut up two long months by a violent fall from a horse, I am restored again so far as to be up and walk about with a staff. As to correspondence, I have lost all the poetry of the year. The time of gathering *flowers* saw me prostrated on a bed of *thorns*.

"Mr. H.'s 'Address to the Moon' is not quite equal to some of his contributions. As to his *doctrine*, I deem him heterodox. I never could think of locating heaven in the moon with him, or in the stars with 'Amelia,' or in the sun with somebody else. Away in the invisible regions of God's immensity I would locate that blessed world, whither Jesus is gone 'to prepare a place' for his redeemed. And often do my glad thoughts soar to that happy region, and rove, as fancy may, amid its immortal verdure—its living fountains, and fadeless flowers, with the dear friends I have lost. To me departed friends do not smile from the shadowy cloud, the silvery moon, or the glowing stars. I hear not their voices in the breeze, as some romantically affect to do. No. They are gone, and are out of sight. Their smiles are as a light that has been quenched, and their voices as music that has died away."

This epistle unfolds one important truth, namely, if posts are, as is alleged, immortal, their life is not secure from misfortunes and trials. They suffer like other men. We thank our correspondent for these fine touches of criticism. In the meantime let her be sympathetically admonished to "levy a tax on her misfortunes, and rise by her fall." The cross providences of life have a profitable moral in them. The fall, the bruises, and the staff of our friend, teach lessons of great moment. The fall represents the ruin of our race by transgression. The bruises are a token of the wounds of the soul, under the violence and the torture of sin. The staff reminds one of the soul's dependence on God, without whom "we can do nothing." It is an emblem of the Savior's supporting power. The arm of his strength is reached forth for the aid of all that seek him. As the staff will soon be thrown aside, so the soul will soon cast off its weights, and soar abroad in the "regions of God's immensity." It is true that a crippled state is one of temporary deformity, but this excites pity, and how sweet it is to have the *sympathy* of friends! And no comeliness is like that of *patient suffering*. May our correspondent soon take the harp and walk forth into the green fields! It is not yet too late for generous musings. If the juicy riches of spring are past, here comes staid autumn. The poet can sing of ripe and sustaining fruits as well as of weeping dews, vernal showers, or May-day roses, bursting into beauty from their green, swelling buds. Let her try the death if not the birth of all things. Sing of the falling leaf, if it be too late for the blush and bloom of nature. For surely mortals must fade away, and should be taught to look on the emblems of their destiny.



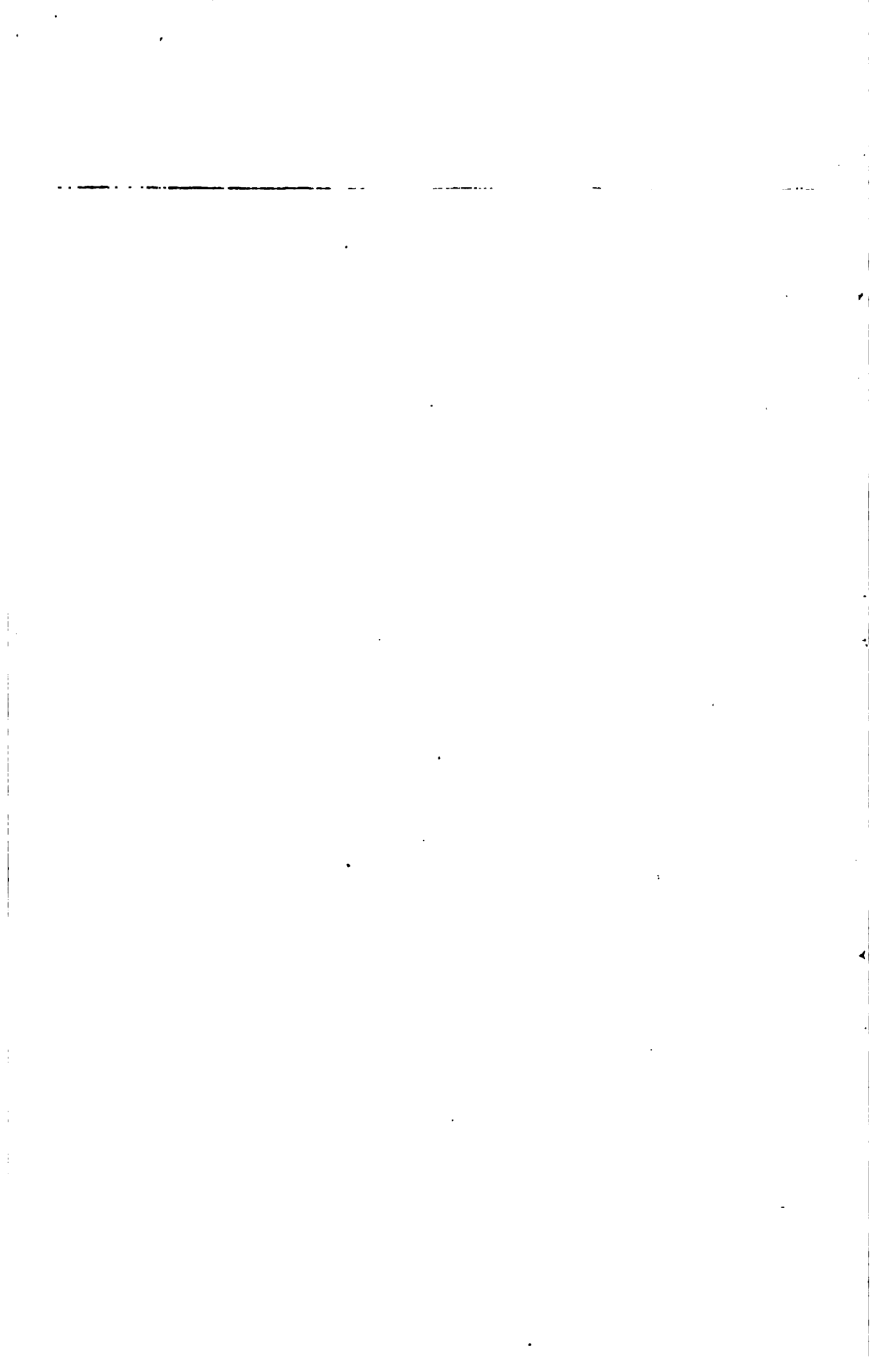


English WW's adds of the month for the League of Humanity

THE LEAGUE OF HUMANITY, INC.

100 N. 10th St., New York, N. Y.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.



THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER, 1842.

THE TOMB OF KOSCIUSKO.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO was one of nature's noblemen. But he was noble by patent also. His family was very ancient. He was born about the middle of the eighteenth century, in Lithuania, and was educated at Warsaw. He studied military tactics in France. He loved solitude and study. In early life his spirit was roused by recitals of the wrongs endured by the American provinces, and the bold heroism of the citizens in self-defense. He came to their aid, proffered his services, and became General Washington's aid. He distinguished himself in several engagements, and his bearing at the siege of Ninety-Six was romantically brave. He returned to Poland in 1786.

In 1789 he was made a Major General in the Polish army, and served under Pomiatowski. When Stanislaus was conquered, he refused submission, and with several other officers, left the subdued army, and retired from Poland. The assembly of France at the same time gave him the privileges of a French citizen. When the oppressed Poles made a fresh effort for freedom, they called Kosciusko to the head of their armies. He advanced at the head of only 4000 men, half armed, to meet and put to the rout 12,000 Russians. Soon, however, he was shut up in Warsaw by a besieging force of 60,000 Prussian and Russian troops. But the Poles rose in their might and compelled the besiegers to retire.

Kosciusko, with 60,000 troops, mostly untrained peasants, maintained himself against twice that number of veteran troops. His efforts were unprecedented, and were crowned with success, until Catharine, the Queen of Russia, overwhelmed Poland by superior numbers. The united Russian forces assailed the Poles, not one-third their number, and were three times repulsed, but prevailed at last. Kosciusko fell from his horse in the midst of the carnage, covered with wounds, exclaiming, "*Finis Poloniae*," and was made prisoner. In him fell devoted Poland.

Catharine caused the chieftain and his associates, prisoners of war, to be incarcerated in prison. But Paul I. liberated the captives, and treated his noble prisoner with marks of esteem, presenting him his sword, which Kosciusko returned with these memorable words, "Since I have no longer a country to defend, I no longer need a sword." To his dying day he never afterward wore a sword.

Kosciusko now passed through France, where all paid him reverence, to America, which he reached in 1797.

"Napoleon afterwards formed the plan of restoring Poland to its place among the nations, and thus, at the same time, injuring Russia and extending his own pow-

er over the east of Europe. But Kosciusko would take no part in this struggle, which was conducted by Dombrowski, in 1807 and 1808, being prevented less by ill health than by having given his word to Paul I. never to serve against the Russians. To Napoleon's proposals he answered, that 'he would exert himself in the cause of Poland, when he saw the country possessed of its ancient territories, and having a free constitution.' Fouché tried every means to carry him to Poland. An appeal to the Poles, which appeared under his name in the *Moniteur* of November 1, 1806, he declared to be spurious. Having purchased an estate in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau, he lived there in retirement until 1814. April 9, 1814, he wrote to the Emperor Alexander to ask of him an amnesty for the Poles in foreign lands, and to request him to become king of Poland, and to give to the country a free constitution, like that of England. In 1815, he traveled with Lord Stewart to Italy, and, in 1816, he settled at Soleure. In 1817, he abolished slavery on his estate of Siecnowicze, in Poland. He afterwards lived in retirement, enjoying the society of a few friends. Agriculture was his favorite occupation. A fall with his horse from a precipice, not far from Vevay, occasioned his death, October 16, 1817, at Soleure. He was never married. In 1818, Prince Jablanowski, at the expense of the Emperor Alexander, removed his body, which, at the request of the senate, the Emperor allowed to be deposited in the tomb of the kings at Cracow. A monument was also erected to his memory, and the women of Poland went into mourning for his loss."

During his second visit to America, Kosciusko resided at West Point. This is one of the most charming scenes on the face of the whole earth, and no surer evidence could be given of destitution of taste, than the unadmiring passage of the Highlands in a clear summer's day. On the elevated bench which contains the buildings of the Military School, in fair view of the river craft, stands the white marble monument represented in the engraving. Near this spot Kosciusko cultivated a garden; and it was meet to erect this shaft upon the ground which afforded him retirement, when his patriotic hopes were withered, and his arm, so often raised in defense of his country, hung down in despair.

In reviewing the history of such a man, and witnessing the many virtues which ennobled his enterprising life, the Christian will almost involuntarily inquire, was he also a man of prayer? Did he "pass through the regeneration," and die the friend of God? How true it is that the sublimest human virtues in the world's estimation, are at last all in vain, without the sprinkling of a Savior's blood, and the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit. "Except a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." H.

Original.
RETROSPECT OF YOUTH.

BY S. COMFORT.

THERE is nothing stable and permanent in life. It has no fixed, abiding point. The stream of time never stands, but hastens on to the fathomless ocean of eternity. Floating onward upon its bosom, while all men around us are borne forward at the same ratio of progression with ourselves, it is not passing strange that we should not correctly note the great changes which are perpetually transpiring in society. The progress of each individual through the different stages and periods of life is not only constant, but so gradual as scarcely to be perceptible to the unreflecting, unless by some event, calculated to arrest the attention and to direct it to this object, the mind is roused from its reverie, and the waking dream is dissipated. But the bustle and strife of business—the ordinary routine of domestic cares and duties—the eager pursuits of science, which drink up the spirits, and rivet the attention to a given class of objects, centring all the energies of mind in one channel—and the all-engrossing and active duties of a learned profession—all these, midst scenes which have become familiar and seem to remain unvarying, are quite unfavorable to a due appreciation of the new and varying aspects which human society constantly presents. Under such circumstances, great and striking changes succeed each other, and go on for years both in ourselves and others, and yet remain by us quite unperceived. Tender, smiling infancy may give place to prattling, volatile, inquisitive childhood—childhood be transformed into cheerful, aspiring, ambitious youth—youth ripen into strong and vigorous manhood, and manhood may, with a smooth and steady current flow on through all the varied scenes of active and useful life, till old age steals upon us with scarce an echo of its advancing footsteps, unless, perhaps, we are admonished of its invasion by some incident—infirmity, the growing obtuseness of the senses, or the waste of that strength, agility, and elasticity, while in the full possession of which weariness and debility were to us perfect strangers—we may pass from one extreme to the other almost without cognizance of the transit.

And for this we may account, from the fact that, ordinarily, in proportion as objects become familiar, they arrest the attention less; also, probably, from our being accustomed to looking forward with hope and anticipation to the future rather than dwelling on the present, retrospectively, the past, or comparing the past with the present, especially if such a view is calculated to awaken conscience, or call to remembrance our own mortality. Such a view is not adapted to warm into being emotions of gayety and light-heartedness. Indeed, when we take a moralizing and sentimental survey of the past, and number the years which have fled, and reflect on the changes they have wrought, both in ourselves and others, a feeling of pensiveness will almost irresistibly steal over the mind. And this is neither strange nor wrong, for it is instinctive.

To make such an impression deep and abiding, there is probably nothing better adapted than to revisit the place of our childhood, youth, and early manhood, after years of continued absence. You return to the spot where memory calls up a thousand living and thrilling associations. In every thing what a change! An extended circle of early acquaintance is converted into a community of strangers. You must undertake the task of learning an entire new catalogue of proper names. You will find an exercise of your skill in physiognomy in the recognition of strange faces. As you pass the streets of your native village, the houses of business, offices, and shops, and the golden lettered professional cards, all denote new occupants. Go to the place where you received a knowledge of the elements of your native language, and your first intellectual training, where the young idea was first taught how to shoot, and inquire for the companions of those blithesome days, and not one is found. Go next to the holy sanctuary. Here those love to meet who have taken sweet counsel together—they delight to go to the house of God in company, and mingle their songs and aspirations, their sighs and their tears, their hopes and their fears, their joys and their sorrows. But where are those who, in other days, associated together here? You look around for them in vain. They no longer occupy their seats in the great congregation, or come round the sacramental board. They are gone—they dwell in the spirit land. Or do you sit down with some surviving friend of other days, and select some individual from memory's record of those whose acquaintance was identified with other times, for the purpose of reviving their personal history? Such a one has long since emigrated. Another has met with such or such a revolution in the domestic relations, or secular interests; or what will interest you to know, whether for weal or woe, in moral character and prospects. Of some you will weep to hear of their relapse, while the reclamation and espousal to the cause of Christ of others will strike joy to the centre of your heart. Casting about among your early acquaintance, you will be startled to find that such a youth of your acquaintance, in departed years, now fills such a civil office, or some responsible station, has entered upon such a profession, is prosecuting such an enterprise, eager in pursuit of honor, wealth or pleasure; or perhaps a higher seat in your esteem is claimed, while your heart kindles with holy gratitude, when you learn that such a one has selected a loftier object, and makes life an offering to the honor of God and the good of men. Such and such, you learn, have been struck from the register of the living, mourned by many, forgotten by some, unknown to others, and to most as though they had not been.

But listen to their history a little farther. Inquire into circumstances. To some, as they entered the dark valley, it seemed as if a black and rayless night of horror and despair were shutting in around them. Others, as they reached the margin, and looked off on the boundless ocean on which they were about to embark,

saw the star of immortal hope rising above the proud-est billow, dispelling all the shades and gloom which invest the boundless prospect—a gloomy shade, especially to those whose eye of faith was never fixed on the erected cross, who never cast the anchor of their hope within the veil. Over the memory of one you cannot but sigh, and feel it is but just. Over another you shed a tear of mournful gratitude at the additional testimony to the efficacy of the great atonement through which you hope for conquest in the final conflict.

But your thoughts are turned to other themes, and are addressed by other objects. Presenting themselves together, the events and changes of years are crowded into the space of a single thought, and make a single impression. Forgetting the intervening lapse of time which includes those contemplated events and changes, they seem as if they had all transpired at once, or had been the occurrence of one short day. The time is fled and past, the events belong to the history of absent days, the individuals are present only in memory and in thought. And who can resist the tendency to pensiveness, when every object of sight and thought combines to induce that state of mind? Not an association suggested by each surrounding object, but contributes to the same result. You cannot move from place to place but altered roads—or if the old highways remain unchanged, then every recognized object stands like some monument of other times, and meets you as if commissioned to wake up reminiscences of those days and scenes when rose the cloudless morning sun of youthful hope. Fearless of meridian heat, or evening frost, it kindly cheered your feet along life's flowery pathway. Or next arrest your attention the old inclosures, gardens, meadows, or new cleared fields, just reclaimed from native wildness, and added to the contiguous cultivated and productive grounds connected with the paternal domicile. You are struck with the dilapidated state of the houses and buildings, seen new in other times—themselves still familiar, but their aspect strange. Or perhaps they have been removed, and new ones erected in their place, or else the old remain, and other edifices have been added to their number. Your native village seems almost to have lost its identity. Is it languishing under the wasting hand of time, and the ebb of business and improvement, as if ready to be forsaken by restless, fluctuating man? Or does its improvement and extension remind you of the capacity of invincible, tireless enterprise? Here a new temple of devotion has arisen, whose lofty spire pointing to the skies, indicates man's celestial birth, and his high intellectual and moral destination. Call upon some relative or acquaintance of your early youth, glance over his domestic circle, and you are surprised that a new generation has sprung up during the few years of your absence, and you wonder that they have reached their present age and maturity. You gaze on the well known face of your friend. It is true, the general outlines remain unchanged; but where are the healthful flush, the florid hue which once danced on that cheek, the youthful vi-

vacuity which once beamed in that eye, the smile of cheerfulness which so placidly played in the whole expression, when last beheld? They have strangely disappeared.

But the few short years of absence have not sped their rapid flight without leaving some indelible traces behind them. Comparing yourself with others, and seeing in them, as in a faithful mirror, your own image reflected back, you feel a new and deep conviction of the length of life's journey, which both you and they have left behind. You find you have kept pace with those at whose progress you are filled with astonishment. You will probably more than ever feel how true it is that the sweet morning days of youth are gone, and have carried with them all that freedom from this anxious care which now ever fills your occupied and weary thoughts, and that responsibility which your present relations manifestly involve, ignorance of which then gave volatility and gaiety to your cheerful heart. But they have gone. Mirthfulness has been exchanged for gravity—the restive and boundless flights of an undisciplined and delusive imagination for deep and sober thought. It is demonstrated that you are in a world of realities, though a world of constant care, and toil, and change. The romantic visions and empty dreams of earthly bliss have vanished into empty air. The conviction may have grown into an abiding principle of action, that rational and substantial joy must have its source and its seat, not in external circumstances, but in a sanctified and devotional heart. And if you have been so fortunate, rather wise, as to have sought, and seeking, found the pardon of sin and the hope of a blessed immortality, through a crucified Redeemer, you can hardly fail to feel a new impetus towards heaven, whither your faith traces the triumphant flight of kindred spirits, whose personal acquaintance you fondly hoped again to enjoy on earth. How sweet, how soothing to the soul to reflect on their escape from all the toils, and cares, and sorrows of this vale of tears! It is a cordial to the fainting heart. Hope now casts another anchor within the veil. Faith takes a firmer hold on the dying sinner's atoning sacrifice, and sees a brighter prospect rise before it. Love waxes to a purer flame to Him who first loved us and our sinful race, at the thought of obtaining the same reward; yea, heaven is more endeared, since we have kindred spirits there; and earth has less attraction, since every thing earthly is in a state of constant mutation, and all the living hasten to their final change.

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I LOOK upon *personal conversation and prayer with individuals*, as among my most successful endeavors. When I first obtained a hope, I prayed year after year, that God would make me the means of saving souls; and I think I have had evidence that more than one hundred souls have been converted to God, through my own direct and personal instrumentality. It is all of God's grace, and nothing that I have done.—*Harlan Page.*

Original.

CHIPPEWA SACRED FIRE.

BY E. SAFF.

THE eastern hemisphere has the honor of being the birth-place of the human race, and of nearly every thing which gives interest and character to their history. After man left the groves in which honors were paid to the Most High, here he found a place to erect the first temple for the same holy purpose; and here the first altars were built to receive the immolated victims, designed to appease the wrath and propitiate the favor of God. From this same soil has sprung the systems of mythological worship, under which mankind lived and groaned for ages; and here the sacred fires were kindled, and magi placed to sacredly guard and keep them always burning. Here oracles gave forth prophetic enigmas, and the lying priests and priestesses reveled in their wickedness, and practiced their deceptions. But the eastern world has not been merely the birth-place of man and mythological systems—it has also been the land of song and of science—of arms and the mechanic arts. We are so accustomed to trace the origin and history of every thing to this pristine abode of man, that whatever we find in the western world peculiar or distinctive, we are apt to turn our eyes to the east, and look for some usage with which it will correspond, and from which it may have originated.

I am led to these reflections by learning of the existence of the sacred fire which was burning upon the southern shore of Lake Superior, towards the close of the seventeenth century. This had become the central point of intelligence and power to the great Algonic race of Indians. The Chippewa, or, as they are styled, Algonquin and Algonic, in their national ligaments, embraced one of the great families inhabiting the northern part of the American continent at its discovery. They then spread over a wide territory, taking in the country surrounding the northern lakes, and extending east and west along the numerous rivers and streams, forming the inlets and outlets of these great inland seas. Formerly, as their tradition represents, they were seated upon the banks of the St. Lawrence; but, from their migrating and predatory character, they extended their abodes and conquests north to Hudson's Bay and Lake Winnipic, and west to the extreme western limits of Lake Superior, and the head waters of the Mississippi, where they came in contact with some of the tribes belonging to the great Ostic stock.

This race of Indians are strongly addicted to storytelling—have an unlimited belief in magic and the influence of their *manitoes*, or spirits, and accustom themselves to sing unmeasured and rough songs. These several peculiarities are so interwoven, that their legendary tales are intermixed with their mythological enigmas, and their rude poetry and music with both. Every tribe or band has a class of magi, whose business it is to offer sacrifices and perform religious services, and who are consulted as oracles, both in peace and war. From whence they derived their notions of pro-

phetic intercourse with the future, or their capability of appeasing the wrath and propitiating the favor of their *manitoes*, we are ignorant, unless we allow that they brought it in their migrations from the eastern hemisphere. Allowing that they came from the eastern continent, we at once have an easy solution; but cut off the descent of this race of men from the eastern world, and we are left in darkness as deep as their mythology.

There is one single fact, which, if it determines nothing as to their origin, is interesting to the curious inquirer of Indian history and tradition. This is the fact, above mentioned, of the sacred fire which, at the close of the seventeenth century, was burning on the southern shore of Lake Superior, far towards its western extremity. We are not able to learn the time when the fire was first kindled, the cause of its origin, nor the precise time of its extinction. Nothing, however, is more clearly established, in Indian mythology, than the fact that it existed, and that priests and priestesses were placed to sacredly guard and keep it continually burning. It appears that its extinction was regarded as ominous of some great national calamity. It was looked upon with all that superstitious veneration peculiar to the Indian character; and the persons of the male and female guardians, to whose care it was committed, were held more sacred, and in higher estimation, than their ordinary priests and sorcerers.

But notwithstanding their superstitious care, this visible emblem of their national power, which was considered to be coeval with their national existence, has long since ceased to burn. It was for centuries the beacon of their national pride; but the time at length drew on when they, like the great nations of antiquity, were to be broken down. The augury proved but too true. This has been done. We, like the ruthless Goth, have trampled upon their sacred fire, and overthrown their power, and they now are a ruined and riven race.

It is easy to trace a resemblance between this fact in Indian mythology, and the ancient magian religion. The magi of Persia were divided into three classes—the first consisted of inferior priests, who conducted the ordinary ceremonies of religion—the second presided over the *sacred fire*, which, before the time of Zoroaster, was kindled on the tops of hills in the open air, and was held to be the emblem of Oromasdes, or the good god—the third was Archimagus, or the high priest, who possessed supreme authority over the whole order.



WHEN I appeared like the world, in Babylonish garments, I had its esteem, and knew not how to part with it. But when I showed by my appearance, that I considered myself as a stranger and a foreigner, none can know, but by trying it, what an influence it has on the whole conduct, and what a fence it is to keep us from sinking into the spirit of the world. For there is no medium; they who are conformed to the fashions, customs, and maxims of the world, must embrace its spirit also.—*Mrs. Fletcher.*

Original.

THE FUTURE.

It has been said that "he who is content, will smile upon a stool, while Alexander weeps upon the throne of the world." The sentiment may be true; yet we have rare examples of perfect contentment. Human ambition is seldom satisfied. The aspirations of the soul rarely cease till death cuts down the aspirant. Disappointment cannot quench the ardors of a mind intently set upon the acquisition of happiness. Defeat often adds intensity to desire, and multiplies the objects of hope. Hence our sanguine anticipations of the future.

The human mind, ever restless, ever planning, tarries not to converse with passing scenes, but seeks to penetrate the veil, and explore the mysteries that lie beyond. Not the realities of *to-day*, but the prospects of *to-morrow* charm us. Man may be said to live in futurity. There he builds his habitation, and dwells with rapture upon the glowing fictions of his own creative fancy.

While memory is treacherous, and the past is forgotten—while the present is only a point, and arrests not the current of thought, the mind seeks a field where it may fully exercise its powers. This is found in the future. Here opens a boundless expanse, over which thought may wander with delight. Here fancy may roam unconfined. Here is felt the power of a charm which attracts the soul, and, like the mysterious loadstone, draws all objects toward itself. Much of its influence over the mind, however, may arise from the *change* it effects in desired objects.

When the mind contemplates a remote object, it discovers not deformities, but is often deceived, as is the eye by natural objects under similar circumstances. Why does a rude hut, surrounded with shrubbery, appear, at a distance, like a beautiful cottage, and an ugly plot of ground, covered with weeds, like a verdant lawn, clothed in all the rich luxuriance of nature?—the neighboring pool, whose nauseous vapors exhale poisons, like a placid sheet of water! All is the effect of distance. By its transforming agency, whatever may be harsh, discordant, and offensive, is softened into exquisite beauty and loveliness. As in the natural, so in the moral landscape,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Objects appear comely and fascinating, because they are remote, and their deformities are concealed. Contemplate for a moment human life, and test the assertion by experience. We slight present objects, no matter how much happiness they might afford. They seem mean and unsatisfying. But those in the distant future we admire. We press to their attainment; yet often when attained, we loathe and cast them away.

But the fancied value of things in expectancy is greatly enhanced by the *medium* through which they are seen. Distance would operate in vain, did not imagination exert its magic power. Fancy is the mind's prophetic eye. It delights to traverse the mazes of the unknown future. When the light of reason scarcely

shines beyond the present, and to it would confine all our meditations, imagination, winged by the fires of inspiration, bears off its prize to the secret habitations of coming time.

Hope is another agent in the anticipations of the future. It clothes imagination in an apparent garb of reality, and gives even a seeming permanence to the forms of things unknown, conjured up by the wild workings of fancy.

"Hope, a beauteous phantom, pictures fair
Each scene of future life.
With mimic dyes she tinges every thought
Like Sol's bright ray, when falling on
The dew-be-spangled mead."

But it remains for fancy to give the finishing stroke. Imagination plans the structure, hope gives the form, and fancy decorates.

The operations of these principles are seen in every period of life. In infancy, imagination, touching the secret springs of latent thought, and setting in motion the machinery of mind, is seen in all its multiform exhibitions. Behold the sportive boy as he runs on an errand for his parents. Mark the workings of his active mind, and the bright anticipations that are kindled by every passing object. What is it that now retards his steps? He is forming bright anticipations of the future. Perhaps he passes a window glittering with collections of rich and costly merchandise. He dreams of great possessions and incalculable wealth. A splendid mansion next attracts his notice. He hopes soon to be the proprietor of one still more magnificent. Now his ear catches the sound of martial music, and a military show is presented. Immediately he fancies himself the commander of a mighty army, with thousands moving at his will. He dreams of battle fields, glorious victories, and of the conqueror's triumphs. These, however, may be considered the wild chimeras of an untutored, infant mind, which a riper and enlightened judgment would correct. But let it be remembered that human nature is always the same. As the small shrub bodes forth the form of the stately tree, so the mental operations of the young are only the mighty mind in embryo.

What is it that occupies the sleeping and waking reveries of the young man about to enter upon the arena of active life? Watch the course of his thoughts in his solitary musings. Is he to be a merchant? How bright are his expectations! He hopes soon to outrival all his competitors in wealth and respectability. He anticipates seeing his name known and honored in every country, and his ships floating on every sea. Is he a scholar, about to enter the field of literary competition? Imagination bears him at once to the very pinnacle of fame, forgetful of the necessary intervening steps. The productions of his pen are read and admired by all the learned; or perhaps called to a public life, "juries hang upon his lips, courts bow to his decisions, or a listening senate" is wielded at his will." Thus men pass their lives, the victims of vain hopes and visionary projects. Nor do they cease while the waning lamp of life emits its feeblest ray. Often the

ruling passion is strong in death, and the last struggles of expiring nature are blended with the strong utterance of some long cherished plan of life.

The picture drawn is not of an individual, but of the multitude. There are few in this busy world who do not chase these glittering phantoms of hope with eagerness. But how little of this bright imagery possesses any real and tangible qualities! How few of these brilliant castles built amid fancy's wild careerings, are ever inhabited! Men look forward with eager solicitude to the period when they shall attain the full fruition of their wishes; but, alas! how seldom are they gratified! When the period for their fulfillment arrives, all their bright anticipations, once so firmly enthroned in futurity, vanish, and, "like a vision, leave not a wreck behind." While we admit there is a pleasure in gay day dreams, and midnight reveries, care should be taken to guard against excessive indulgence. If not, the mind will soon become like well-wrought machinery without a balance-wheel. When loose reins are given to the imagination, and a wild fancy permitted to drive the vehicle of thought far into the ideal world, man has no safe criterion of action, but becomes a fit object for the arrows of fate. Reason, phæton-like, unable to restrain the impetuosity of an imperious imagination, is hurled from her seat of authority, subdued by the power of disappointed hope; and once noble man becomes, like the mountain oak riven by the vengeful thunderbolt, a blighted trunk of an accursed root.

Rather suborn imagination to the dictates of reason, and consult the oracles of wisdom; for there are anticipations which disappoint not, and hopes that will not die, even before the "dances of death." I mean those higher, holier, nobler aspirations of the soul, which so connect things present with the future, as "to bind man's chaste affections to the throne of God," where long cherished expectation will ere long break forth into the bright realities of a blissful eternity.

LEANDER.



Original.

THE GRAVE.

Thoughts suggested at the consecration of the Wesleyan Cemetery, near Cincinnati, July 11, 1842.

How beautiful has the God of nature made
This spot, where we shall all so soon be laid!
These hills and dales, in their primeval order, stand
The unmarr'd work of an Almighty hand;
And e'en the spacious dell, where thousands sit
To catch instruction drawn from Holy Writ,
And learn how patriarchs buried their lov'd dead,
(As we have heard, just from the Scriptures read,
And what provision Abraham for his Sarah made,
That he might call *his own* the spot where she was laid;
From desecrating hands her precious dust to save,
He chose a burial place, and *bought* a grave—
This dell, I say, was fashioned by no human hand,
But hollowed out by His whose wisdom plann'd

This universe, and hung yon glorious sun on high—
Who guides his daily circuit through the sky,
To warm and quicken into life and birth
The budding garniture of our fair earth.
But listen to the speaker! he whose unctious voice
Would have our ashes rest—our souls rejoice.
He reason gives, from all the nations dead,
Why *we* like them should rest the weary head—
Why earth's green off'ring living hands prepare,
To shroud the tenant—or t' soothe the weeper—there.
But, hark! that voice again, and wipe those weeping
eyes—

"Those who in Jesus sleep, with *him* shall rise."

Yes, rise from these low graves, his word has shown,
To meet a "risen Savior" near the throne.

O, let us, then, our *hearts* as well as graves prepare,
So we who here have met, again meet there,

And this vast "*gathering* of the west"

Be found once more amid the blest.

'Tis He alone, to whom "life's issues all belong,"

Can tell who *first*, amidst this breathing throng,

Shall, hither borne, fulfill the sad decree,

To part from life and "all the sympathies that be."

Perchance some heedless, fearless one now near,

May soonest th' appalling summons hear.

God in his wisdom shapes our ends—the young and gay

May be the first he *wisely* calls away;

And ere these trees their beautiful foliage shed,

The head may rest where now the agile foot has sped;

And ere another summer sun comes back to bless

And deck this grove in nature's verdant dress,

The pensile willow o'er that grave be weeping,

Where the young victim lies, forgetful sleeping.

In fancy's eye, methinks I see, e'en now,

Death's angel standing on yon hillock's brow,

Complacent, looking on—the preparations making,

While he, remorseless, his sure aim is taking.

The shaft has sped! See how, in swift decline,

The victim falls! At the grim monster's shrine

All human aid were vain—no skill can save

This ripening subject from an early grave.

But ye whose "hearts are right," be not afraid!

God never yet his "promises betrayed."

Through the "dark valley" he his light will fling—

The grave shall have no victory, and death no sting!

And when we lay thee in thy grassy bed,

Our eyes, perchance, some "natural tears will shed;

But wipe them soon," and haste to strew thy grave with

flowers,

(And soon this office we shall claim for our's;)

And while we place the *arbor vita** at thy head,

("The fittest emblem for the *living dead*.)

We with the Spirit humbly strive,

Not "to be dead to God" whilst yet alive.

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.



To some warm heart the poorest dust is dear;
From some kind eye the meanest claim a tear.

* Literally, *tree of life*.

Original.

ELECTRICITY.

THE natural sciences are the peculiar growth of modern times; for whatever eminence the learned of antiquity may have attained in other departments of science, or of the arts, they seem scarcely to have entered upon the threshold of this. Some departments, which are now perhaps less assiduously cultivated, had then advanced to great perfection, and shone with astonishing brilliancy; whilst others, which were then shrouded in the deepest night, or perhaps just seen above the horizon, emitting a feeble and flickering ray, have since arisen to meridian splendor.

Thus painting and sculpture rose under the plastic hand of the tasteful Greeks, sensitively alive to all the charms of symmetry and color, to an elevation which bids defiance to future rivalry; while the glowing fancy, the lofty imagination, the delicate sensibility of Athenian and Roman mind, have poured themselves forth in all the varied forms of poetry and eloquence, which they have left, like luminaries, in the literary heavens, at which the poet and the orator of succeeding ages might delight to aim, though despairing of ever attaining his mark. Though, in the pure sciences, the works of Euclid have continued to be the text-book of the geometrician for more than two thousand years, still unrivaled in the beauty and simplicity of its demonstrations, yet of the natural sciences, which constitute so large and valuable a portion of modern learning, scarcely one can be said to have had an existence in the academies of ancient Greece and Rome.

The history of some of them, indeed, may be included within the narrow compass of half a century or less. It was not until philosophers ceased to rest the superstructure of science upon the shadowy pillars of fanciful theory, and learned, by careful observation, and by skillful experiments, like well directed questions, to draw from the breast of nature the secret principles which govern her mysterious operations, that these sciences began to assume their present commanding position.

What has been said of the natural sciences generally, is particularly applicable to the science of electricity. Its history, as a science, can date little more than two centuries back; and an account of all the isolated facts known to the ancients, may be comprised within a very narrow compass. Thales, the "father of Grecian philosophy," first observed that amber, on being rubbed, attracts to itself straws and other light bodies. This effect the Grecian philosopher gravely attributed to the agency of some hidden animals, which, excited by unwelcome pressure, sallied forth from their amber habitation, and in their return brought back the captive straws. This same property was afterwards observed to belong to another substance, probably the same that is now called tourmaline. These two facts seem to have constituted the alpha and omega of the *practical* electricity of the ancients, and were handed down through succeeding ages with little addition, till about the commencement of the seventeenth century.

They had, it is true, witnessed many of the more prominent exhibitions of its power in the works of nature. They had listened with superstitious awe to the dread artillery of the heavens—they had seen the vivid lightning's play around the lofty summit of their Olympus, firing its sacred groves, or hurling from its cragged peaks the massive rocks. The sailor, too, had seen in it his guardian deity, or the dreaded genius of the storm, resting in tongues of fire upon the pointed mast; or the warrior, upon the eve of battle, had seen his spear tipped with ethereal fire. But while these appearances were regarded as the effect of the direct interposition of some of the numerous superior beings with which a teeming fancy had peopled the earth and skies, and who, by these means, displayed their power and maintained their authority over the minds of men, few could be found, even among philosophers possessed of sufficient hardihood and impiety to attempt an explanation, by natural causes, of these most interesting phenomena.

These opinions at length, however, began to give place to sounder principles in science, and more enlarged and accurate views of Divine Providence; and some of the more bold and speculating among the learned attempted to account for the extraordinary appearances in nature according to the laws by which she was known to perform her ordinary works. But the human mind, long shrouded in the dark mantle of ignorance, and fettered by superstition, could not by a single effort shake off its fetters, and proceed, at one giant stride, to the eminences of true science. The eye, so long blinded by prejudice—the hand, palsied by the incantations of bigotry and priestcraft, could not at once penetrate the deep recesses of the laboratory of nature, and seize, with tenacious grasp, and bring to the light of day the secret laws and hidden apparatus by which she performed her mysterious operations. But the late unshackled mind was compelled to proceed with slow and cautious steps, groping its way through the intricate mazes of error, which many dark ages had accumulated, and removing, with untiring industry, the thousand obstacles which prejudice had interposed to its onward progress. Like the invalid just rising from the bed of disease which has prostrated all his energies, its first efforts were feeble and blundering. Yet, gaining strength from every exertion of its powers, and learning wisdom from its former failures, it has advanced rapidly to that lofty eminence on which it now stands, surveying with intelligent eye the manifold works of the great Architect of the universe, and holding in its hands the keys that unlock a thousand mysteries, which for ages had been barred to human observation.

About the year 1600, some interesting experiments in electricity were published by a Dr. Gilbert of England, relating chiefly to the attractive and repulsive powers of excited bodies. Little interest, however, seems to have been excited by their publication among the learned of that day; and few if any discoveries were made till about the close of the seventeenth, or

beginning of the eighteenth century, when, by the labors of Boyle and Guericke, many new facts were brought to light, and increased interest given to electrical inquiries. But though the number of facts in relation to this subject were thus increased, little seems to have been gained in the way of explanation or theory. Boyle, it is true, discarded the invisible animals employed by the Grecian sages in their explanation of attraction, but supplied their places by an adhesive fluid thrown off by the excited body, and which, attaching itself to light particles of matter, brought them back in its return.

The earliest method of obtaining electricity was by rubbing amber or tourmaline, with the hand; and it was long supposed that these were the only substances capable of excitation. It was at length, however, discovered that sulphur, and resinous and vitreous bodies possessed similar properties; and plates or cylinders of these substances were substituted for the amber of the earlier experimenters. A new era was commenced in electrical inquiries on the introduction of the sulphur globe by Guericke, which was turned on its axis, and excited by the friction of the hand. This long continued to be the most approved method of obtaining electricity. Machines have since been constructed in a great variety of other forms, and of an almost innumerable variety of substances, such, for example, as cylinders or plates of glass, rosin, or baked wood, woollen cloth, strips of varnished silk, &c. One general principle, however, pervades the whole; for however they may differ in other respects, they all agree in this, that the producing cause is friction of what are called non-conducting substances. In the earlier stages of these investigations, it was discovered that the attraction was not constant, but that bodies were first attracted and then repelled with equal force. These unaccountable, and apparently contradictory properties of the same body, led to the prosecution of experiments with increased zeal and greater carefulness; and every circumstance connected with them was subjected to the closest scrutiny. By the ingenious and accurate investigations of such men as Coulomb, Laplace, Biot, and others, men of the greatest acuteness of intellect, and depth of scientific research, the various laws which regulate them have been determined with a precision equal to our highest wishes. From these investigations it appears that whenever two bodies are rubbed together they both become electrically excited, and that the nature of this excitement, or, in other words, the kind of electricity is different in the two bodies—that bodies similarly electrified repel, while those of opposite kinds attract each other and unexcited bodies—and that when brought into contact, these opposite electricities, called respectively, positive and negative, or vitreous and resinous, neutralize each other, and the bodies again become passive. Upon these principles are founded a great variety of beautiful and interesting experiments. Thus, when a metallic ball is suspended between oppositely electrified bells, it is alternately attracted and repelled from one to the other until an equi-

librium of the electricity is restored. Our ingenious countryman, Dr. Franklin, did not fail to bring to the investigations of this subject his accustomed sagacity and versatility of intellect, establishing some of its most important laws, and affording most ingenious and often amusing examples of their application. Among these may be mentioned the raven feeding Elijah, in which the figure of a bird performs the office of the metallic ball in the case last mentioned, conveying the electricity from an excited body to a conductor concealed beneath the robes of the prophet.

But this power is not limited, in its application, to the production of philosophic toys, however ingenious, but is found, as we may hereafter have occasion to notice, to be one of the most extensively active agents employed in the infinitely diversified operations of nature—acting at one time upon the smallest particle of matter, at another upon the most extensive masses—now at distances too inconceivably minute to be capable of appreciation by the mind of man, and again operating, it may be, through spaces, in the immensity of which all human conceptions are bewildered and lost. These attractive and repulsive powers were not only the first to be observed, but, from the smallness of the quantity of electricity necessary to their development, and the marked uniformity of their effects, they have been found to furnish the surest tests and most accurate measures of that subtle fluid. Accordingly, a great variety of instruments have been constructed, called respectively electroscopes, and electrometers, according as they are designed to discover the presence or measure the intensity of electricity, many of them displaying the highest ingenuity in their construction, and a delicacy and accuracy in their indications no less admirable.

Aided by instruments of such nicety, it was soon perceived that the force of electrical attraction, instead of being uniform, or varying simply as the distance, increased in a much more rapid ratio as the bodies approached, and diminished with a similar rapidity as they receded from each other. Hence, from the analogy of other forces, it was conjectured, long before any experiments of sufficient accuracy had been performed to determine the point, that it followed the same law of intensity as light, and heat, and gravitation, viz., what is termed by mathematicians the inverse ratio of the squares of the distances. These conjectures have been most fully verified by the acute and talented searches of Coulomb, and thus another example furnished of that beautiful simplicity and uniformity of plan by which the Architect of the universe delights to accomplish the ever-varied productions of his hand.

This is one of the innumerable instances in which the increasing light of modern science has enabled us to perceive order and simplicity where formerly only confusion and complexity of design appeared; and facts long considered anomalies in nature, have been found obedient to known and well established laws. Indeed, the natural sciences consist of little else than a classification of facts, which, from time to time, have

forced themselves upon the attention of the observer of nature, between which, however, there was seen no connecting tie, but they seemed like the playful freaks of sportive nature, delighting, occasionally, to step aside from her ordinary path, and astonish or amuse mankind by the exhibition of her terrific power, or a display of her milder beauties.

The second property of electricity which we shall notice, is its capability of being transferred from one body to another, and the circumstances connected with and dependent on the transfer. In the very commencement of electrical experiments, it was observed that the excited body, when touched by the hand, or other body, was deprived of its peculiar properties; but it was not, for many years, perceived that different substances conducted off the electric fluid, or as it was called by the early experimenters, the ethereal fire, with different degrees of perfectness, and with attendant circumstances widely different. Thus it was found that all the metals, acids, water, charcoal, and some other substances, afforded a ready passage, usually with little or no apparent effect upon themselves, whilst resinous and vitreous substances, and organized bodies, when deprived of moisture, either entirely interrupt its progress, or permit it to pass with difficulty, and often, when the quantity is large, with the accompaniment of brilliant sparks or flashes of light, or at other times the body itself is torn in pieces by the violence of the discharge. On this property is founded the division of bodies into conductors and non-conductors. And since those bodies only can be excited which resist the passage of electricity, (others conveying it away as fast as it is produced,) these divisions are frequently called, respectively, non-electrics and electrics. The two classes, however, pass by such insensible gradations into each other as to leave no distinct line of demarkation. Hence, these terms are merely relative in their signification, expressing only the comparative ease or difficulty of their excitation. Neither do any bodies possess these properties in perfection, since the most perfect conductors have been found to oppose a degree of resistance; and on the other hand, no body is so perfect a non-conductor as to be absolutely impervious to electricity when accumulated. The effects produced by the passage of electricity through non-conducting media, present one of the most extensive and interesting fields of philosophical investigation, and afford a great number of highly beautiful and amusing experiments.

As already remarked, in passing through bodies of this kind, it produces, if in sufficient quantities, flashes of light, which are also accompanied by intense heat. These sparks, or flashes, vary in brilliancy, size, form, and color, not only with the nature and intensity of the electricity employed, but with the nature both of the non-conducting media through which they pass, and of the conductors employed. The most perfect metallic conductors afford sparks of white light, of the greatest intensity, when the current passes between them through common air, whilst, under similar circumstances, wood and ice afford a beautiful red light. The hand, a less

perfect conductor, gives a purple, while that of silvered leather is a beautiful green. If other media than atmospheric air be used, such as the gasses and vapors, light of every hue, and degree of intensity, may be obtained, and the shaded tints of the rainbow, and the coruscations of the Aurora Borealis, be exhibited in miniature. Solids which are partially transparent, have their transparency greatly increased, with the production of a great variety of the most delicate colors. If a powerful shock be passed through the hand or other part of the body, its transparency will be so increased as to render the nerves and blood-vessels distinctly visible. Experiments of this kind may be infinitely diversified, since almost every substance affords some new and peculiar appearance.

The light and heat developed in these experiments, are not regarded as essential properties of electricity, but as effects produced by the sudden compression or agitation of the medium through which it passes; and hence the great variety of appearances exhibited by different substances.

The similarity of the effects of electricity to those produced by lightning, led to the suspicion, long entertained, that lightning, and its attendant circumstances, are but exhibitions on a grander scale of those phenomena which are produced in miniature by the minuter quantities of the same, which, with our limited means, we are capable of accumulating. The truth of these conjectures it was reserved for our illustrious countryman, Franklin, to establish, with that simplicity, ingenuity, and directness which are characteristic of that great philosopher. Having obtained electricity directly from the clouds, he performed with it all those effects which were known to be produced by electricity obtained in the ordinary ways—thus realizing, in this practical age, the superstitious fables of the fanciful Grecian mythologist; of bringing fire down from heaven, and stealing the thunderbolts of the cloud-compelling Jove. And not only has man learned to ape, in miniature, the dreaded thunders, but to seize, as it were, the destructive bolt in mid career, and turning it aside from its intended course, cause it to pass harmlessly away. Here we see the same agent, when collected by the experimenter, on a few feet of conducting surface, moving feathers and straws, or setting in motion some philosophic toy—at another time, when diffused through thousands of acres of dense clouds, it is seen rending the heavens with its terrific strength, and making the earth tremble while it proclaims in thunder tones its own mighty achievements—when, in the language of a gifted poet,

"From crag to crag,
Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud."

G. W. O.

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WHERE true religion has prevented one crime, false religions have afforded a pretext for a thousand.

Original.

DESULTORY REFLECTIONS;
OR, A WALK THROUGH THE CITY.

How much, both of humanity and of life, is to be seen even in the course of an idle stroll through a city. Being rather out of humor at some vexations and annoyances, and in that low state when our firmness succumbs to the despot of *spleen*, we were fain to solace ourselves, as best we might, with a walk; and being in a frame requiring rather amusement and recreation than seeking for the edification of thought, or the delectation of outward nature, we sought not the campaign or the hills, but shaped our course city-ward, hoping, in the face and action of humanity, to beguile if not to dissipate our chagrin.

Nor did we miscalculate; for we had soon outwalked our vexations, or forgotten them, and merged *self* in the all-absorbing mass about us; in which sympathy or risibility, or revulsion, took note and comment of the individuals presented in the moving panorama before us. We should notice that in our access to the city, we take water, and the ferry-boat conveys us across the Ohio. And here our speculations commenced. We know that the rule of this order of things is precise and peremptory—more so than in matters of more considerable interest it were convenient to be. The power exercised by the one party is not disputed by the other—the four or five minutes of waiting prescribed by the *law*, is never extended—no, not if the king, or even John Tyler himself were there. And now behold the aspirants, who, by the way, are all running *down* hill to the boat. Here are two youngsters of sixteen. They doubt not, though at a good distance, and though the first puff of steam announces readiness, that their long-jumping step of four feet each one, will insure them success; and here they are on the deck, and time to spare. They have left behind them loungers, mincers, ladies, and children. See the formal gentleman, too nice or too proud to accelerate his step for any imposed rule—he makes not good headway, nor *ever has*. But that indolent, fat, dont-care person on the left, just saves himself. Good luck, the genius of the good-for-nothing, befriends him, when he *dont* miss his chance in life; and when he *does*, he has too little sensibility and almost too little observation to notice it, and thence the adage that “good luck and a little wit will do.” And here come two ladies “and a woman.” The latter gets on very well; but the former were too delicate, i. e., too genteel to overcome the difficulties of haste and the ruggedness of the way, together with the drove of beeves to be passed in reaching the boat, and being “neither decided nor undecided,” they lose, or rather waste their opportunity, and bide the chance of another trip, and some ten or fifteen minutes detention; but what of that! did not all the spectators write them “ladies?”—though the spectators, we would observe, as in many larger concerns, were too much engrossed with their own concerns and their own progress to take much note of them. Next came an old lady, who, having her grandson, an urchin of four years, by the hand,

has been really impeded, and has missed the boat, because she could not conveniently reach it; but her equanimity seems unimpaired, and of habit—the little hindrance will no doubt suggest some salutary reflection, and the mouthful of fresh air will do her good. Not so with the three hoyden school girls, whose haste was beyond decorum, and whose chagrin at “missing by only four feet,” is not yet consoled, or concealed, or *hushed*—as if four feet were not as distinct a hindrance, if a hindrance at all, as the whole width of the river! Yet such is often the logic of others than school girls. But mark the youngster of ten years, who has bounded from the top of the hill at full speed, taking no inspiration of breath, and arrives in “hot haste” just as the boat is beyond a leap. This he had at first designed, but by discrete impulse he checks the jump, and turning away from the jeering laugh of the boat boys, faces the spectators on the shore, and the old Dutchman, who, making a comical eye, says, “You lost your luck.” But my fine boy plucks up his head, and with a half blush and a disclaiming laugh, says, “Never mind, I’ll go next time”—a spicery of the future man. If he is balked, he will not be discouraged—if he lose his chance, he’ll not lose his temper.

Some more hints of character, or of pretension, we shall collect from those on the shore. There is erected on the platform a rough shed for transient shelter to passengers awaiting the boat between trips; and here you shall see many fine-lady airs, and a despising of this shelter, even in inclement weather, signifying that so rude a place is not to be endured, and is quite unworthy of *their* august presence, &c. But this, we know, is all affectation. A very little judgment would show them that the roughest shed that shelters the head from the assaults of the weather, stands far more than half way betwixt the most elaborate palace ever built, and *none at all*—in the *true sense of a house*. And how many millions of our fellow beings experience the advantage of this position! But of our boat-shed. We shall see that the really delicate lady, who comes in a carriage and pair, takes her seat here quietly as a matter of course.

Sometimes we take a peep from the deck above, when a drove of beeves are to be forced into the boat. How reluctant are the poor beasts to a strange place, to another element than their own; and having been gathered from the hills and the vallies of their sequestered range, how averse to “congregated humanity,” and how afraid of the puffings of the steam, and the confusion and hubbub of the boat! All the driving, and jeering, and coaxing, avails not half as well as one word from their tender—the swart rider of the corn-fed steed. His voice effects more than all the sharp spike-sticks of the boatmen could do. Yet is there one here who, for his total fearlessness of horn or hoof, his readiness, his unsparing of self, his agility, his cleverness, his *joy amongst cattle*, we have named “Dare Devil.” This boy I have noticed often. His sharp piony-colored cheeks, his burning black eye, show a peculiar temperament. How foremost were his place amidst the

traveling trading company, plying betwixt our western frontier and the cities of the Spanish border. He probably is not intelligent enough to know *where* to push his fortune; and we should be conscientious in advising an untrained youth to assume, for the furtherance of his fortune, a situation which might expose and jeopardize his principles; for doubtless a band so constituted, who spend much of their time, if not beyond the jurisdiction, yet beyond the precincts of law, are, more or less, a "law to themselves," and subject to the influences of moral misrule; and though, in a strife of physical power, our "Dare Devil" were as good as the best, yet *there* is his danger. He is probably better where he is.

Our boat nears the opposite shore, and presently we find ourselves in the go-ahead city of Cincinnati. Its improvements, its structures, its advantages as a city we are not now in a humor to set forth. The stream and current of life, claiming involuntary sympathy, make their own impressions, and to observe and note them is all we can at present afford.

The first person we meet is a merchant citizen. He steps out of his neat little carriage, which, at eight o'clock, has brought him from his residence on the hill, two miles away, to spend his day until four o'clock, P. M., when it will again be sent to take him to his dinner, and his comfortable, elegant home, and his well ordered family. He is neat and nice as a pink this warm July day. No small portion of our comfort, and the self-possession of our ideas, we would observe, is referable to the bath-house and the laundress. Even a poor man looks, as it were, above the world, when his "clothes philosophy" is calculated and conformed to the rule of precise comfort and respectability. But our merchant—what has he to annoy him in the world? He steps out of his carriage into his large ware-house. He has a cool, remote counting-room, and two or three bidable and orderly clerks attend him, whilst several understrappers, like Jupiter's, "await his nod." His business, too, though the times are bad, is in good train—in safe and sure progress; for he has ever been a regular and *scientific merchant*—never a speculator. He is a moral man. He has no undue vehemence of temper to betray his discretion—no assumption of pride to make him jealous. He owes no debts—he envies no man—he is afraid of no man; and, indeed, as it regards the world, he is perfectly independent. And he is, in common acceptation, a respecter of religion and its ordinances. What has he to annoy him? Why do we insist that he has any thing? Because his forehead, though placid, is not smooth—because, under the decent, gentlemanly exterior, there lurks a hardly perceptible anxiety of deportment, and, as it were, his *anatomy looks not happy*; and his eye, if you look close enough, has an expression of *avidity* which no other emotion ever transcends or countervails. Yes, though not a miser—though not denying himself or his family, his neighbor or the public their customary rights, yet does the sin of *avarice* abide and rule his inner bosom, giving disquiet where cause of disquiet would seem none; and for the

want of "that perfect rule," which constrains him not, rendering *him* less than happy who seems to hold the world in his power. And yet is there many a worse man.

It is market day, and see the motley crowd pressing on to the stand. The stalls are redolent of newly butchered meats, and the very large quantity sends forth an odor so strong, as seems to draw the sense to a sort of faintness this warm day. And now are we jostled, even on the sidewalk, by the return passengers. Truly, what a nation of eaters! Nation, did we say? Many from other countries than our own are here—mostly, the Irish and the Dutch; and both, as naturalized citizens, are making rapid strides in the acquisition of property and its concomitant privileges. How content should *we* be with our individual annoyances, when we can every day in the year witness the fullness of our land in its length and breadth. And as we reflect upon the starveling neighborhoods that many of these emigrants left on their native shores, we give them hearty welcome to our more happy country. As yet many of them are uncouth and unguinly. Though the dialect of the Dutch is grating to our ears, yet does the animated and fluent garbure of yonder group attract us, as they make their way, bearing their well-filled baskets, with no great expense of grace, and jostling all not as expert as themselves in threading the sinuous course through the mob. See yet another, not fully as polite as these! Her step is like the step of a man, both bold and resolute—her brawny arms are bare—her gown of blue nankin is neither too long nor too wide; but then her cap frill makes up all deficiencies. It is turned up into the air, and its deep cherry colored ribbon is careering in the wind. She follows her pipe and her nose—she looks neither to the right nor to the left, and seems intent on preserving her one instinct of "making a good bargain." She cheapens fish, six good-sized ones for a fip, and obtains a bonus of two more, "jist for custom." Poor thing, whilst she speculates *in small*, in her ignorance she believes that conscience should take cognizance only of large "respectable sins."

The markets have now abated as low as one would think were worth the *while* of producers and suppliers; yet not one whit has abated the spirit of haggling and cheapening amongst a certain class of buyers; and though no longer in any sense necessary, there are many who seem to cherish the practice as a characteristic trait.

We know that in this, as in some other of our large cities, females of the first respectability occasionally attend the markets. And many such we meet, who having dispatched their purchases are returning with an animated step, as if a disagreeable duty were well gotten over; but others, even youthful ones, linger and lounge, and make this place, even the shambles as it were, the theatre in which to display finery, and to sport affectation. One, with more airs than gentility, is smelling at butter, and rejecting it because the price is a cent or two more than she likes, with the expres-

sion, "horrid stuff," "I am sure I couldn't swallow that," &c. Follow her a few paces, and you shall see her choose some of inferior quality, at inferior price. Whilst the meanness of the manœuvre is known only to herself she is not ashamed of it; and like the other, she dreams not of sin in making a bargain at market.

How many different tempers shall you see in those occupying the stands—some pleasing and attractive by their good humor and obliging amenity—others morose and affrontive, allowing no inspection or facility to buyers, and creating the very failure which their discontent deploras.

But we pass out of the market, and meet a trig, lively mulatto girl. She carries three several bundles of clothes, not small ones either, which she has collected from her employers, and is taking home to wash. Her cheerful, happy spirit, communicates to our feelings, and helps to dissipate the umbrage of discontent that for some hours has lowered above us; and the admonition is seasonable, advising that our forecastings and apprehensions are both foolish and sinful.

But the next passenger would be not so profitable to us. She descends the steps of a splendid mansion, a structure of size where salubrity, convenience, and elegance are united. She is possessed of much to satisfy and to delight; yet such seems not to have been the effect. Her carriage awaits her this fine morning for a ride. Her step is irresolute and discontented—her brow, though she is young, say of twenty-five years, is anxious, severe, and distrustful. She is the wife of an indulgent husband. He is rich, prudent, and respectable. She "feels the spleen of too much ease."

And now we meet three pretty children, so neatly dressed, of so spirited yet so proper deportment, so intelligent looking, and altogether of so agreeable impression, that we are impelled to inquire who they belong to. We warrant to some parent who looks closely to them, rendering them happy in themselves and acceptable to others. Our view, though transient, gives conviction of many conformities not here presented. Yes, they are the children of *English* parents; and our delight is dashed by the regret that where we meet with one family of American children equally well trained with those of average English families, we find twenty that are *not*. These boys will not contradict or disoblige their parents, or make separate decisions, until they have a separate home. And the daughter, also, will never assume the rule, or mistake her mother's house for her own, as *some* do—the mother being most blameworthy in the matter.

And here we meet a boy ten years of age, who has had no training at all. As he runs along the pavement, he draws a heavy stick along, scoring the open bars of a fence, and gives no heed to the gentleman in the broad-brimmed hat, a few paces behind him, who says, "These should *not* do that." Pity the abuse is not penal to the most summary hand.

Now we come to an open square. The female who is taking the *diagonal* of it (though she loves not obliquities) is a New Englander, most probably from Con-

necticut. She sees no good reason why she should not "save time," and make her walk as direct as "is consistent" this warm morning. The *quin cunx* couldn't confound her; for she would "argue" that what was oblique to one point, was direct to another; and she would "calculate" that she was the best judge of her own course. But behold a pageant. It is a keel-boat some eighteen or twenty feet long, nicely painted. It is on wheels, and a couple of draft horses are taking it to the river; and amongst the juvenile mob attendant, it takes no conjuror to point out the "captain," yes, "and owner of that sloop." He is about fifteen years of age. His own money, that he earned by working, paid for this boat, and he is now going to have a "launch," and to "name her"—perhaps the "Belorophon," or the "Great Western," the "Hippopotamus," or the "Leviathan"—any how, the name will be *large enough*. Who can deny an interchanging glance of sympathy to the ingenuous boy, who is so happy, especially as he is trying with all his might to look humble. He intends, for a small compensation, to ply coastwise, taking small freights, east and west in the city—a sort of "carrying trade." If he continues to effect as much according to his years, he will, soon after his minority, become a citizen of weight.

And here we meet another youth of about the same age; but he has had better opportunities and gentler breeding. He is now on his way from the high school, where he has made good proficiency in his continuous education for many years. He carries a portfolio under his arm; and be it known that, though he never neglects any of his studies, yet, between times, he indulges himself in his *penchant*, which is for *drafting*. He is especially good at the human face, *en grotesque*, and in the varieties of caricature. He will one day—if he follows his bent—be our American Cruikshank.

But we must slacken our pace a little, or we shall overtake those fashionables before us. The ladies seem to be intent on their subject. No doubt it is a fine one, as we catch now and then an exclamation or a cadence. Perhaps it is, as Goldsmith has it, "all about Shakespeare and the musical glasses." Yet they are not entirely absorbed in their subject; for gentle vascillations of the head, and certain spreadings back of the hands, indicate a sort of irrepressible sense of dress and its gratifications; and, indeed, they are in high mode—so much so, that they remind us of the little girl who, recounting the wonders of the menagerie, said, in describing the dromedary, that she had seen "one great thing that wa'n't level nowhere." Our elegantes have the fashionable "partridge pace," too. We are loth to take the way of them, but indeed we must not conform to their amble any longer; and now we pass—but dear me! they are colored ladies!

Anon we meet with a citizen, whose property (sufficiently apparent) would be with many a pretense of superiority and personal airs. But not accounting his possessions as part of himself, he is affable, grave, and considerate. Just now he is under some affliction, and his fellow citizens sympathize with him, which is not

always the case towards a very rich man. But by good sense and modesty, he claims an involuntary respect, where many of his *weight* command only a constrained one. Not so with him of the sliding, sinuous step. "*Riches*" is written and re-written in every turn and lineament, as it is in the very core of his heart. Under his present perversion, he could not be made to comprehend that a man without property possesses the same natural rights as a rich one. But let him pass—the punishment is his own.

And who is that female with the earnest, meek face? She is accompanied by two or three humble looking little girls, who take turns in helping her along with the several heavy baskets which she carries, filled with fruit, from the market. Her dress, though neat, is of the plainest and coarsest, and entirely of black. We understand now, she is one of the "Sisters of Charity," and assists in the *Asylum*, where these orphans are reared. It is a Catholic institution. They receive forlorn children from any community; but upon the condition of educating them Catholics. We must pause to tell what we know of these "Sisters." They are interesting in their exact adherence to the vocation they have assumed, upon a plan of entire disinterestedness. They avow poverty and celibacy, and devote themselves to the alleviation of human suffering. In seasons of epidemic, they flinch not, but may be found early and late in the chambers of contagion, at the bedside of the sick and dying, demanding no price for services which are priceless—looking to the time when their Lord and Master "will account to them." Fame, with her trumpet, could not sound a note worthy of their pure goodness.

And now we see a fair young girl who looks so amiable and pretty, that we should contemplate her with great pleasure, but for the preposterousness of her dress, which is unsuited both to her condition and her age, as it also is to the time of day and her errand. She has no property whatever. Her dress is, not very judiciously, supplied by a distant relative, who is not able to make permanent provision for her. She is as yet hardly beyond the age of a school girl, and it is about nine o'clock that she has sallied forth this morning. She is dressed in a gown of rich silk—her bonnet is loaded with artificials and an expensive veil—she wears shoes of a light color, and silk stockings—she has *forgotten her gloves*, and on her arm she carries an open tin kettle containing a few cents' worth of yeast! Perhaps she may be advised by a well-wisher, that there is neither propriety nor gentility in these arrangements, and that she were really more attractive as well as more respectable in a plainer and less expensive dress. We also beg our reader to forgive the particularity of the detail, and believe it has not been done for gossip's sake; and that though *they* may not demand comment, there are many who do.

And now having got home, we would fain impart the cheerful hilarity which our long walk in the open air has effected; and especially would we commend to them the plan of deductions which we derive from a

chance view of the many and the various. Of those we met, almost all who were most felicitously situated seemed least satisfied; whilst those who really had some oppression of care, or were laboring under insufficiency of means, in the effort which they made to better themselves, evolved a spirit of contentment. They unfolded, perhaps, a talent, or expanded a hope, or exercised an ability, or some how or other consoled, and cheered, and elevated the tone and temper of their being. We now speak of such as were *employed*—being all that we can take into the account. Let us never forget that the idle person, efficiently speaking, is *nobody*. Of the rest, too, we infer that it is not always those who are most amply endowed with the means of indulgence who are most happy; for external things minister only to the senses—whilst humility is more probable to deprivation than to fullness—and its satisfactions, indicating a degree of grace, are best suited to the deeper wants of our nature. And looking abroad again, let all join in the hymn of thanksgiving that their lot is cast in a land of unexhausted—of almost inexhaustible resources; and that however hard the times may be said to be, they are only so by comparison; and even for this the antidote might be found by consulting the nature of the disease. Let us know that however political *veloes* may interfere with *luxuries*, nothing but indolence and individual sloth can deprive us of *comfort* and *plenty*.
B.

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THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

O, SACRED star of evening! tell,
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths alone by angels trod;
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home the paradise of God.

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Through the unbounded fields of time.

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre,
In everduring notes of praise?

O, who would heed the chilling blast,
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If doomed to hail, its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity.

And who the sorrows would not bear,
Of such a transient world as this,
When hope displays, beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss!

Original.
FASHION.

BY ALFRED M. LORRAINE.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARIA AND HER PASTOR.

Maria. Pray, Mr. M.—, what did you think of the sermon yesterday? Did ever a minister of God before descend to such small things? I declare, it seemed to me more like rumaging a chest of drawers, or taking an inventory of a lady's toilet, than preaching the pure Gospel of salvation. Surely you cannot approve of such unprofitable preaching.

Mr. M. I could not disapprove of the discourse, Maria, without implicating the character of one of the most sublime and dignified ministers of God that ever lived; and in so doing, I should indirectly question the wisdom of the Almighty, by whom he was inspired.

Maria. Inspired!

Mr. M. Yes. He tells us that in the year that King Uzziah died, he saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. And one cherubim cried to another, and said, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory! And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke." And while the prophet was entranced in the visions of heaven, overwhelmed and confounded by excess of light, the Lord said to him, "Go and tell this people." We may form some judgment of the instructions given him by the message which he delivered. He preached about many important things. With holy boldness he reproved the national licentiousness of Israel, the judicial corruption that prevailed, the unblushing wickedness in high places, that was eating like a canker. But in tracing this flood of ungodliness to its source, he faithfully exposed the seemingly insignificant, but dangerous springs which originated and continued to swell the ruinous stream. The fashionable extravagance and pride of the female community was not overlooked. "Moreover the Lord saith, (mark, not Isaiah,) Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion. * * * In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets and ornaments, the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the whimpers, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils. * * * And her gates shall lament and mourn: and she being desolate shall sit on the ground." So was captive Judea personified in the triumphal arch of Titus, at the gate of Rome, in tattered garb, with disheveled hair, and downcast eye, displumed of all her majesty and sitting on the ground.

Maria. Doubtless the Jewish females were sinfully

extravagant. We know this is forbidden in the Scriptures. And I blame our preacher particularly for departing so far from his text, "costly apparel," as to meddle with the fashions. If our dress is not costly, it is as cheap to be in the fashion as out of it.

Mr. M. My dear child, you have yet to learn that there are some words which, in their Scriptural or theological sense, comprehend much more than is implied by them in common parlance. The costliness of fashion is not to be always computed in dollars and cents. The fashions consume much time. Time is more precious than money. What is our probation in comparison with the boundless eternity for which we should prepare? Not as much as the drop when compared with the ocean. The ocean is made up of drops; and although an angel's mind might not be able to cast the mighty sum, yet by an analogical train of reasoning we safely assume the fact. If only one drop of water should be annihilated annually, without its place being supplied by the grand laboratory of nature, a period would come when the mighty reservoir of the sea would be drained. But suppose a million of years were smitten from eternity, what vacuum would it make? We might well smile at the simplicity of the question; for eternity is a state that can neither be added to nor taken from. But remember that three-score years and ten is the outward post of human life. All who wander beyond this must suffer a reduction of all the earthly enjoyments of sentient beings. The great majority of mankind sink into eternity before this point of probation is attained. One-third of our lives is necessarily devoted to sleep—a state of unconscious existence. More than half of the residue of our time is claimed by the temporal, but necessary avocations of life. And when we come to sum up the hours which may be exclusively devoted to mental and moral improvement, we are constrained to exclaim,

"A point of time! a moment's space!"

And shall those priceless hours, which might be rescued from our crumbling probation, and made to subserve our immortal interests, be sacrificed at the shrine of fashion, and an immortal spirit stand by and question the cost?

Again. Fashionable dress is costly, because you cannot indulge in it without destroying a robe of inestimable worth—"the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." No devotee of fashion ever has been or ever will be of a sweet and amiable temper. I do not say he may not look pleasant. It may be a part of the fashion

"To carry smiles and sunshine in the face,
While discontent sits heavy in the heart."

Col. Gardner says, that when he was leading the fashions in all the taste and elegance of his day, he was frequently complimented on the score of his happy temper. Once, in a large and gay company, one said, "I wish I was Gardner, that I might always be happy." "At that moment," said the Colonel, "a buoyant spaniel came romping into the room. I fixed my eyes on the happy brute, and wished, from the bottom of my heart, that God had made me that little dog." Yes,

the fashionable may smile; but a small blunder of the milliner, a nice dereliction of the tailor, a slight shower of rain, or the splashing of a car, will totally rout all the natural and acquired graces of the mind, and leave not, even in the professor of religion, the least semblance of a meek and quiet spirit. O, how costly!

Maria. I never could see how there could be any religion in dress. I have always been taught that religion has its seat in the heart.

Mr. M. Well, Maria, you can certainly comprehend that there is piety—there is religion in pleasing God.

Maria. O, yes, I believe that a single desire to please God in all things is the very essence of pure religion.

Mr. M. We may please God in this very thing. He has taught us by his prophets and apostles what is displeasing in dress. He has, moreover, declared what is the best ornament of humanity—"a meek and quiet spirit." This is utterly incompatible with the fashions of the world. The fashions of the world pass away—are transitory—corruptible. Where is the splendid wardrobe of Solomon!—splendid in the estimation of men. Our Lord preferred the modest lily of the valley, that lovely, retiring symbol of Christian meekness. Where is the glittering toilet of the Queen of the South! Where the dazzling robes, and hoods, and mantles, and tires; the gilded barge, the silken sails, the silver oars, the ambrosial perfumes and music of the adored Cleopatra? We do not ask how long they survived their short-lived owners—how long they were reserved in the museum of fashion, to feast the pride of life and the desire of the eye. Certain it is they have long since retired to their pristine dust—they have faded away. But a meek and quiet spirit is that which is incorruptible—is that which will accompany us beyond the grave. The rolling periods of eternity will heighten its lustre. And when all the toys of earth shall be forgotten, its celestial polish shall sparkle with the reflections of Deity, and gladden the hearts of his saints.

Again, the fashions of this world can only command the admiration of men—the most inconsiderate of men; for the whole trumpery, as well as the vocabulary of fops, and dandies, and coquets,

"Can only make a wise man mad."

But the Christian's ornament, "a meek and quiet spirit," is of heavenly texture—invisible to man, and its presence suspected only by the divine temperament that imbues the words and works of him who is happily embraced in its tender folds. It is "the hidden man of the heart." It is a rarity, so transcendently excellent above all we can think, a jewel so bland, so peerless, that it is reserved exclusively for the vision of God, of angels, and glorified spirits. Yes, in the cloudless glory of its full development, it enters into the immaculate banquet of the Almighty. It is in the *sight of God* of great price! O, if you still have a predilection for costly apparel, wear, I beseech you, this garment of salvation! Yes, this, in the highest sense of the word, is costly apparel. It cost the sacrifice of the Son of God—the ceaseless operations of the Holy Spirit—the

toil, and sweat, and blood of ministers and holy martyrs—the tears, the prayers, the anguish, and penitence of the repentant sinner. O, it is a costly garment!

Maria. True, it is a very desirable accomplishment.

Mr. M. Then, Maria, judge you, in singleness of heart, which you should prefer, the gaudy fashion of this world, which will demur at the grave's mouth, and of all her laughing and sober train, will delegate only the hateful shroud and napkin to accompany your body to its lonesome cell, or the meekness of saints which will envelop thy houseless spirit amid the gloom and damps of death's dark vale, and be a covering of glory to you in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Maria. Why may I not choose both? May not my heart be rightly exercised toward God, while I enjoy in common with my gay compeers the fashionable accomplishments and amusements of life?

Mr. M. You remind me of the foolishness of childhood—of days long since passed. When my pious mother would return from her social visits, she would hold up her hands—O, she seems to stand before me now, in all her maternal charms, while the finest cords of my heart are vibrating back to memory's earliest date, through years and scenes which I had deemed forgotten—yes, she would hold up her hands with perhaps an apple in one, and a piece of cake in the other, and say, "Run my child, my boy, and tell me which of these you will take." I would bound forward with all the vivacity of boyhood, and clasping both hands, would exclaim, "O, ma! I will have both!" But she would frown on my cupidity, reprove my selfishness, and tell me how unjust it would be in her to wrong my brothers of their share. You cannot love God and the world. The irreligious themselves believe that you cannot. It is true, they will talk of enthusiasm and superstition, and will say, "O it is a small thing." But when you launch with them into their gayety and merriment, they will laugh "in the sleeve" at your simplicity, despise your flexibility, and feast their self-complacency with the circumstance (poor circumstance) that while they share with you the hilarity of the world, they are guiltless of your hypocrisy. I once had frequent conversations with a lady in the south on this subject. She could see no inconsistency at all in pious persons following the fashions and amusements of the day. On retiring once from a splendid ball, she asked me if Mrs. G. was not a professor of religion. I told her she was, and very pious.

"I have no confidence in her at all," said she.

"Why?"

"Because she made her appearance in the ball-room last night in great style."

"Did she dance?"

"No; but she seemed to be as highly gratified with the performance as any one present."

"But is it not a part of your faith that Christians may attend those innocent amusements?"

She smiled, and blushing deeply, replied, "I know that I did so argue, and was then persuaded that my position was correct; but when I saw Mrs. G. come

into the ball-room, a chill ran through my very soul. It will not do. Where a person's treasure is, there will the heart be also." To place the subject before you in another light, Maria, let me ask whether it is best to please God or man?

Maria. To please God rather than man, is as reasonable as "to obey God rather than man." The apostles have decided it. But, sir, such preaching is not contemned by the world only, but disapproved by many professors.

Mr. M. True. It is highly probable that the daughters of Zion accused Isaiah of unmannerly interference with their stomachs, and crimping pins, and curling tongs; but God had said, "Speak to this people." He had to speak whether they would hear, or whether they would forbear. And even then there was a remnant according to promise, who, like Anna the prophetess, and the youthful Mary of a later age, were looking for redemption in Israel. Those who would not hear, continued their frolic; but it ended in "a girding of sackcloth, and burning instead of beauty." We also have to speak, although the world may deride and fight manfully for their household gods; and those whose duty it is to pray for us may swell the uproar of an unrighteous nation, yet we will find a traveler here and there, who

"Will trample on your whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A city in the skies."

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Original.

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY MRS. S. C. M'CAINE.

"The few we liked—the one we loved—
A sacred band—come stealing on,
And many a form far hence removed,
And many a pleasure gone."

THE mind given to reflection finds this hour peculiarly interesting. Amidst the tumult of the world, and its numberless engrossments, there is little opportunity to enter the recesses of one's own heart. But when day, with its intrusive cares, is succeeded by the quiet and beauty of a cloudless evening, the hallowed influences of such an hour dispose the mind to pensive thought and profitable meditation.

There is a refreshing sweetness in the morning breeze, a beauty in the glittering dew drops. Every leaf and flower bespeak a Creator, and the rising sun, in its glorious resplendency, loudly calls on man to glorify his works. Yea, we can learn a lesson from almost every hour, season, and circumstance of life; but there is no season, or scene, more impressive than the hour of departing day, when yonder orb of light is gently sinking in the west—when his last fading gleam upon the mountain is succeeded by the deeper shades of solemn twilight, and the pale moon, floating through "trackless ether," with her attendant train of glittering stars, sheds her mild radiance upon the world below. Sacred be this hour to memory and friendship! With

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it are associated the bright visions of earlier years, that tell of joys for ever fled, indelibly traced upon the record of remembrance, and are like the "calm melody of distant music, sweet and mournful to the soul." Who hath not learned from the book of experience, that this is a world of mutation, in which there is no "certainty, or stable hope?" The page of retrospection unfolds this truth, and at an hour like this, it thrills through the soul, as the deep-toned requiem of buried enjoyment.

That silver orb, with "crescent bright," remains unchanged by the revolutions of years. When in the pleasing trance of childhood, in my native isle, beyond the blue sea, she shone upon me with the same serene splendor. But where are those with whom I shared the sweet, yet simple pleasures of childhood—gathered wild flowers, watched the warbling brook, and listened to the song of birds. Ah! we are far distant from each other—they and I are changed; and the vicissitudes that have marked our destiny are felt at an hour like this. And many associates of my youth, who, in the calm still evening, gazed upon the grandeur of the concave heavens with an eye to admire, and a heart to adore, are now sleeping with the "clouds of the valley sweet about them," having been prematurely cut off, as the garden flower by an untimely frost. Truly, "all flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever," Isaiah xi, 6, 8.

Where is the being so constituted, but will sometimes "recur in melancholy recollections to the past!" Doubtless the eye that may rest upon these lines has seen the cypress wreath of death entwined around the brow of some much loved friend—perhaps a brother, a sister, or child—perhaps a father—perchance a mother, she who watched, and wept, and prayed over the pillow of infancy, and strewed the path of her child with blessings—she whose virtues sweeten her remembrance—hath been shrouded in the drapery of death, and the moonbeams fall upon the turf that covers her. There, amidst the dwellings of the dead, may be learned the emptiness of earth, and the meteor-like nature of all its pleasures.

"Then, since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,"

at this sacred hour may the soul emerge from the gloom and darkness of earth, and with a flight peculiar to her nature, soar on contemplation's wings to heaven, where the pure spirits of the *blest* drink from the crystal fount that issues from the throne of God.

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If St. Paul were again to appear on earth, since all the multifarious denominations of Christians would claim him, which would he choose? The apostle himself shall answer: "Pure religion, and undefiled before God, and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Original.

ON PRAYER.

Amongst the youthful converts who have not, from their cradles upward, been in the habit of *prayer*, and who may now have arrived at the important moment when a saving grace is dawning on their souls, it may not be improper to suggest some hints and rules upon the method and conduct of this ordinance. I am aware that where the development of the spirit has become complete, that, in its divine fervency, it is a law to itself, and needs not furtherance from human instruction. But I have had occasion often to see the young neophyte, when called upon to pray in public, or even to bless the table, become confused and distressed for the *manner* of a performance, when there was no reluctance existing, but more than readiness in the will.

And, first, for private prayer (and that shall also be the tuition for other occasions) the evangelist has himself said, "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door"—which I would infer to imply not outward retirement only, and the shutting away of external objects, but also, in deeper and spiritual sense, the putting away of worldly ideas, that entire concentration of the faculties, that sequestration of the soul and the heart, which shall be a meet preparation for the solemn and august performance designed—an interchange of spirit and a communion with God! If these rules be obeyed in trueness and humility, it will follow, of course, that the prayer and the *prayer* both will be sufficiently impressive and impressed; and that no listlessness or inadequacy will ensue, and the supplicant being made up, will perceive and know that she is praying.

For the matter and arrangement of prayer, we would quote the instructions as given by the pious and excellent Hannah More. She divides the heads of prayer, and points out the order in which they most properly and also naturally occur. In the first clause, having previously contemplated the subject, and gained "as clear an idea as their (the supplicants) capacities, and the nature of the subject will admit," of what God is, and of the properties of his being, she goes on to observe, that "his omnipresence is, perhaps, of all his attributes, that of which we make (in prayer) the first practical use." Therefore, will *adoration* be the first topic, as the necessity and the belief that he is the "rewarder of all them that diligently seek him," will suggest the second head of *self-dedication*. And as they know that they want help always and for ever, the *petition* will next claim a considerable space—divine grace being the one influence most needed—the gift including other gifts. And as in asking, (Miss M. goes on to observe), the ingenuous mind will readily see the propriety of *confession*, so also will that suggest *thanksgiving* for mercies received, and for sins forgiven. And here she cautions the supplicant, that "this clause be not left vague and general, but that she confess her own peculiar and individual faults." And being now awakened to a softness, the gift already coming down, "disposes her to include her parents and friends in the *intercession* which naturally follows." This is Miss

More's classification; and she adds, "These distinct heads, say of *adoration*, *self-dedication*, *petition*, *confession*, *thanksgiving*, and *intercession*, should not be involved in each other." She adds, further, "It will hardly be needful to say that *every* request be presented in the name of the great Mediator; for there is no access to the throne of grace but by that 'new and living way.'"

These simple and exceedingly clear instructions may be, as they no doubt often have been, the means of affording to the youthful supplicant an easier and more self-intelligible method of prayer—valuable not more for the facility afforded than for the assurance which they impart, in the doing away of that strangeness and sense of abstraction which is always, to the pious novice, more or less a hindrance in the course of faith, and its expression.

It will be understood by all who, if they have never prayed, (if such exist in our land,) have yet *reflected*, that we need not resort to our prayers whilst there remains upon us any impression of anger and hostility towards one of God's creatures; for hath he not said that himself will adjudge betwixt us and our neighbor! And with what tongue shall we *ask* for mercy whilst we are *denying* it! To such a disposition not only the justice but the holiness of God is opposed. Such, a spirit scares away the *Holy Spirit*! Neither shall the Intercessor, the meek and lowly Jesus, dare to present a prayer from so impure a source, steeped, as it were, in human defiance, from one of the denounced, as yet in the "bond of iniquity, in the gall of bitterness."

That there should be a preparation to prayer, and the casting away of other sins than this, need hardly be suggested. And here I would recommend at large to the reader, the works of Miss More, as a guide in a religious walk and life. It is well known that her own life and experience suggested the hints for her "Practical Piety," and her "Religious Strictures." Her doctrines are evangelical, and insisted on with a plainness and common sense not always set forth even by the preacher. Indeed, she is herself, in best sense, a preacher; and though she loves not to cavil, yet is she not tender of the unfaithful teacher. The retribution that he would hide away, or mystify, that she unavails, and him she denounces—not in her own words, but "by authority." As she is a very attractive writer on a variety of subjects, it were well that every parent, with a family about her, make it a point to have her volumes at hand; and the young readers, going from article to article, selecting first and gleaning afterwards, becoming acquainted with her style, and gathering interest as they gain, will, by and by, self-impelled, desire to partake of her best and highest thoughts and advices; and so may they with her counsels imbibe also of her *strength* and her *piety*! The Book of all books of course will be resorted to by the seeker. Without it, what were her condition? She were as a navigator of an unknown sea, where, though the natural eye discerns the *lode star*, yet, without chart and compass—the *divine science* of the book—could she ever hope to reach her *haven*!

B

Original.
THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. VII.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

THE GRECIAN DRAMA—TRAGIC WRITERS—ÆSCHYLUS—SOPHOCLES—EURIPIDES.

WE have now arrived at a point in the history of the classic writers of Greece which demands some change in the manner of treating the subject. Thus far we have endeavored to give a sketch of the most prominent of these authors in their chronological order, without particular reference to the different departments of literature to which they devoted themselves. As, however, from this period onward writers multiply greatly, and literature becomes more systematically divided, we shall endeavor to present each particular department, with its chief writers, separately, and not regarding the order of time as heretofore. Under this new arrangement the first general subject which we shall introduce to our readers is

THE DRAMA.

The drama has its origin, in almost all nations, in that love of scenic representations which seems to constitute a part of man's nature. It is not borrowed by one people from another; but is most generally the invention of each nation among whom it is found. Such was the case with the Greeks, the Etruscans, the East Indians, the Chinese, the Peruvians, and the Polynesians; for all of these have had their drama, although among some of them it has existed in a very rude and unpolished state. Among the Greeks its origin must be traced back to the earliest period of their religion; for its parent was a god, and its celebration a religious rite. At the festival of Bacchus, one part of the exercises consisted in a company of singers chanting lengthy pieces of poetry in honor of the deity whom they were worshipping. Thespis, who flourished about the year 536, B. C., in order to relieve the monotony of this performance, and impart additional interest and vivacity to the scene, introduced a speaker between the different parts of the chorus, who should relate some interesting narrative, generally of a heroic character. Phrynichus, the successor and pupil of Thespis, carried this improvement still farther, by enlarging the narrative part, and restricting the chorus. But to Æschylus was reserved the great business of forming, from these slender materials, the splendor of the Grecian tragedy. Under his molding hand the chorus—which, as we have seen, was originally the foundation of the whole—became a secondary matter, and preserved only to give additional interest and beauty to the narrative part of the drama. By the introduction of a second, and sometimes a third actor upon the stage, he gave to the different parts all the energy and vivacity of the dialogue. To these he added scenic representations from the pencils of the most celebrated artists of his day, and frequently extensive machinery, where the piece required such representations as could not be given upon canvass. Sophocles and Euripides followed him in the work of improvement. Under their guidance, tragedy reached

the acme of its glory, as exhibited upon the Grecian stage.

The Grecian theatres were constructed nearly in the shape of a horse-shoe, and were entirely open at the top. They were sometimes so large as to contain 20,000 people. "The beautiful situation occupied by the remains of many of the ancient theatres, justifies the supposition that they were studiously placed so as to command, and to incorporate with their own architectural features, the finest objects of the adjacent country. The majestic mountains and luxuriant plains, the groves and gardens, the land-locked and open sea, in the neighborhood of many of the principal cities of Greece, presented the finest materials which taste could suggest or desire for such combinations." The theatre of Taurominium, in Sicily, was so placed that the audience had a fine view of Ætna in the background of the distance. That of Athens comprehended the various declivities of Mount Hymettus, and overlooked the Saronic Gulf, and the Piræus with its three ports. Above it towered the Acropolis crowned by the majestic Parthenon.

The seats in the theatre were arranged in a circular form, and rising one above another. The lower ones were reserved for the public officers and persons of the highest rank, the middle ones for the common people, and the upper ones for females. These last were not permitted to attend the representation of comedies, and they seldom attended any of the dramatic performances.

What is termed in modern theatres "the pit," was called the orchestra, and was occupied by the chorus. In the centre of the orchestra, and on a level with the stage, was the sacred altar, upon which sacrifices were always offered before the tragic contests commenced. All the performances occurred in the day-time, and could only be witnessed in pleasant weather.

The character of dramatic writings among the Greeks was in many respects very different from similar compositions among us. The "unities" of time, place, and action, especially the last two, were regarded as indispensable in every play. "The privacy in which the Greek women lived forbade the representation of the interior apartments of houses, and thus excluded from the ancient drama those scenes of amatory intrigue which supply the modern stage with so much dangerous and very pernicious excitement." From a similar reason, no female was ever permitted to appear upon the Grecian stage. Whenever a female character was introduced in any piece, it was always personated by a man.

The influence of the chorus was very great. The choral songs formed, in their subject, an impressive comment upon the subject of the drama—giving utterance, in sage and solemn strains, to the moral or religious sentiments, or to the patriotic emotions which it was supposed the passing scene ought to inspire in the breast of the spectator.

It has been said, in allusion to the lofty style and lyrical inspiration of these compositions, "that if, in ancient tragedy, the performers spoke the language of

heroes and kings, they spoke, in the choruses, the language of the gods."

The moral character of the Grecian drama was of a much higher order than that of more modern date. As an illustration of this fact, it is sufficient to state, that an attempt was recently made to introduce some of the Grecian plays upon the German stage, but failed, because their moral character was too elevated for the modern devotees of this pernicious amusement.

We have deemed thus much necessary to a more perfect understanding of the writings of those whose history we shall now attempt to sketch.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Æschylus, justly styled the father of Grecian tragedy, was a native of Eleusis, in Attica, and born in the year 525, B. C. His father, whose name was Euphron, was a man of noble birth, and highly distinguished among his fellow countrymen. From this fact, it is highly probable that the youthful Æschylus received such mental cultivation as was adapted to fit him for the conspicuous part in the history of his country which he afterwards was called upon to act. His attention seems to have been early directed to literature, and especially to that of the dramatic character. A fable is related of him, that having fallen asleep while watching the clusters of grapes in a vineyard, Bacchus appeared to him, and bade him turn his attention to tragic composition. At the age of twenty-five, he made his first appearance as a tragic author, and commenced that literary career which has placed him one of the most brilliant stars in the constellation of Grecian intellect. His whole mental powers were devoted to the improvement of the drama. Receiving it in its infant state from his predecessors, he labored hard and successfully to elevate it to a high rank among the most refined moral and improving amusements of his country. He is said to have written no less than seventy dramas, of which five were satiric, and the remainder tragic. Of these, however, only seven are now extant. In the dramatic contests he was a victor thirteen times.

Æschylus was also a soldier as well as poet. He lived at a time when military glory was most highly esteemed. It was during his life-time that the celebrated expeditions of Darius and Xerxes against the liberties of his country were undertaken. (See Repository, January, 1842.) In the struggles of his countrymen, he bore a conspicuous part. He was in the celebrated battle of Marathon, and, with his two brothers, Cynægius and Aminias, was graced with the praises due to pre-eminent bravery. This battle occurred in the thirty-fifth year of his age. Four years afterwards, he was engaged with his brother Aminias in the naval battle of Salamis, in which the Persian forces were completely defeated. In the following year, we find him among the Athenian troops at Plateæ, where the last battle between the remains of the army of Xerxes and the Grecians was fought, and in which the Persian general, Mardonius, was slain, together with more than 200,000 of the forces under his command.

Such scenes were highly calculated to inspire in the

breast of Æschylus those sentiments of high and noble daring which abound in his works. He could with difficulty descend to a description of men and things of common life. Hence, gods and heroes form the principal character in most of his compositions.

The early part of his life was spent in honor. But like most others he met with reverses at last. Towards the latter part of his life he was charged with having violated, in some of his pieces, the secrets of the Eleusinian mysteries. The highly superstitious, although cultivated Athenians, would have banished him immediately, had not his brother Aminias appeared in the council, and removing his robe, exhibited the stump of his own arm, which he had lost at Salamis, and in this way interceded for his brother. An appeal so touching—an act manifesting such fraternal affection and presence of mind, had the desired effect on the quick and impulsive temper of the Athenians, and Æschylus was pardoned. This treatment, however, together with the victory in an elegiac contest gained over him by Simonides, and the increasing popularity of his young rival, Sophocles, determined him to leave Athens. He afterwards took up his residence at the court of Hiero, in Sicily. Here he died at the age of sixty-nine, and was buried with great honors by his royal patron. Upon his tomb the following epitaph (written by himself before his death) was inscribed: "This tomb covers the remains of Æschylus, the Athenian, the son of Euphron, who died at Gelas, fertile in corn. The glades of Marathon would attest his distinguished valor, and the long haired Mede who proved it."

SOPHOCLES.

Sophocles was born at Colonus, a village a little more than a mile distant from Athens, in the year 495, B. C.; consequently, he was thirty years younger than Æschylus, and, as we shall see, fifteen older than Euripides, both of whom he survived—the latter, however, only a few months. Sophocles was early instructed in all the wisdom and accomplishments of the age in which he lived. Born of wealthy parents, of great personal beauty, possessing a mind of most excellent natural talents, and a soul full of generous feelings, it is not surprising that he was the idol of friends, and the pride and boast of his admiring countrymen. At the age of sixteen he was selected, on account of his extraordinary talents and beauty, to lead the dance, and, as was the custom of those times, to play on the lyre before the chorus of youths who performed a pæan around the trophy erected in honor of the Salaminian victory. At the age of twenty-five, he entered the poetical arena, and, before a tribunal of his fellow citizens, exhibiting his maiden drama, was proclaimed first victor. From that time onward, during a period of sixty-three years, he devoted himself to his favorite pursuit. During this period he is said to have written no less than 117 tragedies. All of these but seven have perished in the general wreck of ancient literature.

In his poetical contests twenty times he obtained the first prize. Still more frequently he obtained the second, but never sank to the third. "Such a continua-

tion of poetic exertion and triumph is the more remarkable from the circumstance that the powers of Sophocles, so far from being dulled and exhausted by these multitudinous efforts, seem to have contracted nothing from labor and age, save a mellow tone, a more touching pathos, a more sweet and gentle character of thought and expression."

His life was not entirely devoted to the service of the Muses. In his fifty-seventh year, he was one of the generals of the Athenian army, having Pericles and Euclydides as colleagues. His military talents seem not to have been of a very high order, or at least not to have imparted additional lustre to his dramatic fame. He served the state also in other ways. His end was calm and peaceful, without sickness or protracted pain. He lived to the advanced age of ninety.

As a writer he was one of the most remarkable of his age. He was eminently a moral poet, although in his early life he seems to have been intemperately devoted to pleasure. Judging from his works which remain, he was the most finished writer of the three great tragic authors of Greece. Two of his tragedies—the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and the *Antigone*—doubtless surpass every thing of a similar character, either ancient or modern—the one excelling in the skill and arrangement of the incidents of the plot—the other in the tenderness and pathos with which it abounds. (Those who desire a more extended sketch of this poet we must refer to Prof. Anthon's Classical Dictionary, Art. Sophocles, or to the last Edinburgh edition of Potter's Grecian Antiquities.)

EURIPIDES.

When the Athenians were in daily expectation of an attack upon their city by the forces of Xerxes, they sent away their wives and treasures to the adjacent island of Salamis. Here they remained until after the final defeat of the Persian monarch. It was on this island, and on the very day of the celebrated battle of Salamis, that Euripides was born, B. C., 480. His father's name was Mnesarchus—that of his mother Clito. Some difficulty has arisen in endeavoring to ascertain the rank of his parents. It appears they were persons of considerable opulence. They bestowed upon their son the most expensive education, having employed the most celebrated teachers—such as Anaxagoras, Protagoras, and Prodicus—for his instructors. In early life, we are told, his father made him turn his attention to gymnastic exercises; and that at the age of seventeen he was crowned in the Eleusinian and Thesian contests. He also devoted a part of his time to poetry and painting. Pericles was his fellow pupil under the tuition of Anaxagoras. He was also most intimately acquainted with Socrates, who had previously been a pupil of the same great master. Euripides began his career as a tragic writer at the age of twenty-five. He labored under some disadvantages which his predecessors did not—inasmuch as he had to contend, in the dramatic art, with men who had made that art what it was. Notwithstanding these embarrassments, he arrived at such eminence, that even during his life-

time, when the Athenian fleet was captured off Syracuse, all who could repeat a line of his poetry had their lives spared, and were also set at liberty. Domestic trials, together with some more public mortifications, caused him to abandon Athens, and accept the invitation of Archelaus to take up his residence at the Macedonian court. Here he lived in affluence and ease until the melancholy accident which terminated his life. He was exposed, "either from chance or malice, to the attack of some ferocious hounds, and by them so dreadfully mangled, as to expire soon afterwards, in the fifty-seventh year of his age." He was buried at Pella, with every demonstration of grief and respect. Of his tragedies only eighteen have escaped the destroying hand of time. Of these the *Medea* probably deserves the highest place. The moral character of Euripides is tarnished by many glaring faults. In this respect he is far more exceptionable than either of his predecessors.



From the London Imperial Magazine.
ENDURING AFFECTION.

BY REV. J. YOUNG.

"Go to thy darling, false one! go!
And gaze enraptur'd on her charms;
Sink on her breast of melting snow,
And court her fond luxuriant arms.

Murmur again the ardent vow,
That mingles hope with fond desire;
Now paint the lover's wish—and now
Behold a woe-worn wife expire,

Who, when her dearest hopes were down,
And thou wert guilty passion's slave,
Mourn'd o'er thy errors as her own,
And sought to hide them in the grave."

ANON.

Every country has views peculiar to itself, and every county in our own country has picturesque embellishments exclusively its own; nor are the diversified charms which nature exhibits in her different scenes of awful grandeur, subduing simplicity, or towering sublimity, more various, or greater in number, than the taste of her admirers. There is an evident association, although no rules can be laid down by which to explain it, between the scenery presented, and the temperament of the enamored beholder. The mild and gentle are not fascinated by the wild uproar of the dashing cataract, the bellowing crater, or the fearful ravine; nor are the bold and impetuous transported by the soft and easy landscape, the neat retired villa, or the unvarying summer skies of luscious Italy: and yet, in each there are indescribable emotions, blending with their childhood scenes, and the places of their birth, which never can be erased by the views of any other country.

Allowing these desultory observations to pass for axioms, yet the admission must be made, that there are circumstances which not unfrequently throw a halo of beauty around the most unlovely spots, in our imagin-

ation; or which give to beauty itself an impressing power, such as causes its identity ever to stand before the mind's eye.

I feel the correctness of this admission while I write it. Years have not been able to wear out the impression; nor have scenes, of every grade and form, weakened the sensations which cause my mind to turn mechanically to the period and the spot to which I refer. A gentle draw upon memory suffices to bring the minutiae of my "tale's particulars" into being, or to cause, by a process which philosophy cannot explain, a kind of mental resuscitation of the buried feelings of departed years.

My tale may, indeed, be denominated *trite*; and much do I wish that such a charge were less correct than it is: I should then have the advantage of affording more pleasure, although of a painful kind, and of enjoying myself more gratification, in the conviction that fewer incidents of the same painful character, were in being, than are now known to exist—

———"But what avails were wishes
Good, though they be, kindly expressed,
And felt as powerfully? Like a shadow
To a starving man, or palated fire
To one who freezes, or a limpid stream
On canvass gliding, to one parch'd with thirst—
They seem to mock, and add to misery."

In consequence of a degree of indisposition under which I was laboring, during my visit at a friend's, I was induced to accept the pressing invitation of the gentleman and his charming family, to prolong my stay at his hospitable habitation, beyond the period I had intended. In order to afford me an opportunity of viewing the surrounding country, and, at the same time, advantage my health, he proposed, after we had taken breakfast one morning, a ride on horseback to the parsonage-house of a neat village, a few miles distant. I had before heard of the venerable person who resided there, and felt glad that an opportunity was now offered me to be introduced to his acquaintance. I accordingly expressed my readiness to join my friend in his ride.

It was, perhaps, as cheerful a morning as ever visited our world, since man's "first disobedience" infected universal nature with its moral evil, when

"Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave sign of woe
That all was lost."

The fairy hand of spring had thrown her many colored mantle over creation. The time of the "singing of birds" had fully come; and in many a happy note, from the monotonous chirp of the sparrow, to the lofty song of the mounting sky-bird, were the praises of the glorious Being, who "maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice," poured forth.

A rich diversity of scenery, and variety of conversation, gave to our animal spirits a buoyancy which extended its influence to every part of the system, and produced a frame of mind of the most happy and tranquilized order. My friend's acquaintance with the venerable person we were about to visit, had been of long standing; and his estimations, founded on a knowledge

of his character, were of the most exalted kind: hence he found a pleasure, by which I was happy to profit, in furnishing an interesting and detailed account of him. At every reference made to his views and exhibition of truth, his zeal, humility, his regards and attention to the interests of his flock, and the affectionate respect in which he was held by all who knew him—my anxiety increased to meet him; and, unconsciously, I put my horse into quicker motion, and then, again, reined him in to keep even with my friend.

The interesting and happy description of a country clergyman, which Goldsmith has given in his "Deserted Village," naturally entered my mind; and in almost all its characteristic traits, it seemed to find its counterpart, or fac-simile, in the person to whose brief history I was listening.

"A man he was to all the country dear"—
beautifully applied, but happily the following lines did not—

"And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Yet even this scanty stipend, little as it was, exceeds, by four times ten pounds, what too many of those who fill the same office should possess—those play-going, fox-hunting, card-playing race of patronized incumbents, or *incumberers*, and palmer-worms to our country.

His stipend, of whom I write, did not reach the exorbitant sum of tens of thousands, nor tens of hundreds, a year; and yet it was sufficient, not only to place him (as all who fill the ministerial office should be placed) above anxiety of mind concerning the things of this world; but enabled him to exhibit, practically, the spirit applied to such by the apostle—"given to hospitality."

Presently the tower of the village church appeared to rise from out a thick cluster of majestic trees, by which it was surrounded. Soon we gained the entrance into the village; and as we rode along, I imagined I could discover the influence of the pious pastor, even in the appearance of the people and things which I noticed; and, mentally, I exclaimed, "O, that all the ministers of the sanctuary in our land were of the same description! then would murmuring and dissatisfaction cease; the sacred office would no longer be the butt of ridicule, or the theme of profane execration; then 'God, even our own God, would bless us,' and all the people would turn unto him."

The soliloquy would, perhaps, have been extended, had not a quick turn in the road changed our view; for suddenly to our sight—

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

It was a neat, thatched building, of anti-babel elevation, its loftiest apartments being its airy chambers. Upon every part of it, comfort and contentment seemed visibly impressed. It stood back about thirty yards from the road-side; a graveled pathway ran along the whole width of the building, to a distance of somewhat more than four feet from the windows. From the centre of this path, and leading directly from the doorway to the little palisade-formed gate, was another of similar dimension; while the intermediate space on either

side was laid out tastefully in flower-beds. On the south side of the dwelling were a few acres of pasture land, in which the supplies of his dairy fed and fattened; and in a corner of it were accommodations for his cow and a little galloway.

Having dismounted and secured our horses, we walked up to the house, and received a courteous salutation from Mrs. Goodall, the worthy lady of the vicar.

Shortly after we had taken our seats, Mr. Goodall himself appeared; and never shall I forget his form. It now stands before my imagination, with only a little less vividness than that which actual vision could create. Years seemed to have produced a slight change in his manly form, from an erect posture, and had silvered over his head with thinly scattered hairs, white as the blossoms of the hawthorn. His eye, that index of the soul, still retained its powers of silent eloquence, and threw over a countenance of uncommon urbanity a lustre of intelligence, such as that organ, when good, seldom fails to impart.

We were received by him with the courtesy of a gentleman, and the openness of a friend. A variety of interesting conversation concerning the signs of the times, the providence of God, and the glory and extent of his kingdom in the world, engaged us for awhile; in all which matters Mrs. Goodall took a sensible and modest part. After partaking of some refreshment, Mr. Goodall very politely conducted me to his study. Here again I was indulged with a survey of a choice and well-selected library, principally made up of the works of some of our most celebrated theologians, both of ancient and modern date.

Shakspeare, in his pithy description of the movements of time, declares, that with some it "gallops withal." At the period in question, I found that with others, besides those the great bard has mentioned, time, sometimes, "gallops." With regret I perceived the hour had fully come when it became necessary I should say farewell to one, whose fellow I shall not often meet again on earth. The good old man walked with us, through an angle of his paddock, to our horses, and then, with an affectionate pressure of the hand, and a kind invitation to visit him again, he commended us to the blessing of his Master, and left us to pursue our ride homewards.

There is a species of curiosity indulged in by some, which is execrable. It leads its possessors, in restless prying scrutiny, to seek to dive into all the connections and particulars of every family, and with no higher motive, forsooth, than the pleasure of knowing the affairs of others better than they know their own. Such littleness of conduct evinces great puerility of mind, and merits every degree of reprehension which can be directed against it; and yet, while I hold and publish this doctrine, I confess that I felt an irrepressible desire to know more of the amiable person I had just visited.

Every indulger in any particular vice, has his own particular method of excuse or apology for what he does. So, too, have I, in reference to my present curiosity; it was not a desire to know, for the idle sake of

knowing, but from a conviction that additional knowledge would give strength to my regards for the worthy object of them. But how to obtain that information was difficult to determine, or, rather, I could not conceive. All I could learn of Mr. Goodall, from my friend, I had already learned; and that, as I have intimated, was of such a nature as to lead to a desire of more, rather than to satisfy.

A few months after my visit to the parsonage, I was spending a cheerful hour with a gentleman of my acquaintance, when the estimable Mr. Goodall became the leading subject of our conversation. Now the object of my solicitude appeared likely to be gained, my hopes were afresh excited, and, after I had proposed a few general questions on the subject, I found that my expectations were not more flattering than solid. I soon obtained all the information I wished, which not only interested my own mind very deeply, but furnished me with the means through which I now give the sequel of my tale.

Upwards of eighteen years had passed away, prior to my visit to Mr. Goodall's happy residence, since, in accordance with the convictions of his conscience, he had given up a cure which he held in another part of the country, and came to reside on the spot where the claims upon his services appeared the strongest. At this period, his family consisted of one son and three lovely daughters. Death had, however, a few months before, entered his domestic circle, and torn away from his arms the wife of his youth—the amiable mother of his beloved children. The management of so important a charge he felt would exceed his ability, and distract his attention from the weighty obligations connected with his ministerial duties; and hence, at a proper time, he entered a second time into the marriage state, with the excellent lady I had once the pleasure to meet.

Years had passed away since Mr. Goodall's second union, and manhood began to brace the limbs of his son, while his daughters advanced fast towards womanhood, with every advantage which personal attractions and a liberal education could give.

As in the family of the "Vicar of Wakefield" there was an Olivia, so was there also in this. She was the youngest of the three, and, perhaps, the most lovely. But many a casket of pre-eminent beauty exists, whose furniture is of the most homely character. Here it was not so. Fair as was the person of Olivia Goodall, the adorning of her mind was equally fair. She either was not aware of her external attractions, or she thought with Solomon—"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Her affectionate disposition, and pious simplicity, endeared her to an extensive circle.

Twenty summer suns had passed over her head, and her heart had never known a more tender emotion than friendship could inspire, excepting what she had felt towards God, and her family connections; but her reign of peace and freedom expired nearly with her teens. A pressing invitation from one of her sisters,

who had already been sometime married, and was settled respectably in London, drew her from the sylvan scenes of a quiet country life, to the glare and bustle of one of the most captivating cities in the world. To state what were her feelings during the hurry of preparation, or at the period of her departure, would be mere speculation; these things, and others, connected with her journey to town, are easily supplied by the most morbid imagination. It will, therefore, be sufficient to my purpose to state, that counsel, such as piety, experience, and affection might be supposed to offer, was given by her venerable sire, and received by the amiable Olivia with devout attention; and that, after four and twenty hours' traveling, she reached the busy and gay metropolis of her country, and shortly after felt herself pressed to the bosom of her beloved sister.

Sincere in all her professions, and artless as innocence could make her, Olivia judged of others by her own guileless nature; and hence, too soon fell a victim to craft, deception, and villany, of a rank, but too common, kind.

Among a number of respectable families, whom she visited in company with her sister, was a Mr. Freeport's, a gentleman whose character and connections rendered such acquaintance desirable. But in every earthly advantage there is something to mar and deteriorate. It was so here. The wife of Mr. Freeport was as opposite to himself as contrariety of character could make her. If the decided piety of her husband was not a matter of open dislike and ridicule, it was merely tolerated by her. Her public profession, indeed, resembled his; but her private conduct too plainly demonstrated, that hers was profession without principle. Boisterous in her temper, vain in her pursuits, and dressy in her person, she was the bane of her husband's peace, and the destroyer of her own and her family's happiness. Two sons were all the children they had, who, under proper training, might have become ornaments to society, and blessings to their connections. But who does not know the influence of a mother's conduct? Who is not aware of the awful capabilities of which she is possessed, and the consequent responsibility attaching to such a character? The ruin or preservation of her offspring, principally, as an instrument, rests with herself.

It was fashionable for Addison, Johnson, Steele, Knox, and others of their day, who were distinguished as essayists, to hold up, by satire, to reproof, the unnatural conduct of mothers who deserted their children in infancy, by turning them over to a nurse, and, in after life, consigning them to the care of tutors and governesses. But a worse, if possible, course of conduct has led me thus to diverge a little from my tale. Who can but tremble for those whose cruelty is not sufficiently exercised by leaving their children to pursue the course their own depraved nature may point out, but who, abetting them in their practices, furnish them with the means, yet more effectually to carry out into daring acts their enmity towards God? Such is, in too many

instances, the case with mothers now; and such was the case with Mrs. Freeport in reference to her two sons. Unknown to her husband and friends, she furnished them with sums as their wishes desired, to plunge into every kind of gayety and excess, at the theatre, the ball-room, and the card-table. As, however, this line of conduct was pursued in secret, an external profession was still maintained by the youths, to the deception of their father and others.

Such had long been, and such continued to be, the state of affairs at Mr. Freeport's when Olivia and her sister visited. However much the feelings of Marcus, the eldest son of Mr. Freeport, might have been deadened by his pursuits of folly, he was not insensible to the charms of the lovely Olivia; and yet they were too vitiated to feel the pure and holy passion, to which only, with propriety, the epithet *love* is applied. Every interview increased what was considered his affection towards her. The artless Olivia saw, and judging by what she saw, approved, and approving loved—yes, she returned an almost idolizing passion for a base and worthless counterfeit. The proposals of young Freeport were listened to, the character of the worthy father was forwarded to Mr. Goodall, his consent was obtained, and, in about nine months from leaving the parsonage, the happy Olivia Goodall returned from it again to London, expecting to be the happy Mrs. Freeport.

Every thing furnished presumptive evidence to her, that she should realize, at least, as much of happiness as usually is known by the happy in the married state. She was united to the man of her affections, for her heart was wholly his; their circumstances in life were more than merely easy, and her husband was kind and attentive. But the sunny bow of her joys was evanescent, as is frequently the pageant which adorns the heavens after the falling of a summer shower. Unkindness succeeded to inattention, and that was followed by partial desertion: home, for him, appeared to have no charms; and religion, no attractions: still the affectionate Olivia neither felt nor expressed any diminution in her regards. She loved him with all the ardor of a woman's love—than which nothing is more lasting, nothing more strong. She even displayed increasing affection, as her husband's declined; and sought, by devoted kindness, to make his home the most delightful spot which earth could present, and to bind it and herself to him. But her efforts were vain, and she wept, unrepvingly, over what she could not remedy.

Four years she had been a wife, and now two lovely children claimed and enjoyed her diligent and affectionate care. These became her chief earthly comfort; to train their infant minds to knowledge and piety, engaged all the spare time from other concerns which now pressed heavily upon her, and which, from their nature, should have been attended to by her husband. Still no murmur escaped her, no upbraiding word fell on the ear of him she still loved; much less did any intimation to her friends furnish materials for conjec-

ture, even that she was not happy. No! her own bosom, and the ear of God, were the repository of the secret of her sufferings, which to her were sacred.

"She never told her woes,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

It was no unfrequent thing, now, for Olivia to be left alone, with all the weight of business on her hands, for a week or two together. He who had played the hypocrite already to such perfection, had not lost the ability to support that character still: in fact, he played it not—it was his own. Olivia, unsuspecting as ever, for still she loved him with the strength of first love, and hence the glaring inconsistencies in his conduct passed off unnoticed by her—gave full credence to every tale he told. Sometimes, an unexpected circumstance connected with business was feigned, to call him to the country, in one direction, sometimes in another; on such occasions, she displayed all the tender affection of a wife, by hastening, with an assiduity which few could have surpassed, to prepare for his departure; and then, with her own hands, packed his portmanteau, lest any comfort should be forgotten—with all the devotion of a young lover, she bade him adieu, while he hastened to the scenes which he loved, and such as I forbear to mention.

Once already had the profligacy of Marcus Freeport involved him in embarrassment. The marriage portion of Olivia was expended, and additional help was indispensable; for, without it, publicity would be given to the state of his affairs. In this dilemma, the confiding, devoted wife, believing that misfortune, as stated by her husband, was the cause, so represented the case to her pious father, and he, relying on the statement of his beloved child, promptly remitted the sum required. This affair had passed away, when, one fine evening, Olivia was sitting with her beloved Marcus, as she fondly called her husband; the children were gamboling around them, and happiness once again seemed entering their habitation. Indeed, the kind-hearted Olivia always felt happy when Marcus was with her. She was now gazing on him in a rapture of affection, when a gentleman was announced, inquiring for Mr. Freeport; the servant was desired to introduce him; he entered, and, after a brief apology for his intrusion, exhibited a writ, by virtue of which he claimed Mr. Marcus Freeport for his prisoner. Olivia shrieked, sprang with a convulsive bound to the side of her husband, as if to protect him, and fainted at his feet. Returning consciousness presented her affrighted children weeping over her, who, with the servant, alone remained. Her husband was immured within the strong walls of a prison.

During one of the days which her husband had devoted to pleasure, he journeyed with a female of fascinating appearance. The appearance of Mr. Freeport was perfectly gentlemanly. Struck with the beauty and accomplishments of his fair companion, he resolved

to carry off the prize which was thus presented; and hence, assuming an air and consequence perfectly *nautique*, he appeared before her *la courageux et illustre* Captain George Frederick Stanley.

The beautiful Miss Maria Louisa Nevell, after a courtship of a few weeks, was led to the altar, and became the deceived bride of an accomplished villain. In two weeks he abandoned her.

A few days only passed, and the public papers told a tale which Olivia would never have told. Her pious and venerable father read the heart-sickening statement, and instantly sent such condolence as his child's circumstances required, accompanied by a request, that she would retire with her family to his parental abode, and make his house her home. She declined. Her heart still was his, who had basely spurned the purest, strongest affection. Her determination was fixed, and she awaited the issue of his trial.

The morning of the day arrived—the case was opened—his marriage with Olivia was proved. It only remained to substantiate his second marriage to make out a case of bigamy. To the "glorious uncertainty of the law," however, he was indebted for a verdict, which, although in his favor in reference to his freedom, removed not from his character the blot with which it was stained. The marriage, indeed, was clearly proved, as far as the ceremony went; but that was rendered invalid by the omission of one of the lady's given names, and he was discharged. Even yet, with the fondness of a wife who deserved a better husband, Olivia loved him; and, on the day of his acquittal, waited for him at the door of his prison, and, receiving him to her bosom, conveyed him, in a carriage she had prepared for the purpose, to their habitation.

The wound, however, which such infamy had inflicted upon the peace of the aged Mr. Goodall, bowed him down to the earth. "I have," he replied to a friend who paid him a visit shortly after, "I have been poorly sometime, and this last affair has been the breaking up of my constitution." He continued for a while to perform the duties of his office; but, at length the village bell, which had for so long a period called his flock to receive the word at his lips, summoned the weeping villagers to follow to the grave the remains of their faithful and beloved minister. Olivia, too, like some scathed flower beat down beneath a desolating storm before its beauty had declined, sunk under the loss of her venerable parent, and the continued unkindness of her husband, whom still she loved with the unabated ardor of strong affection, and whose crimes she still sought to hide from popular observation.

As the heavy hand of death pressed upon her heart, and the feeble pulse of life beat slower and yet more slow, she prayed for him; and while her redeemed spirit passed gently away, and the whispered "*farewell*" issued from her lips, her closing eye gazed fondly on him; and even in death, the placid smile which sat upon her face, seemed to express what she had, during life, so powerfully displayed—ENDURING AFFECTION!

ELEGY TO MOUNT ZION.

(FROM THE HEBREW.)

FORGETTEST thou, O Zion! thy children, who now languish in chains of slavery! the remnant of that innocent flock who once fed in thy peaceful vallies? Dost thou not receive the salutations with which they still hail thee on all sides, now that their oppressor has scattered them! The salutation of a slave still hoping, even in chains; the tears of whose weeping roll down like drops of nightly dew on Hermon; who would yet be contented could his flood of tears only moisten thy neglected hill. O! his hope sinks not yet; for though, now that I bewail thine affliction, I am like the nightly owl; yet, if I dream of thy redemption, my joyous soul is as the harp of the joyful songs of Bethel. O, these recollections break my heart!—thy sanctuary!—thine undesecrated hills! where the majesty of God visibly showed itself—where the azure gates of heaven never closed—where the splendor of the God of glory shone; and sun, moon, and stars, were extinguished. O could I there pour out my anxious heart, where the Spirit of God once poured out itself on the youths of Israel! O blessed place! which, too holy for earthly thrones, was sanctified only to the throne of the glory of God! Alas! now have desperate wretches desecrated thy sanctuary. O could my soul, in sorrowful silence, lonely hover there, where God reveals himself to his prophets! Were I provided with swift wings, how far would I soar away, and bear my grief-pierced heart among the ruins of thy palaces. There would I sink on thine earth, cling fast to thy stones, and ardently bless thy dust. Could I raise myself up on the graves of my moldering parents;—here, despairing, gaze on Hebron, the most splendid of graves; and there, look towards yonder mount, which is covered with the tombs of the greatest lights of the earth—thy teachers. O then would I prefer the air of thy land to the ether which the spirits breathe; thy dust would be more precious to me than spices, and thy rivers sweeter than streams of honey! With what delight would I, naked and disfigured, seek the desert where thy palaces have shone—where the earth hath opened to receive the ark of thy covenant, and thy holy of holies, in its dark womb, that no profligate might profane them. Then would I strew the ornaments of my head on thy graves; and every imprecation with which I could load the day thou wert profaned, would be a wild satisfaction to my despair. For a wild satisfaction only can I feel in my desperation; every breath of air is worthless to me so long as I see lions torn by dogs; thy princes by slaves. I dread the light of day, which shows me horrible images, and exhibits ravens who tear thy sacred corse in the air. Alas! thou mixest the cup of sorrows.

Stay! Already thy bitter draught is full. Only a little respite. I will first feel all my sorrows again. I will think of Ohla—I will think of Ohliba—then do thou pour out the rest upon me!

Cheer thee, crown of beauty! Awake, O Zion! think of the love, think of the innocence which attracted the hearts of the maidens, thy play-fellows, with

powerful charms. It is they who mourn thy desolation—who melt into tears at thine affliction. Even from the confinement of the gloomy cavern their heart longs after thee; and when they bow the knee in devotion before God, their head is inclined toward thy gates. O thrice blessed mount!—can Schinkor* and Patrus,† with their proud greatness, approach thee? Shall I compare their profane oracles with thy Urim and Thummim! Can they produce anointed heroes!—can they prophets?—can they Levites and holy minstrels! O the riches of idolatry are transient, and pass away like smoke—thy splendor only continues for ever and ever; for the Lord hath chosen thee for his dwelling place! Blessed is the man who now tarries, and then shall behold with shouting thy light arise—for thy morning breaks on him—for he sees the joys of the cheerful youths, and thine own also, since thou again becomest young!

G. F. R.



Original.

A GRAMMATICAL LUCUBRATION.

"MAN," grammatically rendered, is a noun substantive; but that is his name merely—*efficiently speaking*, we know he is a *verb*; for his vocation is *to be*, *to do*, and *to suffer*. And all his modifications will accord with these in their variety. The man *active*, besides individual function, passes over and *governs*, even in "*objective cases*;" and as agent in one or other capacity, he fills the whole scope of performances, and effects all that is effected in this world of ours—God ruling it, and *overruling* to those happenings and issues which unallied man were too short-sighted or too vain to foresee or to control.

Man, the verb *passive*, with intelligence and heart—with limbs, muscles, and sinews—and especially with *instruction*, is still more faulty than the former. His impulses to good often denied—his power of activity neglected and disused. Requiring all, and rendering nought, he hides his talent under a bushel—he rusts in sloth—he succumbs to the reaction of his own system, and is finally leaped into a moral, mental, spiritual *non-entity*—his *physical* still cumbering the earth.

And the verb *neuter*, as appertaining to certain some, is still more disgraceful than the latter, (seeming to imply power without ability, means without spirit, fullness without liberality.) The imbecile is paralyzed by selfishness and besotted by ease—repressing the exercise of volition, action, and free agency. He is neither alive to patriotism, nor sensible to genius, nor accessible to want, nor "an entertainer of the Spirit;" and denying at once his body, his mind, his heart, and his soul, he is indeed not a "being," but only "a state of being."

The *world* itself, we should say, were by eminence the noun substantive, being indeed of substance, yet subject to many modifications, to continual fluctuation, now *nominating* its verb, and now (in portions) the

* Babel. † Egypt.

object of it—the *noun of multitude* having more influence, in most cases, than the *noun singular* can have; and it may at convenience be made to agree with the *one* or the *many*, as the case may be.

And what is the *pronoun*? The poor *slave* is the *pronoun*, “standing for a *noun*,” but not a *noun*—not for *himself*; but for another—for whom (taking him also to our *verb list*) he is made to be “active, passive, neuter!”

And the *adjective*?—is the *parasite*—the “humble,” “obedient,” “devoted,” “most grateful” *adjunct*—never a *principal*.

The *adverb* is the word of *ways* and *means*, of *measures* and *times*, and allies itself necessarily with all matters, small and great, being itself but the *media* thereof.

The *participle*, a word of retrospective mood, shows us what is *past*, sometimes also being *perfected*—sometimes in the *compound* of the *perfect*—even unto the salvation of such as will, Christ *having died* for all.

The *conjunction* is a necessity of nature in all its particles, and of established consequence. Without it, “chaos were come again.”

Prepositions seem to us more like legal quiddities than like any better thing—chiefly the *from* and the *to* of *transfer*—by the lawyer.

And the *interjection*?—is nature’s pathos—of all organized being, as of humanity—the ocean’s sob and sigh—the sigh or the imprecation of the air—the throe of the earthquake—the fire percussion—all, all—with the sadder and deeper *O!’s* and *Ah!’s* of human dissolution! These are *interjections*.

The *a* and the *the*, our *soul then*, with spontaneous reverence *knows*, as its ultimate and its only—the “beginner and the finisher”—its *all in all*—the *one*.

C. M. B.

GENERAL RULES FOR LIVING.

1. RELIGION, devotion to God, shall be the absorbing element. In it I will live and move; and to it make all other things subserve.

2. In all duties, temporal and spiritual, *arrangement* shall be observed; order, time, and place. Punctuality, promptness, and energy shall never be forgotten.

3. My deportment to all persons, strangers or familiars, shall, as far as in me lies, bespeak deliberation, gentleness, politeness; a sincere solicitude for their convenience and good; and forbearance that cannot be exhausted.

4. To strangers, and persons in oppressive circumstances, my expressions of sympathy and benevolence shall be particularly given. (God grant to teach me the art of cheering desponding hearts!)

5. Diligence, frugality, and neatness shall characterize whatever comes under my hand or practice. Whatever I do, shall be done with dispatch, but not with hurry.

6. *Health* shall be studied in dress, room, and diet. Temperance shall be observed in food, both in quantity and quality.

7. I will most carefully avoid any intrusion upon the privilege, property, or attention of others, however small that intrusion may seem to be. And I will as carefully pay a penny as a pound, a cent as a dollar. No “*littleness*” shall enter into any arrangement for pecuniary convenience; but I will be as careful to save another’s trouble as my own; and I will as readily save a dollar for another as for myself.

8. My subjects for conversation shall be carefully selected, and then carefully pursued by good language, to the entire exclusion of the by-word, vulgar style. I will make no unfavorable remarks on character or performances, unless strict justice require it. I will also refrain from making communications received from others, or through other medium, unless called for by connection with other remarks. I will seek that “holy carefulness” may characterize all my words, and a sense of the *all-pervading Presence* be apparent.

9. For neglect I will return attention; for rough, careless words, I will return mild, careful ones; for rudeness of any kind I will return politeness; that retaliation may enter into none of my ways in any form. Let me never violate that *courtesy* which springs from a mild and gentle heart.

10. *Complaining*, of all kinds and degrees, whether of circumstances or treatment, or corporeal suffering, shall be for ever excluded from my lips, that the spirit of the Lamb may brood over me.

11. I will always cultivate what may be termed a holy independence; having but one course as to my duty, whether it be hard or easy, and whether others perform their part or not; discarding all omission and procrastination induced by desire.

12. A remembrance of the worth of *time* shall be kept prominent in mind. I will endeavor to redeem time by early retiring and early rising, and well-timed exercises.

13. Believing that action and reaction operate through the *mind* and *manners* of the creature, my cultivation shall include external with internal. Therefore, tone of voice, expression of countenance, gestures, &c., shall be taken into the account; and in all these, gracefulness, delicacy, and a sense of self-respect shall be sought; meantime, respect, honor, and reverence secured to others. This must discard all abrupt speaking, careless replies, inattention to remarks, and the rudeness of monopoly.

14. I will pay special attention to the aged, and to children; seeking opportunities to comfort and reverence the former, and instruct the latter. And for the neglect of this rule of my life, more than all others, I will seek no apology in depression of animal spirits, fatigue, or any similar thing.

15. I will always be careful not to let my feelings rise above their subordinate place, by giving too full outward expression or internal consent. I will never give myself up to the *control* of emotion, in any case.

16. I will, by all means, keep a well-sustained expectation of *perpetual improvement*; my watch-word being, “*Cultivation*.”—*Guide to Christian Perfection*.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

THE wrongs of children are a copious subject for remark and complaint. Why we should think ourselves exonerated from a regard to the common laws of justice and humanity, in our treatment of beings so fitted to excite every feeling of tenderness and consideration, would be inexplicable, if it were not explained by the general tendency of unlimited power to mislead the understanding and harden the heart. The system of punishment, still persevered in at our great public schools, ought to excite the indignation of all enlightened and Christian parents; but at present I shall confine myself to a few hints on the discipline of charity schools. Some degree of experience has confirmed me in the opinion, that love, and not fear, is the most effectual incitement to goodness in a child's mind:—*fear*, perhaps, must be resorted to in peculiar and very inveterate cases, and it is necessary to preserve a strict sense of subordination, which may be called fear; but every child, who is kindly and rationally treated, easily perceives that his welfare is promoted by our control over him, and that his obedience is a source of improvement and happiness. Now, when that required obedience is embittered by a harsh manner and by severe words, when we evidently exercise our power in anger and resentment, and apparently to gratify our own revengeful feelings, the culprit, instead of being led to the consideration of his own fault, has some of his worst passions roused, to repel and resist our unkindness. We ought not to become the enemy of those we find it necessary to punish: if we are Christians, we shall understand this; for does not Jesus Christ command us to forgive our erring brethren "even until seventy times seven." Let us not think that our conduct to little children ought not to be regulated by the same heavenly precepts of mercy and of truth.

God has made no mental distinctions in regard to rank and station: the child of the meanest peasant ranks as high, in an intellectual, moral, and religious view, as the son of a prince. The gift of immortality, the belief of an all-wise and merciful Providence, is of the same value to both. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones," is the benignant language of our Savior. The influence of fear is often had recourse to from ignorance of the human mind, as well as from neglect of the divine law of love. The only legitimate end of punishment is defined, by some intelligent writers of the present day, to be the reformation of the offender; and retribution is excluded, and even exemplary punishment, as tending to much evil and injustice. It may confidently be asserted, that punishment, taken as the retribution of moral guilt, can be safely employed only by the supreme Arbiter of the world; and that, when fallible men take upon themselves the right of employing it, as the means of resentment, it is liable to the most terrible abuse, and will equitably be returned upon them as the reward of their own guilt. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." In human hands, it is a mode of avenging our cause, which cannot be distinguished from the

doctrine of returning evil for evil; and reason and revelation both join in reprobating this, as destructive of human happiness, and proceeding from a viciousness of heart.—*Bicheno on Criminal Jurisprudence*, p. 103.

If, then, our only end is reformation, the question of every enlightened and humane person must be, With how little suffering can this child be led to a sense of his fault, and consequent alteration of conduct? I answer, Through the medium of the understanding and the heart; for we must inform the mind and affect the feelings, if we would lead a rational creature from error into the paths of virtue: when we do not attempt this, our labor must be useless, and worse than useless; and we shall prove ourselves insufficient for the task undertaken. The impenitence of the culprit arises either from our ignorance of the human mind, or, as is still oftener the case, our want of temper and Christian charity. The heart lies open to kindness, but closes at the appearance of hostility. By the crude efforts of harsh authority, we shall never gain admittance there: we may perhaps constrain outward propriety of conduct, but there will be no real reformation, no attainment of the proper end of punishment.

It would be impracticable, and likewise unnecessary, to mention different modes of treatment adapted to the variety of mental maladies that offer themselves in a large school: only let the law of love reign in our own heart, and influence our own conduct, and the particular mode of correction is comparatively unimportant, when regulated by a benevolent and merciful disposition, and constantly accompanied by an impressive and affectionate appeal to the mind and heart of the child. Explain to him, in familiar language, that punishment is in reality for his benefit, and that you inflict it, not because you are in anger with him, but because you love him too well to allow him to be wicked; and never forget to represent the offense as chiefly against his heavenly Father, and that there he must principally look for mercy and forgiveness.

Let us not remain so unimbued with the spirit of Christianity, so ignorant of the human mind, and so bent on the infliction of unnecessary pain, as to persevere in a course of harsh and unfeeling discipline, when the word of God, and the most enlightened views of the nature of man, concur in recommending a completely different mode of treatment. The source of all good and evil is in the heart; and there we must apply, if we would eradicate the weeds of vice, and bring into life and beauty those latent seeds of virtue, which may be destined, by the blessing of Heaven on our well-directed exertions, to blossom in a happier and more congenial clime.—*London Imperial Magazine*.

H E A V E N .

O, see those fair celestial heights,
How bright they shine, how glorious glow,
They shine, O, ye who act aright,
They glow, O Christians, but for you!

Original.
OPTICAL ILLUSION;
OR, GHOST SEEING.

ALTHOUGH it is no longer the custom with the present generation to *inculcate* superstition by allowing nursery maids, *unrebuked*, to relate supernatural tales to their children, yet do I believe that superstitious fears and feelings still exist in some parts of our land to a very considerable extent; not with the young alone, but with the middle-aged and the *old*. It is in the hope that these lines may be read by some of this class that I now relate *my* ghost story.

I had arrived at years of maturity before Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," and Sir David Brewster's "Natural Magic," had explained away all superstitious belief, with the enlightened part of the community, by taking them, as it were, *behind the scenes*, and exhibiting to them all the wires and pulleys of *spectreism*; so that those who now have the courage to *look a ghost in the face*, may literally *see through it* as through a thin vapor. I had listened in my youth to many well authenticated tales of this kind, which I dared not distrust, and which I feared to believe; and perhaps these still clung to me an *unacknowledged leaven* of this sort; for I earnestly desired that I might never be visited by a spectre, but still hoped if I ever were, that I might have the courage, if not to "speak to it," to reconnoitre and *investigate* it. My wishes were at length granted. In the year 1834, I was on a visit to the southwest, and had been brought to the borders of the grave by the prevailing fever of that country. It had left me in such a low nervous state that the slightest sound would awaken me from sleep, and keep me watchful for the night; so that in order to be entirely undisturbed, I had my bed removed to a large unfinished upper room, extending the whole length of the house, with the rafters sloping overhead. Of this room I was the sole occupant. My bed was placed nearly in one corner, and was so high as to bring my head within a few feet of the roof. Here I had slept for several nights in undisturbed quietude. But the night in question was dark and cloudy when I ascended to my chamber; so that when I had extinguished my candle, there was scarcely light enough to make the "darkness visible." Although there were two large windows at each end of the room, yet I could see nothing; but it was delightfully still, and I soon fell into a sweet, quiet sleep, from which, after the lapse of some hours, perhaps, I was suddenly awakened by a rude sound directly over my head; but at this I was not alarmed, for my ear recognized it to be the alighting of some night bird on the roof, and I did not even unclose my eyes lest I should induce a state of wakefulness. But it was all in vain, and my prudence availed me nothing. My sleep had been disturbed, and slumber had flown from my eye-lids; so, after tossing about for sometime, I opened my eyes and looked around. The room now presented so different an appearance from what it did when I went to bed, that I could hardly realize *where* I was. The clouds had dispersed, and the moon had

risen in her splendor, and was shedding a broad pathway of light through nearly the whole length of my long and before dismal chamber, leaving the eaves and the corners still in undistinguishable darkness. After admiring for sometime the surpassing brightness of the moonlight, my thoughts turned *inward*, and I closed my eyes for meditation. When I again opened them, I was indeed alarmed. In the diagonally opposite corner of the room from my bed, remote from the light of either window, and where, but a few minutes before, all had been pitchy darkness, there now glowed a broad, softened, phosphorescent light. In vain I strove to account for it. I sat up in my bed, and gazed and speculated. It seemed to my scared vision broader and brighter as I looked upon it. Every thing was hush as death. I was nervous and alone, and I began to feel my hair stiffen, and to *hear* my heart beat with undefined apprehension. Again I feared the vision would assume the semblance of some departed friend, and approach me; and I was more excited than I had ever before been with supernatural dread. But I remembered my determination, and resolved, in my desperation, to ascertain its nature before I was bereft of my senses; and as I rose from my bed to approach it, my knees smote each other with fear. There it was, still glowing before me; but I drew nearer and nearer, as if drawn on by a spell—at last I reached out my hand to grasp, as I thought, the "impressive air," and *touch*ed it. And, reader, what do you think it was?—a large *black japanned waiter*, standing against the house. The moon, as it rose, had shone through the window full upon a *looking-glass* that hung in its track, which caught its rays and threw them into this dark corner of the room, where they found a broad polished surface to rest upon; and the waiter being *black* neutralized the rays, and gave them that softened halo-looking light, of which the imagination ever weaves the drapery of ghosts. And thus was I deceived with my eyes wide open, and in the full possession of my senses, *until I touch*ed it. Had I remained in my bed trembling and speculating, I never should have arrived at the truth of the matter. When the moon should have attained a sufficient altitude in the heavens, to have passed away from the mirror, *my ghost*, which actually kept moving, would have *vanished also*; and I should still have continued the victim of doubt and uncertainty.

Let every one who beholds a suspicious looking object in an uncertain or obscure light, approach and *examine* it; and then, and not till then, will ghost stories vanish from the *dark corners* of our land, and spectres, like *witchcraft*, be heard of no more. Reader, you may smile if you will—I am *no coward*; and, all circumstances considered, I esteem it the greatest act of courage I ever performed; and I still contemplate the old black waiter with the greatest complacency, as the evidence of my heroism. CORNELIA AUGUSTA.



God is on the side of virtue; for whoever dreads punishment, suffers it, and whoever deserves it, dreads it.

Original.
DEATH.

BY MRS. M. B. HARLAN.

Ah! why do the sons of sorrow fear
 To meet my form when I hover near?
 I come to give the unquiet rest,
 And heal the wound of the care-worn breast.
 I enter the cell where the prisoners lie,
 And the glooms of the dungeon fade away.
 I bid the oppress'd go free, and no more
 They bow 'neath oppression's fearful power.
 I lay my hand on the tortur'd breast,
 And the heart is lull'd to a dreamless rest.
 To him of a sorrowful spirit I say,
 "Weep not," and the last tear is wip'd away.
 The beggar who starves near the rich man's door,
 I call—he hungers and thirsts no more.
 I press the diseas'd to my tranquil breast,
 And serenely calm is the sufferer's rest.
 How sweet is the smile on the still pale face,
 Where I leave the impress of my kind embrace!
 I touch the cheek in its early bloom,
 And it fades like a flower 'mid its young perfume;
 For, blighted, it feels not the storm's chill sway,
 That scatters the autumn leaves away.
 I come on the cannon's deafening roar,
 And the strife of the contest with thee is o'er.
 I wreath the thorn with the laurels of fame,
 And a glory links with thy deathless name.
 With the dark assassin I come to heal
 The wound he inflicts with his fatal steel.
 The wild swimming eye I quietly close
 In a sleep more serene than infant's repose.
 I come to thee in the storm's career—
 The deep-ton'd thunder is hushed on thine ear,
 And the lightning that gleams thro' the stormy sky
 Sends no fearful flash to thy rayless eye.
 I cradle thee on the foaming wave
 To thy last repose in a wat'ry grave;
 And the storm that sweeps o'er the swelling sea,
 Is the herald of calmness unto thee.
 'Twill reck thee nothing, affliction's child!
 If I meet thee in city or desert wild,
 On the misty shore, or the stormy deep;
 For sweet in mine arms is thy long last sleep.
 Then why should the sons of sorrow fear
 To meet my pale form when I hover near?
 For I come to give the unquiet rest,
 And heal the wound of the care-worn breast.

THE CREATOR.

Thou art my Source of being—out from thee
 Streamed forth what'er I am or hope to be,
 Save sin, which stains the current of my life,
 And whelms my placid soul in painful strife.
 Great Source of being, purity, and peace,
 Behold my bondage, and my soul release,

Original.
THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELER.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

I.

Ho! Christian traveler!
Faint, yet pursuing,
 Why dost thou loiter thus?
 Up and be doing—
 Gird on your panoply—
 Faith, hope, and love—
 Seek on your bended knee
 Strength from above.

II.

Forth on thy pilgrimage,
 Dark though it be,
 Light of eternity
 Soon thou shalt see.
 Haste, then, and while thou thus
 Threadest the way,
 Work for thy blessed Lord—
 Work while you may.

III.

What though the tempests rave
 From shore to shore,
 Oil on the troubled wave
 Pour—gently pour.
 Tempest and storm may then
 Cease their commotion,
 And the bright star of hope
 Beam o'er the ocean.

IV.

Help to the helpless give—
 Rest to the weary—
 Bid the despairing live,
 Though life be dreary—
 Whisper sweet words of love
 To the heart-broken,
 Praying that they may prove
 Words fitly spoken.

V.

Hast thou a comrade borne
 Down with life's woes?
 O'er his rough, thorny path
 Twine Sharon's rose.
 There shall it sweetly bloom,
 Yielding to sorrow,
 With all its rich perfume,
 Hope for the morrow.

VI.

Deem not thy duty done
 With the lone weeper:
 Rouse yonder careless one!
 Wake up that sleeper!
 Tell him night waneth fast—
 Day-light soon shineth

Time swiftly hurrieth past—
Light soon declineth.

VII.

Show that poor wanderer,
Bow'd down with guilt,
How that the blood of Christ
Freely was spilt—
Teach him the promises:
"He that believeth,"
(All sin forsaking,)
Salvation taketh.

VIII.

Where there is ignorance,
Sorrow, or sin—
Where broken hearts bleed,
Or worldlings win,
Hie thee to labor;
There thy way lies:
Heavy the task is,
But noble the prize.

IX.

Then on, Christian traveler!
God give thee speed,
And God give thee succor
In hour of need!
Yes, onward, and upward,
And when the goal's won,
Receive the sweet plaudit,
"Good servant! well done!"

TO THE MISANTHROPE.

I YIELD the hermit's lonely grot,
I yield the wretched papist's cell,
To him who sighs for such a lot,
And asks afar from man to dwell.
Be his the silence of the tomb,
Who loves not sounds to mortals given;
Be his the midnight's fearful gloom,
Who prizes not the light of heaven.

Be his no human face to see,
Be his no human hand to feel,
Be his no source of human glee,
Be his no spring of human weal;
Be his compeer the echo's note,
His solace be the zephyr's kiss,
Be his the airy dreams that float,
In minds that ask for lonely bliss.

All this I give thee, all resign,
Without a tear, without a sigh;
To live unseen, unknown be thine,
Unlov'd and unlamented die!
I would not have thy reptile soul
For kingdoms, tho' their number were
Like stars which far above us roll,
Or drops which ocean's urn can bear.

2

I love my race, tho' fallen far
Since Eden's flowery paths were trod,
When man was blest as angel's are,
And every hour communed with God.
'Tis true I love him best who soars
To greater heights than then were seen,
But yet my heart its kindness pours
On all that track this globe terrene.

Be mine what friendship can bestow
The aid, the balm that she can give;
Be mine affection's purest glow,
Which gone, we die; which here, we live.
Be mine her heart that's ever bland,
Be mine the beaming of her eye,
Be mine the pressure of her hand,
Be mine the burden of her sigh.

And when some grassy hillock lies,
On this now quickly throbbing breast,
When death's cold fingers seal these eyes,
And all that's mortal's hushed to rest:
Then let the stranger hear one tell,
That he whose humble grave is shown,
Man's joyous chorus lov'd to swell,
And lov'd to make his woes his own.

"WHAT IS LIFE?"

"For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," James iv, 14.

WHAT is life!—Let sages say—
'Tis a fleeting April day;
'Tis a fading summer flow'r;
'Tis the vision of an hour.

What is life!—Gay hope may deem
'Tis a calmly gliding stream,
Winding on its flow'ry way,
Sparkling in the golden ray.

What is life!—Experience shows
'Tis a pilgrimage of woes;
'Tis a clouded shadowy gleam;
'Tis a restless feverish dream.

What is life!—Let truth divine
Tell us of its wise design,
'Tis a warfare, not a rest—
'Tis a struggle to be blest.

What is life!—Though but a span
It decides the lot of man:
Endless good or ill to be—
'Tis his choice of destiny.

'Tis the space by mercy given,
'Tis the spirit's path to heaven.
What is life beyond the sky?
Let eternity reply!

ELISA.

NOTICES.

STELLING'S POEMS.—Adequate judges pronounce these poems to be "full of truth, fancy, and pathos." Their versification is correct, and they have not that artificial manner which so mars the beauty of much that is called good poetry.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ENGLAND.—This is a treatise on the relations, prerogatives, and duties of woman, by the author of "The Women of England"—a lady whose writings have gained her a name, and won for her golden opinions.

DEVOTIONAL MELODIES. By C. F. Deems, A. B.—This is a small collection of pieces for family or social use in the high praises of God. Its aim is excellent. The sentiments of the "Melodies" are truly devotional, and there is considerable merit in the compositions themselves. The author can safely cultivate his talent. Read the following:

"Tis pain to see our hopes go out,
Like the unfed taper's light,
And have the gloom of anxious doubt
Envelop us in night:
'Tis pain to send our purest love
To find an earthly track,
And then return, like Noah's dove,
And bring no 'peace-branch' back.

But O! how frightful is the pain
When Death shall read our doom,
To find that all our hopes are vain,
And crumble in the tomb:
To have no precious word of love
Thrill on the falling breath,
And see no arm around, above,
To strengthen us for death.

Dear Savior, in that awful hour
Of darkness and of pain,
O! let thine own right hand of power
My fainting soul sustain.
And when I tread Death's vale of night,
To my poor heart be given—
To drive away my spirit's fright—
One glimpse of God and heaven."

THE ELEMENTS OF CONSTITUTIONAL LAW AND OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Daniel Raymond.—It has passed through four editions, is highly recommended, and is a valuable work, well adapted to the use of common schools, and the instruction of the young.

THE AMERICAN ECLECTIC, for September, has been received. We publish the contents below. The articles will be interesting to readers generally. The work is well conducted, and is published on the first day of every alternate month, at four dollars, in advance.

"Memoirs of Jeremy Bentham, with an Introductory Note by the Editor—from the Westminster Review. The Church and the State, with an Introductory Note by the Editor—from the British and Foreign Review. The Oriental Plague and Quarantine Laws—from the British and Foreign Review. Mohammedan Dominion in India—from the Asiatic Journal. The Reign of Terror, with an Introductory Note by the Editor—from the Foreign Quarterly Review. Coaliers and Collieries, with an Introductory Note by the Editor—from the Quarterly Review. Ignatius Loyola and his Associates, with an Introductory Note by the Editor—from the Edinburgh Review. Bibliographical Notices. Select List of Recent Publications."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE CAMP MEETINGS.—These extraordinary means of grace are becoming more and more valued by the Church, and are attended with clearer tokens of the Divine favor than heretofore. The meeting for the city stations and Madison circuit commenced on the 17th of August, and continued seven days. The weather was good, and a great number of people were in attendance. The ministers of Christ were filled with love for souls, and preached as dying men. We enjoyed the first five

days of the meeting with them, and felt continually (except the painful interruptions and confusion of the holy Sabbath, which we have never seen more fearfully desecrated by the wicked) that God was with his people to bless them, and that the Holy Spirit was present to convict and convert souls.

We are advised the best of the meeting was on Tuesday and Wednesday after we left, and this, from all we hear, was doubtless the case. Great good, and, with the exception of the Sabbath day's doings of the profligate, little evil will flow from this blessed opportunity to worship God day after day amidst the sylvan scenes of the forest. "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable" blessings! We shall look forward to next August with great expectations of a camp meeting still more glorious in its results. Commencing on Monday, and closing on Saturday, we may look for unmingled blessings, and we should not wonder if, in such a case, a thousand souls would be converted to God.

The camp meeting on White-Oak circuit commenced on the 27th, and closed on the 31st of August. This was, for several reasons, a pleasant and an interesting occasion. Three of the most venerable ministers in the western Church were present. Brother Q., the youngest of the three, is almost seventy years of age. He is remarkable for his theological acquirements, and for the gentle and winning persuasion with which he brings out of his treasury things new and old. Brother C. is more than seventy, and yet retains all that is interesting in his original, inventive, and philosophic mind. Brother L. is approaching eighty, and feels the weight of years, yet speaks with a clear, full voice, and rejoices as in the days of his youth.

Brothers Q. and C. preached, each in his peculiar style, and we know not when we have heard more instructive lessons, or melting appeals. The congregation was moved like the forest in a storm, yet their eloquence was gentle as the softest breeze. Each of these aged brethren produces a happy effect by anecdotes, which instruct the mind, as well as move the heart. I will give one from each.

Brother C. was, at the close of his sermon, pointing his hearers to their final best abode; and to impress on them more familiarly and effectually a sense of its nearness and its blessedness, he said, "I once knew a sea captain by the name of P****, who made a voyage to the Indies, and was absent several years. In the meantime an infant child grew up to boyhood. He wrote to his family that the ship would sail on her return voyage at such a time. When the period arrived which might be expected to bring the vessel into port, this little boy, who had never seen his father, would go down to the dock daily and watch for the ship. At last a ship of the same name came into port. The lad was there, and waited on tip-toe for her to haul in. As soon as she touched the dock, the little fellow sprang aboard, and saluting a gentleman at hand, he said, "Do you command this ship?" The answer was yes. "Is your name Captain P****?" "Yes, my son; what is your name?" "My name is James P****—come along with me and I will show you where mother is."

The application of this simple incident, which very few men would have thought of using to illustrate the possible state of the soul entering upon a future life, will be made by the reader as it was by the hearers without any farther aid. If the audience were some who had buried their partners and their children. They doubtless seemed to see their spirits, just escaped from the perils of their earthly voyage, entering the confines of eternity, and overwhelmed and lost in the first burst of glory which encircles them, almost incapable, even in their immortal vigor, of calmly surveying so wonderful a scene. In the midst of their awe-struck wonder, a little cherub approaches, all covered with celestial grace, and says, "My name on earth was ———, I am your child, redeemed by the sufferings of Jesus—come let me lead you to my mother, who is seated in yonder throng, with a crown upon her head, dressed in flowing robes like these, which have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." This little incident, related in father C.'s peculiar manner, was, to the hearts of his hearers, like the prophet's rod to the smitten rock.

To illustrate man's poverty, and show our entire dependence on God, father Q. says, "When I was at the General con-

ference nearly forty years ago, one of the preachers wished to have a line in one of the hymns changed. And which line do you think it was? It was the first line in the following couplet:

'Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.'

Dr. Coke said, 'And how would you have it read?'

'Nought but a broken heart I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.'

'But,' said the Doctor, 'where did you get your broken heart?' 'From God.' 'It stands just right as it is. All we have that is our own is sin, and that line must not be changed.'

We wish that those who call us legalists could have heard this.

TRUST IN GOD.—In all the works of nature and grace God has a constant and an overruling agency. This should be always impressed upon our minds. Whether we seek some good, or strive to avoid some evil, we need to act under the conviction that all is vain unless God be on our side. Let us learn to trust in God. No cordial is so comfortable as that which is drawn from words like these, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Nothing so fortifies the mind and invigorates the spirit as faith in God, blended with a holy life. Such a life and trust warrant us to look forward with the blessed expectation of a life to come, in which the soul shall be a stranger to every form of evil and sorrow, and shall be intimate with many forms of heavenly felicity and joy. This hope may well warm the coldest heart, and infuse into our hearts a preliminary comfort, even while we dwell in this vale of tears. The strength of this trust and hope has been tried by thousands. They appeared to best advantage in the early Church, when persons of the tenderest age and of the timorous sex would embrace the stake or the rack, without the least uneasiness in look or gesture, and never quailed or trembled at any torture which the ingenuity and malice of the persecutor could invent or inflict.

And if religion had such power in it then, is it degenerated now? Does it not contain the same supports at this day? If it was thus effectual in the hardest circumstances of life, has it not virtue in the ordinary and lesser evils of our lot?

Let us fortify our minds by faith. And to do it, knowing that the grace of faith is from God, let us diligently apply to him in prayer for an increase of faith. Then shall we be able to adopt the language of the Psalmist in the 46th Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

METHODIST FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE OF CINCINNATI. *North side of Ninth-street, between Main and Walnut.*—Faculty: Rev. P. B. Wilber, A. M., Mrs. Mary C. Wilber, Principals. Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., Professor of Greek and Latin. Rev. William Nast, Professor of Hebrew and German. Rev. L. L. Hamline, A. M., Professor of Elocution and Belles Lettres. Mrs. Emma Behne, Professor of Music, Ornamental Needle-work and French.

The preparatory department will be under the superintendence of competent instructors.

Division of the Year.—The regular collegiate year consists of forty-four weeks, divided into terms of twenty-two weeks each; and a quarter, of one-half a term, or eleven weeks. The first term commenced on the *first Monday of September*, and will continue twenty-two weeks. After a vacation of two weeks, the second term will commence, and continue twenty-two weeks, succeeded by a vacation of six weeks.

Course of Study.—The course of study embraces all those branches usually taught in common and select schools, together with those pursued in the most approved female institutions; and some of the branches will be pursued as far as they are in colleges and universities. The course will be divided into departments, forming a systematic and regular course, which will be so arranged that young ladies may have an opportunity of receiving instruction in any one branch, as well as the whole.

Terms of Tuition.—Terms of tuition from \$4 to \$12 per quarter. The extra branches, as Music, Painting, &c., will be a separate charge, and as moderate as circumstances will justify.

Boarding can be obtained, for any number of pupils, in the family of the Principal.

Further information, if desired, can be obtained by addressing the Principal.

References.—Hon. John M'Lean, John Reeves, Esq., William Neff, Josiah Lawrence, Dr. Charles Woodward, Moses Brooks, Esq., Harvey Decamp, Joseph G. Rust, Edward Taylor, Thos. H. Miner, Dr. Samuel A. Latta, Dr. Mussey, B. Hazen, John Litherberry, William Johnson, Esq., Dr. J. Seagar. Reference can also be had to all the stationed preachers in the city.

FOURTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OAKLAND FEMALE SEMINARY, for the year ending August 5, 1842.—Teachers: Rev. Joseph M'Dowell Mathews, Principal. Miss Ann E. Shields, Miss Joann Wallin, Miss Selina Blanchard, Assistant Teachers. Mrs. M. C. M'Reynolds, Teacher of Music. Miss Sariah R. Wilson, Miss Sarah J. Hibben, Miss Mary A. Jones, Miss Sarah E. Kibler, Assistant Pupils.

Whole number of pupils 105.

The winter session of this institution will commence on Monday the 10th of October, and continue twenty-one weeks.

Patronage of the Conference.—The Principal, having formerly been a member of the Ohio annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and knowing the members of that body to be deeply interested in the cause of education, solicited them to patronize his school so far as to appoint a committee to attend his examinations. This they consented to do. But it is not the object of this patronage to exert any sectarian influence in the school.

We cordially commend this excellent seminary to the parents and guardians of youth.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF NORWALK SEMINARY, for the year 1842.—Faculty: Rev. E. Thomson, M. D., Principal, and Teacher of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. Rev. A. Nelson, Teacher of Natural Science. Rev. H. Dwight, A. M., Teacher of Ancient Languages. Mr. J. S. Mitchell, Teacher of Mathematics. Mr. E. W. Dunn, Teacher of Primary Department. Female Department: Mrs. J. Z. Nelson, Preceptress. Mrs. A. Dwight, Teacher of Ornamental Branches.

Students.—Males, 266; Females, 126; Total, 391.

The annual examination takes place on the second Tuesday and Wednesday in July in each year.

There are four vacations in the year—the first five weeks from the annual examination, and a vacation of one week at the close of each quarter.

This institution is located in a healthful and beautiful village, and in the midst of an enlightened, moral, and religious community.

The building is an elegant three story brick edifice, affording ample accommodations for three hundred students. The two departments, male and female, although under the same roof, are conducted separately, except so far as to be under the supervision of the same Principal, and the same Board of Trustees.

The institution is in possession of a philosophical apparatus, consisting, among other articles, of an air pump, solar microscope, lenses, electrical machine, artificial fountain, model of mechanical powers, globes, orrery, pneumatic cistern, tubes, receivers, and materials for a variety of chemical experiments. During the winter, lectures are delivered to the students on philosophical and historical subjects by an association of gentlemen formed for that purpose.

The success of this institution outruns all hope. It is to be the instrument of incalculable good.

TO READERS.—The necessary absence of the editor for several weeks, must account for some errors in the last two numbers. Errors, however, are unavoidable, and will always, with our best care, now and then appear in our work.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We appeal to our friends to be more prompt. For several weeks their minds seem to have been diverted from us and our necessities. Will they favor us?





Painted by W. W. and Mrs. J. J. Remondino.

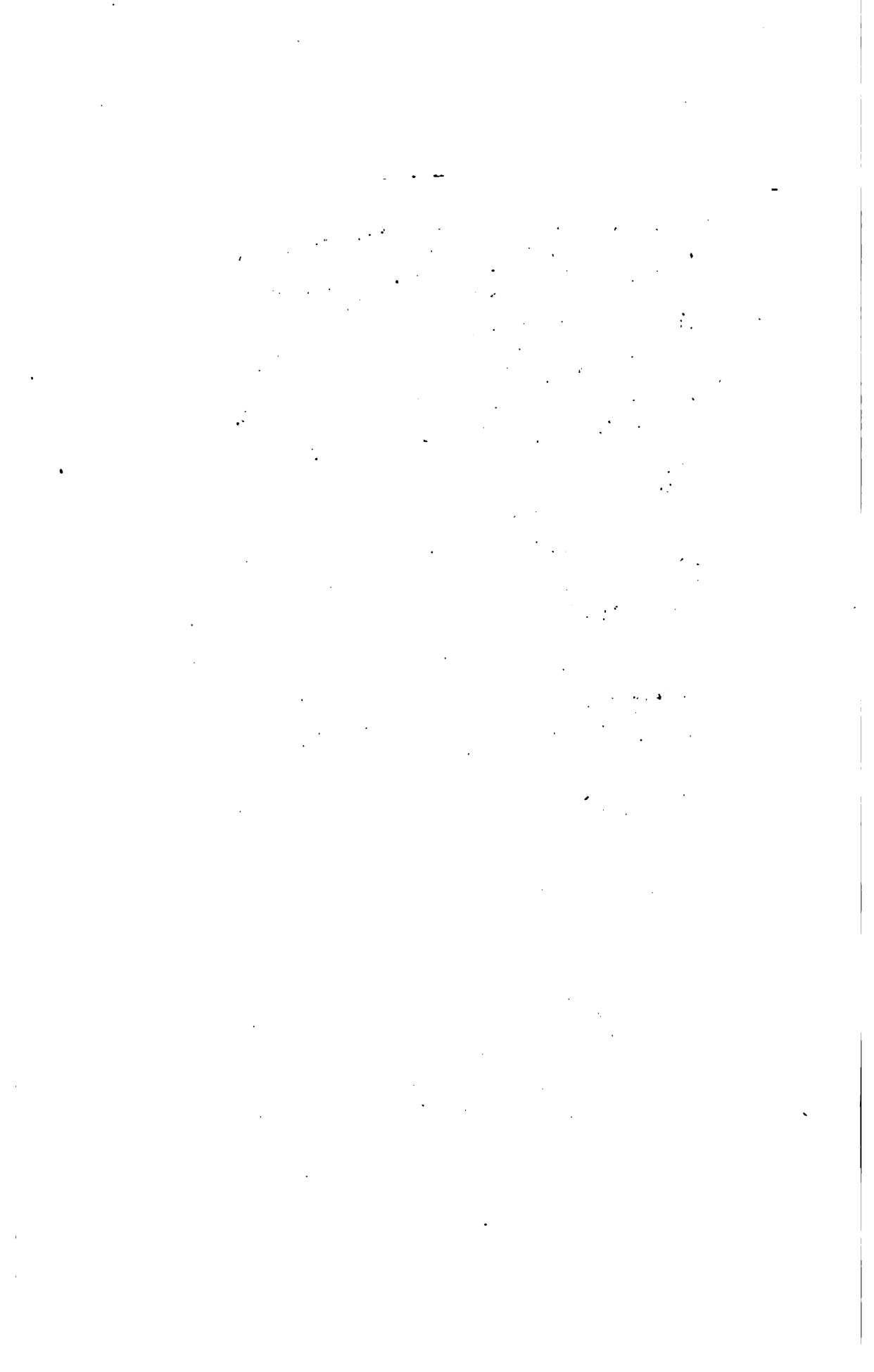
W. W. and Mrs. J. J. Remondino.

Painted near Chatham, Georgia.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.





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CINCINNATI, NOVEMBER, 1842.

Original.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BY REV. J. S. TOMLINSON.

MR. EDITOR,—The following lines were written immediately after beholding, for the first time, the Falls of Niagara. The writer is fully aware of their utter inadequacy to convey a suitable idea of this undescribed and indescribable monument of Divine power. To be conceived of in all its force and magnificence, it must be *seen*; and to those who *have* seen it, the most brilliant attempts that have ever been made to describe it, either with tongue, or pen, or pencil, are perfectly vapid when compared with the impression produced by a personal survey of the overwhelming reality.

The prevailing sentiment among those with whom I had the pleasure of viewing it, appeared to be a most profound and reverential sense of the presence and majesty of God. So entirely was one of the company overcome, in the contemplation of the scene before him, that he was, for several minutes, deprived of the power of speech, and of locomotion, and was obliged to prostrate himself upon the ground—his countenance, in the meantime, expressing, in the most striking manner, the mingled emotions of adoration and amazement that were struggling in his bosom. Never before did I properly appreciate the beauty and power of the Psalmist's declaration, that "the Lord sitteth upon the flood; the Lord sitteth king for ever." Had there been a symbol of the Divine presence, visibly enthroned over this mighty cataract, it seems to me that the effect could scarcely have been more awe-inspiring than it was.

While waiting for some refreshments at the hotel, on the Canada shore, the writer hastily endeavored to give utterance to his feelings, in the subjoined verses, which, if you think them worthy of a place in the Repository, are respectfully submitted to your disposal.

ON VIEWING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Hail! rightful Sovereign, Lord of all,
Great Architect of earth and skies!
Awe-struck, before thy throne we fall,
And lift to thee our hearts and eyes.

At thy command the rivers flow—
Send back their treasures to the deep;
Some gliding on in murmurs low,
While some in furious torrents sweep.

Though nature's works, in every clime,
Display thy plastic, powerful skill,
In beauty, blending with sublime,
Niagara's Falls are matchless still.

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The wat'ry volumes, cleft* in sunder,
Bounding, brightening,† gain the brink;
Then down, amain, with deaf'ning‡ thunder,
Into the gulf profound they sink.

Th' impetuous plunge, the trembling earth,
Tumultuous whirl, and nether gloom,
Tell to the heart unused to mirth,
The sinner's downward, desperate doom.

Above this gulf, in radiant hue,
A cloud of spray ascends to heaven,
Presenting mercy's sign| to view,
Reminding us, (for God is true,)
That all may live and die forgiven.

Original.

THE MIRROR.

WITHIN my hand I hold a magic glass,
Through which strange scenes in swift succession pass.
Gardens, and fields, and trees appear in view—
Seas, lakes, and rivers, hills and vallies, too—
Giants and warriors, lords and ladies fair—
Kings, queens, and nobles, minstrels, poets rare.
Here, if we wish, we may behold the strife
Upon the battle plain, with carriage rife:
If scenes of peace and innocence delight,
Here we may charm and gratify our sight;
Or if melodious strains we love to hear,
Celestial music will entrance our ear.
Such is the power by this strange glass possess'd,
And he who values it is ever blessed.
Of various parts this mirror is composed,
Through each of which new beauties are disclosed.
Turn we to one arrayed in colors bright,
And look with pleasure on the lovely sight.

* Goat Island, containing a few acres, extends from the precipice to the distance of several hundred yards up the Niagara river, dividing the Falls, as well as the river, into two distinct parts—the one adjacent to the Canada shore being much wider than the other, but not so high by a number of feet.

† The waters, after their separation at the head of Goat Island, become perfectly white, like molten silver. The arrow-like rapidity with which they shoot forward, causes, as we may suppose, the conversion of the whole surface into exceedingly minute vesicles, which, being filled with air, occasion the brilliantly white appearance just alluded to.

‡ So great is the roar of the cataract, that it is sometimes heard at the distance of forty or fifty miles. And yet, even to a person on the spot, the aerial pulsations are so comparatively gradual, that the sound, instead of having a startling, stunning effect, so tranquillizes, while it elevates and expands the soul, that it is listened to with inexpressible pleasure.

|| The rainbow; which, it is scarcely necessary to say, can only be seen when the observer places himself in such a position, with respect to the sun and the spray, as is required by the laws of optics.

Original.

THE CONFLICTS OF MIND.

A VALEDICTORY ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CLOSE OF THE
ACADEMICAL YEAR OF NORWALK SEMINARY.BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON,
Principal of the Seminary.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—Many of you are about to leave this institution, and enter upon the arduous duties of life. It is proper that, on bidding you farewell, I should offer you a few words of counsel.

Although there are many things which I desire to say, yet, as my remarks must be confined within narrow limits, I will restrict myself to one important and appropriate truth.

You will scarce have placed your feet upon the threshold of this busy world, before a troop of difficulties will encompass you. Enter upon any pursuit whatever, you may expect enemies, and competitors, and misfortunes; and as many of you will go forth without wealth, or friends, or experience, your first efforts may be failures. Judging by the light of experience, we are induced to fear that some of you will abandon your pursuits, and take refuge in the hut of obscurity, the works of fancy, or the haunts of dissipation. With a view to guard you against such a course, I invite your attention to the following proposition, viz:

Difficulties do not justify us in surceasing from the prosecution of a rational, benevolent, and feasible undertaking.

1. We cannot escape difficulty. The air is tainted, the soil churlish, the ocean tempest-tossed. Whether we are in the field or in the wilderness, on Persian plains or Alpine heights, amid equatorial heats, or temperate climes, or polar solitudes, we are met by a thousand obstacles. Earth is cursed, and everywhere she puts forth her thorn in obedience to her Maker's withering word. True, the curse is tempered with the mercy which yields unnumbered blessings to the hand of toil; nevertheless, it cleaves to all earth's surface, and turns the key upon her hidden treasures. We read of cloudless skies, and sunny climes, and fields which need nought but the sickle, but who finds them? Paradise is always ahead of the emigrant.

Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward, i. e., by a general law of nature. Hence, we find it in want, in abundance, in toil, in indolence, in indulgence, in restraint, in infancy, in manhood, and in age. It waits on every pleasure, and every path, and every pursuit—it dwells within. We can no more escape it than we can fly existence. Take a few illustrations. A young man resolves to be eminent. Entering the academy, he finds many difficulties in algebra, and becoming discouraged he gives it up; but has he liberated himself? No! he has plunged from great to greater difficulties. How can he unlock the vaults of mathematics without algebra, their only key? Does he abandon mathematics, another difficulty seizes him. How can he become educated without a knowledge of

the exact sciences? Does he relinquish his aim at scholarship? How, then, can he carry out his resolution to become eminent? Will he rescind his resolution? Then challenge him to tame the restless passions by which it was prompted. Like the fabled ships of the ancients, "*Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdis*"—he who endeavors to avoid Charybdis is drawn into the jaws of Scylla. How many, because of difficulties in their pursuits, become idlers? But who on earth has more troubles than the idler? A man becomes religious, and enters the path to life; but he soon finds that the world opposes, that his passions demur, that his secular plans come in conflict with his religious efforts, that an invisible adversary stands in the path to contend every inch of ground with him. He retreats. But now his difficulties are ten thousand fold greater. He finds that an unseen footstep treads upon his wandering heels, that an All-seeing eye surveys his inmost soul, that an invisible hand writes his guilt in characters of blood on all the objects around him. He must encounter the scorpion stings of conscience, the upbraidings of reason, the admonitions of the altar, the prayers of Zion, the cross of his dying Christ, the intercession of his risen Jesus, the moving, mellowing, subduing influences of the Divine Spirit, the ten thousand warnings of a merciful Providence, the unnumbered calls of living, decaying, dying, reviving nature, the very sympathies of heaven, yea, even the moving entreaties of her compassionate King. The apostate deliberately contends with conscience, reason, Providence, truth, Zion, men, angels, God; and in addition to all these the enemies he had before, and without a single auxiliary in earth, hell, or heaven. Verily, he has gained.

Take another illustration. The providence of God opens a missionary field, and a certain department of Zion resolves to occupy it. The missionary departs with bounding heart. He lands, surveys the ground, pitches his tent, plants his standard, reconnoiters, lays his plans, and, under favorable circumstances, commences an attack upon the citadel of darkness. Meanwhile, in consequence of a simoom that sweeps over the commerce of the country whence he issued, the Church, being plunged into pecuniary embarrassments, finds it exceedingly difficult to sustain her new missionary. Now, suppose she recall him, (I proceed upon the supposition that it was manifestly her duty to send him,) can she cut the cord which binds upon her the obligation to disciple all nations? or can she escape the curses of transgression? or will she find the difficulties of disobedience less than those of obedience? Let the trials of duty be as great as possible, what are they in comparison with those of rebellion? This has already riven heaven, blasted earth, and kindled the eternal furnaces of hell. Should a planet break away from its orbit, a system would be unsettled, and the universe, from centre to circumference, might feel the shock. How much superior is the moral to the material world! How far more important its laws! How infinitely more terrific the consequences of their violation!

2. Difficulties invigorate the soul. I do not mean the difficulties of indolence and disobedience—these are withering, blasting curses—but the difficulties of industry—of obedience.

They are conditions essential to strength. What gives power to the arm of the smith? The weight of his hammer. What gives swiftness to the Indian foot? The fleetness of his game. Thus it is with the senses. What confers exquisite sensibility upon the blind man's ear? The curtain which, by hiding the visible universe from his sight, compels him to give intense regard to the most delicate vibrations that play upon his tympanum. Thus it is with the intellect. Who is the greatest reasoner? He who habitually struggles with the worst difficulties that can be mastered by reason. Do you complain of a feeble intellect? It may be your misfortune, but it is more likely to be your fault. Before you charge the Almighty with an unequal distribution of gifts, try your mind upon some appropriate difficulties. Bear it into the field of mathematics, or metaphysics, or logic. Bid it struggle, and faint, if necessary, and struggle again. If disposed to retreat, urge it, goad it. Let it rest when weary, bid it walk when it cannot run, but teach it that it must conquer. If, after this discipline, your mind be feeble, you may call your weakness an infirmity, and not a fault. Some men have fruitless imaginations, but who are they? Those who have never led their fancies out. The towering oak planted in a dismal cellar, shut out from the light and air of heaven, would not grow up and lift its branches to the skies. Plant your imaginations in the heavens, and let it be subject to the high and holy influences of its pure ether, and its silent lights, and it shall manifest vitality, and vigor, and upward aspirations.

The memory, too, is strong, if subjected to proper exercise. It will yield no revenue to the soul that does not tax it; and just in proportion as it is taxed, will it be found to have capacity of production. I will add that it is thus with the moral powers. Envy, jealousy, anger, those bitter fountains which so often tincture the streams of private and domestic joy, deepen in proportion to the obstacles through which they flow. Avarice and ambition, those demons that have desolated the globe with war, derive their overwhelming power from the difficulties which impede their progress. The daring lover testifies that love becomes more wild and resistless as great and romantic difficulties rise around him. What makes the good Christian? Perpetual trial. He who has experienced the severest storms, and has most frequently thrown out the Christian's anchor, has the strongest hope. Where shall we expect the firmest faith? At the gate of St. Peter's? or at the martyr's stake? Who is compared to purified silver or gold? That Christian around whose soul God hath kindled the fires of his furnace, and kept them glowing until it reflected his own image.

Difficulties give a healthy tone and tendency to the powers. As the body, in a state of inaction, becomes lethargic, and diseased, so the soul, if not kept in vigorous exercise, becomes enfeebled, and gradually sinks

under the sway of the passions. Energetic action is indispensable to preserve both the body from disease, and the soul from the dominion of sense.

3. Difficulties develop resources. To prove this, it is only necessary to cite the aphorism—necessity is the mother of invention. She levels forests—she rears cities—she builds bridges—she prostrates mountains—she lays her iron pathway from river to river, and from sea to sea—she baffles the raging elements, and extends her dominion from earth to air and ocean—she ascends the heavens, and with fearless foot treads round the Zodiac.

Transport the savage from his woods to yon island in the sea—show him her crowded harbors and her metropolis of thousand spires—point him to her proud trophies, and her glorious triumphs in earth and sky—bid him mark how she brings the fruits of all the earth to her table, and weaves the chain of her authority over every latitude. Then, would you describe the secret of all that his eye beholds, and his ear hears, tell him that Britain resolved to meet the difficulties that lay in her path from barbarism to civilization and refinement. This simple resolution sprung her arms and her arts—her science and her song.

I have said that difficulties call forth resources. How multiplied might be the illustrations. The Revolution created the Continental Army, and the Continental Congress, and made discovered, discordant, and dependent states a united and powerful republic. An inventive nation, unless she plan important enterprises, will find her arts and powers of but little use. Why does China exert so feeble an influence among the nations? Not because her population is small—it is one-third the population of the globe; not because they are idle—no men are more industrious; not because she has no arts—her manufactures are unsurpassed; not because she is infertile in expedients—she walls her territory to shut out invaders—she unites her rivers with artificial channels—she raises cities upon her waters—she divides her rocks into terraces, and makes them smile from base to summit with fairest fruits and flowers—she bridges her vallies with chains, and, as if disdain the aid of nature, she rears her temples on mountains of her own construction. Is the answer found in Providence? Nay. Is learning neglected? Not a nation in which it is so much encouraged. Yet should an earthquake sink her beneath the waves, what ocean would miss her sails!—what land her treasures!—what science her contributions! The great instruments to which we usually attribute the march of civilization, viz., gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and the art of printing, have all been known to China from remote ages. Although she flashed powder from her "fire pan in the face of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, yet, never plotting extensive conquests, she made no important use of the terrific instrument of war. Content with navigating along her coasts and inland waters, she kept her compass upon the land, and never daring to impress the world's mind, she confined her types to the stamping of almanacs."

As with the nation so with the individual. The fierce armies of Gaul and Britain gave Cæsar his martial skill. The snow-clad Alps made Hannibal fertile in expedients—resistless in command. Would you be illustrious? Plunge into difficulty—cross the Rubicon—bind your soul with strong cords of obligation—put on band after band—the greater the difficulties, provided they do not paralyze, the greater the man.

4. There is scarce any difficulty that cannot be overcome by perseverance. Trace any great mind to its culmination, and you will find that its ascent was slow and by natural laws, and that its difficulties were such as only ordinary minds can surmount. Great results, whether physical or moral, are not often the offspring of giant powers. Genius is more frequently a curse than a blessing. Its possessor, relying on his extraordinary gifts, generally falls into habits of indolence, and fails to collect the materials which are requisite to useful and magnificent effort. But there is a something which is sure of success—it is the determination which, having entered upon a career with full conviction that it is right, pursues it in calm defiance of all opposition. With such a feeling a man can not help but be mighty. Toil does not weary, pain does not arrest him. Carrying a compass in his heart which always points to one bright star, he allows no footstep to be taken which does not tend in that direction. Neither the heaving earthquake, nor the yawning gulf, nor the burning mountain can terrify him from his course; and if the heavens should fall, the shattered ruins would strike him on his way to his object. Show me the man who has this principle, and I care not to measure his blood, nor brains. I ask not his name nor his nation—I pronounce that his hand will be felt upon his generation, and his mind enstamped upon succeeding ages.

This attribute is God-like. It may be traced throughout the universe. It has descended from the skies—it is the great charm of angelic natures. It is hardly to be contemplated, even in the demon, without admiration. It is this which gives to the warrior his crown, and encircles his brow with a halo that, in the estimation of a misjudging world, neither darkness, nor lust, nor blasphemy, nor blood can obscure. The bard of Mantua, to whose tomb genius in all ages makes its willing pilgrimage, never presents his hero in a more attractive light, than when he represents him, "*tot volvere casus*"—rolling his misfortunes forward, as a river bearing all opposition before it.

I am well satisfied that it is a sure passport to mental excellence. Science has no summit too lofty for its ascent—literature has no gate too strong for its entrance. The graces collect around it, and the laurel comes at its bidding. Talk not of circumstances. Repudiate for ever that doctrine so paralyzing, so degrading, and yet so general, "Marr is the creature of circumstances." Rather adopt that other sentiment, more inspiring to yourselves, more honorable to your nature, more consonant with truth, Man the architect of his own fortune. I grant that circumstances have their influence, and that often this is not small; but there are impulses

within, to which things external are as lava to the volcano. Circumstances are as tools to the artist. Zeuxis would have been a painter without canvass—Michael Angelo would have been a sculptor without marble—Herschell would have been a philosopher without a telescope, and Newton would have ascended the skies though no apple had ever descended upon his head. One of the most distinguished surgeons of modern times performed nearly all the operations of surgery with a razor. West commenced painting in a garret, and plundered the family cat for bristles to make his brushes. When Paganini once rose to amuse a crowded auditory with his music he found that his violin had been removed, and a coarse instrument had been substituted for it. Explaining the trick, he said to the audience, "Now I will show that the music is *not in my violin*, but *in me*." Then drawing his bow, he sent forth sounds sweet as ever entranced delighted mortals. Be assured, the world is a coarse instrument at best, and if you would send forth sweet sounds from its strings, there must be music in your fingers. Fortune may favor, but do not rely upon her—do not fear her. Act upon the doctrine of the Grecian poet—

"I seek what 's to be sought—
I learn what 's to be taught—
I beg the rest of Heav'n."

Talk not of genius. I grant there are differences in mind, originally, but there is mind enough in every ordinary human skull, if its energies are properly directed, to accomplish mighty results. Fear not obstacles. What are your difficulties? Poverty? Ignorance? Obscurity? Have they not all been overcome by a host well known to fame? But perchance you climb untrodden heights. Nevertheless, fear to set down any obstacle as insuperable. Look at the achievements of man in the natural and moral worlds, and then say whether you dare set down any difficulty as insurmountable, or whether you are ready to prescribe boundaries to the operations of human power.

Are you destined to maintain the worship of the true God amid the darkness of infidelity? Daniel, in the den of lions, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, in the flames of the furnace, and a long line of illustrious martyrs, shouting hosannas from the flames, put forth their hands from the stake to beckon you onwards. Are you destined to plant the Gospel in heathen lands—an enterprise the most daring and glorious in which mortals can engage? Do you imagine that you can meet a difficulty which the apostle Paul did not vanquish? But he was an apostle, yea, and the most successful of all the apostles. And what was the secret of his success? Was it his learning? The gift of tongues made the other apostles his equals in this respect. Was it his eloquence? Doubtless he was eloquent; but Apollos too, was eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures. Was it his inspiration? But were not others inspired, also? It was his firmness and perseverance. When he preached Christ Jesus and him crucified, nothing could drive, or divert, or daunt him: "This one thing I do," &c.

Are you called to meet bigotry and superstition, armed with learning, power, and wealth? See Luther braving the thunders of the Vatican, and hear him say, "I would go to Worms were there as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses," and then affirm, if you dare, that it is your duty to succumb to your difficulties. Are you destined, which Heaven forbid, to lead an army to resist invaders, or advance to conquest? Ask Cæsar, Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Alexander, what kind of difficulties may be overcome by decision of character. Have you undertaken to ascend from poverty and obscurity to eminence and wealth. Ask the field or the cabinet, any profession whatever, or either house of Congress, whether there are any difficulties which will not yield to firmness and perseverance, and ten thousand voices shall respond, in animating accents, no, no!

(To be concluded.)



Original.

MORAL STRENGTH.

I OFTEN hear it said that there is found no greatness, no nobility of soul amidst the poor and lowly. And this debasement is said to be the necessary effect of their narrow means. This is asserted not merely by the arrogance of those pretenders who would found their own claim to superiority (humbly enough) as the result of their own better condition in life. But it is even insisted upon by the philosophic, or rather by the contemplative of limited vision or of partial views, who would ascribe a supremacy to second causes, and represent the action of circumstances as over-ruling the natural and innate power of the soul. But looking on life, and admitting all the deteriorating influences of poverty, and care, and anxiety, and competition, and all that should estrange from the exercise of the higher nature in its struggle with these common-places of life, I would yet believe that where the education of the lowly has been elevated by religion, the incumbents of these sad fortunes may claim the advantage over others, their superiors in position, though the latter are possessed of facilities which might be made auxiliary in sustaining and assuring the spirit in the severe exigencies of life.

A most affecting instance of this kind came under my observation a few years since in the southern country. There came to the small town of —, in Mississippi, a poor family, consisting of the father and three young children, and the mother just about to give birth to the fourth child. They appeared very destitute, although both parents looked as if a decent care and habitual industry had probably been their wont. I forget from whence they came, or what was the history which led to their present destitution; but what followed, I shall ever remember whilst my heart beats. Whether they were arrested on their journey to some point of resource, or whether this place was their original destination, I know not; but here they stopped, unknown to any. But in these small towns, which change, perhaps, their entire population in five or seven years, these constant fluctuations call for no question,

and excite but small interest in their passage. Our travelers, perhaps, would have been unnoticed, but that they asked shelter for the night in the house of a citizen; and in the morning it was found that the man had departed and left his helpless family at a crisis when common humanity would have called for redoubled attention. The wife supposed that he had only gone to return the wagon and team which had brought them on the last stage of their journey. Yet when she was informed that he had left a hasty message with a humble neighbor, saying he should not return, she seemed not startled nor astounded, and it was inferred that she had found him to be an inefficient help-mate, and that she acquiesced in the measure that she could not control. The abandonment was believed to be a device of the husband to excite compassion to his family, and that, faulty as he was, he was not so base-hearted as he was good for nothing. However it was, the poor woman was alone with her children, in these desolate and trying circumstances. From many indications, the family had probably been accustomed to a much better state of things—perhaps had but recently suffered the change. The action of bankruptcy takes place, in that country more than in any other, in a sudden and overwhelming manner. And this it is which has probably given rise to their popular mode of expression, that they have been "torn up," as applied to the catastrophe.

Our poor family got to be spoken of in the course of the day, and a benevolent citizen placed them in a spare house of his own, and the neighbors looked in and saw that they did not starve.

But that mother! She was a slight, soft-made, feminine figure, apparently about three or four and twenty years of age. She had brought with her some bundles of bedding, and a very few utensils and dishes, besides a pretty large quantity of clothes, which her children had worn, as she said, on their journey. And these she went immediately about washing. The poor, tired, and harrassed creature solaced herself with work, saying, when she was busy it "took her mind," and she felt better than she did "sitting thinking." She was told she had better rest herself for a day or two at least. "O no," said she, "I must not put it off, for I think I shall not survive my hour; and I must leave my children clean and decent." One told her that she did wrong to persist in her work at this time. "It is not a common case," said she; "my poor babes must not, when I am taken from them, lose their chance of compassion because they are dirty!" This wise, faithful, prescient mother! But the lookers on thought her, in despite of her resolution, dejected and fatigued, but not imminently in danger of dying, and that it was only the difficulties by which she was surrounded that gave her that sense of the thing; and they told her so; but "no," she said, "I have now been poorly for sometime, and it is more than likely that I shall not live. In the meantime," said she, "I will do the best I can for my children. I am accustomed to work, and it will not hurt me." And with all this firmness she appeared of the

softest nature, and subdued to a grace of perfect submission. She added, "Yes, I think as I say; yet trusting in my Redeemer, I have no right to fear. I shall either live through my trial, or else nature will give up—in either way, I am in the hands of God—yes, both I and my children!"

With the little intermissions necessary to the care of her children, she was at the wash-tub the whole day; yet she persisted that she had not been well for some eight or ten weeks, adding that the commotion and fluster that they had been in before taking up their journey, had startled and worried her spirits, and, together with the hardships of traveling, and the uncertainty how they could make out after all, had been almost more than she could bear, and sometimes she could have sunk down with weariness; but the children! she had no right to give up. But she now felt more at ease, and she saw that God was opening a way for them, and she would still continue doing what she could; adding with a sort of reminiscence of spirit, that should she survive, she did not intend to live on charity; and then thinking, perhaps, that this observation might be deemed ungrateful by her helpers, or believing that indeed before God she was still a little proud, she rejoined, with deep humility, "that is, I will do all I *can* do, and will bless these kind ladies for helping me to the rest."

The next day the babe was born, and the poor mother was too weak almost to speak; but the day after that she was heard to say, "Small welcome can your mother give you, poor baby! a farewell kiss and a blessing is all that is left her to give!" She then relapsed into silence. The physician had administered some sustaining potion which had produced temporary fits of delirium; and arousing once she looked out upon her other children grouped together in wondering sadness, and said, with the most affecting fondness, "I can't stay any longer! Ah! ah! not any longer! I *must* go now!" and with a sort of gasp and a sob she sunk; and without further recognition, she lived about one hour longer, and then nature succumbed to the over-mastering afflictions about her, and to the fiat of God.

And as the strangers performed the last offices, and laid her on her bier, and looked upon that placid face, reposing now for ever, the tears, like rain drops, fell from every eye. And the sympathy excited was not only genuine, but it was active and efficient. The children, that is the three elder ones, were presently disposed of amidst the families of the neighborhood. One gentleman, at the instance of his wife, declared for the eldest, a fine child of six years; and inspired by admiration, or regret, or pity, the responsibility assumed was acknowledged as permanent for each. But for the new-born babe, requiring a nurse and the sacrifice of personal attention for many months to come, none seemed ready. The available profit for a female slave is there from one hundred and twenty-five to three hundred dollars per year; and those who had been ready in regard to the other children, faltered here. Finally, they proposed a subscription to hire an attendant for the child. But there was one who had been waiting

to see whether the provision would be assured and sufficient for the forlorn little stranger—the child of her friend. She was the woman of very humble life, at the next door; and from the moment that our strangers were set down beside her, her sympathies had been excited. She had made their acquaintance, and she yearned to do them good; and now, judging that the arrangements made for the babe were very different from what an *adoption*—a taking to heart and home could be, she advanced amidst all those ladies, her superiors in station, and, whilst emotion choked her voice, she exclaimed, "*I take that child for mine!*" And poor Peggy, for the first time in her life, spoke with authority. She did take the child, and all present were glad of the arrangement. Yet one said to her, "But, Peggy, what will your husband say?" It was known that he had no child of his own, yet he accounted his gains as consisting in his own and his wife's industry, upon which the charge of a young child would be a great drawback. Peggy replied, "If I do all for him that he requires of me, what can he say? I will get up earlier and sit up later; but poor Mary's babe," and she nestled the little stranger in her bosom, "shall belong to me." And it was both with much sacrifice and with pure joy that Peggy by day and by night fostered and tended the little orphan. Noble Peggy, "she gave more than they all!"

Will any say, with these two veritable instances, that there is no greatness subsisting amidst the untoward circumstances of inferior life? C. M. B.

ADVERSITY.

How the young fancies of an ardent mind
Leap over cold realities, and find
Brightness and bliss unsullied, unalloyed,
In every thing:—O, how are they destroyed,
When life, in all the soberness of truth,
Blackens before them! how the hopes of youth
Sicken and fade before the chilling eye
Of a cold world, that feeds on misery!
How droops the untaught heart, when first it learns
Those it had loved were heartless; when it turns
Towards a friend with warm and frank embrace,
And meets suspicion in that altered face;
When a loved voice, on the astonished ear,
Pours forth hard censures, and rebukes the tear
It raised, with bitter taunts; when harmless acts
Are laid before it as condemning facts,
That prove it worthless; but howe'er it be
In human thought—whatever man may see,
Or feign to see, of wrong in thee, do thou
Stand firmly with a clear and open brow;
Repose on thine own thoughts; whate'er men say,
If thou canst calmly think, and sleep, and pray
With deep sincerity, there's nought to fear
Beyond the sufferings heap'd upon thee here:
Let human kind despise thee as they will,
Drop not, sad heart, thy God protects thee still.

AMERICA.

Original.

THE SISTERS.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Who can find out God to perfection! To whom has he revealed his secret purposes! These thoughts force themselves upon the mind whenever we speculate upon what seems to us the unequal division of good and evil, of suffering and enjoyment, as allotted to different individuals in *this* world. While some are permitted to glide through life, loved, admired, and protected, others, apparently more worthy, have sickness, sorrow, and suffering for their only earthly portion. But these are amongst the "secret things which belong unto God;" and although clouds and darkness rest upon them here, they shall be fully revealed to us in eternity. God is "his own interpreter," and "he can make them plain."

Taking up a southern paper a short time since, my eye was arrested, in the death list, by the name of Maria S——. Poor Maria! Her life was full of painful vicissitudes, and her death awakened within me a vivid recollection of our early companionship. She had been for years, in early life, my school-mate, and afterwards my associate in the gay and fashionable world. Maria was the eldest of three sisters, New Englanders, and all as unlike each other in person, disposition, and temper, as any three of the human family, of the same sex, could well be; and yet were they all deeply attached to each other. They held a high and commanding stand in society, and were admired for their beauty, their amiability, and their accomplishments. But to me this family bond, this disinterested attachment seemed their most lovely trait.

Their destination in after life was as dissimilar as were their characters. Maria, I have said, was the eldest. Emily, the second sister, was a sweet, delicate girl—sensitive, affectionate, credulous, and of a quiet and indolent temperament. She seemed made up of the very elements of harmony, and would shrink away with pain from any thing like jarring or discord amongst her school-mates; and so we gave her the name of "*Mimosa*." And verily her lot in life was the one best suited to so helpless a being. She had scarcely attained to womanhood, when she was sought in marriage by one, rich, generous, gentle, and kind—the very *beau ideal* of her youthful fancy; and at eighteen she became a wife in her own native city, where she lived for many years, surrounded by loved and loving friends, with scarcely a shadow of disquietude ever crossing the sunshine of her path; and even when she died, it seemed to be without the common suffering attendant upon dissolution. Her life had been one long holyday.

Elizabeth, the youngest sister, never seemed to have had any youth. She was, from a child, sedate, contemplative, and retiring—traits that probably were earlier developed and more strongly marked from her having been an invalid almost from her cradle. And after she left school, she gradually broke off from the general association of the young, and mingled so little with the gay, that she was almost forgotten by them—preferring the quietude of domestic life and the indulgence

of household affections, to the noise and glare of the party or the ball-room; and often when her sisters were engaged with company in the parlor, she might be found seated in her mother's chamber, far happier in the exemption than she were in the participation of these pleasures. The mother was a devout member of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and Elizabeth soon joined her in this holy communion, giving that heart to God which had never been given to the world. And in the quiet performance of all her Christian duties, she secured to herself the full enjoyment of all her Christian privileges—"she was early wise."

But it is of Maria that I would speak more particularly. Hers was a rare character, combining *greatness* with *loveliness*—gifted with a brilliant and inquiring mind, with ardent and sincere affections. She was simple and confiding in her manners and vivacious and equable in her spirits. No wonder, then, that she was sought again and again by the rich, the talented, and the distinguished of the other sex; but she was above all coquetry—she gave encouragement to none. Not that she was insensible to their merits; but she had spontaneously given her affections to one who yet had made no pretensions to her hand—he being entirely without property—but he had long claimed her by *implication*. He had been heard to say that he "coveted fortune, not for itself, but to lay it at Maria's feet." This was repeated to her, and she received it as an evidence of his modesty and his attachment; and she felt it not improper to anticipate the removal of this obstacle by declaring to him, when he should have made the expected offer of his hand, her willingness to live in the manner that her own small fortune would allow her to do; and although she had communicated her intentions to no one, he seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of her disinterestedness, and to take, as it were, the stand of an *accepted* lover. He was constantly at her side—he walked with her—her talked sentiment to her, and he wrote poetry to her. He was envied by the gentlemen, and they were looked upon by all as *almost* a married couple—which they most probably soon would have become but for a sudden and unexpected occurrence. Mr. S., the father of Maria, who was a rich wholesale druggist, just at this crisis of affairs, *failed*. By over speculating in an article of his trade, (indigo,) he had become a complete bankrupt; and dying soon after, left his family, with their refined tastes and indulged habits, entirely *pennyless!* There was one brother in the family younger than the sisters, an amiable, affectionate, good sort of a young man; but he had never dreamed of earning a dollar, though his habits and associations made money necessary to him. In the midst of this double visitation of bereavement and destitution, Maria saw with anguish that they had not elicited the genuine sympathies of her chosen. He was less frequently at the house than formerly, and there was that sort of constraint and formality in his manners, which usually results from double dealing; yet Maria never dreamed of his deserting her because she was in *poverty* and *affliction*—she would not so

wrong him! The fact was, he had never been worthy of Maria—he had never known any thing of the *sentiment of love*—his feelings were selfish and superficial; and while she was mingling with the gay world, the admired of all, his vanity was flattered by her preference, and he thought he loved her. But now that the family were in sadness and seclusion, and their doors no longer open to the gay, he sought such society as suited him elsewhere; and soon his name was coupled with one as heartless as himself, without one feminine attraction; but she was *rich* and in haste “to get married;” and he, like the silly moth, after circling around the light again and again, gave the fatal plunge; and ere Maria had laid aside her mourning garments for her father, the recreant lover was wedded to another! It was a sad stroke for Maria. The affliction was too deep for solace—too sacred for words; and ever after it was by tacit consent an unapproached subject by her family and her friends; yet she did not permit her feelings to become embittered or misanthropic, nor because *she* had been deceived, did she believe the whole world capable of deceiving. Neither would she understand the renewed civilities of some of her old admirers. She had too much principle to make a bargain in matrimony, or to yield her hand without her heart.

She had loved once deeply, devotedly, and her affections were like “odor shed,” that may not be gathered again. And here let me remark, that all my intercourse with the world, and all my observation, standing aloof from it, goes to confirm the belief that *unprincipled coquetry* is more common, and more frequently originates with the *male* than the female. And O how much more mischievous is it coming from them! The young female confides implicitly, perhaps, in the sincerity of a *counterfeit* regard, and gives the first warm affections of her heart in return. The fickle lover leaves her for some other fair one, and her whole after life is colored, if not saddened by the event.

But Maria's spirit rose superior to the indulgence of any selfish feelings. Her family were to be provided for, and she was its only efficient member. She felt thankful that she had been thoroughly educated at one of the best seminaries in New England, where every subject was investigated, and nothing taken for granted. Besides all the usual branches taught in the best schools, she was a proficient in music, drawing, and several other ornamental branches, which are so much *over-estimated* everywhere, but more particularly at the south. After much reflection, and many inquiries into the *expediency* of such a step, she resolved to make a *family removal* to the south, and open a boarding school for young ladies. Her arrangements were made with characteristic energy, and after weeping her adieu at the graves of her household, she turned away from her native home to seek one amidst strangers. Her brother, who had all along looked on with admiration, now seemed to catch her spirit, and rendered them just the protection and aid that they required in their emergency.

They embarked from New York, and in due time arrived at C—, their place of destination. Maria

delivered her letters, secured a house, and issued her proposals for a school. Her letters were so satisfactory, and her manners so prepossessing, that she soon became extensively known and patronized; and ere the lapse of three months, she obtained a full complement of pupils. Her brother now lent his aid in penmanship and other branches, and she felt happy that, by her exertions, they all had an assured support. And the novelty of new scenes and new occupations seemed to engross her attention to the exclusion of self. And to a stranger there was nothing betokening sadness or disappointment in her deportment; but to the eye of an early friend, a shadow was resting upon her, and she seemed to have *lost her identity*. She appeared more thoughtful, and she smiled less frequently, but she was not unhappy. She had felt the uncertain and unsatisfying nature of all this life has to offer, and her thoughts now went *heavenward*, and she sought earnestly and with tears to be accepted of Him in whom there is “no variableness or shadow of turning;” and as her heart grew warm towards God, it seemed to warm towards the whole human family. She forgot all injuries, and she forgave all offenses; and when she presented herself for the first time at the communion table, with her mother and sister, there was something almost celestial in her appearance. Indeed, in the whole group, they looked like a holy family, who had come through much tribulation to seek rest at the “feet of their Lord and Master.” The brother had remained after the dissolution of the congregation to witness the administration of the sacrament; and when his mother and sisters left the pew to approach the altar, he felt in some sort cut off from his family. He loved them fondly, but he could have no sympathy with them in their spiritual enjoyments. And now the first conviction of his own sinfulness crossed his thoughts—the first yearning desire to become a Christian arose in his heart. Soon after this there was a Methodist camp meeting to be held in the vicinity of C—. He had heard much of the peculiarities of the sect; but he had never heard one of their preachers. He rode out with a friend to the encampment, and was much surprised to find so large and respectable a collection; and he was still less prepared for the style and ability of their preachers. He found that Methodism was established upon a different footing at the south from what it was at that date in New England. The next day he attended again, and was favored in hearing the eloquent Dr. Capers, to whom he listened with the deepest interest. Scripture truths, in the preacher's earnestness, came pointed from his lips, and they carried conviction to the hearts of his hearers. This was the last day of the camp meeting, but not the last time that our young man sought Methodist preaching. He attended their churches in the city, became more and more interested in their doctrines and discipline, until he felt more fellowship with them than with any other sect. He joined them on probation, got converted, and finally became a *devoted Methodist*. He lead a class, and exhorted at their meetings; and after living about two years in the enjoyment of their

faith, he was suddenly attacked with cholera, and after a few days of suffering was taken up to glory. Elizabeth, his pious invalid sister, also fell a victim to this disease.

Maria and her mother had now to fortify themselves with all their Christian faith and trust, to enable them to bow submissive to this afflictive providence; but they triumphed. And from this time all seemed loosened—the larger part of their family were in eternity, and they looked forward with a rejoicing spirit, that when their days of trial were also ended they should be again united—“no member lost—a family in heaven.”

By long years of industry, Maria had acquired a comfortable property; so that it was a consoling reflection to her in her last sickness, that she should leave her mother amply provided for during the few years that they should be separated.

The old lady is, I believe, still living; and who, knowing her total bereavements and her piety, shall not rather rejoice than mourn when she is called to her rest?

AUGUSTA.



Original.

A HALT IN THE WILDERNESS.

MARK where yon palms their stately shadows throw,
Down the clear depths of Elim's founts below;
Those lofty trees, these cooling waters, tell
Joy to the thirsting tribes of Israel.
Men, women, children, with new vigor, haste
To this oasis 'mid the desert waste:
See what a multitude! in troops they come,
For a short season here to find a home.
No rude invader can their breasts alarm,
Their shield and guard is an Almighty arm,
Whose presence (symbol'd in a cloud by day,
And fire by night) directs their devious way.
As the fond eagle 'tends her fluttering brood,
Spreads her broad wings, and fills their mouths with
food,
So for his people doth the Lord provide,
And while they fear him, never leaves their side.
In the lone wilderness his hand hath made
Fountains of water, and refreshing shade,
Where for the weary traveler there is rest—
Repose and quiet for the care-worn breast.
See those tired mothers, with their infant bands,
Laving their limbs scorched by Arabian sands;
They drink who late of Marah's waters drank,
And while they drink, their kind Provider thank.
Their camels' thirst the cooling waters slake,
Their flocks and herds the sparkling draught partake.
Now length'ning cords and strength'ning stakes are
found—

They stretch their canvass—busy voices sound,
And playful children sport along the ground.
Soon their white tents arise among the trees,
And hymns of praise float upward on the breeze.
Thy timbrel Miriam the strains prolong,
While Israel's daughters swell the tide of song.

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With aspect meek, and countenance benign,
Their venerable leader makes the sign
For evening worship: every knee is bowed,
And every heart engaged in that mute crowd.
They follow him in prayer, (whose face once shone
Too bright for mortal eyes to look upon;)
And thus with solemn awe they here unite
And gratefully perform the holy rite.
The prayer o'er, his blessing they await,
And then by families they separate.
Whose is yon lone pavilion which appears
Guarded as if with superstitious fears?
Why do they quickly pass, and, whisp'ring, gaze
As though to them it were a sacred place?
Who dwells within that silent, lonely tent?
It has one solitary occupant—
Joseph embalmed; and yet with equal care
His mem'ry lives in every bosom there.
They sacred hold the oaths their fathers gave,
(Who ages gone were mold'ring in the grave,)
“When God should visit his tried nation, they
Would surely then bear Joseph's bones away.”

Now sinks the sun upon his couch of gold,
And eve's refulgent curtain is unroll'd.
Hush'd is the hour. The mother to her breast
Pressing her infant, softly falls to rest.
Manhood in slumber soon forgets his toil—
In fancy visits Canaan's promised soil;
And watching o'er the sleepers calm repose,
That wonderful mysterious pillar glows,
While in rich contrast, lo! there beams afar
The paler radiance of the ev'ning star!
High over all, the Eye that never sleeps
With father's love his tireless vigil keeps.
All is tranquility, and not a sound
Disturbs the stillness of the peace profound.
Sleep on, and take your rest in dreams *alone*—
Ye see the land ye might have call'd your own,
But for your sins, (O, theme of endless grief!)
Ye'll enter not, because of unbelief.
Of your vast company but two are found
Whose feet will touch the promised holy ground.
Except these children, all a grave will find
In the rude waste, nor leave a mark behind.

O Thou whose purity can never brook
Thy law's infraction—whose eye cannot look
On sin without abhorrence, teach us now
To lay this warning to our souls, and bow
Humbly to thee, that we may yet attain
The promised land above—that heavenly Canaan gain!

P. P.



TIME speeds away—away—away,
Like torrents in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved—the friends that blessed.

Original.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN BRAZIL.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

A Brazilian Fazenda—Engenho de Cachassa—Mandioca—Aboriginal uses—Present mode of preparation—Ladies of the household—Internal regulations—Evening worship—Chaplain—The gold washing.

My excursion to Jaragua afforded me an excellent opportunity of observing the various arrangements peculiar to plantations in the interior of Brazil. Such arrangements will be found modified, in all countries, according to the climate, the productions, and the general state of improvement in the arts.

On the fazenda of Donna Gertrudes were cultivated sugar-cane, mandioca, cotton, rice, and coffee. Around the farm-house as a centre, were situated numerous out-houses, such as quarters for negroes, store-houses for the staple vegetables, and fixtures for reducing them to a marketable form.

The *engenho de cachassa* was an establishment where the juices of the sugar-cane were expressed for distillation. On most of the sugar estates there exist distilleries which convert the treacle drained from the sugar into a species of alcohol called cachassa; but on this, either from its proximity to market, or from some other cause connected with profit, nothing but cachassa was manufactured. The apparatus for grinding the cane was rude and clumsy in its construction, and not dissimilar to the corresponding portion of a cider-mill in the United States. It was turned by four oxen. The fumes of alcohol proceeding from this quarter pervaded the entire premises.

I was much interested in the manufacture of *farinha de mandioca*—mandioc flour. This vegetable (*Jatropha manihot L.*) being the principal farinaceous production of Brazil is deserving of particular notice. Its peculiarity is the union of a deadly poison with highly nutritive qualities. It is indigenous to Brazil, and was known to the Indians long before the discovery of the country. Southey remarks, "If Ceres deserved a place in the mythology of Greece, far more might the deification of that person have been expected who instructed his fellows in the use of mandioc." It is difficult to imagine how it should have ever been discovered by savages that a wholesome food might be prepared from this root.

Their mode of preparation was by scraping it to a fine pulp with oyster shells, or with an instrument made of small sharp stones set in a piece of bark, so as to form a rude rasp. The pulp was then rubbed or ground with a stone, the juice carefully expressed, and the last remaining moisture evaporated by the fire. The operation of preparing it was thought unwholesome, and the slaves whose business it was, took the flowers of the *nhambi* and the root of the *urucu* in their food to strengthen the heart and stomach.

The Portuguese soon invented mills and presses for this purpose. They usually pressed it in cellars, and places where it was least likely to occasion accidental

hurt. In these places it is said that a white insect was found generated by this deadly juice, and itself not less deadly, with which the native women sometimes poisoned their husbands, and slaves their masters, by putting it in their food. A poultice of mandioc, with its own juice, was considered excellent for imposthumes. It was administered for worms, I know not in what way, and was applied to old wounds to eat away the diseased flesh. For some poisons, also, and for the bite of certain snakes, it was esteemed a sovereign antidote. The simple juice was used for cleaning iron. The poisonous quality is confined to the root; for the leaves of the plant are eaten, and even the juice might be made innocent by boiling, and be fermented into vinegar, or inspissated till it became sweet enough to serve for honey.

The crude root cannot be preserved three days by any possible care, and the slightest moisture spoils the flour. Piso observes that he had seen great ravages occasioned among the troops by eating it in this state. There were two modes of preparation, by which it could more easily be kept. The roots were sliced under water, and then hardened before a fire. When wanted for use, they were grated into a fine powder, which being beaten up with water, became like a cream of almonds. The other method was to macerate the root in water till it became putrid; then hang it up to be smoke-dried; and this, when pounded in a mortar, produced a flour as white as meal. It was frequently prepared in this manner by the savages. The most delicate preparation was by pressing it through a sieve, and putting the pulp immediately in an earthen vessel on the fire. It then granulated, and either hot or cold was excellent.

The native mode of cultivating it was rude and summary. They cut down the trees, let them lie till they were dry enough to burn, and then planted the mandioc between the stumps. They ate the dry flour in a manner that baffled all attempts at imitation. Taking it between their fingers, they tossed it into their mouths so neatly that not a grain fell beside. No European ever tried to perform this feat without powdering his face or his clothes to the amusement of the savages.

The mandioc supplied them also with their banqueting drink. They prepared it by an ingenious process, which savage man has often been ingenious enough to invent, but never cleanly enough to reject. The roots were sliced, boiled till they became soft, and set aside to cool. The young women then chewed them, after which they were returned into the vessel, which was filled with water, and once more boiled, being stirred the whole time. When this had been continued sufficiently long, the unstrained contents were poured into earthen jars of great size, which were buried up to the middle in the floor of the house. These were closely stopped, and in the course of two or three days fermentation took place. They had an odd superstition that if it was made by men it would be good for nothing. When the drinking day arrived, the women kindled fires around these jars, and served out the warm portion in half gourds, which the men came dancing and singing to

receive, and always emptied at one draught. They never ate at these parties, but continued drinking as long as one drop of the liquor remained; and having exhausted all in one house, removed to the next, till they had drunk out all in the town. These meetings were commonly held about once a month. De Lery witnessed one which lasted three days and three nights. Thus man, in every age and country, gives proof of his depravity, by converting the gifts of a bountiful Providence into the means of his own destruction.

Mandiocca is difficult of cultivation—the more common species requiring from twelve to eighteen months to ripen. Its roots have a great tendency to spread. It is consequently planted in large hills, which at the same time counteract this tendency and furnish the plant with a dry soil, which it prefers. The roots, when dug, are of a fibrous texture, corresponding in appearance to those of trees. The process of preparation at Jaragua was first to boil them, then remove the rind, after which the pieces were held by the hand in contact with a circular grater turned by water power. The pulverized material was then placed in sacks, several of which thus filled were constantly subject to the action of a screw-press for the expulsion of the poisonous liquid. The masses thus solidified by pressure, were beaten fine in mortars, and the substance was then transferred to open ovens, or concave plates, heated beneath, where it was constantly and rapidly stirred until quite dry. The appearance of the farinha, when well prepared, is very white and beautiful, although its particles are rather coarse. It is found upon every Brazilian table, and forms a great variety of healthy and palatable dishes. The fine substance deposited by the juice of the mandiocca, when preserved standing a short time, constitute tapioca, which is now a valuable export from Brazil.

Considerable discussion is found in Southey and other writers on the question, whether a species of mandiocca destitute of poisonous qualities is to be found in Brazil. Whatever may have been the fact in former times, that species (*Munihot aipim*) is now common, especially at Rio, where it is regarded as little inferior to the potatoe, being boiled and eaten in the same manner. It has the farther advantage of requiring but eight months in which to ripen, although it is not serviceable in the manufacture of farinha.

Our social entertainments at Jaragua were of no ordinary grade. Any person looking in upon the throng of human beings that filled the house when we were all gathered together, would have been at a loss to appreciate the force of a common remark of Brazilians respecting their country, viz., that its greatest misfortune is a want of population. Leaving travelers and naturalists out of the question, and also the swarm of servants, waiters, and children, each of whom, whether white, black, or mulatto, seemed emulous of making a due share of noise, there were present half a dozen ladies, relatives of the Donna, who had come up from the city to enjoy the occasion. Among the gentlemen were three sons of the Donna her son-in-law,

a doctor of laws, and her chaplain, who was also a professor in the law university, and a doctor in theology. With such an interesting company, the time allotted to our stay could hardly fail to be agreeably spent. As I happened to be the only stranger that could converse in the national idiom—as the Brazilians prefer to denominate the Portuguese language—it devolved on me, for the most part, to entertain the ladies, or be entertained by them. It is a pleasure to say that I observed none of that seclusion and excessive restraint which some writers have set down as characteristic of Brazilian females. True, the younger members of the company seldom ventured beyond the utterance of *Sim Senhor*, *Nas Senhor*, and the like; but ample amends for their bashfulness were made by the extreme sociability and communicativeness of Donna Gertrudea. She voluntarily detailed to me an account of her vast business concerns, showed me in person her agricultural and mineral treasures, and seemed to take the greatest satisfaction in imparting the results of her experience on all subjects.

On one occasion, offering my apologies to the Donna for the use of my pencil in her presence, I remarked that I had seen so many interesting things during the day, I felt anxious to preserve a recollection of them all. She expressed great gratification that I was so thoughtful as to preserve minutes of what I had seen and heard, saying that she was always pleased to have favorable notices of her establishments find their way to the press. In view of her sanction, therefore, I make, what I should otherwise hardly venture, a few remarks upon the domestic arrangements of her country establishment.

There was a princely profusion in the provisions for the table, but an amount of disorder in the service, performed by near a dozen waiters, which might have been amply remedied by two that understood well their business. The plate was of the most massive and costly kind. The chairs and tables were equally indifferent. The sheets, pillow-cases, and towels of the sleeping apartments were of cotton, but at the same time ornamented with wide fringes of wrought cambric. Thus the law of contrast seemed to prevail throughout. Dinner was served at six, P. M. Supper at about nine.

In the course of the evening half an hour was devoted to vespers. I had observed a great number of the slaves entering, who in succession addressed us with crossed hands, and the pious salutation, "*Seja louvado Nosso Senhor Jesus Christo*"—blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ. Presently there commenced a chaunt in an adjoining room, when the Padre who sat by my side, rising, said he supposed I did not pray, but that he was going to do so. I corrected his mistake, and he went out laughing, without, however, inviting any of us to accompany him. I was told that he attended these exercises merely as any other member of the family—the singing and prayers being taught and led by an aged black man. The devotions of the evening consisted principally of a *Novena*, a species of religious service including litanies, and consisting of nine parts,

which are severally chaunted on as many successive evenings. It was really pleasant to hear the sound of a hundred voices mingling in this their chief religious exercise and privilege. This assembling the slaves, generally at evening, and sometimes both morning and evening, is said to be common on plantations in the country, and is not unfrequent among domestics in the cities. Mistress and servants, at these times, meet on a level. The pleasures afforded the latter by such opportunities, in connection with the numerous holidays enjoined by the Roman Catholic religion, form certainly a great mitigation of the hard lot of servitude.

It was natural that I should form a pretty extensive acquaintance with his reverence, the Doctor of Theology. I found him not only possessed of a good education, but of very liberal views. The results of our discussions upon a variety of topics were by no means unsatisfactory to me, although I cannot allude to them here. The duties of a family chaplain embrace little more than the task of saying mass in their private chapel on holidays and Sundays; and if I was correctly informed, secured in this case but small emoluments in addition to the privilege and honor of accompanying the family on its country excursions.

Our examination of the gold washing occurred early one morning before the rays of the sun had acquired sufficient power to cause inconvenience. It was situated in the alluvial soil at the foot of the mountain. Very little of the precious metal is here found in combination with rocks; but on the contrary it exists in particles varying in size from the finest dust to the magnitude of a buck-shot, or pea. The soil is red and ferruginous, and the gold is sometimes found near the surface, but principally mingled with a stratum of gravel and rounded pebbles like that in which diamonds are found, and like that, also, denominated *cascalhao*. The method of searching out the hidden treasure is very simple. The first requisite is a stream of water of sufficiently high level to be brought by channels or pipes to the summit of an excavation. The earth is then cut into steps each twenty or thirty feet wide, two or three broad, and about one deep. "Near the bottom a trench is cut to the depth of two or three feet. On each step stand six or eight negroes, who, as the water flows gently from above, keep the earth continually in motion with shovels, until the whole is reduced to liquid mud, and washed below. The particles of gold contained in this earth descend to the trench, where, by reason of their specific gravity, they quickly precipitate. Workmen are continually employed at the trench to remove the stones, and clear away the surface, which operation is much assisted by the current of water which falls into it. After five days' washing, the precipitation in the trench is carried to some convenient stream to undergo a second clearance. For this purpose wooden bowls are provided, of a funnel shape, about two feet at the mouth, and five or six inches deep, called *gamel-las*. Each workman, standing in the stream, takes into his bowl five or six pounds of the sediment which generally consists of heavy matter, such as granular

oxyd of iron, pyrites, ferruginous quartz, and often more precious stones. They admit certain quantities of water into the bowls, which they move about so dexterously, that the precious metal separating from the inferior and lighter substances, settles to the bottom and sides of the vessel. They then rinse their bowls in a larger vessel of clean water, leaving the gold in that, and begin again.

The washing of each bowlful occupies from five to eight or nine minutes. The gold produced is extremely variable in quality and in the size of its particles. The operation is superintended by overseers, the result being important. When the whole is finished, the gold is placed upon a brass pan, over a slow fire, to be dried, and at a convenient time is taken to the permutation office, where it is weighed, and a fifth reserved for the government. The remainder is smelted with muriate of mercury, then cast into ingots, assayed, and stamped according to its intrinsic value.

Bars of uncoined gold were formerly common in the circulating medium of Brazil. It was the boast of an aged Paulista, with whom I conversed, that in the days of Don John VI, it was not rare to see them large enough to use in cracking nuts. Specie of all kinds, except copper, is scarce at present, and seldom met with, except at exchange offices.

Nothing was doing at these mines when I visited them. The aspect of the place was solitary but magnificent. The wide and deep excavations, the empty channels of the deserted water-courses, and the huge heaps of *cascalhao* all stood as silent, yet speaking monuments of that *suca auri fames* which in every age and place has found a lodgment in the human breast. The very earth seemed to mourn the desolations inflicted upon its fair bosom, robbed of verdure as it was for ages, if not for ever—in thankless return for the rifed treasure.

A few hours search among the strata developed by the excavations, and among the rocks cast up as débris from the washings, rewarded us with as large a quantity of geological specimens as we were disposed to export. In the loose soil bordering upon the washings, we met with beautiful specimens of the black oxyd of manganese.



MANY persons seem to be more solicitous for *strong* emotions than for *right* emotions. It would perhaps be a fair representation of their state to say the burden of their prayer is, that their souls may be like "the chariots of Aminidab;" or that, like Paul, they may be caught up into the third heavens. They seem desirous, perhaps almost unconsciously to themselves, to experience or to do some *great* as well as *good* thing. Would it not be better for them, in a more chastened and humble temper of mind, to make it the burden and emphasis of their supplication, that they may be meek, forbearing, and forgiving, and that they may bear the image of Christ, who came not with observation, but was "*meek and lowly of heart?*"

Original.

CHURCH-YARD REFLECTIONS.

IN wandering over one or two of the cemeteries of the city the other day, we were surprised, considering the recent date of the city itself, to observe how much of change and even of dilapidation has already taken place in the monuments before us. But abiding not in the marble and the mound, our thought passed beyond the symbol of decay to its reality; and the short memorials of the place served to awaken the reflection of the impossibility of giving to them a very enduring date. It is not only the mischances of the outward elements that impair the stone and masonry of man's devices, but the very inner elements of himself, the condition of his being, forbid the long endurance and the conservation of his memory upon earth! Nor is it necessary that it should be so; for the record is kept to its own definite use, where it is imperishable, and will also be sealed—in the judgment!

That bereaved affection mourns is good and proper; and, within limit, the resignation to God's will salutary. But what of this? The mourner is himself swept into the grave, and those who come after him may in turn take up the wail, but cannot gainsay the decree; and the memory of a few generations is all that, in human sense, can be claimed from the immense of time for the heart. And however fame may affect to perpetuate the lucubrations, the deeds, and the performances of the eminent, yet what is its sympathy! Whilst it effects its mission of instruction and of inspiration, what does it pay back to the memory of the bestower? The cold abstractions of the intellect! the assent of a *mental* gratitude! the acknowledgment of a posthumous donation! Nor do we bewail this—it is one of the canons of eternity, which says to us, "Thou shalt not seek to unvail the future, neither shalt thou bewail the past;" "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Abide, O man, in thy being! Neither a profane curiosity, nor an occult research, shall unvail to thee, nor carry thee beyond thyself!

The proper limitation, or the sentiment of remembering our dead, then, is embraced within a century, or "such a time as a man may remember his grand-father." A further retrospect, including many memories, would too much divert from present pursuits, and be a sort of injustice to new performers and new philanthropists; besides that, numerous accumulations would render the thing impossible. And here let us pause, and know how good it is that we die with our own generation.

The space is brief, then, whatever may be his desiring, which is allotted to an individual in the minds of others; and to the mere matter of a name, as known to fame, "the breath of other men's opinions," this should not be grievous; for all that is really meritorious in achievement, whether of intellect, or of might, the science, the discovery, the example, remains, and is perpetuated, when the originator, the bestower, has returned to dust. What matter even if his *name* have perished from the record of his *work*? That endures for ever, satisfying benevolence, but denying the vanity which

has perished with his dust. The benevolence awaits the resurrection of the just—a "living witness." How full of error is youth, with its wishes centred in self! How full of sadness is age mourning over its mistakes! Then be early wise—seek not the shadow—but possess thyself of the substance—even of "piety and good works;" for they shall endure for ever; and whilst the savor of them shall ascend to heaven, thy children, also, of a "good stock," shall arise up, and by their deeds and life they shall call thee "blessed," and this shall be thy memorial. C. M. B.

MEDITATION.

THE darkness of night overshadows me, and puts out the sight of every object: but mine eye is turned to thee, O my Father. I wake, and watch for the light of thy presence, for the joy of thy love. For the presence of my God, for fellowship with Jesus, for the communion of the Holy Ghost, my soul waiteth. Draw nigh, O Holy Trinity, and let me feel the breath of the Eternal breathed upon me. Speak to this helpless, needy one; this child of dust; and say, receive the Holy Ghost. Speak with that voice which said, "Let there be light," and there was light. In vain is the whisper—that thou art afar off. Thou art near. Thou, O God, seeest me. Thine eye is turned towards me, as if I were alone in the vast universe of God, having no one else to look to but thee; and thou having no one else to care for but me. Thine ear is open to my request; and thy hand full of blessings is extended towards me. Mercy overshadows me; it reaches to my wants. O happy suppliant of my Father's bounty, I ask and I receive. I am not alone. The man, Christ Jesus, he is with me. I ask in his name. I present his claim, which thou wilt not deny; therefore am I heard and answered. Thou, O my Father, hast given me a name to plead, which will not only command thine ear, but reach thine heart, and draw down the richest boon a God can bestow—a humble, holy heart. Yes; I can prevail in Jesus' name, and not let my Father go without a blessing. I am not alone. Jesus, at the right hand of God, is pleading with me. Faint and feeble may be the words I utter; but they are heard, and re-echoed by my powerful Intercessor. I will breathe my breath into his ear, and sink in slumber in the arms of his love.

Again, the morning dawns, the night passes, the shadows flee away. I awake, and still find myself with thee. The sunbeams of thy love penetrate my soul, and send light and gladness to its very centre. In his light I see light; light compared with which the sun itself is darkness, losing all its splendor. It is the light of the Spirit, shining on the truth, and pointing as with a sunbeam, to the way of holiness, cast up for the ransomed to walk in, which so cheers and gladdens my heart. I had long been a wanderer in the dark, dreary mazes of sin, uncheered by the hope of present salvation. But now the thick scales are fallen from my eyes, and I know that Jesus is the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*.

THE BIBLE AND HOMER.

OF THE SCRIPTURES AND THEIR EXCELLENCE.

How extraordinary, how interesting the work that begins with Genesis, and ends with the Revelation; which opens in the most perspicuous style, and concludes in the most figurative! May we not justly assert, that in the books of Moses all is grand and simple, like that creation of the world, and that innocence of primitive mortals which he describes; and that all is terrible and supernatural in the last of the prophets, like those civilized societies, and that consummation of ages, which he has represented?

The productions most foreign to our manners, the sacred books of the infidel nations, the Zendavesta of the Parsees, the Vidam of the Bramins, the Koran of the Turks, the Edda of the Scandinavians, the Sanscrit poems, the maxims of Confucius, excite in us no surprise: we find in all these works the ordinary chain of human ideas; they have all some resemblance to each other both in tone and in ideas. The Bible alone is like none of them: it is a monument detached from all the others. Explain it to a Tartar, to a Caffre, to an American savage: put it into the hands of a bonze or a dervise, they will be all equally astonished by it—a fact which borders on the miraculous. Twenty authors, living at periods very distant from one another, composed the sacred books; and, though they are written in twenty different styles, yet these styles, equally inimitable, are not to be met with in any other performance. The New Testament, so different in its spirit from the Old, nevertheless partakes with the latter of this astonishing originality.

But this is not the only extraordinary thing which men unanimously discover in the Scriptures: those who will not believe in the authenticity of the Bible, nevertheless believe, in spite of themselves, that there is something more than common in this same Bible. Deists and atheists, small and great, all attracted by some hidden magnet, are incessantly referring to that work, which is admired by the one and despised by the others. There is not a situation in life, for which a text, apparently dictated with an express reference to it, may not be found in the Bible. It would be a difficult task to persuade us that all possible contingencies, both prosperous and adverse, had been foreseen, with all their consequences, in a book penned by the hands of men. Now it is certain that we find in the Scriptures,

The origin of the world, and the prediction of its end:

The ground-work of all the human sciences:

All the political precepts, from the patriarchal government to despotism; from the pastoral ages to the ages of corruption:

All the moral precepts applicable to all the ranks and to all the incidents of life:

Finally, All sorts of known styles—styles, which, forming an inimitable work of many different parts, have nevertheless, no resemblance to the styles of men.

OF THE THREE PRINCIPAL STYLES OF SCRIPTURE.

Among these divine styles, three are particularly remarkable:

1. The historic style, as that of Genesis, Deuteronomy, Job, &c.
2. Sacred poetry, as it exists in the Psalms, in the prophets, in the moral treatises, &c.
3. The evangelical or Gospel style.

The first of these three styles, with a charm so great as to baffle expression, sometimes imitates the narrative of the epic, as in the history of Joseph; at others bursts into lyric numbers, as after the passage of the Red Sea; here sighs forth the elegies of the holy Arab; there with Ruth sings affecting pastorals. This chosen people, whose every step is marked with miracles; this people, for whom the sun stands still, the rock pours forth waters, and the heavens shower down manna, could not have any ordinary annals. All known forms are changed in regard to them: their revolutions are alternately related with the trumpet, the lyre, and the pastoral pipe; and the style of their history is itself a continual miracle, that attests the truth of the miracles the memory of which it perpetuates.

He who has the slightest portion of taste for the beautiful is marvelously astonished from one end of the Bible to the other. What can be compared to the opening of Genesis? That simplicity of language which is in an inverse ratio to the magnificence of the objects appears to us the utmost effort of genius.

“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

“And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

“And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.

“And God saw the light that it was good.”

Homer and Plato, who speak with so much sublimity of the gods, have nothing comparable to this majestic simplicity. God stoops to the language of men, to reduce his wonders to the level of their comprehension, and still he is God.

When we reflect that Moses is the most ancient historian in the world; when we consider him as the deliverer of a great people, as the author of one of the most excellent legislative codes that we know of, and as the most sublime writer that ever existed; when we behold him floating in his cradle upon the Nile, afterwards concealing himself for many years in the deserts, then returning to open a passage through the sea, to produce streams of water from the rock, to converse with God in a cloud, and finally to disappear on the summit of a mountain; we cannot forbear feeling the highest astonishment. But when, with a reference to Christianity, we come to reflect that the history of the Israelites is not only the real history of ancient days, but likewise the type of modern times; that each fact is of a two-fold nature, containing within itself an *historic truth* and a *mystery*; that the Jewish people is a symbolical epitome of the human race, representing in

its adventures all that has happened, and all that ever will happen in the world; that Jerusalem must always be taken for another city, Zion for another mountain, the Land of Promise for another region, and the call of Abraham for another vocation; when it is considered that the *moral* man is likewise disguised under the *physical* man in this history; that the fall of Adam, the blood of Abel, the violated nakedness of Noah, and the malediction pronounced by that father against a son, are still manifested in the pains of parturition, in the meanness and pride of man, in the oceans of blood, which, since the first fratricide, have inundated the globe, and in the negroes, the oppressed races descended from Ham, who inhabit one of the fairest portions of the earth; lastly, when we behold the Son promised to David, appearing at the appointed time to restore genuine morality and the true religion, to unite all the nations of the earth, and to substitute the sacrifice of the internal man for blood-stained holocausts, we then want words, and are ready to exclaim with the prophet, "Before time existed, God is our King!"

In Job the historic style of the Bible changes, as we have observed, into elegy. Several Hebrew scholars are of opinion that this book was written by Moses: here, indeed, we find the same simplicity, the same sublimity as in Genesis, and the same predilection for certain verbs, and certain turns of expression. Job is the perfect type of melancholy; in the works of men we meet with traces of this sentiment; and, generally speaking, all great geniuses are pensive; but no one, not even Jeremiah, *he alone whose lamentations*, according to Bossuet, *come up to his feelings*, has carried the sadness of the soul to such a pitch as the holy Arab. In vain we should attempt to account for the tears of Job, by asserting that they were excited by the sands of the desert, the solitary palm tree, the sterile mountain, and all those vast and dreary images of southern nature; in vain we should have recourse to the grave characters of the orientals: all this would not suffice. In the melancholy of Job there is something supernatural. The individual man, however wretched, cannot draw forth such sighs from his soul. Job is the emblem of *suffering humanity*, and the inspired writer has found lamentations sufficient to express all the afflictions incident to the whole human race. As, moreover, in Scripture every thing has a final reference to a new covenant, we are authorized in believing that the elegies of Job also were composed for the days of mourning of the Church of Jesus Christ: thus God inspired his prophets with funeral hymns worthy of departed Christians, two thousand years before these sacred martyrs had conquered life eternal.

"Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, A man hath been conceived."*

* Job iii, 3. We have made use of Sacy's translation, for the sake of such persons as are accustomed to it; we have, however, occasionally deviated from this version when the Hebrew, the Septuagint, or even the Vulgate, employed a more energetic or beautiful expression.

An extraordinary kind of lamentation! Nothing but Scripture ever employed such expressions.

"For now had I slept in silence, and had been at rest in my sleep."*

This expression, *I had been at rest in my sleep*, is particularly striking. Omit the word *my*, and the whole beauty of it is destroyed. *Sleep your sleep, ye opulent of the earth*, says Bossuet, *and remain in your dust.*†

"Wherefore is light given to the miserable, and life to those who are in bitterness of heart?"‡

Never did an exclamation of deeper anguish burst from the recesses of a human bosom.

"Man that is born of woman liveth but a short time, and is full of many troubles."§

The circumstance, *born of woman*, is an impressive redundancy: we behold all the infirmities of man in the infirmity of his mother. The most elaborate style would not express the vanity of life with such force as these few words; he liveth but *a short time*, and he is full of *many troubles*.

Finally, every reader is acquainted with that exquisite passage, in which God deigns to justify his power to Job, by confounding the reason of man; we shall therefore say nothing concerning it in this place.

The third character under which we have yet to consider the *historical* style of the Bible is the bucolic character; but of this we shall have occasion to speak at some length hereafter.

As to the second general style of the holy Scriptures, namely, *sacred poetry*, a great number of excellent critics having exerted their abilities on that subject, it would be superfluous for us to go over the ground again. Who, besides, is unacquainted with the choruses of Esther and Athaliah? who has not read the odes of Rousseau and Malherbe? Dr. Lowth's *Essay* is in the hands of every scholar,§ and La Harpe has left us an excellent prose translation of the Psalmist.

The third and last style of the sacred Volume is that of the *New Testament*. Here the sublimity of the prophets is softened into a tenderness not less sublime; here love itself speaks; here the *word* is really *made flesh*. What beauty! What simplicity! The religion of the Son of God is the essence as it were of all religions, or that which is most celestial in them. The character of the evangelical style may be delineated in

* Job iii, 13.

† *Funer. Ora.* for the Chancellor Le Tellier.

‡ Job iii, 20.

§ *Ibid* xiv, 8.

§ The deep and various learning of Bishop Lowth, and his elegant and refined taste, give him the strongest claims to the praise here attributed to his work on the sacred poetry of the Hebrews.

"What [said he] is there in the whole compass of poetry, or what can the human mind conceive more grand, more noble, or more animated, what is there more beautiful or interesting, than the sacred writings of the Hebrew prophets. They equal the almost inexpressible greatness of the subjects, by the splendor of their diction, and the majesty of their poetry; and as some of them are of higher antiquity than even the Fables of the Greeks, so they excel the Greek compositions as much in sublimity, as in age."—*Lowth's Praelections*.

a few words: it is a tone of parental authority mingled with a certain fraternal indulgence, with I know not what commiseration of a God, who, to redeem us, deigned to become the son and the brother of men.

For the rest, the more we read the epistles of the apostles, and especially those of St. Paul, the more we are astonished; we know not what to make of the man, who in a kind of common exhortation familiarly introduces sublime expressions, penetrates into the recesses of the human heart, explains the nature of the Supreme Being, and predicts future events.

(*To be concluded.*)

STANZAS OF MADAME GUYON.

[TRANSLATED BY COWPER.]

'Twas my purpose, on a day,
To embark and sail away;
As I climbed the vessel's side,
Love was sporting in the tide.
"Come," he said—"ascend—make haste,
Launch into the boundless waste."

Many mariners were there,
Having each his separate care;
They that rowed us, held their eyes
Fixed upon the starry skies;
Others steer'd, or turn'd the sails
To receive the shifting gales.

Love, with power divine supplied,
Suddenly my courage tried;
In a moment it was night;
Ship and skies were out of sight;
On the briny wave I lay,
Floating rushes all my stay.

Did I with resentment burn
At this unexpected turn?
Did I wish myself on shore,
Never to forsake it more?
No—"My soul," I cried, "be still;
If I must be lost, I will."

Next he hasten'd to convey
Both my frail supports away;
Seized my rushes; bade the waves
Yawn into a thousand graves;
Down I went, and sunk as lead,
Ocean closing o'er my head.

Still, however, life was safe;
And I saw him turn and laugh;
"Friend," he cried, "adieu! lie low,
While the wint'ry storms shall blow;
When the spring has calm'd the main,
You shall rise and float again."

Soon I saw him, with dismay,
Spread his wings and soar away;
Now I mark his rapid flight;
Now he leaves my aching sight;

He is gone, whom I adore;
'Tis in vain to seek him more.

How I trembled, then, and fear'd,
When my love had disappeared!
"Wilt thou leave me thus," I cried,
"Whelm'd beneath the rolling tide?"
Vain attempt to reach his ear!
Love was gone, and would not hear.

Ah! return and love me still;
See me subject to thy will;
Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,
Only let me see thy face!
Evil I have none to fear:
All is good, if thou art near.

Yet he leaves me—cruel fate!
Leave me in my lost estate—
Have I sinn'd? O, say wherein;
Tell me, and forgive my sin!
King, and Lord, whom I adore,
Shall I see thy face no more?

Be not angry; I resign,
Henceforth, all my will to thine;
I consent that thou depart,
Though thine absence break my heart;
Go, then, and for ever too;
All is right, that thou wilt do.

This was just what love intended;
He was now no more offended;
Soon as I became a child,
Love return'd to me and smiled;
Never strife shall more betide,
'Twixt the Bridegroom and his bride.

T W I L I G H T .

TWILIGHT! happiest hour on earth,
To thoughtless mortals given,
When hush'd the voice of careless mirth,
And bless'd and holy thoughts find birth,
And lead the mind to heaven.

All our repining we give o'er,
At the blest hour of even,
And aching hearts can feel no more
The sorrows they have felt before,
But upwards soar to heaven.

The thoughtless, wandering, and the gay,
"Their hearts with anguish riven,"
Calmly reflect at the close of day,
And careful seek to find the way
That leads to peace and heaven.

Thrice blessed hour—O! thou art dear,
When from the world we're driven,
Thy influence sweetly dries the tear,
And calmeth every rising fear,
And bids us hope for heaven.

MATERNAL FAITHFULNESS.

BY S. T. MARTYN.

WHERE is the Christian mother whose heart, as she looks upon the beloved nursing in her arms, does not involuntarily utter the prayer—"O that this child might live before God! That this heart, so unconscious of sin and its attendant misery, might even now be new created by the blessed Spirit, and this infant voice learn to lip the praises of the Redeemer, while yet earthly joys and sorrows are a sound unknown!" Can a mother's love, in all its depth and intensity, be content on behalf of her child, with any boon short of the salvation of his soul? Can she rest satisfied, while pouring out the heart's richest and purest affections over the precious gift, without an ardent desire that it may be improved to the glory of the great Giver? Surely not, if she remembers the ten thousand claims of her Redeemer to the undivided love and service of the creature he has made; surely not, if she remembers the uncertainty of life, and the possibility that death may untwine those clasping fingers from her neck, and shroud her beloved one in the darkness of the sepulchre.

He who well knew a mother's love, has made ample provision in the promises for the fulfillment of its utmost desires. The blessing of Abraham has come on the Gentiles through faith, and it secures to faithful, believing parents, the everlasting interests of those who are dearer to them than life. Resting with unshaken confidence on the word of Him who cannot lie, the pious mother may sow the seed of divine grace in the youthful heart, water it with her prayers and tears, and then, in the assurance of hope, wait the blessed issue. Her head may be whitened with the frosts of age, or it may be resting on its last cold pillow before those prayers shall be answered; but if there is joy in heaven over one repenting sinner, surely that sainted mother who is bowing near the throne, will not be ignorant that it is the son of her love, he for whom she suffered, and wept, and prayed while on earth, whose conversion has sent a thrill of rapture through all the bright ranks of the redeemed. Amid myriads of sympathizing and rejoicing spirits, she shall confess that he is faithful who hath promised, for this her son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found!

But there is a Christian mother whose heart, as it yearns over her distant "sailor boy," and remembers all the perils and temptations with which he is surrounded, almost refuses to be comforted. He who, in childhood and youth, was so tenderly watched and nurtured—whose infant prayer was lisped at her knee, and in whom her heart was so bound up that the very thought of separation seemed to chill the current of life within it—he is now far from her, exposed to hardships and dangers which she shudders to contemplate.

"His path is on the mountain wave,
His home is on the deep."

And among all the associates with whom he comes in daily contact, who shall care for his soul? Who, like a mother, shall guard him from the approaches of evil,

strengthen him in the hour of temptation, or seek to lead him to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world? Can *faith* rely cheerfully on the promises, under circumstances such as these? An incident which occurred a few years since may, perhaps, answer this question.

The husband of the writer was at that time settled in the ministry, in a seaport town in New England. Vessels from various quarters of the globe were constantly in the harbor, and his sympathies were strongly excited in behalf of that interesting class "who go down to the sea in ships and do business on the great waters." Little comparatively was then felt or done for their salvation by the American churches, and many of them were hardened and degraded in the extreme, but Mr. — soon found one avenue to the heart through which he could always approach the most abandoned. The simple question—"Have you a mother—a *praying* mother?" never failed to touch a chord which vibrated through every nerve, and brought down the scoffing unbeliever in the tearful simplicity of childhood, a willing listener to the voice of kindness and instruction.

On one occasion, at an evening meeting in the vestry, a sailor came forward, and after a thrilling exhortation to those present who were impenitent, related his story, which was substantially as follows: He was a native of the adjoining town of T—, and had a *pious mother* who dedicated him to God in infancy, and endeavored faithfully to train him up for heaven. In early youth he had the misfortune to lose this best of earthly friends, but on her dying bed she warned, instructed, and prayed for him, and before her death exacted from him a solemn pledge that he would seek her covenant God, and prepare to meet her before his throne. He became soon after a sailor boy, and in that school of depravity forgot the lessons of his childhood, and learned the language and habits of the enemies of Jesus. As a good seaman, however, he was promoted to the rank of first mate, and in this capacity was one beautiful evening keeping his watch on deck alone, when, as he was gazing upon the stars which glittered above him, thoughts of his neglected God, of his childhood's promise, and more than all, of his beloved *mother*, came suddenly into his soul, until it was overpowered with strong emotion. His lips involuntarily uttered the inquiry—"Where is my mother?" and an answering voice from those bright stars seemed to reproach him with his broken vow, as memory brought up from her secret cell the whole scene of that mother's last illness and death. Conviction fastened upon him, his sins were set in order before him, and in the agony of his spirit, he fell on the deck and cried aloud for mercy. The captain supposing him deranged, sent another to supply his place, and had him removed to the cabin; but as his distresses continued to increase, they made the nearest harbor, and sent immediately for a physician. He could not "minister to a mind diseased," and advised the captain to call in a clergyman. This was accordingly done; and as the Rev. Mr. F. entered the

cabin, he was accosted by the trembling penitent with the eager inquiry, "Are you a minister of Christ! Can you *pray*?" The conversation was deeply interesting, and at its close the sailor promised to accompany Mr. F. to a prayer meeting which was to be held in the neighborhood that evening. While there, the Savior of sinners was revealed to his soul, his burden taken off, and a new song of praise put into his mouth. He left the vessel and started at once for home, that he might proclaim to his old friends and neighbors the wonderful love of God to his soul. The mother, who had prayed so often for his conversion and had died without the sight, was low in the dust, but who can doubt that as the joyful tidings of another repenting sinner reached the heavenly host, *her* harp was loudest in its notes of praise!

The above is not an isolated case. If all the instances in which God, in a remarkable manner, has answered prayer and honored maternal *faith* were recorded, the unbelief of Christian parents would be rebuked: but of the hundreds who are the recipients of his mercy, very few give him the glory. Enough is known, however, to warrant us in asserting, not only from the *word*, but from the *providences* of Jehovah, that the provisions for the salvation of our children are as broad and ample as for our own souls, and that it is our privilege to train them up for God, with the full *assurance* that he will accept the offering, and in his own way bring them into his family, and make them "heirs to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."—*Mother's Magazine*.

THE ROSE.

I SAW a rose perfect in beauty: it rested gracefully upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopped to gaze upon it, many bowed to taste its fragrance, and its owner hung over it with delight. I passed it again, and behold it was gone! its stem was leafless, its root had withered, the inclosure which surrounded it was broken down. The spoiler had been there: he saw that many admired it, he knew it was dear to him who planted it, and beside it he had no other plant to love. Yet he snatched it secretly from the hand that cherished it; he wore it on his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and, when he saw that its glory was departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it, for now it pierces the spoiler, even in his hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man who had loved the beauty of the rose, gathered again its scattered leaves, or bound up the stalk which the hands of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction. And I said, Let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon her own strength; let her remember that she standeth upon slippery places, "and be not high minded, but fear."—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. VIII.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

THE GRECIAN DRAMA—COMIC WRITERS—EPICHRARMUS—ARISTOPHANES—MENANDER—DIPHILUS.

GRECIAN comedy, like her sister, tragedy, traces her origin to the rites of Bacchus. Both were the offspring of the choral songs performed in the worship of that divinity. Those of a serious character, and in which sublime sentiments were inculcated, constituted the base of the noble tragic structure; while from those of a lighter cast, and whose object was mirth, sprung the more simple yet pernicious comedy. The Phallic songs from which comedy arose, were a part of the Bacchanal worship, and consisted in what might, perhaps, be appropriately termed ballads—whose object was to create mirth either by sneers, or satire, or sarcasm. About the time that Æschylus, from the Dittyrnamb, and the Satiric Chorus, erected the tragic structure, Epiccharmus, from the Phallic song, constructed that of comedy. After him Aristophanes improved and enlarged its powers, which continued so long as Greece was a people. Under Aristophanes, and those of the same school, comedy was frequently used to censure the vices of those who would not bear reproof in any other way. In comedy every thing was done in jest, and generally for sport. Hence, parodies on different tragic compositions were frequent. From the characters of tragedy thus remodeled to suit the taste of the laughter-loving, were afterwards added those of tragic writers themselves. This paved the way for the introduction of every character upon the stage. Personal animosity and private jealousy were never at a loss for subjects on which to vent their malignity. Hence the virtuous as well as the vicious were frequently made to feel the lash of satire from the pen of the comedian. Even the good and virtuous Socrates did not escape. These scenes could only be enacted when the people were free. After the subversion of their liberties, comedy underwent a considerable change. "Simultaneously with the overthrow of Athenian independence appeared the first distinct specimen of a new species of dramatic poetry, in which the pungent sarcasm, the political heat, and the rampant humor of the Aristophanic muse were exchanged for graceful lessons of morality, accurate delineations of character, and the interest of regular plots." The author of this change was Menander. After him followed Diphilus. With Posidippus ends the history of the Grecian comic drama. Grecian literature and Grecian liberty expired together.

EPICHRARMUS.

Much dispute has arisen between learned men in fixing the birth-place of Epiccharmus. Some have thought him a native of Crastus, some of Coos, and others of Megara in Sicily. All, however, agree that he passed his life at Syracuse. About as much doubt exists concerning his parentage. His father's name was Chimaros, or Tityrus. His mother's name, as is most generally thought, was Sicida. He flourished about the

year 500, B. C. Of his personal history we know but little. He was for a time a school teacher in Syracuse, and instructed pupils about four years previous to the Persian invasion. He seems, however, to have devoted the greater part of his time to the composition of literary works. According to Diogenes Laertius he composed several treatises on medicine and philosophy. His greatest works, however, were of a dramatic character. About the time, or perhaps a little before Æschylus brought the first regular tragedy upon the Grecian stage, Epicharmus produced the first comedy properly so called. Before him this department of the drama consisted of nothing but a series of licentious songs and sarcastic episodes, without plot, connection, or consistency. He gave to each exhibition one single and unbroken fable, and converted the loose interlocutions into regular dialogue. As we have before stated, tragedy, under Phrynichus, had begun to assume something of that stately form which was perfected, or at least much improved by Æschylus. The woes of heroes, and the majesty of the gods had already become its principal theme. The Sicilian poet seems to have been struck with the idea of exciting the mirth of his auditors by the exhibition of some ludicrous matter, dressed up in all the grave solemnity of the newly invented art. Discarding, therefore, the low drolleries of the ancient comedy, he opened a novel and less invidious source of amusement, by composing a set of burlesque dramas upon the usual tragic subjects. These succeeded very well, and for a long time the principal feature of comedy was a burlesque upon some tragic scene. And when comedy returned, as it afterwards did, to personal satire and invective, the tragic poets were the chief characters against which its efforts were directed.

Epicharmus was a very voluminous writer. Apollodorus is said to have made a collection of his works in ten volumes. His plays number between forty and fifty. Suidas reckons fifty-two. He was celebrated as well for the beauty of his style as for the originality of his conception. The Greeks gave the name of "Epicharmion" to his style, thus making it proverbial for its beauty and purity.

His moral character could not have been very high, as we are informed by Plutarch that he was severely fined and doomed to heavy manual labor by Hiero for some improper jests which he introduced in the presence of the Queen.

Of the further particulars of his life we know nothing. He is said to have lived to the age of ninety. Only fragments of his works remain.

ARISTOPHANES.

Aristophanes was a native of the island of Ægina, a small island opposite Athens. He was a son of Philip of Rhodes, and born B. C. 456. Although born at Ægina, he seems to have been educated at Athens, where he spent nearly the whole of his life. Of his early history but little is known. He was a writer of comedy, and doubtless the most illustrious of that class of writers which Greece has ever produced. "There cannot ex-

ist a doubt," says a writer in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, "that our author was a man of considerable influence and political importance among his countrymen." The circumstances of the times in which he lived were well calculated to give a bold and daring spirit, like that of Aristophanes, immense influence over an ignorant, vicious, and fickle multitude, such as the great mass of Athenians were at that time. The fatal Peloponnesian war was then in progress. Hence, all the vices incident to such a state of things were to be expected at the metropolis of the democratic states. It was among the multitude he sought and obtained popularity. It is true the great and the good according to the standard of that age were his admirers. And his writings, regarded merely as specimens of literary labor, are, many of them, worthy of all the commendations that have been bestowed upon them. But it is doubtful, after all, whether they really felt for him that respect which they on many occasions manifested. The true secret—at least with many of them—was, Aristophanes was exceedingly popular, and possessed a vast amount of power among the common people, and, from mere selfish considerations, they desired his friendship; for his malevolent muse knew no one too exalted or too virtuous to shield him from his attacks, if caprice or any other motive should call forth his keen sarcastic powers. Even the virtuous Socrates did not escape the lash of his satiric wand. Yet this boldness and fearlessness of character were frequently exerted in a good cause. He was undoubtedly a lover of his country. He therefore earnestly contended for peace. The same motive led him to expose to the public view, with all the vividness of reality, the vices of those who administered the affairs of state. The degeneracy of the times was also inveighed against by the same pen which did so much to promote and perpetuate the very vices of which he complains. That he was a favorite of the great body of the people we have abundant evidence. Nor was this fact unknown to foreign nations. The fame of his boldness had extended far and wide. It had even reached the throne of the Persian monarch; for we are informed that, on a certain occasion, when the Lacedæmonian (or Spartan) ambassadors had an interview with the Persian monarch, the first question he asked was, whether they were masters of the seas, and the second related to our author: "Which of the two powers does he censure?" inquired the King; "for the cause of the party which he espouses will certainly come off victorious in the present war, inasmuch as they have him for their coadjutor."

Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, greatly desired Aristophanes to take up his residence at the Sicilian court, but in vain. He loved the soil of Attica too dearly to exchange it for even a royal abode.

The style of Aristophanes is deservedly admired. He wrote many plays. Eleven only of his comedies, out of more than sixty, are preserved. These, however, are sufficient to judge of the style of his writings, and the character of his powers of conception.

Of the time or manner of his death we are not certainly informed. He probably lived to nearly the age of eighty.

MENANDER.

This poet was a native of Athens, and born B. C. 342. His father, whose name was Diopithes, was, at this time, commander of the Athenian forces at the Hellespont, and must therefore have been a person of considerable influence among his countrymen. Of the history of Menander we know scarcely anything. He was the inventor of what has been termed the new comedy—so called because it dropped personal abuse, and became more regular in its construction. He died at the age of fifty, having written 105 plays. It is said by the Roman poet, Ovid, that all the plays of Menander turned upon love. If this be true, as it undoubtedly is, we have in his works, one of those chief characteristics of the modern drama which has rendered it so exceedingly pernicious to the morals of society. When amorous scenes are brought upon the stage, their direct tendency is to injure and impair the moral sensibilities of all who witness them; at least such has been the universal result, and we must judge of the tendencies of a thing by its actual results.

Menander seems to have been patronized by Ptolemy Lanus, the successor of Alexander the Great in the government of Egypt. Of his writings fragments only remain.

DIPHILUS.

Diphilus, the contemporary of Menander, was born at Sinope, in Pontus, and died at Smyrna, in Ionia. His comedies were celebrated for their wit, sense, and pleasantness. He, together with Posidippus, who began to write three years after the death of Menander, was the last Grecian comic poet. "Below this period it is vain to search for genius worth recording. Grecian literature and Grecian liberty expired together. A succession of sophists, pedagogues, and grammarians filled the poets of those illustrious wits whose spirit, fostered by freedom, soared to such heights as left the Roman poets little else except the secondary fame of imitation."

We cannot leave the general subject of the drama without a passing remark upon the influence of the Grecian stage upon the character of the nation. This was of two kinds, intellectual and moral. Its intellectual influence was in general salutary. It called forth those talents which might otherwise have lain dormant, or been awakened only to deeds of violence. The exhibition of dramatic performances called together the talent of the nation of every character. Its direct tendency, therefore, was the diffusion of knowledge. Its intellectual advantages were not altogether unlike those derived from modern lectures. In judging of the intellectual or even moral tendency of the Grecian theatres, however, we must not compare it with our own. The points of dissimilarity were so numerous and so great, that in many respects little or no analogy can be traced. Especially is this true with respect to tragedy. One marked difference between the Grecian and modern

stage is, that the former was a national institution. An admission fee of two oboli (about six cents) was charged each person entering for the support of these exhibitions. But even this, at the instigation of Pericles, was paid out of the public treasury to all such as desired it. The buildings necessary for theatrical exhibitions belonged, also, to the state, and were erected at the public expense. Another difference was, that dramatic performances were alike attended by all. The learned and the illiterate, the rich and the poor, the highest officer of the state and the meanest citizen, all here met together for the purpose of instruction or amusement. The religious character of these performances, and the exclusion of females from all exhibitions excepting those of tragedy, gave also a distinctive character to the ancient drama which is wanting in that of more modern date. These differences were all calculated to elevate the Grecian stage, both in its intellectual and moral character, far above that which, in later ages, has taken its place. Yet, if we examine the moral influence of theatrical exhibitions, even among the Greeks, we cannot but be pained at the result. The stately and majestic character of tragedy created a desire for something of a lighter character, and better suited to the morals, or rather want of morals, of a degraded populace. This desire was fully satisfied in the debasing exhibitions of comedy. The laughter-loving here found that which excited their mirth. The malevolent could here vent his malignity unharmed, and the profligate of every character here found all that he desired to gratify the propensities of a vitiated taste. It is no wonder, then, that comic performances acquired such an influence over the public mind. The expenses being paid out of the public treasury afforded an opportunity to all to witness these exhibitions. The funds thus appropriated were taken from the military resources of the country. Hence, in time of danger there was no supply to meet any emergency that might arise. Fearing lest, in great difficulties, these funds might revert to their original use, and thus infringe upon their favorite amusement, the Athenians passed a law making it a criminal offense of the highest character to introduce any law for that purpose. Twice during the invasions of Philip of Macedon did Demosthenes attempt to restore the theatrical fund, as it was called, to its proper use in the defense of the nation. But his efforts were fruitless. The corrupted multitude were so wedded to this chief source of their corruptions, that, rather than give up their amusements, they suffered their country's liberties to expire. Had it not been for the degenerating influence of the stage, Greece might long have survived the period of her overthrow. Her vices, and nothing else, proved her ruin. Morality and liberty stand or fall together. If, then, we would preserve our own country free and happy, we must seek to promote religion and a deep-toned morality by every means in our power. The same elements which destroyed Greece are at work among us; and nothing but the Bible and a consequent healthy moral influence can save us from a similar ruin.

Original.

THE CONTRAST.

You shall see some gay, elegant youth, as he passes the street, noting with a sort of wonder the cordial, earnest salutation of some young working man, as he meets his acquaintance, perhaps a market girl, or a laundress. May be she is not comely—may be positively awkward; and the young aristocrat says to himself, "Foh! that coarse featured dowdy! It is all put on, that warmth and heartiness! He can't care for her—he can't admire or love her!" and in fancy he compares with her the soft, fair, graceful, petted syren who for the time enslaves his own youthful spirit. "How opposite—how unlike!" he says; and unlike and opposite she is, indeed, both in person and in character.

We do not affect to say that goodness never consists with elegance and beauty. But as we know that adulation and the praises of the vain, as shadows, follow their possessor, so we do say, that it is not to be found here, nor half as easily retained as by one who, in the depressed scale of life, confined to duties, and necessitated to submission, finds humility and an obliging temper the best passports to her own ease and preferment; and, not stopping here, is not only amiable but *pious*. Such a one, none will dispute, does, in sterling worth, outweigh the gossamer affectations, the blandishments, and the fascinating beauty of our other portrait.

And now, ten years have elapsed since the youth first presented won the race from all his rivals, and, amidst their envy and his own exultation, became the husband of our adulated beauty. But the idea of sentiment—in the youthful vocabulary meaning *love* only—has had some better instruction of experience; and he confesses, with a sigh, that there may be more in woman than what enchants the fancy, or "fills the eye." And he were now disposed to look with less derision upon the humble youth, who, choosing not by the eye, but *the affections*, has not been deceived in the regards which his heart demanded; for he, too, has married his early acquaintance. And she has been a help-meet for him—she has encouraged, consoled, and assisted him, and he is getting cheerful and easy as he advances in life. Whilst the gayer youth, feeling ever vexed and hindered, is becoming sad by disappointment, and silent for want of sympathy. But since his *mistake* was of his own choosing, he makes himself up to the manliness of equanimity; but it is an *equanimity so stern* that you could hardly recognize him as the hilarious youth of our first presentation.

Our two pictures together may illustrate the position that a youth of hardship and labor, in blunting the sense to mere externals, has the effect to make early wise—in choosing. And, as in the partner, what, by the drudgery of life, may be lost in grace and elegance, in one of a true nature be more than compensated by the necessity of goodness. And whilst we would point out the weakness of a fastidious and false motive in the most important step in life, and of the irretrievable and bitter chagrin which it occasions—marking, also,

the comparative worthlessness of mere beauty, and affords occasion to show that in a marriage sought in truthfulness and earnestness of feeling, the parties, by a reciprocation of the common burdens of life, by dividing the cares and sharing the satisfactions, lessen the evils, and enhance the felicities of both. MATILDA.

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Original.

THE HILLS OF CHENANGO.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

YE beautiful hills! in your ever-green dress'd—
The mist at your feet—the snow on your breast—
Like armies, dark-baner'd for combat, ye stand;
Nor bend ye, nor bow ye, for mortal command.
And thus have ye stood, since the day of your birth,
Unscath'd by the mighty convulsions of earth;
And thus may ye stand, in your brilliant array,
While Time in his balance creation doth weigh!
Bend down from thy height thou tall sentinel pine,
And whisper a tale of the days of "lang syne."
The sentinel pine bends down with the blast,
But little he recks for the days that are past.
From thy gentle recess, fair Chenango, uphine,
And yield me the knowledge that long hath been thine.
Chenango is silent—old Winter hath thrown
A spell o'er its music—a hush o'er its tone.
Ye raging storm spirits, that sweep o'er the breast
Of these lofty pine summits, and love there to rest,
Ye yet have a voice, and its melody 's heard,
When the depths of the old mountain forest are stirr'd,
Ye beautiful hills! Aye, the storm-spirits love
To hide in your glens—through your valleys to rove—
Now howling—now sighing—caressing—caress'd—
They yield no response to my earnest behest.
Of the ages long past, your vassals refuse
A thought, or a glimpse, to the laboring muse.
As your heavy foundations, their secrets are deep,
And as long as oblivion sleeps they shall sleep.
Yet know we the red men once roamed in these woods—
The war-whoop once startled their wild solitudes;
And we know that a race, more mighty than they,
Hath driven their remnant for ever away.
Adown this sweet vale, where the wild deer once
rang'd,
The azure of heaven alone is unchanged;
And cottage and villa have sprung into light,
Where the darkness of nature once rival'd the night.
Ye beautiful summits! Still shelter with pride
The homes where our fathers have worship'd and
died—
The homes of the good, and the hearths of the brave—
The only inheritance freemen should have.
Blithe summer—gay autumn—stern winter—sweet
spring—
Each season its tribute of beauty shall bring;
While he who hath form'd ye will watch o'er ye still,
And robe ye in grandeur, O, beautiful hills!

From the London Imperial Magazine.

THE VALLEY OF THE SEASONS.

"These as they change, almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God."

"Follow me," said the sage, "and I will lead thee to the valley of the seasons." I obeyed my conductor, and he brought me to an eminence, from whence looking down, I beheld a vale beautiful as Thessalian Tempe. "Let us descend the hill," said the old man, "and sit down by yonder fountain; from thence we shall perceive the seasons and their attendants; listen attentively to their songs, and I will explain to you the duties of each spirit, as it passes by." We descended to the fountain, and sitting down on the turf bank, beheld four beautiful females, each of whom was surrounded by many attendants. The principal figures glided after each other in a wreathed dance, and the sylphic crowd wove their mazy path among them. "The four chief spirits which thou seest," said my interpreter, "are the genii of the seasons; and the others are their messengers, which are sent forth, each at the appointed hour, to minister the blessings of the Highest to all the kingdoms of the earth. Behold," continued he, "the one which advances towards us; she has a chaplet of wild flowers on her ivory brow, her countenance is beautiful as the blush of opening morn, and her white garments float chastely on the balmy gale. It is Spring; she soars over the mountains, shedding her dews, and flies through the valleys, dropping her flowers; she scatters beautiful foliage on the forests, and clothes the hills with verdure. She approaches; you will hear her sing."

SPRING.

Here in my garden, I fly, I fly,
Gathering blossoms and early flowers;
The first pale primrose I can spy,
And the jasmine that peeps from the shady bowers,
I gather them both, and fly and fly,
Where nectarean dew distills,
Then on the clouds of heaven I lie,
To water the valleys and little hills.

Over the earth I fly, I fly,
Smiling upon the furrowed land,
The seeds burst open wherever they lie,
And nature looks happy on every hand.
Unto the folds I fly, I fly,
To bring forth the young of the laden dams,
And the green fields echo as I pass by,
With the bleatings of sheep and the playful lambs.

The genius of the spring went by, and another spirit approached us, wearing a coronet of pearls: she held an urn in her two hands, and her rainbow-colored wings were wet with dew. "This," said my guide, "is the genius of the showers; she is the favorite companion of Spring, and follows closely after her, sprinkling the earth at intervals with water from her silver urn."

THE GENIUS OF THE SHOWERS.

Nightly I go to the coral cell,
Where the spirits of the waters dwell.
And oft as I visit their ocean cave,
They fill me this urn from their own blue wave;
Drops such as these there are none—there are none
Save in that fountain stream alone.
O they are beautiful as they distill,

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On the happy vale and the quiet hill.
At break of day my dew-drops shine
On the rose, and lily, and eglantine.
The peasant goes forth to his work, and beholds
All that the hand of Spring unfolds.
He joins the lark in his morning hymn,
And prays to that God who hath succor'd him;
When evening comes, he renews his vow
Of thanks, when he sees the color'd bow,
That arches and melts while I gladden the plain
With precious drops of the early rain.

"The spirit which now advances," said my companion, "is the genius of the soft winds. She wears a crown of seven stars. With a plume of the ostrich she rules the gales of spring. At her command they waft the seeds of plants and flowers across the earth, and scatter them in desert places, so that the waste ground is glad and flourishes."

THE GENIUS OF THE SOFT WINDS.

Swiftly over the vale below
My fleecy gondola glideth;
And mounteth above the rocky brow,
Where the proud eagle abideth.
Ariel, as I sweep along,
His fairy horn is blowing,
A white cloud is my gonfalon,
Over the valleys flowing.

Where the sun is nigh to the west,
And the linnet is hastening home,
And the crow wings her way to her airy nest,
To some favor'd spot of the earth I come.

By a silver river siting,
Hark to the music that rolleth along,
From the skiff with white sails siting,
'Tis the boatman singing his evening song.

From the lonely watch-tower,
And the castle's turreted height,
There comes, on the breeze of the midnight hour,
The watchman's voice—All's well—Good night.

When this spirit had passed, many others glided before us, on whom my conductor made no observation. Of these, one held a green blade of corn, a second carried a variety of beautiful blossoms, and a third had a wreath of wild flowers on her head, and a pastoral crook in her hand. Then appeared a beautiful form, having her golden locks gathered into a silken net, and a band of roses bound on her brow. Her laughing blue eyes, her glowing cheek, the swelling of her pure bosom, which the faint lawn veiled but did not conceal, exhibited a vision of female loveliness not to be described. She reclined on a cloud of odors, and held in her hand a wand of gold. "This," said the sage, "is the genius of summer. She goes forth to mature the fruits of the earth, that the promises of Spring may be answered by the gifts of Autumn."

SUMMER.

I come from the Lybian plain;
The king of beasts fled before me:
I wav'd my wand o'er the lion,
And he retired.

I have been where the serpents are;
I looked on them, and they shrunk
Back into the brakes and thickets:
The great serpents!

I fly o'er the sandy desert;
The camel sinks under his load:

The pilgrim faints ere he can reach
The water springs.

I visit the temperate climes:
The peasants cast aside their coats;
And smiling girls help them to turn
The new-mown hay.

The shepherd drives his bleating flock
To the sheepfold, and the shearer
Clips the cumbrous fleece from their backs
With sounding shears.

The youths and maidens leave the fields,
And rest beneath a spreading tree,
They dance under its shady boughs
In the twilight.

The old man bade me look on the right hand. I obeyed, and beheld a dark cloud, which opened and discovered a female figure sitting in a pearly car; she had on her head a coronet of the water-lily, and held an ivory sceptre, having the lotus flower on the top. "Behold," exclaimed the sage, "the genius of the water streams, the most benevolent of spirits. She brings the little rivulets from a thousand hills, and they flow among the valleys. The traveler drinketh of her brook on the way, and lifeth up his head. Her fountains are filled with pure water; some of which are hidden in the chaste recesses of the grove, and there the shepherdess bathes in unrobed innocence. All nature is refreshed by the cooling streams which distill copiously from the clefted rock, at the touch of her sceptre."

THE GENIUS OF THE WATER STREAMS.

Come away from the sultry beam
To the grot and the cooling water stream;
While the orb of the sun rolls on
Up heaven's steep to the point of noon—
When the listless shepherd at length is laid,
And the panting flocks lie down in the shade.
When the hills are scorched and the verdant meads
And the flowers of the valley hang their heads,
Then come away from the sultry beam
To the grot and the cooling water stream.

Fainting traveler, turn thee aside
From the trackless desert that opens wide;
Give the rein to thy camel, and he will bring
Thee wearied and faint to the water spring.
Then in the shade of the palm-tree lie,
That veils the sun and the scorching sky;
And wait till the dawn of early day,
Before thou resumes thy desolate way;
Then haste o'er the sands, that the march may be done
Before the heat of the day comes on.

"Lycidas, the Arcadian," said the old man, "fed his flock at the foot of Orexia. He was humble and happy, kind-hearted and beloved. But in an evil hour ambitious love took possession of his heart, and rendered him a prey to melancholy and discontent. Listen, while I repeat the traditional history which is told of him, and learn to adapt your desires to your circumstances, and to wish for nothing which your situation in life renders unattainable."

LYCIDAS, (AN ECGLOGUE.)

Where high Orexia lifts its awful brow,
Begirt with clouds which hide the vale below,
Whose giant shadow, as the sun descends,
With stealthy pace o'er all the land extends,
The Arcadian sat; what time Apollo strung
His mighty bow, and shining quiver slung,

Till, spent with toils, he lighted in the west.

* * * * *
The shepherd dally watch'd his fleecy throng,
And cheer'd them with his pipe and rural song.
Long he had lived unknowing and unknown,
Contented, though obscure; and happy, though alone,
He had no thought of beauty, wealth, or fame,
A simple rustic boy, and Lycidas his name.

But lately, as the bleating flock he led
At even to the neighboring fountain's head,
Lo, a bright virgin by the water stood;
He knelt and hail'd the genius of the flood.
No goddess she, though one of heavenly race;
A crimson hue suffus'd her lovely face.
Oppress'd with shame, her eyes to earth were cast,
She caught her spotless robe, and fled in haste.
Her name Narcissus, Arcas' royal maid,
She at this hour had sought the cooling shade.

* * * * *
But in the moment she had left the flood,
To Lycidas, confess, the maiden stood.

Often he wanders to that hallow'd stream,
And stands entranc'd in love's delirious dream;
Or sitting at Orexia's foot, complains
Of pastoral life; but pipe or rural strains
Delight no more. Within his untaught breast
He finds a strange, but not unpleasing guest:

* * * * *
But dares not hope that such elysian joy
Is in reserve for him—a shepherd boy.

A lofty spirit was now approaching us, and the rushing of his wings was like the noise of a cataract. His eyes were piercing as the lightnings, and his gaze could not be endured; yet I perceived that his countenance varied: at this moment it was benevolent, and in the next it threatened destruction. At first it appeared to me that his right hand was flaming, but, on his nearer approach, I perceived that he held in it an avenging sword. In his left hand he carried an olive branch. His wings were distended for flight, but his feet rested on the thunder cloud. I hastily inquired of my guide the name of the mighty spirit before us. "It is the genius of the thunder-storm," said he; "he is the terror of the sons of men, when power is given him from above to smite with the sword of almighty vengeance. Then the palaces of kings, and the cottages of poor men, fall together; the high places are thrown down, and the beautiful city is made a heap of stones. Then the mighty ones of the earth tremble, and perceive that there is a God on the earth. But so great is the divine mercy, that not often will it permit this spirit to go forth a destroyer. Even while he launches the shaft of the rapid lightnings, and calls to the muttering thunders, which then re-echo through the caverns of the earth, and roll along the vault of heaven;—even then he is bid to shake the olive over the land; and, so far from injuring mankind, to give them a blessing in the storm. He purifies our atmosphere with the lightning, and destroys the pestilential and unwholesome vapors, whose pestiferous breath would else blight the fruits of the earth, and scatter disease on man and beast."

THE GENIUS OF THE THUNDER-STORM.

He who sitteth above the water-flood,
Earth his footstool, the outstretched heavens his seat,

Who hath remained on his throne a king
For ever and ever.

He hath clothed mine arm with mighty power,
Th' Eternal, high and lifted up, above
The sons of men hath prepar'd the thunder
And the rapid lightnings.

He filleth his store-house with the hail-stones;
The Lord of hosts mustereth the battle:
The avenging sword, the shield, and the spear,
He giveth unto me.

He commandeth the storm, and I depart;
The black clouds rise above the lofty hills,
And stretch over the vale which lies beneath,
And the rain descendeth.

The ocean rocketh from its lowest bed;
The lightnings enter into the dark cave;
The earth is removed from her foundations,
At the voice of the thunders.

The roarings of wild beasts fill the forest:
They who dwell in cities look on each other;
The mariner is afraid at the storm,
And seeketh the haven.

The voice of the Lord calms the elements,
The thunders and lightnings and the rain cease;
The clouds break and depart, and the earth smiles,
For the tempest is past.

A spirit of benevolent aspect now appeared. Her brow was bound with a wreath of vine leaves, and the juice of the grape stained her temples. She had in one hand a sickle, and in the other a few wheat ears. She was attended by two beautiful spirits, one of whom bore the cornucopia, from which the most rich and luxuriant fruits were continually falling; the other spirit carried no emblems of her office, but her countenance wore a look of angelic loveliness. "Behold," said the sage, "the genius of the autumn, and adore the beneficent Being who hath commanded her to render the fruits of the earth in their season. All these whom thou seest are but the servants of the Highest; it is theirs to execute the behests only of one far mightier than they are. Therefore, whilst thou admirest and reverencest these beautiful ministers, remember that they are *only* ministers of Him who ordaineth both the early and the latter rain, and changeth the times and the seasons. Plenty attends upon autumn, and pours on every hand the blessings of Omnipotence; she points to the folds full of sheep, and to the waving valleys, which stand so thick with corn, that they both laugh and sing. Happiness also is in her train; that chaste happiness, whose smile beameth on the heart when the hungry soul is filled, and the drink of the thirsty faileth not."

AUTUMN.

'Tis sweet when the fruits of the earth are ripe,
To see pre-eminent o'er blessings given,
And foremost in a grateful holy strife,
The yellow harvest bow its head to heaven:
The reaper resting in the heat of noon,
Beneath some friendly shade, nor until even
Holds her cool urn 't' th' air, and day be gone,
Renews his labor by the friendly moon.

'Tis sweet to see the poor ones pick the grain,
The crumbs which fall from their rich masters' hands,
Sharers in common with the feathered train,
They gather not in barns, nor crop the lands;

2

And yet their heavenly Father doth bestow
Sufficient for their use; he fills their hands
From his own garner: thus his blessings flow
For all mankind, the mighty and the low.

Theirs is the happiness without alloy,
The grateful duties of the harvest done,
Who shout loud carol, and their songs of joy,
Returning from the field, what time the moon
Shines beautiful; the generous master leads
Where the full board his numerous guests employ,
The laugh and joke go round, and pleasure spreads,
Till thankful, they arise, and seek their quiet beds.

The next spirit who approached us was crowned with cypress, and held in her hand an oak branch, whose withered leaves fell, and strewed her path as she swept along. "This," said the old man, "is the genius of the falling leaves. Her countenance, and her employment, are mournful alike. She casts a melancholy and desolate glance on the forests and the green vales, and the beauties of nature fade beneath her awful gaze. Let mankind attend to the lesson which her duties inculcate, and remember that nothing earthly endureth for ever. Neither should they forget, that she only wraps the fields in transient gloom: Spring will return to scatter her blossoms and flowers on the desolate earth. The dreariness of autumn, and the ravages of winter, will be repaired by the sweet influence of the vernal sun."

THE GENIUS OF THE FALLING LEAVES.

Hast thou not heard the autumn blast,
Sweep moaningly along,
Like a sad spirit that hath pass'd,
Unblest by the funeral song?

Hast thou not seen, as the cold wind blew,
The star-beam of the night,
Fitfully shining in heaven's deep blue,
Through her curtain of clouds of fleecy white?

And where lay the pride of the forest tree,
And the lowly shrub that grew around?
The blast which blew so dearly
Had scatter'd their beauty on the ground.

You could not take up one fallen leaf,
And seek to find the parent bough,
Without an impression of strong belief
That all as they lay were equal now.

Before my chill and piercing breath
The tree and shrub alike must wither,
And the autumn of life, and the blast of death,
Will lay the sons of men together.

And who shall take of the mold'ring clay,
And say of it, this *was* a king?
For when the spirit hath gone away,
The body is nought but a perishing thing.

The trees, which seem so withered and dead,
A spirit of life retain,
And in the spring they will lift the head,
And blossom forth again.

And the soul who hath pass'd to her transient rest,
In hope and in peace with the Giver,
Shall arise at the last to the fields of the blest,
And flourish for ever and ever.

A spirit, severe in countenance, succeeded to the last. Her form was hid in the numerous folds of her dark robe. Extending her bloodless arm, she held towards us a withered branch covered with the hoar frost.

"This is Winter," said my guide, "a spirit whose influence is still more withering than that of the last. Observe how languidly the stream flows at her approach; the flowers droop upon their stalks, and the music of the feathered songsters is hushed."

WINTER.

I come not to deform the year,
Nor wasting ruin spread,
Nor cast the freezing snow-storm drear
Upon th' unshelter'd head
Unbid of Him who rules alone
Above, beneath the sky,
The first, the last, the eternal one,
Mightier far than I.
He bids me touch the streams that flow,
And bind in icy chains;
At his command I shed the snow,
Which covers all the plains;
And loose the stormy winds that beat
Upon the humble shed,
Where, in his cheerless, rude retreat,
The wanderer makes his bed.
Ye desolate, who shrink beneath
The cold and wintry blast,
Ye feel the bitterness of death,
But soon it will be past.
There is a land of joy and peace,
'Tis where the seraphim sing;
For there the winter's storm gives place
To an eternal spring.

"They are gone," said I, in a tone of sorrow: "there is the valley, but its inhabitants are fled." "They are gone," answered the old man; "but let not the lesson they have taught us depart with them. 'All things are in his hand whose praise they seek;' not a leaf falls to the ground unseen of the Creator. Remember this in the hour of repining and discontent; be grateful for the good bestowed, and be patient under the evil inflicted; and learn to perceive, in every occurrence of human life, the directing influence of the God of the seasons."

THOMAS ROSE.

Original.

WILBUR FISK.

MR. HAMLIN,—"The book loaned I have read to edification; yet do I think it requires some special consideration, which will occur in the course of reading the biography, before we become impressed with the superiority of the character. (You know that I have never seen the individual, having lived remote from him.) Not do I mean in regard to his having a superior degree of *piety*—of superinduced grace, to his *asking* and his *seeking*; for the most desultory reader will accord him *that*; but I mean that you have to look amidst his acts and performances, I may say *achievements*, before you get the full idea how important he was. I refer to the *plainness* of his language; (this little notice of self, perhaps originates in greatness;) whilst there is no touch of vulgarity, in word, or phrase, yet is there a sort of commonness, just like what many others might have used, which at first gives the reader a sort of disappointment, as emanating from a high and distinguished source.

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But presently we get to read *the man*, and we find him indued with a refinement of the softest nature—and beyond that the refinement of *grace*, controlling, and guiding, and *guarding* his actions and his words. And now that we are *initiated* into the character, do we surely find him what he really *is*, and we are thoroughly convicted of our misapprehension.

Still the narrative shows us that his greatness was built upon his activity, his zeal, his *benevolence of deed*, and of *performance*. Not accounting *words*, although he gave many of these, *seasonable* to others, not *sparing* of self, for more than their *comparative* value. His *disinterestedness* constituted, as in all characters it must, the measure of his greatness. True it is that he acted his *mission*; for with a frail *tenement* he possessed an indomitable *vigor of soul*; and *this*, as far as his life extended, he *gave to* and *expended* in the Church.

In reading, I am again and again, and ever charmed with the *eloquence* of St. Paul. I have even to pause and admonish myself, that although eloquence was, beyond all doubt, *eminently* his, yet the *great difference* betwixt him and his coadjutors—the matter in which he outran and *excelled* them all—was, beyond this, not that "he had not two coats;" that he "ate and drank where he could, or fasted at need;" that he admonished, consoled, and prayed with the poor, the sick, the miserable, and the wicked; not "that he was determined to know nothing, save Jesus Christ and his righteousness," but it *was* that he gave himself—not spiritually alone—not his heart and voice—but that he *exerted* his entire being in the service of God—that he, by the aid of the Spirit, commuted his *energy* into its living type of *successive being*! And even *such* was Wilbur Fisk; and *so*—appropriating the contributions of other men's dollars to the purpose—*did* he. He *endowed* the school and the college—also a gratuitous class of thirty—with his own spiritual existence; for he founded, he planted, and watered these seminaries—which labor of love and *of life*, surviving Christians, whilst they mourn him, shall foster and sustain—not forgetting *his relict*, nor, that, amidst all his labors, almost the sole provision that is made for her, was that, on his death-bed, and near to his last, he agrees to the proposal, that his papers, being collected, may, in the form of a Biography,* afford to her the means of subsistence, and "*so be it.*"

B.

TRUTH and reason, in this mixed state of good and evil, are not invariably triumphant over falsehood and error; but even when laboring under a *temporary* defeat, the two former bear within them one stamp of superiority which plainly indicates that Omnipotence is on their side; for their worthy conquerors for *such* a victory, universally retire abashed, enlightened, self-reproved, and exclaiming with Pyrrhus, *a few more such victories and we are undone.*

* The "Life of Wilbur Fisk," published at New York, 1842. For sale at the Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati, and doubtless, also, at other places.

Original.
THE WIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE duties of the wife may be reduced to three general classes; viz., *affection, reverence, and faithfulness.*

1. The wife is to give the husband her affections. The duties of the married pair are reciprocal. The Bible commands the husband to love the wife. Surely, then, the wife is bound to love her husband. "Let every one of you in particular so love his wife as himself." Why the precept is not addressed to the wife as well as to the husband we cannot say. It would be rather gallant than otherwise to assume that the inspired penman deemed woman's affections incapable of alienation; yet it is true that her domestic attachments are exceedingly ardent and enduring.

The parties to the marriage covenant "are no more twain, but one flesh." Their union is the most sacred and binding amongst mortals. It is used to set forth the union between Christ and his Church. It binds the husband to love his wife "even as Christ loved the Church;" and in turn it obliges the wife to love her husband as the *sanctified* Church loves the Savior. So far as earthly objects are concerned, the bridal, like the marital affections, should be supreme. They should be stronger than the filial or the maternal.

The wife's affections should be more ardent than the daughter's. This is Scriptural: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." Why? Because "they two shall be one flesh;" that is, the bonds of wedlock shall be stronger than those which nature has created between the child and the parent. This applies equally to the man and the woman; and in accordance with the principle, the woman leaves *father and mother* to go any where—into distant climes, if circumstances demand it—to dwell with her husband. Conjugal love conquers all earthly loves, and tears its devotee from the most endeared scenes. One affection only can conquer it in turn—that is the love of Jesus. The husband can say to his wife, "She who loves father or mother, or brother or sister, or child, more than me, is not worthy of me;" but Christ only can say, she that loveth *husband* more than me, is not worthy of *me*. And from this we infer that she is blame-worthy who, having a husband and a home, spends a great portion of her time with her friends. I know a young wife and matron who leaves her husband in solitude, and, with her little children, spends about one month in three amidst a large circle of her connections. Had she seriously applied herself to understand her duty, or even to secure her own interests, she would pursue another course. What can she expect? May not her husband conclude that she married him for convenience—not because love moved her to the union? He sees that she gives him merely so much of her time as would render her a burden to her relatives. To help out his conclusion, she appears melancholy in his society, and is cheerful only when she is starting on an

excursion, or is abroad among her friends. Households have been broken up by such conjugal imprudences.

A woman should never marry a man for convenience. It is *base* in the extreme. She may do it without personal contamination in the view of the world, but not in the sight of God. If urged by parental cupidity or ambition to such a covert prostitution, her perpetration of the crime may be partly excused; but even then it cannot be justified. Under such a vile influence she shall be pitied, and the execrations which light upon her shall be softened; but let them fall in unmitigated severity upon the parents who decoyed and betrayed the unresisting victim.

If any reader is in this condition, married to one who does not possess her heart, as far as any creature may possess it, let her seclude herself from the world, and especially from the companionship of those who are attractive, and apply herself to the Father of all mercies, that he will be pleased to control her affections, and incline them towards those objects which duty as well as interest obliges her to love. Had Calista done this, she would have saved herself a world of sorrow. Racinus paid his addresses to her in her bright and heedless girlhood. After a long and intimate acquaintance they were "engaged." They loved each other well. But Lucinda, with fewer charms, (except of family and fortune,) came between them. Racinus did not forget Calista, or his promises; but ambition supplanted love. He pursued and won Lucinda. Calista spent her youth in binding up her wounds; and after years of mortifying sadness, she at length gave her hand to Lester. He was worthy, but did not possess her heart. She would not disguise her feelings, nor seek by grace a proper state of mind. Racinus lived their neighbor; and the frequent visits of the families served to keep awake in her unhappy bosom feelings inconsistent with the relation she sustained. The result was fatal. True, she never faltered in outward duty to her husband; but perceiving that another held possession of her heart, and that he had no place in her affections, he became careless and desponding—sought to drown reflection in the bowl—became a gambler, a bankrupt, and a drunkard, and died the victim of his wife's incorrigible neglect and disaffection. Poor woman! She had borne her husband an only child; and in the fortunes of her daughter the mother endured retaliating woes. But what they were we trust the reader to conjecture, and instead of the recital will leave a decent blank.

The mother should not expect her child to regard the filial more sacredly than herself does the conjugal relation.

The wife's love must be pure as well as ardent. But nothing is pure that belongs to human nature. Even the conjugal affections need to be regenerated. What a love that was which Mrs. Fletcher bore her husband! How intimately did it blend with her attachment to the Savior! She saw in him the image of her Christ, and loving Christ, she loved his image. There is a sacred-

ness indescribable, and to the worldly inconceivable, in a pious woman's love for one who is joined to her in wedlock, and re-joined to her in Christ. Milton's imagination, apt and fervid as it was, could never sketch a scene so enchanting as those which spring from the sanctified endearments of pious households.

True, this purity of affection may also be demanded of the husband; but if he fail, let not the wife copy his example. Let her not forget that the husband may be sanctified by the believing wife. Her purity may attract him to the all-cleansing fountain. So it was with Mrs. M. For years she walked alone, with no staff to lean upon but the comforting rod of Jesus. But this sustained her amidst trials severe as the furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont. Her husband's moods were changeable, and his assaults on her religion were varied many ways. But she never wavered. He cursed and she blessed. He scorned and she was meek and humble. He raved like a madman about "lazy preachers," lying Methodists, and swindling Church members; but she made no answer. She prayed, wept, and prayed on, year after year, and hoped against hope for her poor wicked husband. Revival after revival brought one and another and scores of her neighbors to the foot of the cross, but her husband raved on. Yet she prayed, and prayed, and hoped. All had given up her husband as judicially hardened in sin, but she did not give him up. Another revival came. She besieged the throne of grace in his behalf. On a certain Sabbath he consented to go with her to church. The sermon was over, and mourners were called to the altar for prayer. M. stood with his foot on a bench, his elbow on his knee, and his cheek on his clenched hand, his eyes fixed in a fierce gaze upon the floor. My friend pointed to him and said, "He's a hard case, but something ails him." In a minute a faithful follower of Christ, who had courage enough to suffer for his Master, approached and whispered in his ear. He glared fiercely around, and then raising himself up, came forward with a firm step, and cast himself down at the altar. In thirty-six hours he was a new man. When his pious wife saw what God had wrought, her fortitude forsook her. She burst into one flood of joy after another, weeping like an infant; and it seemed as though she who had so patiently sought the blessing now bestowed, would expire under the intense joy of its fruition.

Have you, reader, such a husband—unbelieving—hostile to the religion of Jesus Christ? Do not falter. Show him your faith by your works. Let all your tempers be controlled by grace. Live much in your closet. Let your love for him be sanctified, and let no provocation disturb the meekness of your heart. Remember that your husband looks at you to learn what religion is. He does not go to the Bible, nor to the closet, but he goes to your daily life, and from it he infers that religion is or is not what it claims to be—a sanctifying power to the heart.

O look to thyself, lest by some misdeed of thine—some act or word, dishonoring to Jesus, thy dearest

earthly friend—he who is more to thee than all the world beside, should be hindered and not forwarded in seeking this salvation. A word of thine may save, a word may kill. Fly to the throne of grace, and linger there. Plead for a sanctified heart. You cannot act unless you feel. A cold heart cannot yield the fruits of our holy religion. Live near the cross, be saved thyself by its power, and then thou mayest hope to become a savor of life to thy companion.

But perhaps you profess no religion, feel none, and practice none. As a wife you draw your companion into fashionable associations, and encourage him to neglect and to forget his soul. Alas! what sorrows are you probably treasuring up for yourself, and what woes for your family. Emily—not long since wedded to a man whose turn of mind had become religious, is striving to win him from his serious—or what she calls gloomy habits. She invites to her saloons the gay and the godless, and compels her husband to mingle with them. They reciprocate the favor, and he must wait on her abroad. She is succeeding to her heart's content. Her "James is becoming cheerful." She hopes to see him the gayest of the town. Probably she will; and no wonder if he becomes the most profligate and depraved. He is a reformed drunkard, and his sobriety is his safe-guard. Let him lose a sense of his religious obligations, and the chances are not a few that he will plunge into every excess, and ruin both himself and his family for time and eternity. She "loves her husband, and can't bear to see him gloomy." Alas! if she loved him with a pure heart, she could not bear to seduce him from God, and lead him by the soft attractions of woman's overpowering charms down to perdition. Love is sometimes worse than hatred. It kisses and yet betrays.

Faithfulness and submission on the part of the wife need not be enlarged upon. They spring from love, and where this is ardent and pure, those will be spontaneous. As faith always brings forth fruit, so bridal love always produces a reverential manner towards the husband. We say always; for those occasional fits of affection which some ladies display towards their husbands, interrupted now and then, almost daily, with fits of angry passion and words of rude reproach, deserve not to be called love. The softened feelings which now and then occur in the changing moods of the maniac might as well be called by that sacred name. She, therefore, who is wanting in fidelity and reverence towards her husband, may justly be accounted a stranger to those affections, without which a lady in wedded life is worse than a shrew. She is a monster; and a woman without discretion is to be preferred before her. She may have brought her husband a rich dowry in goods and chattels, and landed estates—she may display all the graces and charms of woman, and may have added to personal attractions a highly gifted and cultivated mind, but she is stripped of that jewelry of the heart, without which her companion is more to be pitied than the galley slave, or the prisoner on the scaffold.

Original.

THE LITERARY STANDARD.

WHAT a beautiful writer is Doctor Coates! His themes, too, are of a most interesting and novel stamp. "The lightning of the sea" is a *tableau vivant* of surpassing beauty; and in reading it we contemplate many wonders of nature which our eyes have never beheld. And these tremendous and uncommon appearances, fitted to appall the sense, *his science*, "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smile," makes plain and natural to our startled apprehensions. It is some few months since we read this theme. It may be found in one of the current periodicals, not now recollected which. There is also in a series, perhaps in the same book, "The wonders of the land and sea." And the latter seems to be the *element* in which the writer especially rejoices himself—and his readers. He writes, as we have said, with taste, tact, science, gusto; yet have we never seen a single line penned in admiration.

But few things are of more equivocal authority than popular favoritism—the favoritism of the hour. Yet to the neglected there is redress, and *time* shall test the genuine and the false encomium. Our observation holds more strongly in regard to authorship than in any other walk before the public. We must explain; for we do not intend to assert that there is any grudging or withholding of praise to its object, when once recognized; for *then* the tendency is in the other extreme, and it is almost matter of course that the commendation shall outswell the merit. But there seems to be a backwardness in discovering or a slowness in acknowledging a writer's merit in the outset. At the same time that the favorite, who has already taken rank, is bepraised out of all measure, lauded, adulated, and lionized, a far superior writer, perhaps, shall not yet have elicited a single commendation.

But how happens this? The *few*, or perhaps an individual of "weight and state," expresses a pointed admiration for a new writer, perhaps his friend, whom he wishes to serve; may be his heart betrays his taste, or he makes too great allowance for his youth, or for circumstances—may be his own proper enthusiasm passes for more than it is worth—at any rate it creates a *sympathy* which is contagious—and that acclamation tells for the author, which is in reality but of themselves. Others being cool, and perhaps equally incapable of enthusiasm as incompetent of a judgment, are yet ambitious of literary opinion, they, too, take up the word, and with proffered accordance, bestow unmeasured and unexamined praise. All this fills the public ear for the time. Like the idolater of old, they first "*make*" their idol, and then "*fall down and worship it.*" But it is not a discriminating service, neither shall it abide; for the light of truth shall sweep it away. Truth, though impugned, can never be impaired! And thus it falls, and time decides; for it is only in the commencement, in the early season of authorship, that a fine writer shall be liable to be misprized or unprized. And this happens out of the remissness of some proper authority to commence and sound the note which should pres-

ently be echoed and re-echoed with hearty good will, subject only to the dissentient envy of a rival, or the miscalculating, fractious negative of some anti-partizan book. The author, once started, shall *live*, if he deserve to live. Having commenced his recognized career, he shall then go on and run his course with the true taste which mere arbitrary opinion shall in vain attempt to gainsay. For hath not the thing a standard! Yes, surely it hath. And just as much as any one author hath, in popular commendation, exceeded the fair ratio of his own merit, even so much must he discount at some after day—the day of settlement when the subject falls into proper hands—when public opinion shall have balanced itself, and a fair appreciation shall be the legitimate result. Only at the running down we shall see that tendency to take too great discount for that which had once been current above par; but this, too, shall settle itself. Justice shall be exacted, and on the other hand justice shall be rendered. What, say you, created the excess? It was not a genuine result, for no excess is so. It was but the echoing in of *all* indiscriminately, either with or without the *right of suffrage*. The thousands possessing no literary freehold yet gave spurious votes, and were *counted*—they raised the shout and swelled the acclamation, which was indeed a thing "full of noise and sound, importing nothing."

And so it was, and so shall be; for however much critics or cavilers may disagree, there is a truth in the thing contested, a reality in genius which can and ultimately *must* find its degree in the appreciation of its fellows. C. M. B.

DRAW NIGH TO GOD.

How may the soul approach God? She comes with hallowed affections, with ardent aspirations for entire conformity to God. God is everywhere. It needs but the holy heart to feel and to enjoy his presence. *God is everywhere.* It was a lesson of my childhood; but I found not God, until I found holiness; until I exercised faith in the blood of cleansing. Now I know it is only the pure in heart that see God. The purer the heart, the nearer its approach to God. My soul cries out unceasingly for purity; for greater and greater degrees of purity; so shall I come nigher and nigher to God. From *all* filthiness of the flesh and spirit, do thou cleanse me, O my Father. My heart, is it not thine? O do thou take possession of my mind also; of all its powers and faculties, and sanctify them wholly to thyself. Take my memory, my imagination, my reasoning powers, and reign supreme over all. Bring thou *every thought* into captivity; into subjection to thyself. Enlarge my capacities, so that I may more and more understand, and be enabled to perform all thy will concerning me. Thou art the Author of mind, the mind of minds; immense is thy eternal mind. O receive my mind, depressed and darkened in its fallen state; O receive it, and restore it to thyself a pure mind, and let it evermore expand itself in thee.

Original.

ACROSTIC.

WHENCE, ye minstrelsy of heaven,
In pure robes of glory dress'd,
Tell me whence your joys arise,
High—serene—supremely blest.
On the plains of heavenly bliss—
Utmost bound of human thought—
Time and distance are unknown,

Hope and fear alike forgot.
O'er those wide extended plains
Loud resound your joyous lays:
Innocency tunes your strings,
Nature's God your theme of praise,—
Ever basking in delight,
Sorrow is a thing unknown,
Seeds of sadness and distress

Not on heavenly fields are sown.
O, since ye are thus so blest,

May a sinful mortal dare
Ask the source of your delight,
Never marred by anxious care!

Say, ye glorious, happy throng,
Has aught earthly power to give
An immortal spirit bliss
Like to that in which ye live!
Lies within an earthly shell

Some pure element of joy
Ever springing in the heart,
Endless—true—without alloy!

"Turn from earth," I hear ye say;
"HOLINESS OF HEART ALONE
Ever can a peace afford,

Lasting as th' eternal throne!"
O, my soul! then seek this prize,
Rest not till its light arise,
Dawning from the upper skies.

G. W.

—•••••

Original.

THE SLEEPER.

BY MISS SEYMOUR.

HUSH! lightly tread! she sleeps—
Say not 'tis time to rise,
Nor grieve that slumber keeps
Its bandage o'er her eyes.

O, let her longer stay
In the bright dreaming clime,
Nor o'er her spirit's ray,
Bring back the clouds of time.

Perhaps, a joyous child,
She treads the scenes of youth,

With conscience undefil'd,
And thoughts attuned to truth.

Perhaps her father's arm
Hath clasp'd her to his heart,
Shielding her steps from harm:
O, would you bid it part!

Perchance a mother's love,
Which pass'd from earth too soon,
'Tis hers again to prove—
Hath life a dearer boon!

Her brothers, they who trod
The nursery floor she pressed,
And now are with their God,
May come to gild her rest.

Then do not seek to break
That sleeper's calm repose;
Too soon, alas! she'll wake,
To feel life's saddening woes.

Call sleep a blissful thing,
A respite sweet from pain,
A moment's dream may bring
What ne'er can come again.

Hush, then, and lightly tread!
In such a world as this,
Break not one golden thread
Which links the soul to bliss.

—•••••

MARY'S TEARS.

WHEN the repentant Mary came,
And knelt at Jesus' feet,
Weigh'd down by sorrow, sin, and shame,
And pour'd the precious sweet—

The tears of penitence bedew'd
The humble mourner's eye;
Her contrite grief her Maker view'd,
And register'd on high.

She at her Savior's footstool bent,
And humbly knelt to pray;
God saw her heart—forgiveness sent—
And wip'd her sins away.

Ye who by sin have been misled
From the bright way to heaven,
And would again its pathway tread,
And wish to be forgiven—

Do not upon the sacred shrine,
Your glittering off'rings heap,
As if your gems were things divine—
But like the suppliant weep.

O! may the storms of sorrow raise
Your wandering thoughts to heaven;
May you, like Mary, kneel and praise,
Like Mary—be forgiven.

Original.
AMANDA'S LAST HOUR.

—
BY MRS. HARLAN.
—

"Twas winter. Gloomy clouds shrouded the scene,
And chilling snows came on the stormy blast,
And bright streams were congealed, and every flower
And sprig of grass had faded; and the songs
Of birds echoed not in the leafless wood.
The door was shut—a bright fire lit the hearth,
And there were circled round the fair and gay,
Whom I had often met in happier days.

But young Amanda, whose enchanting smile
Had cheered so late that melancholy place,
Was changed; for she was wasted by disease,
And her once roseate cheeks were deadly pale.
Sometimes her eyes rested on vacancy;
But oft she turned them to her sleeping child,
While gushed affection's warmest, fondest tears.
Her moans were low and saddening, like the tones
Of an Æolian harp in ruin laid,
When every passing breeze severs a chord,
And its low music in sad murmurs tells
That soon the last worn trembling chord will break,
And its soft melody for ever cease.

A kind physician, by her lowly couch
Of suffering, bent with deepest interest,
Still pressing the warm cordial to her lips,
As if unwilling to resign a form
So fair and loved to death's relentless power.

I was beside her when a fearful change
Came o'er her features. A triumphant smile
Played on her cheek, and a strange brightening glow
That seemed to be the first faint dawn of heaven,
Gave a calm lustre to her closing eyes,
A moment ere they darkened into death.

The blast of death blew colder—life's worn chord
Resisted it no longer, but gave way,
And the last sigh passed from her dying lip.
Her parting shade, released from the pale clay,
Fled to her native heaven, to mingle there
With bright celestial forms, where ceaseless joy
Beams from God's throne o'er the wide realms of bliss,
And pain, and death, and sorrow, are no more.

I looked, and she was silent; yet the smile
Still sat triumphant on her bloodless lip,
And a cold tear hung on the silken lash
Of that bright eye, now closed to weep no more.
There was a calmness on her marble brow,
Serene as summer's sea, when not a breeze
Moves even lightly o'er its quiet breast.

The clouds passed off from the wide horizon,
The evening sun looked feebly from the west,
And disappeared behind the snow-topt hills—
The hour closed, Amanda was no more.

Long has it been since her last hour, and long
Has she slept shrouded in the gloomy vault;
The summer rose has faded o'er her breast,
The withered grass droops on her lowly grave,
And autumn's leaves are scattered widely there,
Sad emblem of the faded bloom beneath.

—●●●—
Original.
THE FLOWER.

—
A FACT.
—

To India's sultry clime a man went forth,
Bearing upon his lips the eternal words:
"Peace upon earth, good will to all mankind,"
And burning in his heart the love of Christ—
The love of precious souls. The Gospel of
The Son of God, dispensed by his own servant,
With influence sweet, drew Asia's tawny sons
To listen and believe.

Won by the accents
Of the good man, a Hindoo worshiper
(On whom the Spirit of the Lord had breathed,
And bade "the dry bones live") approached and thus
Address'd the messenger of heaven: "Father,
I have a flower, a precious flower, and long
Has been my search to find or strive to find
One worthy of so rare a gift. Alas!
My labor has been fruitless—earth's cold sons
With careless eye look'd on my offering—
The scorching gaze of beauty, and the blast
Of Time's rude winds have withered my poor flower.
Tell me, O man of God, if in your land
There dwells one worthy of this precious gift—
One who would cherish it with fondest love,
Restore its wonted freshness, and upon
Its blighted leaves effuse the dew of life."

The missionary's heart beat high with hope—
He read the import of the heathen's story
In his expressive face, which told of woe,
Affections blighted, manhood's hopes put out.
He points the Hindoo to the Lamb of God,
Tells him of Jesus and his matchless love,
So vast, that though possessed of earth and heaven,
For us he condescends to shed his blood.
The Hindoo's soul, melted with love divine,
Pours forth with streaming eyes his thanks to God,
And thus exclaims—

"O that I knew where I
Might find this Savior! He alone is worthy
To possess all hearts. To him I give my flower,
Which is my heart, my broken contrite heart!
Lead me, O man of God, to my Redeemer—
Let me behold his face, and die in peace!"
The Hindoo's offering found a sweet acceptance;
The heavenly gardener watered well the plant
With showers of grace, restored its pristine glory,
And then transplanted it to bloom in heaven.

P. P.

NOTICES.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, including the most recent Discoveries and Applications of the Science to Medicine, and Pharmacy, and the Arts. By Robert Kane, M. D., M. R. I. A., Professor, &c. An American Edition, arranged for the Use of the Universities, Colleges, &c., in the United States. By John Draper, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York. Pp. 704. Harper & Brothers.—“Nothing new,” is no proverb in chemistry. This science is yet in its non-age—perhaps in its infancy. On this theme new books are necessary as a new one on geography was called for after Columbus had revealed a new world. Kane's Elements are in excellent repute among European scholars; and the best masters of the science in America proclaim its worth with a strong and full verdict. The work is sufficiently commended, and without our warrant will be deemed worth its price by all who study chemistry, either for speculation, amusement, or for practical aims and uses.

A DISCOURSE IN REPLY TO “TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE, No. IV.” By Rev. John E. Edwards, of the North Carolina Conference.—“Tract for the Times, No. IV,” is an anonymous pamphlet, in which the writer attempts to prove that Methodism is no Church, but a society, without sacraments, ministers, or divine warrant, in its origin, progress and design.

Mr. Edwards replies to this charge with sufficient skill and success. It is not, however, certain to our mind, that such anonymous assaults on Methodism require any answer, except in peculiar circumstances, as where the poison is really and manifestly diffusing itself, and averting the regards of those who are friendly to the Church. This was probably the case in Newbern where the discourse was delivered.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN: being Recollections of a Daughter by her Mother. New York: Robert Carter. 1842.—This is one of the most valuable sketches of female religious character extant. The infancy, youth, and maturity of Mrs. Duncan's life were equally attractive. She was truly an example of what nature and grace can do to render the person, manners, and tempers of a human being lovely and admired. We cannot attempt, in a brief notice, a delineation of the charms of her character, but must direct the reader to obtain the book, and by its perusal be led, as she will, to crave and seek the mental and moral graces which adorned this meek disciple of Jesus. The following lines, composed by her at the age of twelve, show singular aptness in a child for versification.

“How sweet are those delightful dreams,
That charm in youth's first days of bloom!
And sweet those radiant sunshine gleams,
That wander through surrounding gloom.

And bright are fancy's fairy bowers,
And sweet the flowers that round she flings;
When in gay youth's romantic hours
She shows all fair and lovely things.

But ah! there is a land above,
Whose pleasures never fade away;
A holy land of bliss and love,
Where night is lost in endless day.

And in the blaze of that blest day,
All earthly bowers we deemed so bright,
Must fade, as when the sun's first ray
Dispels the darkness of the night.

Why should my soul so fondly cling
To joys that bless my pilgrimage?
The joys of heaven I ought to sing,
Its raptures all my love engage.

Why should my spirit fear to die?
What though the river may be deep!
When past, I never more shall sigh;
My eyes shall then forget to weep.

O! for faith's bright and eagle eye,
To pierce beyond this vale of tears,

To regions blest above the sky,
To worlds unknown by lapse of years.

Then should the toys that tempt me now,
From my enraptured bosom fly;
In faith and grace my soul should grow
Till death be lost in victory.”

The following is selected from amongst others as proof of her skill in poetry at a mature age.

“THE ISLES OF THE GENTILES.

Calm on the bosom of the deep
A thousand beautiful islets lie;
While glassy seas that round them sleep,
Reflect the glories of the sky.

How radiant mid the watery waste
Their groves of emerald verdure smile,
Like Eden-spots, in ocean placed,
The weary pilgrim to beguile.

Graceful through forest vistas bright,
The fair Mimosæ's shadows spread;
And 'gainst those skies of amber light,
The palm-tree lifts its towering head.

Alas! that in those happy vales,
Meet homes for pure and heaven-born love,
Unholy discord still prevails,
And weeping peace forsakes the grove.

Alas! that on those lovely shores,
Where earth and sky in beauty shine,
And Heaven profusely sheds its stores,
Man should in heathen bondage pine.

O haste! ye messengers of God,
With hearts of zeal and tongues of flame,—
Go! spread the welcome sound abroad,
That all may 'bless Messiah's name.’

That where the smoke of offerings base,
From idol fanes obscure the day,
May rise the incense of a race
Whose souls are taught by Heaven to pray.

When shall the solemn Sabbath-bell
Chime through those plains at morning prime,
And choral hymns of praises swell
Through those deep woods in notes sublime?

Soft mingling with the wave's low moan,
The sound shall float o'er ocean's breast,
To tell the wave-tossed wanderer lone,
‘The ark of mercy here doth rest.’”

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OHIO ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—The recent session of this body in Hamilton was of unusual interest, for two or three reasons. It was peculiarly harmonious. Scarcely a word was spoken during the eight days of its sittings which did not savor of brotherly love. A gentleman who had seen much of life and of verbal discussion, remarked to us that it was the most harmonious body of men he had ever seen. This concord did not grow out of circumstances. There was more perplexing business than usual. Discussion was free and frequent, and sometimes animated; but it was always in the spirit of that wisdom which is pure and then peaceable. The harmony was that spoken of by the apostle—“the unity of the Spirit.” The preachers were imbued with the influences of the Holy Spirit. That was it which maintained amongst them such strict and unvarying concord.

Another interesting fact in connection with this conference, was the reported increase of the last year. More than fifteen thousand had been added to the Church. There was an increase of more than ten thousand. This is beyond precedent. And what rendered this increase the more grateful is, that a large proportion of those added were regenerated persons. The testimony of the ministers plainly indicated that there

was an unusual growth in grace, as well as in numbers. Many of the people were sanctified, and were walking in love and showing to the world a pattern of good works.

The preachers started to their work in the spirit of their blessed Lord and Master; and from the zeal and purity of their tempers, as they turned their faces to the vineyard of their Lord, we could not but hope that next year would bring us the intelligence of twenty rather than ten thousand added to the Church.

Ozark.—Intelligence has been received of the state and prospects of this interesting mission. Several of the missionaries are returning to the United States. Some circumstances seem to be discouraging. This, however, may be expected of all our missions. The Church should not despond. A letter from the Rev. Jason Lee, of March 23, 1842, gives the following account of the death of his companion:

"On the morning of March 20th, her symptoms all seemed favorable, and we were expecting to see a favorable termination of her disease. But alas! poor, short-sighted mortals—we know not what a moment may bring forth. She conversed as usual, and probably had no more expectation that her end was so nigh, than those around her. She called for drink, and drank off a glass with more apparent ease than usual, and immediately commenced coughing; but this produced no alarm, as she had been subject to severe coughing for several days. I raised her head as usual, but instead of expectorating she strangled, and after three short gasps, all was over. The breaking of an ulcer completely drowned the organs of respiration, and she expired without so much as moving a finger. Thus ended the earthly career of an accomplished, devoted, faithful, undaunted missionary of the cross. Thus went down, at once, a bright luminary, before it had reached its meridian height. But it set in glory, and its mild rays, shed forth in this dark land, will linger long, and serve to illumine the path through the dark valley and shadow of death. Though she desired, if it was the will of the Lord, to be raised up, that she might be a comfort and a support to her husband, a guide to her child and a blessing to Oregon, yet she could resign all into the hands of the Lord. She declared that she had no fears of death, but firmly believed that the Lord would receive her into everlasting habitations."

CATALOGUE OF THE WORTHINGTON FEMALE SEMINARY, for the years 1841-2.—We rejoice at the continued success and improvement of this institution. Its friends have struggled through many difficulties, but they will reap a rich reward.

Examining Committee.—Rev. J. Ferree, A. Morrow, F. Humphreys.

Teachers.—Miss L. Parsons, Principal. Miss Sarah C. Fisk, Assistant. Miss Caroline Griswold and Miss Mary T. Hurd, Assistant Pupils. Miss Eveline P. Smith, Teacher of Music and Painting.

The site of Worthington Seminary is well chosen. Worthington is a thriving village, beautifully situated nine miles north of Columbus. It is on high ground, from which the prospect is extensive and beautiful. It is proverbially healthy.

The building consists of an elegant three story brick edifice, with ample accommodations for one hundred students. Connected with the seminary is a cabinet and library, which through the instrumentality of the agent, Rev. M. P. Gaddis, have been considerably increased during the past year, so that there are now, in addition to a valuable and extensive library, nearly a thousand specimens of minerals, petrifications, etc.

Government and Instruction.—It is the design of the teachers of this institution to impart a thorough and practical knowledge of the sciences, and to implant such principles and practices in the minds of their pupils as shall enable them to fill with dignity the several stations which they may be called to occupy in society.

The intercourse between teachers and pupils is kind, familiar and mutually respectful, thus exacting obedience on the part of the pupils, not by any coercive means, but from motives of courtesy and self-improvement.

Board.—Pupils can be accommodated with good board in the seminary, at the reduced price of \$1.25 per week; this includes

lights, fuel and room rent. Washing, extra, 25 cents per week. Half payment for the term is expected in advance.

Sessions and Vacations.—The year is divided into two sessions of twenty-two weeks each. The winter term commences on the first Thursday in November. The summer term commences on the last Thursday in April.

Tuition.—Primary Studies, per quarter, \$3.00; English Department, \$4.00; Natural, Intellectual and Moral Sciences, \$5.00; Mathematics, and Languages, \$5.00; Incidental Expenses, 25 cents.

Extra Charges.—Drawing and Painting, \$3.00; Music Lessons, \$3.00; Use of Piano Forte, \$2.00.

More than one hundred young ladies have pursued their studies at this seminary the past year. May there be twice that number for the year to come!



PUBLISHERS' TABLE.

As is customary with the publishers of periodicals, we present the following amongst many other flattering notices of this work:

The Ladies' Repository.—We have received the number of this excellent monthly for May. For variety in the subjects, and good sense in the tone of its articles, it is in advance of any work of the kind in the west. And it does not fall off, but decidedly improves as it grows older. The present number contains an admirable engraving by Woodruff—a better one than we have seen in any eastern monthly. The typographical execution is truly superb.—*Cincinnati Daily Gazette.*

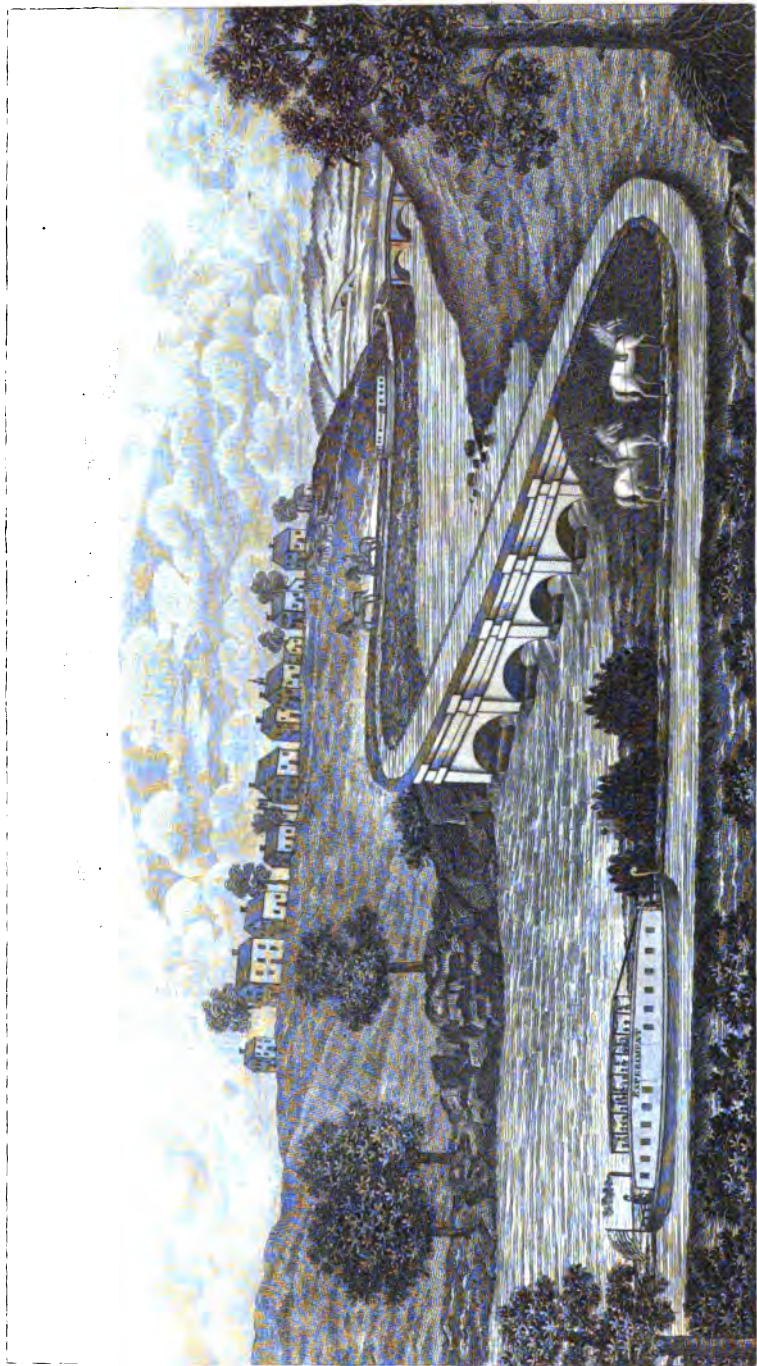
"*The Ladies' Repository.*"—The February number has come to hand. It is embellished with a beautiful engraving of a "Lake Scene," contains a large amount of well written and useful matter, and evinces a determination on the part of the proprietors to merit public patronage, by imparting to it all the interest, external beauty, and intrinsic value that its friends can desire. We think it richly deserving the support of the public generally, and especially of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—*Lutheran Observer.*

The Ladies' Repository.—This periodical is published by the "Methodist Book Concern in Cincinnati." The March number is before us. It possesses, as its predecessors have done, high literary and religious merit. From the manifest tendency of this excellent work to enlighten the mind and improve the heart, it should be found in every family in our connection.—*Philadelphia Christian Repository.*

The Ladies' Repository and Gatherings of the West.—This excellent periodical, we are happy to learn, is in a prosperous state. The February number before us is fraught with much interesting and instructive matter. While the world is deluged with silly tales of love and fashion, we rejoice to see a few sensible and common sense periodicals, conducted with ability and good taste, dedicated to the ladies. It is a sheer insult to the fair sex to offer them the continual flow of an idle, hare-brained, sickly mind, such as is presented in many of the periodicals of this day. We recommend the Repository to all our fair patrons.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

"*The Ladies' Repository,*" published at Cincinnati, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, continues to reach us, and is always read with pleasure, and deemed by us an ornament to the literature of that Church. As a whole it well suits the object to be attained by its publication; and we are happy to see, from many journals, that it is high in the estimation of persons of intelligence and judgment. It would be unpardonable to pass over its typographical neatness so creditable to the publishers, Messrs. Wright and Swormstedt: but its contents is its chief praise. Its selections are eminently appropriate, tasteful, and useful, and its original pieces gratifying and instructive by their variety, elegance, and sterling literary and religious excellence.—*Christian Guardian.*

"*Ladies' Repository and Gatherings of the West.*"—This valuable Church periodical for July has been on our desk for several weeks. It is prompt in its visits, and richly freighted. It is full of very excellent original articles, highly intellectual, and decidedly religious.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*



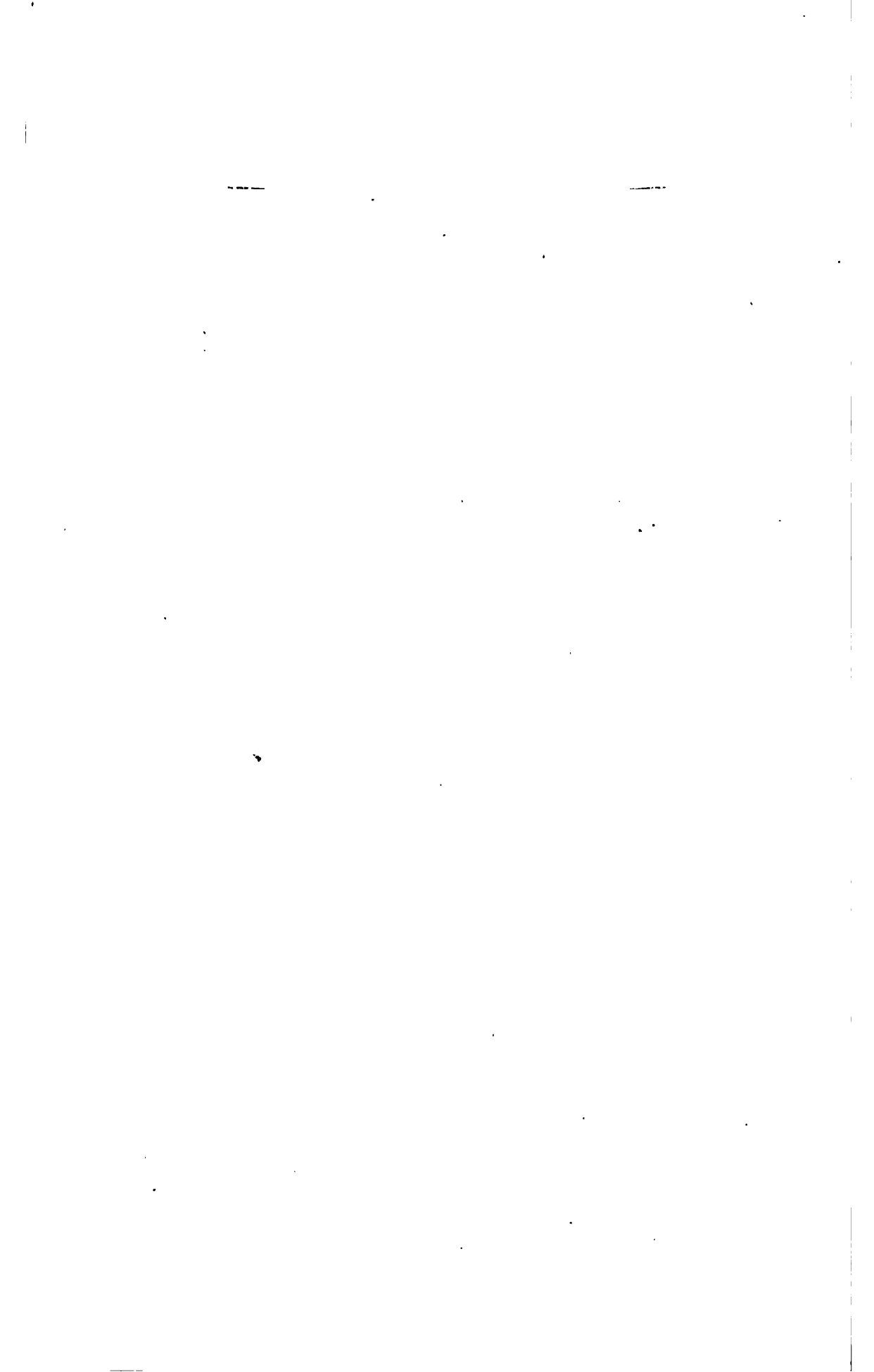
WILSON CANNONS

Built and by Wilson's Patent Cannon

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

Decay's dark vapors mingle on the sense.
VOL. II.—45

|| Through its valleys, will flow on for ever!



THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, DECEMBER, 1842.

Original.

DECEMBER.

FAST fleeting year,

How, from thy reign, the deep, rich glories fade!
Even as we gaze, how leaf by leaf grows sere,
And stain by stain on thy green robes is laid;
From all thy hues something of light is pass'd—
Some shade of dimness o'er their brightness cast.

Thy smile looks worn—

Life's subtle spirit is no longer thine;
Though earth's still fair, we meet, where'er we turn,
Some mournful witness of thy swift decline—
In vale and glen, and on the mountain steep,
And mid the depths where forest shadows sleep.

The painted things,

Born but to sport where summer sunlight falls—
Where are they now, with their bright, glittering wings?
O'er faded grass, the dull, brown reptile crawls,
Or from low branches, hid by changing leaves,
His silken shroud in aimless instinct weaves.

The vacant nest,

Love's home, embosomed in the wild-wood bower,
No more the spot where fond affections rest,
But speaks what was in love's soft spring-time hour;
Amid the leaves that parent voices stirred,
The wind's wild murmur now alone is heard.

And a low moan

From the deep wood, with thrilling sorrow fraught,
Tells that the shaft has been too truly frown,
The wedded bosom of the dove that sought;
And blood is dropping from the pheasant's wing,
Now slowly rising where quick death shots ring.

Yet few the hours

Since spring, glad spring, in breathing freshness drest,
Like a young mother smiling o'er her flowers,
The pure, bright buds unfolding on her breast,
Was in thy train, treading the awaken'd earth,
That heaved beneath her feet with one wide birth.

And all fair things

Seemed with a sense of quickened being thrilled,
And nature woke her thousand choral strings;
But all are changed, though all are not yet stilled.
With all glad sounds now blends an undertone—
A cadence, murm'ring of bright visions gone.

And summer's train—

Why, yet the glorious pageant hath not passed;
'Mid all our vales some gorgeous hues remain—
Some floating odors from her censors vast;
But with the breath of lingering flowers, intense
Decay's dark vapors mingle on the sense.

Vol. II.—45

The skies, still fair,

Wear yet no shadow to the lifted eye;
But day's long splendors have a yellow glare,
And shadows, all unseen on earth or sky,
Seem darkly flung upon the conscious heart—
A sad foreboding that the bright must part.

And all *shall* part:

They fade out one by one—they haste away;
The tides grow still in nature's curdling heart,
And thou, pale dying year, may'st not delay:
The dim and dusty scroll of things that were
Shall soon all record of thy being bear.

And such is life—

A spring and summer of the north's harsh clime,
The autumn, gathering while fond hopes are rife,
And winter ending our brief date of time—
Its chilling darkness closing in apace
O'er the fierce strugglers in life's eager race.

Departing year!

Thou bear'st stern teachings in thy softest sigh—
In all thy tones a prophet's voice we hear:
Makes the immortal spirit no reply!
What is man's voice, in its rebuking power,
To thy deep moan in this thy dying hour!

SUN-SET.

THE sun had just scattered a golden dew
O'er the western hills of heaven,
And swam thro' the sapphirine stream of blue,
To open the gates of even.

The clouds that his rosy breath last came o'er
With crimson dye are glowing,
And others the mirrors of fancy pour
In numerous forms—bestowing

On some the appearance of golden trees,
With blossoms of ruby swelling,
Or pendulous pearls—which the playful breeze
Transforms to a fairy dwelling.

On pyramids tall, edg'd with amber fringe,
Or chrysolite valleys gleaming,
And mountains incrust'd with purple tinge,
In gorgeous splendor beaming.

Allusive of yon bright heaven so fair,
Where saints, golden harps enwreathing,
Fling over the chords, fresh flowers which there
Bloom ever—sweet odors breathing.

Where pleasure supernal unboundedly glows,
Where sorrow and sighing can never
Intrude, for its joys like the river which flows
Through its valleys, will flow on for ever!

Original.

THE CONFLICTS OF MIND.*

A VALEDICTORY ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CLOSE OF THE
ACADEMICAL YEAR OF NORWALK SEMINARY.BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON,
Principal of the Seminary.

5. DIFFICULTIES are more easily overcome than is generally imagined. The simple resolution to surmount an obstacle reduces it one half. It concentrates the powers of the soul. There is much exertion in a retreating army; but it is of little avail, for it makes no impression upon the foe. It is spent in taking care of the baggage and the wounded, gathering up the slain, destroying property, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy, preparing the way for escape, and protecting the rear from attack. Let that army, however, resolve to stand its ground; and though there may be no more energy expended than there was in retreating, how different is the result! Its powers are collected—every hand is placed upon a gun—every bayonet is directed against the foe, and every moment works important issues. So a defeated, staggering soul may make effort to escape from the disgrace of defeat—effort to rise from beneath the pressure of its own humbling reproaches—effort at planning some new enterprise, but it is effort wasted.

Resolution brings every power to the same point, and moves the whole soul forward, like the Grecian phalanx, each part supported and supporting, and every step making an opening before it. It dissipates imaginary terrors. Imagination is a very busy but very humble servant of the soul. She obsequiously consults predominant inclination, and paints to suit its taste. She is never more active than when fear (which is generally a usurper in a state of irresolution) sways the scepter over the inner man. Hence difficulties are always magnified when viewed in the distance. The inner as well as the outer optics are subject to illusions. When, upon some unknown coast, we view, through the morning fog, the distant cottage, we deem it a castle. Thus the sluggard, standing at his door, sees a lion in his way. Though the enemy be a hundred miles off, the coward sees him on the next hill top. He only who says, "I can and I will," sees difficulties in their true dimensions. How the terrors of the wilderness retreat, before the advancing steps of the fearless emigrant! O, how I like those words, "I can and I will!" They are words of magic—they put to flight the hosts of phantoms and hobgoblins which fear conjures up around us in moments of hesitation—they reduce giant enemies to ordinary foes—they level the mountains, fill the vallies, and make straight paths for the feet. Would you be victors, write them upon your banners, and, like the vision of Minerva which made Achilles tremble, they will shake the knees of all your enemies.

Ye mothers, at your cradles teach them to your chil-

dren, and bid the first pulsations of their little hearts beat music to them. These words, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me," inspired mortal to struggle with immortal powers. Fathers, breathe resolution into your sons; then, though you put them unarmed, unfriended, and unshod, into this wide world, they will see their way to wealth and honor. Launch them upon the stormy ocean—they will exact a rich revenue from its billows: exile them to the wilderness, and they will press milk and honey from its rocks.

Resolution inspires self-confidence. Before the declaration of independence, the Continental Congress acted with fear and trembling; but so soon as that instrument was adopted, a noble self-confidence inspired that gallant band of patriots. They found that they had emerged from that dependance in which they had been reared; and this perception spread a might and majesty over all their thoughts and actions.

The resolution to pursue the path of duty, regardless of enemies or obstacles, begets the conviction that we can place reliance on our own souls. Under this conviction, whatever is done, is done firmly. Next to a sense of the Divine presence there is nothing so invigorating to the spirit as the consciousness of independence. In some respects it is not proper that we should be independent. It is wisely ordained that our persons, our tongues, our property, should be, to some extent, under the control of human law; but there is one little territory over which God designs that man should sway an exclusive scepter—that territory is his own soul. On this no tyrant dare rattle his chains—into this no monarch can push his bayonets. It is a holy inheritance—it is celestial soil—it is guarded by the cherubic sword.

Unhappy wretch that does not rule in the counsels of his own mind! He opens the gates of his paradise. He becomes a vassal where he should be a king—instead of heading an army he can scarce control a finger. Piteable being he who asks his fellow mortals to legislate for him. What do they know of the soul! Were they by, in the laboratory of heaven, when God struck it off? or can they measure its apprehensions or its anguish! Can they see it cling to the cross, or attach itself to the throne, or cast anchor within the veil? Can they lift the curtain that hides eternity, and travel up with it to see what will be its wants in unwasting ages? Poor ruined soul art thou that embarkest upon the shipwrecked reason of the world—*perplexed* soul who must obtain consent of his fellow worms before he acts. To whom shall he go? This world is a great Babel, where chaos umpire sits,

"And by deciding, worse embroils the fray."

Such a man resembles a boatman on a mighty river, where it divides into a thousand branches. A points to one and B to another of the diverging streams, and obey whom he pleases, the overwhelming majority is against him. Perplexed by the confused cries, every stroke of his paddle is feeble. He is a degraded mortal, whomsoever he be, that stoops to ask man, or winds, or waves, or mountains, or storms, or lightning, whether

* Concluded from p. 326.

he may do his duty, and weak as he is degraded. Would you be unembarrassed? Have but one will, viz., the will of God. Inquire what is duty, then do it; and though storms may rage around you, all will be calm within. From the counsels of your own soul you will come forth, as Gabriel, from the light, doing nothing rashly, nothing doubtfully, nothing feebly, and before you difficulties will sink.

Under manly resistance difficulties progressively diminish. If, when we set out in life, we fail, we shall be likely to do so throughout our career; but if we conquer in the first onset, we shall probably vanquish in the next, and after a few triumphs our march will be as that of the conqueror.

The forty-fourth British regiment, having lost their colors by a dastardly delay in bringing up the fascines at the battle of New Orleans, and being sent to India to regain them, instead of accomplishing their object, were annihilated by the Afghans. The hero who led the American lines to that memorable field, commenced his career by a fortunate battle, and terminated, in a blaze of glory, a series of brilliant victories. Summon all your energies to the first conflict. As, under reiterated failures, the bold heart sinks, under repeated triumphs the timid one rises. Success gives strength to the hand, and energy to the head, and courage to the heart, and produces the habit of perseverance to successful issue. Its subject goes to the battle as did the Greek, who, being reminded that he was lame, replied, "I propose to fight, not to run." When Buonaparte heard that his old guards had surrendered, he said it was impossible, because they did not know how.

Manly resistance subdues the opposition of the world. This world is a wicked one. It loves to crush the oppressed. I know not *how* it is, but I do know that *so* it is. When a man gives signs of failing, his friends forsake him, and his enemies come up; and even they who before were indifferent to his affairs, take an interest in his downfall. Woe to the man who cannot conceal his inadequacy to meet his exigencies. Clearchus in that memorable retreat of the ten thousand from Persia, though in an enemy's land, and surrounded with millions of armed foes, delivered to the king's messengers, inviting him to sue for peace, that truly Spartan reply, "Go tell the king that it is rather necessary to fight, as we have nothing on which to dine." While such was his bearing, he marched unhurt through dangerous passes, and over unfordable rivers, and was abundantly supplied with Persian dainties; but when he went to parley with Tissaphernes, he and the brave men around him fell.

Whether unfortunate or prosperous, you may expect to be opposed. Had you the wisdom of Ulysses, the patriotism of Washington, the purity of an angel of light, you would be opposed. God incarnate, on an errand of redeeming mercy, fought his way to the cross, which he stained with his atoning blood. You may expect opposition as long as selfishness and envy rankle in the human heart. Sometimes your motives will be misunderstood, sometimes maliciously misconstrued.

You will have opposition from honest motives, and opposition from hostile feelings. It will, perchance, come from the hand that has gathered your bounty, and issue from that heart that should love and bless you. No matter, stand firm. If you weep over the ingratitude of those who have basely injured you, let no one see your tears. If you receive into your bosom the poisoned dagger of a false friend, let no murmur escape your lips. Be sure, this course will be best. Preserve a steady footstep, and march towards your object, and your foes will slink away ashamed. Under such a course as named, the very feeling which leads to opposition will suggest its withdrawal. When a designing enemy sees that a man is not arrested by difficulty—that obstacles only develop superior energies, he will take care not to put any in his way. The very men that oppose you with bitterness, when they see you marching onward with accelerated footstep, will soon not only surcease their opposition, but come around you with obsequious smile, and bow and beg to do you homage.

Secure the assistance of friends. It is an old adage that fortune helps those who help themselves. Certain it is that friends are most inclined to help us when they see we least care about their assistance. They wish to be assured that their means will be well invested before they part with them. The individual of sagacity will be glad of an opportunity of aiding a vigorous, manly youth, because he will be sure of an ample interest for his capital. But he who has an estate to bequeath, will not be quick to believe that it is his duty to leave it to a slothful relative. He will seek to intrust it to some hand which will make it tell upon the interest of the world. The multitude delight to crowd around the man who can use them to good advantage. It is said of an ancient general, that, in consequence of his severity, in time of peace all who could forsake him; but when danger arose, they rushed back again to his standard. His fearless step in the hour of trial, congregated the multitudes around him. The steady determination to encounter difficulty without alarm, is, in moments of danger, like the trumpet of Gideon on the mountains of Palestine, which instantly gathered Abimezer around him.

Difficulty is associated with happiness. The curse which doomed man to toil is among the greatest of human blessings. In itself it is a curse; relatively, to fallen man, it is a perpetual, universal, unmixed mercy. Though the seraph, soaring on his wings of fire, and triumphing in immortal powers, regards it as a curse—though man in paradise felt it to be such, yet to man deprived, it is a kind angel which saves him from himself, his greatest foe. Were it repealed, earth would be a thousand fold cursed. Matter and mind would rot—the field would be a wilderness—man would be armed against himself, and against his fellow—passion would obliterate reason—iniquity would spring out of all the earth—unmitigated wrath would look down from heaven—hell itself would be anticipated. Wisely has God locked up every blessing, and thrown a cur-

tain over every truth, that in turning the key, and lifting the veil, man's physical and moral powers might be diverted from *their* desolating, downward tendency.

But exercise not only preserves us, in some degree, from wickedness and woe, it brings us positive pleasure. The exercise of any of the faculties, within prescribed limits, affords enjoyment. As we survey, with the microscope, the fantastic motions of the animalcula that float in the dew drop, we exclaim, how happy! As we take our evening walk in the meadow, and survey the sportive lambs, we cry out, instinctively, what pleasure these little creatures enjoy! We never contrast the slow pace of the dam with the buoyant footsteps of the colt, without drawing an inference in favor of the happiness of the latter. And why? We form our estimate of the happiness of inferior animals by their motions. But where did we obtain this measure? From our superior natures. The activity of our faculties is the measure of enjoyment, all other things being equal. We may add that joy is the richer and the purer, the more elevated the faculty called into exercise. Does not the peasant enjoy more than the brute—the philosopher than the peasant—the Christian than the philosopher?

Go to your congress of nations. See those two champion statesmen meet in fierce and final struggle. A nation's arguments, a nation's feelings, a nation's interests crowd upon each aching head, and press each throbbing heart. The world's wit and wisdom crowd the halls, and beauty in the glittering gallery watches the approaching conflict. The multitudes besiege the doors, and aisles, and windows, anxious to witness the scene, and herald the issue. The champions rise upon the tempest of human passions—they raise storm after storm, and throw thunderbolt on thunderbolt at each other—they soar, wing to wing, into the loftiest regions—they grapple with each other, soul to soul. Then is the purest, deepest, sweetest rapture, save that which comes from heaven. It were cheap to buy one draught with the crown of empire.

Difficulties, when overcome, insure honor. What laurels can be gathered from the field of sham battle? No enemy, no glory. The brave man scorns the feeble adversary. The greater the foe the more noble the victory. Rome gave her best honors to Scipio, because he prostrated Hannibal. America honors Washington because he drove the giant forces of Britain. England awards to Wellington her highest praise because he struck down Napoleon, her mightiest foe. Mark the aged Christian pilgrim as he rises from some fearful conflict in holy triumph. Hark! Methinks I hear him say, "O glorious Gospel of the blessed God! Because thou dost task all my powers—because thou dost lead me to the arena—because thou dost bring me to the mightiest foes—to principalities and powers, leagued for our destruction—to rulers of darkness, and wicked spirits, panting for our everlasting death—to the world and the flesh—to earth and to hell, thus making me a spectacle to infernal and heavenly worlds—to God the Spirit, God the Son, and God the Father; therefore will I

glory in thee." Go ask the blood-washed throng if they would erase one trial from their history. Ask David on yon mount of glory, why the angels fold their wings, and drop their harps to listen to his story. Would you have an honored life, an honored memory, a blessed immortality, shrink not from conflict.

We measure a man's intellect by his achievement. We estimate his achievements by their difficulties. Think you that honor can come without difficulty? Try it. Go build baby-houses, join mice to a little wagon, play at even and odd, and ride on a long pole, and see what laurels the world will award you.

We will give you the crown of empire. Now go, like Sardanapalus, wrapping yourself in petticoats, dress wool among a flock of women, and see if honor would not stamp his angry foot, and shake his hoary locks, and spurn you from his presence.

Difficulties give courage. Look at the raw recruit. How timid, how fearful of the foe, how willing to avoid an engagement! See him on the eve of strife—his imagination pictures the smoke and din of battle from afar—the plain crimsoned with blood—the piercing cries and gaping wounds of the dying and the dead. He longs for the home of his childhood, the embrace of his mother, the quiet of peace. But mark the hardy veteran by his side, who carries in his body the bullets of the foe, and bears upon his face the marks of their sabres. He stands firm—he thinks only of the image of his country, the punishment of the invader, and the laurels of the conqueror, and lies down to rest, longing for the reveille that shall wake him to the strife. Behold yon timid, delicate female. She trembles at the spider—she shudders at the unexpected rap—she faints at the firing of the pistol. War breaks out—her husband draws his sword, and leads his platoon to the cannon's mouth. The savages surround her dwelling—the sound of the war-whoop wakes the slumbers of midnight, and the blood of her first-born flows over her threshold. That female is the timid virgin *no longer*. Guarding the cradle of her weeping babes, she learns to fire the rifle, and plunge into warrior hearts the sharpened dagger. The heart of a Hannibal throbs in her bosom.

Finally. God knew the difficulties of duty from the beginning. Did difficulty justify a surceasing from duty, God would have qualified his commands. When, amid thunders and lightning, he delivered on the mount that trembled, the command, thou shalt have none other gods before me, did he not see that lion's den, and hear that sad decree? Did he not cast his eyes to the plains of Durah? Did he not see that golden image rising three-score cubits? Did he not see that gathering host of captains, judges, treasurers, counselors, sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, meeting for the dedication of the image? Did he not see those three Hebrews, and that furious monarch, and that furnace heated with seven-fold flame to the temperature of a tyrant's wrath? And yet he did not qualify the high command.

When Jesus, rising from the tomb, paused on his ascent to heaven, and gave his great commission, "Go

ye," &c., did he not know that Peter would die, that Paul would be beheaded, that emperor after emperor would kindle his fires, and lead out his Christian victims to the flames, or feed them to the beasts? Did he not well know that rivers of blood would flow over his sanctuary, and that every age to the millenium would witness its persecutions? Who says that difficulty should arrest us in the work of evangelizing the world? and yet there may be duties as clear as that.

I would not encourage rash enterprises—I would not set will in the place of conscience, or desire in the room of reason. I would take into consideration opposing tendencies and probable results in forming my views of duty. But there may be duties as clearly marked out by the divine providence as by the divine word. Reason, guided by the light of revelation, may satisfy us of duty as clearly as if God were to speak audibly from heaven.

I have pointed out the path to success. I cannot leave you without directing attention to the motives which should influence you in determining your pursuit. I cannot imagine that any of you think so meanly of your souls as to enter upon life with the question, what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? This would be to regard yourselves as mere brutes. Some may ask, what will be most congenial to my taste, or is most favorable to improvement, or renown, or power, or wealth? I know not how to express my profound contempt for worldly honor or riches. The world cannot often estimate true worth. Homer receives honor; but it comes too late even for the sepulchre. Milton deserved a temple; but scarce received a tomb. But honor, what is it? A name upon the scroll, and which Time with one dash of his sponge shall soon wipe out. Crucify soul and body for the world, and she may mock you in your expiring agonies; and will you offer incense at her shrine, and seek her favor? Let her honors be sought when her heart is purified. Who would seek the applause of hell? Why then seek the honors of a world kindred to it? You are dying, immortal men. What will a world's applause be to you in your last agonies? in the resurrection morning? in the eternal world? There are unfading laurels—there are eternal histories, but not on earth. In what terms shall I express the fathomless degradation of that man who merely heaps up the glittering dust of the mine—who prostitutes energies that might bless a world to the accumulation of dollars and cents? He sinks to the level of the ants a soul that might take rank among the angels. I am soon to die. I tell you—remember what I say—that there is no service which is not infinitely beneath your immortal powers but the service of the living God. There is no honor worthy to be sought but that which comes from heaven. There is no object sufficiently great to develop the energies that slumber in your bosom, except that for which the Almighty designed you.

I want to see you men—I pant to see you mighty men. Fain would I have you move through earth with a tempest's force; but better harden into marble

upon those seats, than move with any other object than the good of man—the glory of God.

Pleasure and glory pursue those who least seek them. Serve God with a pure heart, and happiness and honor shall follow you. Pant you for a foe? You shall have one. There is an enemy to all your species, who hangs the earth in black, and fills it with mourning, lamentation, and woe, and plunges his hatchet in unnumbered souls, and kindles around them eternal burnings. Enter the field against him.

At the close of the first punic war, as Hamilcar, about to cross his army into Spain, stood upon the shores of Carthage, he was reflecting upon the triumphs of the Romans, the rivals of his country. He thought of Sicily yielded by a premature despair, of Sardinia intercepted by fraud, of the stipends maliciously imposed, and above all of the laurels won from his native shores, and his great spirit was stirred within him. In the midst of his meditations his little son, nine years old, approached him, and fawning in a childish manner, entreated his father to lead him with the troops into Spain. The great parent breathed upon the martial spirit of his son, and leading him to the altar bade him touch the sacrifices, and then swear that when he became a man, he would be the enemy of Rome. That son was Hannibal. Ye sons of Christendom, come to the altar of our God, touch the sacrifices of our Jesus, and swear eternal hostility to Satan.

Do you ask for exemplars? I point you to Daniel, to Paul, to Luther. Others have provoked the acclamations of earth—they have called forth the shouts of heaven. Do you demand a magnificent object? The world is before you. Balboa, the discoverer of the South Sea, in crossing the isthmus which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific, ascended a mountain, from which he beheld the unknown ocean rolling in all its majesty. Overwhelmed by the sight, he fell upon his knees to thank God for conducting him to so important a discovery. When he reached the margin of the sea, he plunged up to his middle in its waves, and with sword and buckler took possession of it in the name of his sovereign, Ferdinand of Spain. Lay the map of the world before you, plant your foot on Asiatic highlands, or on some lofty peak of the Andes. Survey continents, and seas, and islands in darkness and captivity, and fall down to thank God that you stand on an eminence from which you see this great sight; then rising in the majesty of faith, and girding on sword and buckler, advance to the conquest of the nations in the name of Zion's King. There are energies slumbering in the smallest bosom among you to shake the world.

I have said what I intended. I now come to bid you farewell. The hour of parting is a solemn one. It is crowded with recollections of pleasures for ever fled, of opportunities neglected, of mercies abused—may I not hope in this instance mingled with recollections of privileges improved, of intercourse sanctified? It is allied to the hour when a man lays his head upon the pillow to die. It suggests the solemn scenes of the final judgment, and the retribution which must follow.

I never lost a dear friend when the remembrance of unkind expressions, and improper thoughts and feelings, and neglected opportunities of doing good did not roll over my sinking heart; and I have wished, as I stood beside the weeping mother in the silent chambers of death, and drew aside the curtain, and gazed upon the cold clay, that I could recall the dear departed for one moment, so that I might throw my arms around his warm neck, and with tears entreat forgiveness. I now stand, in effect, at the graves of many that I love. You may live; but in all probability you will be to me as dead. Our intercourse is about to cease, and we shall see each other's faces no more. In looking back, I have reason to mourn. I see many moments that I have misimproved—many unworthy examples that I have misimproved—many unworthy examples that I have misimproved—and although I have toiled with a feeble frame and a heavy heart, and wet my couch with tears, when no eye but that of God could see me, yet I fear that I have not labored for you, that I have not felt for you, that I have not prayed for you as I should have done. Think of these regrets, and may God grant that they may be sanctified to our mutual good! If I have misconstrued any action which was well intended, or formed a wrong opinion of any of you, or struck a single spirit an unnecessary blow, I confess with shame and sorrow, and pray that you will forgive me.

Alas! there are some to whom these acknowledgments come too late. Franklin B. Sain is no more. We saw him sicken and die. We have laid his body in the narrow house. May we not hope that angels have conveyed his soul to its rest in the bosom of God? And where is Ralph Johnson, the facetious, lively Ralph? He lies beneath the waves of the Sandusky Bay. In a moment, joyous, heedless, alone, in the midnight storm, and longing to return to your society, the rude wind capsized his little bark, and he sunk to rise no more. Alas! in vain did the father, in his anguish, call for his dear Ralph—in vain did Leonard search along the shore for his only and well beloved brother—in vain did the mother look out upon the unconscious waters for her youngest and fondest son. Manning B. Seymour, where is he? He was to have been present, to walk through these aisles, to assist in spreading these carpets, to seat these ladies, to participate in your hilarity, and to listen to my voice. Alas! you dragged his body from those fatal waters with your own hands. In slow and solemn procession you followed him through those streets. One by one you gazed and wept upon his coffin, and saw him borne for ever from your sight. These instances admonish us to be also ready.

We part. We may never meet again on earth. We must meet amid the fires of the last day. May we meet at the right hand of the Judge, to whom commending you, I now bid you a final and affectionate farewell.

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

2

Original.
YOUTHFUL PIETY.

—
BY THE EDITOR.

“By cool Siloam’s shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon’s dewy rose!
Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.”

THE Bible suits its admonitions to every age. It addresses not only the mature and the decrepid, but condescends to “little children,” and proffers happiness to the young.

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,” is its solemn adjuration to those who are passing from the scenes of childhood to the graver periods of active life. The days of youth may be reckoned those which intervene between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. The former may be considered the limit of childhood and the latter of youth. The preacher’s exhortation, therefore, applies in all its force during at least ten years of our probation.

God is mindful of the peculiar temptations which beset this period of life. He knows, too, that inexperience of the vanity of the world adds greatly to the dangers of the youthful. He is aware of the strong inclination of all unrenewed hearts to the delights of sense. He therefore addresses the young with kindness, and yet with authority. He points out to them the value of religion in its temporal uses, and then warns them, by the coming judgment, not to forget God.

What is it to remember our Creator? It is not an *unimpressive notion* of God. This is common to the most careless. To think of God as we think of stars in the day-time, both being out of sight, and pictured only by the imagination, is a vain service. The task to which the preacher invokes is far more serious. They who indulge such careless thoughts of Jehovah, insult his mercy and majesty. The remembrance of God here urged upon us must be a grave, purposeful, and pains-taking labor.

To remember our Creator is not an *occasional thinking about him*. It is no virtue to have our uneasy minds, full as they are of change and wanderings, sometimes light upon God. No degree of stupidity, or aggravated sinfulness, can prevent this. We must blot God’s name from our language, and the idea which it conveys from our minds, before we can wholly cease to think of God. The vilest transgressors have occasional meditations about the eternal and self-existent—the omnipresent and omniscient Creator.

To remember our Creator is not a *fitful awe and dread of him*, which soon passing away, leaves no savor of devotion—no high resolve of piety. The righteous are in awe of Jehovah; but theirs is habitual reverence, and is displayed in their words and actions.

The wicked may occasionally fear and quake when God comes in his wrathful providences, and overwhelms them with the conviction that he will sometime visit and consume his foes.

To remember our Creator is not an occasional *mis-giving of our worldly affections*, or a momentary inclination of our feelings towards God. Such states of mind now and then unaccountably occur in the most depraved and obdurate. They are scarcely "states," as that implies fixedness. They probably owe their origin, for the most part, to the "drawings of the Father," or to a divine influence shed forth upon men, which softens their hearts, and strongly attracts them towards God. This influence is alluded to by our Savior when he says, "No man can come unto me, except the Father draw him." Some have mistaken these "drawings" for religion. Indeed, it is probable that a large number of those who "hope" they are the children of God, have experienced no more than these "drawings of the Father." Had they followed on to know the Lord, instead of the fears and hopes which attend their anxious, unconverted state, their light would have become as the noon-day.

It is time now to consider what positives are implied in remembering our Creator. It implies *serious and diligent meditation on his character and government*. Meditation sometimes denotes a song. Indeed, this is its original import. But we now use it to express a continuous train of thought on some grave theme. To assist our meditations on the divine character and government, we may read, converse, sing, pray, hear the Gospel preached, or dispensing with these aids, may sit in solitary quiet, and revolve in our minds the character and attributes of God. We may, through grace, form a habit of dwelling on religious themes, and then employ most of our time in inquiries connected with our eternal salvation. If unconverted, these meditations will bring to our hearts a distressing conviction of our wickedness and danger—if converted, they will quicken us in our Christian journey, and increase our joy in God.

Remembering God implies a *knowledge of him*. What we never traced we cannot remember. Before memory can hold it the mind must acquire it. But serious and diligent thoughts of God will, by divine teaching, make us acquainted with him, and then we are called to remember him.

Remembering God implies that we are *deeply sensible of his being and his presence*. We must not only see, but *feel* that there is a God. We must realize his perfections. We must have a strong assurance that his providence is over us—that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. Without this deep sense of God's being and presence, we shall forget him. If the heart let God go, the head can keep no hold of him. But if the heart receive and retain him in its affections, to think of him will be natural, and in some sort, inevitable. Then our "meditation of him will be sweet." He will become the blessed object of our thankful and devout contemplation. Our affections

will, with mighty force, send our thoughts in a spontaneous and joyful flow towards him.

Remembering God implies *disregard of others*—not a positive, but a comparative disregard. We must loosen the mind and the heart from the world. And we can easily determine whether we remember God. If we spend more hours daily in thinking of him than we do of the world—of its business, its gains, and its delights; and if we do it with a free and gratified heart, then we do remember God. If our thoughts move in that current, and thus flow towards God, not by constraint, but as it were naturally, we may rejoice, for grace has gotten us the victory.

Remembering God implies a disregard of *ourselves*. A sense of God's glory will make us abhor ourselves. How can one be said to remember God who is full of himself. He that does not hate his friends and his "own life also," (that is, comparatively,) cannot, says Jesus, be my disciple.

Remembering God *implies that he is our all*. The soul that does not take him for its portion must forget him. God abhors every heart that does not thus receive him, and tears himself away from it. We must not only prefer him to all things, but it must be a strong and decided preference—we must be sick of every thing beside. We must be so charmed by his ineffable glories, as to loathe all else. All creatures in comparison with him must look repulsive, so that the heart will, as it were, fall sick at the sight of them. Then shall we feel the full force of those words, "Whom have I in heaven but thee; and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee!"

These are the several things implied in remembering our Creator. And now let us turn to another branch of the subject.

Ought we not to remember God? Is it an unreasonable service? Suppose God sustained no relation to us—that we were independent of him, in the origin and in the issues of our being, ought we not even then to remember him? So it seems to me. God is the most excellent being in the universe. All the beauty and glory of the creatures, are cyphers in comparison with the excellence of God. To forget trifles is well enough. But whoever remembers creatures and forgets God, forgets all that is glorious, and is mindful only of the vile. We should abhor to see a man gathering weeds and casting away diamonds. How must angels abhor to see us gathering the filthy creatures into our hearts, and shutting out the all-glorious Creator—the infinitely blessed original and fountain of all beauty and all excellence. To love the saints who bear some faint resemblance to him, and to admire angels, the messengers of his love and the ministers of his beneficence, are reckoned virtues. How much more worthy of our warmest admiration is the Maker of both saints and angels! Assuming, then, that God is neither our Maker nor Preserver, we ought never to forget him. His infinite perfections alone challenge our supreme regard.

But how is this obligation strengthened by our relation to him. In the language of the preacher he is our

"Creator." To forget him as God is brutish, but to forget him as our Creator is devilish. Its flagrancy cannot be estimated. Let us suppose ourselves standing by and witnessing a new creation. First, God originates the chaotic elements. Then he divides the waters and produces the solid surface. Next he creates thousands of animated tribes, and dismisses them to expatiate all abroad. After a solemn pause, with a slow deliberation, he proceeds to form a human body from the dust, framing it with a fearful and wonderful mechanism. Then he breathes into it the breath of life, and fills it with vigorous animation. Last of all, he stamps its vital powers with a mental constitution, and impresses on it the subtle energies of spiritual and moral life. The new-made being glances around with an eye of intelligence, and fixes his admiring gaze upon his all-glorious Creator, who addresses him thus: "Child of my love, I have just now formed you from the dust on which you tread. I have given you these senses. I have animated your frame. I have bestowed upon you power to think, to love, and to act, that you may think of your origin, love your Creator, serve him, commune with him, and be blessed." This offspring of the Deity listens at first, and understands; but while God continues speaking, he turns away, and begins to amuse himself with the butterfly or flowret at his feet. God calls him in vain. He lays his hand upon him to divert him from his untimely amusement in vain. In vain he invokes him in the language of alternate love and anger. Thenceforth, the immortal child of Jehovah forgets his heavenly Parent, and while joyful in the beneficent ministrations of his providence, he has an eye, an ear, and a heart for every thing but God. This is a picture of indevotion. The sinner's image is reflected in this mirror. Whoever forgets God is the monster sketched in the above piece.

But God has, if possible, a still higher claim to our regard—a claim founded on his redeeming acts and sufferings. Here mortals stand alone. No other beings are drawn towards God by any such attraction, or are bound to him by any such ties. Jehovah became incarnate for man alone. For others he acted; for man he suffered. For others he *lived*; for man he *died*! Let angels forget him, but man never—no, never.

Let us close with a few reflections on the *means of remembering God*.

Our acts of recollection depend on what philosophers call association. The more numerous and obvious the points of ideal connection between existing and possible themes of thought, the more easily do we pass from the former to the latter. A curious machine reminds us of the inventor. A beneficent deed leads us to inquire for its benevolent author. The gift of a friend or a parent, brings before us the image of the kind and beloved donor. Not to extend the notice of these obvious and numerous principles of association, let us turn and inquire whether they are found in connection with our relations to God, and the dealings of his providence with us.

Now consider how many things there are in nature,

in providence and in grace, to remind us of God. First, here is the machinery of the visible universe, in all its grandeur, beauty and utility, which like the cunning workmanship of a master artist, should always serve to fix our minds on the adorable Maker. By the economy of our being we are every hour compelled to witness the movements of nature. We dwell amidst the whirl of its wheels, and receive each moment the products of its labor. We sow and reap the fields, whose waving harvests spring from her elaborative, mysterious processes. Our bodies and souls reveal to us a God. Their fearful and wonderful construction, with which we are of necessity so intimate, affords us constant and convincing admonitions of the being and the goodness of our Creator. O how can we forget God! While we are mindful that we live and move, how can we forget that we live, move and have our being in Him?

The benevolence of Divine providence should remind us of God. If the gift of a parent draws towards him the affectionate thoughts of his child, how ardently and unceasingly should our hearts incline to our eternal Benefactor. All our comforts drop from his hand. Those which our friends and parents minister flow from him as their ultimate source. Nay, he first bestows friends and parents, and inspires in their bosoms that regard for us which renders them watchful of our happiness, and munificent in their gifts of love. Shall we remember and admire the ministers of his mercy, and forget the gracious Power who sends them into the world, and commissions them to supply our wants from his own bounteous stores? Every thing we eat, drink and wear—our every breath should carry our adoring thoughts to God. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

"But God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." No other token of divine regard is worthy to be mentioned in comparison with this. O to live in a world, and be one of a race of beings for whom God gave his Son, and for whom the Son gave his ease and his honors and his life! It is enough to burst the graves, and bring up the dead, with halleluiahs on their lips. And can a mortal thus redeemed forget Almighty God, the author of this unfathomable bounty? Be astonished, ye heavens!

Let the youthful reader turn and remember God. Take God into your heart and you will remember him. Memory clings to those we love. O let your young affections embrace your Creator and Redeemer. Seek his love—seek till his love is shed abroad in your heart. You must seek—you must obtain—you must be changed in your affections till you love God with all your heart, or you must be a demon for ever. If you have been renewed, and have received the Savior, beware how you wander in affection. Shut out the world from your heart. Be sober—watch unto prayer; and remember,

"He who in his statutes treads,
Shall meet him in the skies."

Original.

THE INDIAN CONVERT.

The following letter was addressed to Bishop Morris, in his late tour to the northern conferences. It is worthy of a place in the Repository. The reader will recollect it is from an Indian. The original letter is before us, and is written in a remarkably neat style of penmanship. Not one in ten of our business men can write as well. The orthography and punctuation are more defective. We present it, except in these particulars, just as it appears in the manuscript.—E.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I write a few lines to you to tell you the salvation of God towards me since I cast away my blanket from my body, and my images, or gods, before mine eyes, whom I worshiped many days, and served them with much prayer and fasting. While I set in darkness, and in the shadow of death, I heard a voice, saying, "*Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy!*" Then I beheld the man. Behold, he points to heaven, saying, "*Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*" Then I repent of my sins. It was a bitter medicine I ever tasted. Then I cried out before the man of God the language of every poor sinner, "O Lord, *what must I do to be saved?*" The good man told me, saying, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Then I believed in the Lord Jesus, my Savior. As soon as I believed, my sorrowful heart was turned into great joy. I went home rejoicing and praising God on the way. I took my images, the gods of my father, and I did burn and destroy them; and I said, "I know now my Redeemer liveth." My poor soul was happy in God—my heart was filled with the love of God. Then I had a clear evidence that I was a child of God. I felt to tell all men what great things God has done for me; but I was too young to leave my parents. However, I put my trust in God, knowing that he is an eternal being. O, God, thou art from everlasting to everlasting! I could not help of thinking that it was my duty to go and tell my fellow men to come to Christ, that they may have a new heart, and saved from their sins by the blood of the Lamb. The Spirit of God told my poor heart to ask God, through Jesus Christ, that the favor of God might fill my heart. While I prayed to the God of heaven and earth, he blessed me. My vessel filled with the love of God—it run over. O, what a glorious feeling was this! Then I arose from the bosom of my dear parents, and felt willing "*go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,*" and point sinners to "*the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.*"

O, my brother, while I am writing, the missionary spirit burns in my poor heart. O, how can we be idle, while the wide field is opened before us! My fellow laborer in the Gospel, how do you feel about the glorious work of God? Ah, brother, I know you are happy in God. Your heart is filled with the love of God. I tell you, my brother, what I feel when the missionary spirit burns in my poor heart. O, sometimes makes me to jump out of my chair. What is it for? Why, I see so many poor souls who starve for

want of living bread. And one missionary ask me (his name was John Clark) that if I was willing to follow him in his missionary labor. I told him I was willing to go. Then I told my father and mother what I heard from the missionary. As soon as I had made an end of speaking, they say, "My son, you cannot go away, because you are too young to leave us, and you cannot take care of yourself well; and if you are sick no body will take care of you." Then I told them, "My dear parents, is God too unkind to take care of me wherever I go—to give me favor in my young days, or is God too thoughtless to forget me: if I fall in sickness, will he not take good care of me? Surely he will show me his great kindness even on my dying bed." And my mother told me again, "My son, how can your father and myself let you go? You are younger than the rest of my family. We love you. Why will you forsake us? We are getting old, thou knowest. We shall die soon; then you will go wherever you please." And I told my mother, "O, dear parent, I know you cannot let me go; but God knows that how he can let me go. O, the God of heaven and earth will bless you. I command you to trust in God; then we shall see each other in heaven before the dazzling throne of God." Then my mother wept, and she beheld me weeping, tears on her cheek, and said, "My dear son, the Lord will bless you. I let you go, for God calls you into the ministry. Be faithful."

I have been traveling since that time from place to place, and along the shore of Lake Superior, calling my fellow men to come to Christ by faith, and be saved. O how often I have a glorious time! My poor soul praised the Lord—my poor heart was filled with the love of God. O what a glorious cause! although I often have been tired, not only in preaching but in foot traveling. When the snow is deep in the winter time, when I walked so many days that my feet bled, I was very tired, hungry, and cold. Sometimes I am thinking of brethren's house, if I could stay to-night, how comfortably I will be; but I must dig the snow, and make my nest in a cold place to lodge in during night. It was a cold night. Ah! "the foxes have holes, and the fowls of the air have nests, but the Son of man had no place to lay his head." O, ye missionaries, be not discouraged, but "rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." O what encouragement is this: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O, what a glorious company will that be; when all faithful missionaries cease from their labor, we shall wear the dazzling crown upon our own heads!

And when I came down from the Lake Superior to my appointment this year, I took a small birch bark canoe from Iron river to Kah-ke-wa-oo-naun mission, because I could not find any passage; but by the help of God I determined to come down by myself; and when I started coming down, I had little provision for my journey; and the chief at the place where I started gave me old tomahawk and one paddle. That day I

started, it was very pleasant; and in the evening began to be stormy weather; and when I could not go any farther, so stormy, thundering and lightning, me just kah-e-zhe-ah-gwaha-bah-e-wa-yaun; that is, I did run to the land. And I stayed all night on the sand beach, and in the morning it was very heavy wind; so I stayed about two days in that place. But, thank God, I was not comfortless—I had the good Book, the words of eternal life. Our Savior says, "*I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you;*" another word, "*I am with you even unto the end of the world.*" It came to my mind, while I stayed in that place, to make me two ah-zha-bwe-yah-nun; that is, back sitting paddles; but I had nothing to make them with, only a small penknife and old tomahawk, and I thought to try it. I took my old tomahawk—it was very dull—and I hewed one of the small logs. Took me a great while to finish them. As soon as I was done hewing, I set down on the ground, and work it out all day with poor penknife. Just about to finish my oars, I broke my penknife. Then I said, "Thank the good Lord that I finished my oars!" And in the evening I determined to go on all night, because the wind fail; and I thought it would be calm all night. So I pushed out my little canoe, and rowing until twelve o'clock. As I go along on the top of the waves, I sung some good hymns with joy toward my Savior. And about two o'clock the wind blew very hard. Just about half an hour the waves made a terrible noise. I could not land, it so rocky and steep place along the shore. The waves made fearful noise, beating against the shore, and I could not see, it was so dark; but I must try to run to the shore. I thought surely will lose either of my life or my little canoe. In a moment I started head toward the shore, and one of the largest waves coming, and opening his large mouth like a great whale, I thought, "Old fellow, you will swallow me up." Good old fellow cast me on his back, then he runs very fast toward the shore. I thought my poor canoe will go to pieces. He cast me on the dry ground. Then I jump out and look back. I could not see my old horse—where is he gone to? I lift up my heart to the almighty God with praise and thanksgiving, preserving my life out of the mouth of mighty waves to put my feet on the dry land. I remember the words of our Lord and Master, saying, "*The hairs of your head are all numbered, and none of them falleth to the ground without notice of your heavenly Father; and are you not of more value than the fowls? O, ye of little faith!*" And the next morning was a little calm; then I started ahead. About noon the wind changed. I had a sideway wind. I did sail some; but it was very heavy rain; and after sunset I saw a good harbor; then I stopped in that place to stay all night. The next morning was very fair wind, but most too hard wind for me to sail. I was halting for awhile whether I should go on or not; finally, my mind fixed to go on, because so fair wind for sailing. And when I was farther out of the lake I found it was too heavy sea for me to be out of the lake. I thought I missed the mark for this time. I tried to turn back—

I could not make out. The hard wind was as a whip snapping against my canoe, and I found no way to get shore again. It was better for me to put up sail. So I did; then I sailed very fast; and about nine o'clock the wind began to blow very hard, the waves rolling as the rocks rushing down from the steep place; and I thought every wave will swallow me up; but I sung a good missionary hymn; then my poor soul rejoiced in God my Savior. I praised my God for his goodness towards me while the walls of water round about me; and as I was sailing, I saw at a great distance a good harbor. If I could get there, then I might possibly get the shore; but I doubt whether I shall get there or not. By the providence of God I got the shore; and there was a high bluff close to that place when I landed; and I went upon the top of the bluff, and when I got there I turned my face toward the lake, and I said, "Ah! ye mighty waves, I conquered you—I stand above you—ye are under my feet—the place where I am now you will never be able to come up!" Then I lift up my eyes to God, and said, "O, blessed God, by thy mighty strength I got in this place; while I come up here I have passed through fearful waves, who try to swallow me up. O, thou hast put my little canoe in the hollow of thy hand!" And while I said this, I immediately remember when I shall cease my labor here below, and get up there on the mount of God in eternal day, to wear the dazzling crown the Lord Jesus prepared for us by his precious blood. Halleluiah! I began to rejoice; and again I remember the words of our blessed Savior, saying, "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*" And the next day it was very pleasant; and about nine o'clock I crossed one portage, and I did carry my canoe and things on my back. After sunset I come to the place where I spent the Sabbath. I was really tired out that evening. And the next day, being Sabbath, I rest, and reading the good Book of God. What we called Ke-zha-mun-e-doo Mun-ze-nuh-e-gun, signifies *benevolent God's Book*. Conversing with our heavenly Father all the day long, he did bless me. Monday morning I started again; and about four o'clock I got home at the Kah-ke-wa-oo-naun mission.

I was half sick. And after I spent number of days at the mission, we started; brother John Kahbege and myself and three other Indian brethren at the mission, coming down to Sault de St. Marie mission. We got a very large canoe; and I thought I had quite good company this time. And after we got at Sault de St. Marie mission, I stayed a few days in that place, waiting for the arrival of brother Wm. H. Brockway from conference, the superintendent at Sault de St. Marie and Kah-ke-wa-oo-naun missions; and he told me that I was appointed by the conference to Lakeville mission, where I am now.

I was willing to leave my native country and come down to the place where I was appointed, knowing that God sending his unworthy servant where he may be useful. God forbid that I ever feel to make my choice of the place where I shall labor! My brethren,

if you send me in the woods with my old dull axe and piece of bread, I shall try to be faithful and cut down the trees as many as I can, "God being my helper." And when I come to the place where I have been laboring this year, I was pleased with the country and the inhabitants. And I have found some of the Lakeville Indians loving Jesus Christ as their Savior. They were kind to me after they learned that I was their preacher for this year. I immediately commenced preaching and visiting from lodge to lodge. The Lord blessed the poor Indians, who once laid along the streets of white men, who are part of them black men in their hearts! And now the Indians are praising God in the streets and roads of white men. Now poor whisky, or fire-water traders are ashamed; for the Indians have joined the temperance society, and keep their pledges. Now soon these poor fire-water traders will hide themselves in their whisky barrels. Lord, find them out in their fire-water barrels!

Soon we have large society among the Indians, and many of them experienced the religion of Jesus Christ. I believe all the Lakeville Indians embraced Christianity. Sometime, after I was done preaching, the Indians rejoicing and praising their God with a loud voice as they returned home. I have kept school in three months. I had thirty-six scholars regularly. Some of them are now gone as far as three or four syllables. When I first commenced the school, I found two of the boys knowing letters, from Ke-che-moo-koo-maun-un, which signifies, persons who have a great knife, and rest of them they have learned since that time.

And during this spring I have visited Nebescong Indians in Genesee county, Michigan, about thirty-four miles northwest from Lakeville mission. I continued visiting them three times. The last visit I made, the Lord blessed this band of Oo-je-bwais. These poor Indians, while they sat in "darkness, and in the shadow of death," they saw a great light, the light of the Gospel, and salvation from God. Marvelous, O, marvelous light of the Gospel of Christ! He poured down his Holy Spirit upon this tribe, to convict them that they were "very far gone from original righteousness." I took the text from St. Luke xv, 18: "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee." As I went along, explaining my text, I saw the poor Indians listening very attentively, some of them their tears running down on their cheeks. Poor "prodigal son!" As soon as I had done preaching, I asked them, who "will arise and go to his Father?" And they all, men, women, children, rose up, saying, "We will arise up and embrace Christianity!" And, Monday morning, they all brought their images and bad medicines to me. I took them all, and piling up those images and bad medicines, I did burn and destroy them before their eyes. Those Indians requested some one to labor with them, and I told them I will, God being my helper. But O, God, "send more laborers into thy vineyard!" And now, of these Indians, sixty-nine have been baptized, with their children. O this is glorious

tidings in the ears of the bright angels of God, who rejoice before the dazzling throne of God and of the Lamb, when one sinner repenteth of his sins, and coming home to God. And also this is encouragement and glorious news to the saints of God who pray day and night for the prosperity of Zion.

Pray for your unworthy brother and laborer in the Gospel,

MA-DWA-GWUK-A-YAUSH,
alias,

PETER MARKSMAN.

Lakeville Mission, August, 1842.



AN ELDER SISTER.

THE station of the elder sister has always appeared to me so peculiarly important, that the privileges which it involves assume almost a sacred character. The natural adjunct and ally of the mother, she comes forth among the younger children both as a monitor and example. She readily wins their confidence, from a conviction that she, even more freshly than the parent, "is touched with the feelings of their infirmities." In proportion to her interest in their affection, will be her power to improve their characters, and to allure them, by the bright example of her own more finished excellence. Her influence upon brothers is often eminently happy. Of a young man who once evinced high moral principle, with rich and refined sensibilities, unusually developed, it was said by an admiring stranger, "I will venture to affirm that he had a good sister, and that she was older than himself."

It has been my lot to know more than one elder sister of surpassing excellence. I have seen them assuming the office of a teacher, and faithfully imparting to those whose understandings were but feebly enlightened, the advantages of their own more complete education. I have seen them softening and modifying the character of brothers, breathing, until it melted, upon obduracy which no authority could subdue.

I have seen one in the early bloom of youth, and amid the temptations of affluence, so aiding, cheering, and influencing a large circle of brothers and sisters, that the lisping student came to her to be helped in its lesson—and the wild one from its sports, brought the torn garment trustingly to her needle—and the delighted infant stretched its arms to hear her bird-like song—and the cheek of her mother, leaning on so sweet a substitute, forgot to fade.

I knew another, on whose bosom the head of a sick brother rested, whose nursing kindness failed not, night or day; from whom the most bitter medicine was submissively taken, and who, grasping the thin cold hand in hers, when death came, saw the last glance of the sufferer's gratitude divided between her and the mother who bare him.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*



MENTAL pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

Original.

MESMERISM.

BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.

MESMERISM is an *instinct*. Why then seek to elevate it above itself? That there is somewhat in it we would not deny; that there is very much in it, or what should equal any known faculty, to all tests it denies itself. That its reputation has been abused by the extravagant pretensions urged by its professors, we do not doubt. Whilst *these* would elevate it to an available science, the opposite party, in their over-indignation, would stigmatize it as purely empirical. If there is any truth in the matter itself, all the derision in the world cannot gainsay its *action*, whatever it may be its reputation. Candor will allow that it is exactly such a subject, full of "wonderment and strangeness," as the many would delight in; and truly this disportment hath been its worst chance; for the inconsistency of its setting forth has been fully as much of themselves as of the subject; and their inadequate handling has thrown the thing into more disrepute than was necessary to its unexplained properties and possibilities. We think that the subject has not been frequently referred to its proper tests. Its essence and its functions we deem to be purely *remedial*: but this only in the degree of a succedaneum, and to come in as auxiliary to nature, where the more obvious modes of treatment have, in their combinations, not only failed, but have so exhausted their subject, that repetition and renewal must not be attempted in the same form.

But there is other access of healing—other accessories of the human constitution to be acted upon; and to these is accorded a mercy—a sort of physical extreme unction, which may soothe and calm, and in its repose give time for nature to rally and recover herself. Were it only of that physical sympathy, as the physician expresses it, by which the mental belief strengthens and re-assures the body as a method and medium, it should be, in some sort, accredited; for the adage has it, "There is a sickness which cures not, for sadness." And for the thirteen hundred and sixty inexplicable varieties of nervous disease*—if there is found for any number of these a remedy, occult though it be, should it be disregarded or neglected, even in the face of cures? This is carrying the pride of science beyond its integrity; for fact is the only test of truth in the medical as in all other experiment.

Why, then, should it be thrown out here, with the insufficient assertion that the system ought to be doubted, because it is not generally believed; that is, "I will not believe, because others do not believe," even when those others have not spent a single reflection upon the subject, but have only attended to it as a matter of talk. "How absurd!" say they, "as if people would not at once know of a matter personal to all." But personal to all it is not, but confined in its reliefs to the lesser

number of persons; for many, by nature, or by the misuses of health, are "out of tone" to its application and efficiency. There is no doubt that the human animal does, either through ignorance or neglect, worse abuse his physical than either his moral or his spiritual nature. His physical, which though really inferior, he yet estimates as more eminent and more precious than his other conditions of being. This responsibility, we say, he violates daily and hourly. And because the mal-practices which hurt him are common and general, he takes no thought that they are injurious, and that, as in the other departments of his being, they tend, in prolonged error, to "death." Even whilst the most precious object of nature is the conservation of vitality, almost the least regarded is the preservation of health; and it is wantonly said, "Man is born to die!" Yes, but not before his time. If we take a close enough view of the subject, can we not see that not one half the number of human beings fill the measure of their days! for there is a providence ordained which is the law of their health—with which they have not complied—which, like spiritual life, they have rejected. Yet God is long-suffering, and in their extremity he pities them. It is not to one or to two agencies alone that he has deputed their recovery; and amongst others would we name the innate power existing in the physical system to receive a help in extremity, by means but recently known, or recently revived, by the name of Mesmerism. This power is remedial, and as such should not be wasted. And how much does it revolt us that the subject has been distorted from its real integrity, and set up for a show! We believe it to be remedial, and, as we have said, not common to every constitution. But this is no partiality or obliquity of its nature; for practitioners agree that certain medical agents, even specifics, are not agreeable to every constitution, yet not the less for this are they disregarded as salutary to others.

"What!" says the scoffer, "is this mysterious agency, after the lapse of four or five thousand years, come to be known as existing in the human constitution, and of which not one of all the myriads which in all that time have peopled the earth, and in successive generations have gone down to its graves, of which not one was conscious!" This, we allow, is surprising, but yet not without precedent. How many centuries had elapsed before the circulation of the blood was known? If the chronometer of life itself, articulating its pulsations, and counting seventy-five (!) for every minute for each individual, for all those centuries of time—if this, we say, were not noticed, what else might not be overlooked? Yet, for man's disregard, was it less true to its office, less substantially useful to all the breathing nations of the earth, than if it had been known? And is it now the less universally accredited, because for ages it was not believed? And no doubt there may be other agencies in full operation, which it is perhaps their very simplicity that hinders us from noticing. The machinery of nature, in its facile beauty, strikes us not—it is only when disorder occurs that we are

* Vide Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

aroused. The constant falling of the dew, though a thousand times more efficacious, is less observed by us than the pattering of the occasional shower, or the pelting of the hard rain.

None deny but that "dumb beasts" possess methods of perception which we "wot not of." They know, without a look or a movement, who of us are hostile to them; and not only to their need hath nature made them "sharp-seeing," but they know, also, who, in the natural elements of their constitution, are harmless to them. The bee catchers are those who love them; and all animals perceive the harmony of friendliness or the jarring of antipathy. And though some instances, at first sight, may seem to contradict this—for some poor worried brutes have habits of precaution—yet these we shall find have been superinduced upon them by circumstances, and are out of the category of natural animals. The spider, that we intend to sweep from the wall, knows when we would go about this movement, although we have given no demonstration. The animal has a true instinct; that is, their *animal magnetism* is never at fault. And here may be found the analogy we would seek. The sentient human being may also possess possibilities of this sort, hidden away from common use and common waste, and kept as a sort of *dernier resort* when the proper faculties shall have become disabled by disease, or done away by *remedies*. That the sort of perception we have noticed should extend from brutes to man into an intercommunication would seem not necessary, in most cases; yet where there is need, we may infer that it does. We all acknowledge our antipathy to the noxious animals with power to hurt us—at least our consciousness to the premonitory sense is then aroused; whilst the snake rattles his alarum of the same dread. And this same latent power of intercommunication may exist in the human constitution, bidable to the same species at need—and *to need should it be confined*; for the power, such as it is, common to brutes, but extended to man, we would not compare, in dignity, or use to the faculties proper and peculiar to humanity, but only class it a latent power, possible to our extremity, as a succedaneum when our health, and the faculties which served it, have both succumbed to disease, and the disproportionate remedies which the leech with discreetest skill has failed to measure. But this remedy, where it is efficacious, measures itself. First comes ease and then the "sleep;" and the watcher by the bed of affection would, whether in ignorance or by perception, fain thank God that a remedy, though occult and hidden, were found for the mitigation of suffering, which the known remedies had failed to cure. And who, under such circumstances, does not fail to deprecate the *misuse*, and absurd straining, which, irreverent in themselves, tend to throw odium and disgrace upon that which, in limited and peculiar measures, is salutary and efficacious, in its proper sphere of *remedial aid*.

But the uncandid, because they cannot allow all the claims affected for the subject, deny it any thing, and this without a hearing. All of science we know, has

been won step by step—by analogy—by the patience of repeated and varied experiments—here apparent and there occult—searching nature, and taxing art in the process—now succeeding and now frustrated, till the patience of wisdom has at last deduced results reconciling nature and reason; and philosophy has claimed the hard-earned treasure, and sanctioned it to science and to truth.

But in animal magnetism we have a subject, of the benevolence of which nature herself hath given the inkling; and yet, without process, or examination, with only a ribald jest at the unworthy grimacing which hath been put upon it, it is dismissed with the positive and full grown *opinion* of him who utters it. Quoting Solomon, he says, "There is no new thing under the sun." Veily; but many an *undiscovered* one is there; and we would hint that all are *not* Solomon who are of Solomon.

But it is the leech who should reclaim this blessing from the mountebank, and guard it from the profanation of the vulgar, and keep, and cherish, and dedicate it, in the proper sense, to the "healing of the nations."



Original.

SHADOWS.

We are fleeting. Like shadows we soon pass away,
And the sun will soon set on our life's longest day—
Soon the chill night of death will burst on our view,
Ere we cease all the shadows of earth to pursue.
What is joy but a shadow? and yet we engage
In the phantom-like chase, from our youth to old age;
And the prize which we promise ourselves soon to gain
Is that which the earth-born can never attain.
What is syren-tongu'd pleasure, that form which we seem
Oft to clasp, in the mazes of mirth's witching dream,
When the soft note of music pours forth its sweet strain,
And we pant for the dream-like enchantment again?
O, it is but a shadow, whose glimmering light
Will vanish away like the slumbers of night:
It gleams but a moment—we bend to its power,
And dream we are blest in the revel's wild hour.
What is fame but a shadow, to dazzle the eye—
To urge on the warrior to conquer or die?
It can wake up the harp of the poet again,
To pour out his soul in his passionate strain.
The world of his being is gleaming and bright,
And his visions are teeming with scenes of delight,
While fancy's creations, as round him they throng,
Spring anew into life with his rapturous song.
Yet all we deem lovely, and all that is fair,
Like the dew drops of morning, will melt into air.
As the light clouds of even, which gladden the eye,
All the bright, and the lovely will vanish and die.
Thus the shadows of earth, its pomp, and its power,
All the boast of its great ones in flattery's hour,
With the smiles of the gifted, the praise of the brave—
All are shadows which soon shall be lost in the grave,

WILLIAM BAXTER,

Original.

SCENES AT SEA.—NO. II.

DURING several transatlantic voyages, by personal intercourse, and close observation, I had the opportunity of ascertaining something of the feelings and habits of sailors, a most deserving but long neglected class of men. Of all the claimants to the benevolence and sympathies of the human heart, they that go in ships, and dwell upon the deep, possess the strongest and most irresistible. Prejudice, founded in ignorance of their real condition and true character, has always exerted a powerful repellant influence to keep off the hand of philanthropic and Christian effort to elevate their character, and lead them to the Savior. With all his faults, there is in the sailor something peculiarly interesting and attractive. His perilous avocation on the tempestuous ocean, and his greater danger from his avaricious destroyers on land, should awaken our interest in his behalf. Sailors are distinguished for their noble bearing and generous feelings. When you have their confidence, they are open and frank in conversation, faithful and devoted in their friendship, yet proverbial for thoughtlessness and prodigality. Among them we may find every shade of character, from the most godly Christian to the most unprincipled and abandoned debauchee.

In view of the demoralizing and contaminating influences thrown around the sailor, it is remarkable that so few of them are sceptical in sentiment. Generally, they believe in the being of God, his special providence, and that the Holy Scriptures contain the revelation of his will. Occasionally, however, a sailor is found infidel in theory as well as in practice.

On an outward bound voyage, among the crew, about twenty in number, I found an infidel sailor—if I mistake not, the child of praying parents, a native of the rock-bound coast of Scotland. He was gloomy and sullen in temperament, but an able seaman. His mind was strong and vigorous, and somewhat cultivated; but poisoned with the deadly virus of atheism. He stoutly denied the existence of God—professed to believe that all things came by chance—discarded the doctrine of divine Providence, and esteemed the human soul and its immortality of being a delusive whim. On one occasion, while our ship was lying to, waiting for a pilot, I had an opportunity to converse with our atheistical mariner. In the lone hour of midnight, undisturbed, but by the regular footstep of the watch, and the gentle breaking of the waves against the vessel, I introduced the subject on which we so widely differed. He seemed strongly entrenched in his position, yet at times betrayed the secret misgivings of his heart. As we were leaning on the larboard bulwarks, a large and beautiful ship, distinctly visible by the silvery brightness of a full-orbed moon, passed near us. I asked my atheistical friend, "Do you believe that that splendid and well equipped vessel sprung, like a bubble, from the ocean? or that she built herself?" "No," was his prompt reply; "she was designed and built by skillful and intelligent men." "Then," said I, "this great

world must have some adequate builder—it must be an effect produced by infinite power, wisdom, and goodness. That ship was built by some man, but he that built all things is God." "But," inquired the atheist, "who saw God creating this world? Where have you evidence of the fact? Did you or any one else see him at it?" I replied by asking him, "You firmly believe that that ship is the work of some builder. Did you see her on the stocks? and were you a personal eyewitness of her building?" "No, not I." "Yet you believe the fact as if you had been a bystander when her timbers were hewn, and her bolts driven. And can you think that the great ship, the world, built itself? or that fortuitous atoms came together and formed it? Is it not as reasonable to believe, from other evidence, that God created it, as if you stood by the barren womb of nothing, hearing his command, 'let there be light,' or saw every particle of matter adjusted in its place by his almighty and intelligent hand?" The conviction was resisted—his rebellious heart rose in arms against the truth. The silence that ensued was broken by asking another question in relation to the providence of God: "Do you suppose that noble ship would perform her voyages regularly, driven by the wind, without a captain, helmsman, or pilot on board; that she made her ports of her own accord, having no helm but the wind. Though you were not aboard, would you not say, in reference to her successive and regular voyages, that she was under the command of an intelligent and skillful captain? Now look at the great ship, the earth we dwell upon—you know the regularity of her revolutions. Could these be sustained if she moved by chance? Is not atheism here irrational and absurd? Her Creator is her commander, helmsman, and pilot. See how regular she makes her daily and annual voyages—never out of her course, or behind her time. Should a day be lost or gained in her voyage round the sun, all your nautical tables would be worthless. Can you, then, for a moment any more doubt that she is under the direction of some skillful commander than if you saw him regulating her motion? And remember, if God is regulating her course, he must of necessity observe the behavior of her crew."

The pilot now arrived. All hands were summoned on deck, and in a few moments we were making rapid headway to port. There I parted with the atheistical sailor, to see him no more till the loud blast of an archangel's trump shall bid earth and sea give up their dead. Then, beholding a burning world, and a God in glory, atheism shall be for ever silenced, and its votaries covered with shame and everlasting contempt.

B. W. C.

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We cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of ourselves. When we see the martyr to virtue, subject as he is to the infirmities of a man, yet suffering the tortures of a demon, and bearing them with the magnanimity of a god, do we not behold an heroism that angels may indeed surpass, but which they cannot imitate, and must admire.

Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. IX.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

HISTORIANS—HERODOTUS—THUCYDIDES—XENOPHON.

BEFORE entering upon a sketch of the prominent historians, a passing remark on the general subject of early history may not be inadmissible. We have stated that the earliest attempts at poetic writing among the Greeks consisted of mythological narratives, generally relating to the gods. From the satyric chorus* sprung the drama. To other songs of a kindred character are to be traced the first outlines of history. These mythic songs previously related the exploits of gods. Afterwards demi-gods and heroes were celebrated. These led to a more extended notice of the individuals celebrated. Their "wondrous deeds" were recorded, although interwoven with a great deal of fiction; for then every thing assumed a poetic aspect. Hyperbole and metaphor were the chief characteristics of all their narratives. From these *chronicons* Herodotus conceived the idea of compiling a history of preceding events. This was probably the first attempt at regular history. From this fact he is often called the father of profane history. If, therefore, we adopt the course of infidel France, and reject the BIBLE, as being untrue, and unworthy of credit, we are left without any record of the world's history until the times of Herodotus; and the history of the world, from the creation until near the close of the Babylonian captivity, becomes a perfect blank!

HERODOTUS.

Herodotus was born at Halicarnassus, B. C. 484. He was of Dorian extract, and of a distinguished family. His uncle, Panyasis, was a poet of eminence, ranked by some as next to Homer. The events in the life of Herodotus, which have come down to us from antiquity, are few and doubtful, except such as can be collected from his own works. Of his early history we know nothing. After arriving at maturity, he left Halicarnassus, on account of the tyranny of Lygdamus, the governor of his native place, and took up his residence in Samos. Before he was thirty years old he joined in a successful attempt to expel Lygdamus. But the banishment of the tyrant did not produce lasting peace. Herodotus having become the object of dislike to many of his countrymen, again left his native place, and joined an Athenian colony at Thurium, in southern Italy. Here he died. At what age, and under what circumstances, is uncertain.

Herodotus was remarkable as a historian and as a traveler. He visited three continents. In Africa he traversed Egypt from extreme north to extreme south. To the west he proceeded as far as Cyrene. In Asia he visited Tyre, Babylon, Ecbatana, and Susa. He traveled extensively in Asia Minor, and proceeded as far east as Colchis, the ancient Havilah. In Europe

* So called from Satyri, a species of demi-gods, part man and part goat, who are said to have danced and sung before Bacchus.

he visited a large part of the country on the Black Sea. He was well acquainted with Athens, Delphi, at which was the celebrated oracle of Apollo, Dodona, Olympia, Delos, and many other places of Greece. He also visited southern Italy. These extensive travels, by enriching his knowledge of men and places, well qualified him for the literary labors which he had undertaken.

His history is contained in nine books. Its design was to combine a general history of the Greeks and barbarians with the history of the wars between the former and the Persians. It commenced with the overthrow of Cræsus, the Lydian king, by Cyrus, (B. C. 546,) and terminates with the complete triumph of the Greeks over the Persians, (B. C. 478)—embracing a period of 68 years. Although his object was single, yet, in its development, he was led into many minute descriptions of places and circumstances which mar the unity of his work. These digressions are interesting, as they give a very good idea of the places, manners, and customs of the people whom he visited.

As a writer he is attractive, but as a historian not always to be followed implicitly. The character of the age in which he lived tempted him to seek for the marvelous. In gratifying this taste of his age, he is biassed, and permits his desire of pleasing to sway his judgment. He is, however, in many respects invaluable. He read his history at the Olympic games with applause. Subsequently he read it at the Panathenæan festival at Athens, when the Athenians presented him with the sum of ten talents (\$10,555) as a reward for his eulogy on the deeds of their nation. By the Greeks he was held in high estimation, and time has detracted little from his well-earned reputation.

THUCYDIDES.

Thucydides was born in Halinusia, in Attica, B. C. 471. His father's name was Olorus, or Orolus. On his mother's side he was descended from Cimon, the son of Miltiades, names illustrious in the history of Greece. At the age of fifteen, he is said to have listened to the works of Herodotus at the Olympic games, and to have been affected even to tears. This fact, however, has been questioned. His education was of the highest order, having had such instructors as Anaxagoras. Of the particular events of his life until the eighth year of the Peloponnesian war, history is silent. When in his forty-seventh year, (B. C. 434,) he was appointed to the command of the Athenian fleet off the coast of Thrace, which also included a command of the Athenian colonies there. While lying at Thasus, he was suddenly summoned to the defense of Amphipolis. By an unavoidable detention he arrived at this point half a day too late. He succeeded, however, in saving a place of considerable importance, called Eion. The Athenians, being out of humor at the disaster, degraded and banished him. He had married a rich lady of Scaptesyle. Thither he retired, and employed his resources in obtaining information respecting all the circumstances of the war. This banishment continued twenty years. After the close of the war, which lasted twenty-seven years, a general amnesty

was proclaimed, and a short time afterwards a decree was passed recalling him from exile. The last years of his life were spent in reviewing and correcting his great work, which he called the "History of the war between the Peloponnesians and the Athenians."

As a writer, Thucydides has been held in high estimation, not only by his countrymen but by the world. His attention was turned to literature, and especially to history, by the example of Herodotus. Yet he is not an imitator. No two writers in the same department are more dissimilar. Herodotus sought the applause of his fellow countrymen. For this his better judgment sometimes yielded to popular prejudices. Not so Thucydides. He did not court favor. His sole object seems to be, faithfully to record the *truth*, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The following quotation from an eminent English writer is just, both in regard to the history and its author.

"For the faith of this history I shall have the less to say, in respect that no man hath ever yet called it into question. Nor, indeed, could any man justly doubt of the truth of that writer, in whom they had nothing at all to suspect of those things that could have caused him either voluntarily to lie or ignorantly to deliver an untruth. He overtook not his strength by undertaking a history of things long before his time, and of which he was not able to inform himself. He was a man that had as much means, in regard both of his dignity and his wealth, to find the truth of what he relateth, as was needful for a man to have. He used as much diligence in search of the truth (noting every thing while it was fresh in his memory, and laying out his health upon intelligence) as was possible for a man to use. He affected, least of any man, the acclamations of popular authorities, and wrote not his history to win applause, as was the use of that age, but for a monument to instruct the ages to come, and entitleth his book, *a possession for everlasting*. He was far from the necessity of servile writers, either to fear or to flatter. In fine, if the truth of a history did ever appear, by the manner of relating, it doth so in this history."

The style of Thucydides has ever been considered a fine model. Conciseness and strength are its chief characteristics. In these respects he was imitated, both by Sallust and Tacitus. He also excels in the power of description. His account of the Athenian plague is, in this respect, unrivaled, unless we except a passage in Euripides' tragedy of Medea. Like Herodotus, and his successors, he introduces the supposed speeches of individuals of whom he is writing into his works, to give variety to the style. This practice has been rejected by historians of modern date.

XENOPHON.

Xenophon was born at Athens, B. C. 445. While a youth he met Socrates, who asked him where the best provisions were to be found. Xenophon told him. Socrates then asked where the wisest and best men could be found. Xenophon hesitated. Socrates said to him, "Then follow me and learn." This incident gave direction to his future life. He became a follower

of the Athenian philosopher, and made rapid progress in that moral wisdom for which his master was so eminent. He accompanied Socrates in the Peloponnesian war, and became distinguished in several battles. While in his forty-fourth year, Cyrus the younger commenced preparations for the invasion of his elder brother, Artaxerxes, king of Persia. Proxenus, who was an intimate friend of Xenophon, was at this time at the court of Cyrus. Being desirous of obtaining all the forces in his power, he desired Proxenus to secure the assistance of Xenophon.

After the death of Cyrus, who fell in the attack, a retreat of the Grecian forces from Babylonia was attempted. The principal leaders of the Greeks were destroyed. Xenophon was a private, but was advanced to the chief command. This retreat of the ten thousand furnished a splendid theme for Xenophon's historic pen.

Some four or five years after his return he joined the Spartan general, Agesilaus. The Athenians, being displeased with this alliance, brought an accusation against him for his services under Cyrus, and condemned him to exile. The Spartans took Xenophon, as an injured man, under their protection, and presented him an estate delightfully situated, near Olympia, where, according to some writers, he remained until his death, at the age of ninety. Others say he took up his residence and died at Corinth.

While here the Thebans, under Epaminondas, made their last effort against Sparta. At the great battle of Mantinea both the sons of Xenophon were present. The elder survived; but the younger rushed into the battle, killed Epaminondas, and was cut to pieces by the enemy. When the news reached Xenophon he was sacrificing. He laid aside the garland, and inquired the particulars of his son's death. Learning that he fell bravely, he resumed the garland, and continued the sacrifice.

As a writer Xenophon was a model of ease, purity, and elegance. By some he was called "the Attic Muse," by others "the Athenian Bee." He had the faculty of varying his style, so that in philosophy, history, and narrative, he appears equally at home.

His chief works are, 1. "Grecian History," in seven books, intended as a continuation of the history by Thucydides. 2. The "Anabasis," or the retreat of the ten thousand. 3. "The Cyropædia," a historical romance, illustrating rather what a prince *ought to be*, than what Cyrus was. 4. "Biography of Agesilaus," king of Lacedæmon. 5. "Memoirs of Socrates," the most interesting of all his philosophical works. 6. "A Defense of Socrates before his Judges," intended to show the reasons why Socrates preferred death to the humiliation of addressing entreaties to prejudiced judges. 7. "The Banquet of Philosophers." "The object which Xenophon had in view in writing this piece, which is a *chef d'œuvre* in point of style, was to place in the clearest light the purity of his master's principles relating to friendship and love, and to render a just homage to the innocence of Socrates."

THE BIBLE AND HOMER.*

PARALLEL BETWEEN THE BIBLE AND HOMER.

Terms of Comparison.—So much has been written on the Bible, it has been so repeatedly commented upon, that the only method perhaps now left to produce a conviction of its beauties, is to compare it with the works of Homer. Consecrated by ages, these poems have received from time a species of sanctity which justifies the parallel, and obviates every idea of profanation. If Jacob and Nestor be not of the same family, both at least, belong to the early ages of the world, and you feel that it is but a step from the palace of Pylos to the tents of Ishmael.

In what respect the Bible is more beautiful than Homer; what resemblances and what differences exist between it and the productions of that poet—such are the subjects which we purpose to examine in these chapters. Let us consider these two grand monuments, which stand like solitary columns at the entrance to the temple of Genius, and form its simple, its majestic peristyle.

In the first place, it is a curious spectacle to behold the competition of the two most ancient languages in the world, the languages in which Moses and Lycurgus published their laws, and David and Pindar chanted their hymns. The Hebrew, concise, energetic, with scarcely any inflexion in its verbs, expressing twenty shades of a thought by the mere apposition of a letter, proclaims the idiom of a people, who, by a remarkable combination, unite primitive simplicity with a profound knowledge of mankind.

The Greek, probably formed from the Hebrew, (as may be reasonably conjectured from its roots and its ancient alphabet,) displays in its intricate conjugations, in its endless inflections, in its diffuse eloquence, a nation of an imitative and social genius: a nation elegant and vain, fond of melody and prodigal of words.

Would the Hebrew compose a verb? he needs but know the three radical letters which form the third person singular in the preterite. He then has at once all the tenses and all the moods, by introducing certain *servile* letters before, after, or between those three radical letters.

The Greek meets with much greater embarrassments. He is obliged to consider the *characteristic*, the *termination*, the *augment*, and the *penultima* of certain persons in the tenses of the verbs; things the more difficult to be discovered, as the characteristic is lost, transposed or takes up an unknown letter, according to the very letter before which it happens to be placed.

These two conjugations, Hebrew and Greek, the one so simple and so short, the other so compounded and so prolix, seem to bear the stamp of the genius and manners of the people by whom they were respectively formed; the first retraces the conciseness of the patriarch who goes alone to visit his neighbor at the well of the palm tree; the latter reminds you of the prolixity

of the Pelasian on his first appearance at the door of his host.

If you take at random any Greek or Hebrew substantive, you will be still better able to discover the genius of the two languages. *Nesher*, in Hebrew, signifies an eagle; it is derived from the verb *shur*, to contemplate, because the eagle steadfastly gazes at the sun.

The Greek for eagle, is *'auros*, rapid flight.

The children of Israel were struck with what is most sublime in the eagle: they beheld him motionless on the mountain rock watching the orb of day on his return.

The Athenians perceived only the impetuous flight of the bird, and all that motion which harmonized with the peculiar motion of their own thoughts. Such are precisely those images of sun, of fire, of mountains, so frequently employed in the Bible, and those allusions to sounds, to courses, to passages, which so repeatedly occur in Homer.

Our terms of comparison will be:—Simplicity; Antiquity of Manners; the Narrative; the Description; the Comparisons or images; the Sublime. Let us examine the first of these terms.

1. *Simplicity.* The simplicity of the Bible is more concise and more solemn; the simplicity of Homer more diffuse and more lively.

The former is sententious and employs the same locutions to express new ideas.

The latter is fond of expatiating, and often repeats in the same phrases what has been said before.

The simplicity of Scripture is that of an ancient priest, who imbued with all the sciences, human and divine, pronounces from the recess of the sanctuary the precise oracles of wisdom.

The simplicity of the poet of Chios is that of an aged traveler, who, beside the hearth of his host, relates all that he has learned in the course of a long and chequered life.

2. *Antiquity of Manners.* The sons of the shepherds of the east tend flocks like the sons of the king of Ilium. But if Paris returns to Troy, it is to reside in a palace among slaves and luxuries.

A tent, a frugal table, rustic attendants—such is all that Jacob's children have to expect at their father's.

No sooner does a visitor arrive at the habitation of a prince in Homer, than the women, and sometimes even the king's daughter herself, leads the stranger to the bath. He is anointed with perfumes, water is brought him in ewers of gold and silver, he is invested with a purple mantle, conducted to the festive hall, and seated in a beautiful chair of ivory, raised upon a step of curious workmanship. Slaves mingle wine and water in goblets, and present the gifts of Ceres in a basket; the master of the house helps him to the juicy back of the victim, of which he gives him five times as large a share as that of the others. The greatest cheerfulness prevails during the repast, and plenty soon appeases hunger. When they have finished eating, the stranger is requested to relate his history. At length, when he is about to depart, rich presents are

* Concluded from p. 336.

made him, let his appearance at first have been ever so mean; for it is supposed that he is either a god who comes thus disguised to surprise the heart of kings, or at least an unfortunate man, and consequently a favorite of Jupiter.

Beneath the tent of Abraham the reception is different. The patriarch himself goes forth to meet his guest; he salutes him and then pays his adorations to God. The sons lead away the camels and the daughters fetch them water to drink. The feet of the *traveler* are washed; he seats himself on the ground, and partakes in silence of the repast of hospitality. No inquiries are made concerning his history: no questions are asked him; he stays or pursues his journey as he pleases. At his departure, a covenant is made with him, and a stone is erected as a memorial of the treaty. This simple altar is designed to inform future ages, that two men of ancient times, chanced to meet in the road of life, and that after having behaved to one another like two brothers, they parted never to come together again, and to interpose vast regions between their graves.

Take notice that the unknown guest is a *stranger* with Homer and a *traveler* in the Bible. What different views of humanity! The Greek implies merely a political and local idea, where the Hebrew conveys a moral and universal sentiment.

In Homer, all civil transactions take place with pomp and parade; a judge seated in the midst of the public place, pronounces his sentences with a loud voice; Nestor on the seashore, presides at sacrifices or harangues the people. Nuptial rites are accompanied with torches, epithalamiums, and garlands suspended from the doors; an army, a whole nation attends the funeral of a king; an oath is taken in the name of the Furies, with dreadful imprecations.

Jacob, under a palm tree, at the entrance of his tent, administers justice to his shepherds. "Put thy hand under my thigh," said the aged Abraham to his servant, "and swear to go into Mesopotamia." Two words are sufficient to conclude a marriage by the side of a fountain. The servant conducts the bride to the son of his master, or the master's son engages to tend the flocks of his father-in-law for seven years in order to obtain his daughter. A patriarch is carried by his sons after his death to the sepulchre of his ancestors, in the field of Ephron. The manners are of higher antiquity than those delineated by Homer, because they are more simple; they have also a tranquility and a solemnity not to be found in the former.

3. *The Narrative.* The narrative of Homer is interrupted by digressions, harangues, descriptions of vessels, garments, arms and sceptres, by genealogies of men and things. Proper names are always surcharged with epithets; a hero seldom fails to be *divine, like the immortals, or honored by the nations as a god.* A princess is sure to have *handsome arms*; her shape always resembles the *trunk of the palm tree of Delos*, and she owes her locks to the *youngest of the graces.*

The narrative of the Bible is rapid, without digression, without circumlocution; it is broken into short

sentences, and the persons are named without flattery. These names are incessantly recurring, and the pronoun is scarcely ever used instead of them; a circumstance which, added to the frequent repetition of the conjunction *and*, indicates by this extraordinary simplicity, a society much nearer to the state of nature, than that sung by Homer. All the selfish passions are awakened in the characters of the *Odyssey*; whereas they are dormant in those of *Genesis.*

4. *The Description.* The descriptions of Homer are prolix, whether they be of the pathetic or terrible character, melancholy or cheerful, energetic or sublime.

The Bible, in all its different species of descriptions, gives in general but one single trait; but this trait is striking and distinctly exhibits the object to our view.

5. *The Comparisons.* The comparisons of Homer are lengthened out by relative circumstances; they are little pictures hung round an edifice to refresh the eye fatigued with the elevation of the domes by calling it to natural scenery and rural manners.

The comparisons of the Bible are almost all given in few words: a lion, a torrent, a storm, a conflagration, roars, falls, ravages, consumes. It is, however, no stranger to mere circumstantial smiles, but then it adopts an oriental turn and suddenly personifies the object, as height in the cedar, &c.

6. *The Sublime.* Finally the sublime in Homer commonly arises from the general combination of the parts, and arrives by degrees at its acme.

In the Bible it is always unexpected; it bursts upon you like lightning, and you are left wounded by the thunderbolt, before you know how you were struck by it.

In Homer again, the sublime consists in the magnificence of the words harmonizing with that of the ideas.

In the Bible, on the contrary, the highest degree of sublimity always proceeds from a vast discordance between the majesty of the ideas, and the littleness of the word that expresses it.

Human language sinks beneath the weight of heavenly objects. This species of sublime, the most impetuous of all, is admirably adapted to an immense and awful being, allied at once to the greatest and the most trivial objects.

Examples. A few examples will now complete the development of our parallel. We shall reverse the order which we before pursued, that is, we shall begin with addresses, from which short and detached passages may be quoted, (such as the *sublime and similes*), and conclude with the *simplicity and antiquity of manners.*

There is a passage remarkably sublime in the *Iliad*; it is that which represents Achilles, after the death of Patroclus, appearing unarmed at the entrenchments of the Greeks, and striking terror into the Trojan battalions by his shouts.* The golden cloud which encircles the brows of Pelides, the flame which plays upon his head, the comparison of this flame with a fire kindled

* *Iliad*, lib. xviii, v. 304.

at night on the top of a besieged tower, the three shouts of Achilles which thrice throw the Trojan army into confusion: form altogether that Homeric sublime which, as we have observed, is composed of the combination of several beautiful incidents with magnificence of words.

Here is a very different species of the sublime; it is the movement of the ode in its highest enthusiasm.

"A prophecy against the valley of vision. Wherefore dost thou thus ascend in crowds to the house-tops.

"City full of tumult, city full of inhabitants, triumphant city! Thy children are slain, and they have not died by the sword, neither have they fallen in battle.

"The Lord shall crown you with a crown of affliction. He shall throw you like a ball into a wide and spacious field, there shall ye die, and to this shall the chariot of your glory be reduced."^{*}

Into what unknown world doth the prophet all at once transport you? Who is it that speaks, and to whom are these words addressed? Movement follows upon movement, and each verse produces greater astonishment than that which precedes it. The city is no longer an assemblage of edifices; it is a female, or rather a mysterious character, for the sex is not specified. This person is represented *going to the house-tops to mourn*; the prophet sharing her agitation, asks in the singular, *wherefore dost thou ascend*, and he adds, *in crowds*, in the collective. He shall throw you *like a ball into a spacious field*, and to this shall the chariot of your glory be reduced. Here are combinations of words, and a poetry truly extraordinary.

Homer has a thousand sublime ways of characterizing a violent death; but the Scripture has surpassed them all in this single expression: "*The first-born of death shall devour his strength.*"[†]

The *first-born of death*, to imply the most cruel death, is one of those metaphors which are to be found no where but in the Bible. We cannot conceive whither the human mind has been in quest of this; all the paths that lead to this species of the sublime are unexplored and unknown.

It is thus also that the Scriptures term death, *the king of terrors*;[‡] and thus too they say of the wicked, *they conceive mischief, and bring forth iniquity.*[§]

When the same Job would excite a high idea of the greatness of God, he exclaims:—*hell is naked before him—he withholdeth the waters in the clouds—he taketh the scarf from kings, and girdeth their loins with a cord.*^{**}

The soothsayer, Theoclymenus, is struck, while partaking of the banquet of Penelope, with the sinister omens by which the suitors are threatened. He addresses them in this apostrophe:

O race to death devote! with Styg an shade
Each destin'd peer impending fate invade:
With tears your wan, distorted cheeks are drown'd;
With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts,
To people Orcus and the burning coasts!

* Isaiah xxii, 1, 2, 18. † Job xviii, 13. ‡ Ibid. v, 14.
§ Ibid. xv, 35. ¶ Ibid. xxvi, 6. ¶ Ibid. xii, 15.
** Ibid. xii, 18.

Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll,
But universal night usurps the pole!^{*}

Awful as this sublime may be, still it is inferior in this respect to the vision of Eliphaz in the book of Job.

"In the horror of a night vision, when the deepest sleep falleth upon men,

"Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

"*A spirit passed before my face, and the hair of my flesh stood up with horror.*

"It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. A spectre appeared before mine eyes, and I heard a voice like a low whisper."[†]

Here we have much less blood, less darkness, and fewer apparitions, than in Homer; but this *form that could not be discerned*, and this *low whisper*, are, in fact, much more awful.

As to that species of the sublime which results from the collision of a great idea and a little image, we shall presently see a fine example of it when we come to treat of comparisons.

If the bard of Ilium represents a youth slain by the javelin of Menelaus, he compares him to a young olive tree covered with flowers, planted in an orchard, screened from the intense heat of the sun, amid dew and zephyrs; but suddenly overthrown by an impetuous wind upon its native soil, it falls on the brink of the nutritive waters that conveyed the sap to its roots. Such is the long simile of Homer, with its elegant and charming details:

As the young olive in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head in snowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.[‡]

The Bible, instead of all this, has but a single trait: "The wicked," it says, "shall wither like the tender vine, like the olive tree which sheddeth its flowers."[§]

"The earth," exclaims Isaiah, "shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a tent set up for a single night."[¶]

Here is the sublime in contrast. At the words, *it shall be removed*, the mind remains suspended, and expects some great comparison, when the prophet adds, *like a tent set up for a single night*. You behold the earth, which to us appears so vast, spread out in the air, and then carried away with ease by the mighty God by whom it was extended, and with whom the duration of ages is scarcely as a rapid night.

Of the second species of comparison which we have ascribed to the Bible, that is, the *long simile*, we meet with the following instance in Job:

"You should see the wicked bathed with dew before

* Pope's Homer's Odyss., book xx, v. 423-430.

† Job iv, 13-16. The words in italics show the places in which we differ from Sacy. He translates: *A spirit appeared before me, and the hair of my head stood erect. The superior energy of the Hebrew is sufficiently obvious.*

‡ Iliad, lib. xvii, v. 55, 56. § Is. xxiv, 20.

the rising of the sun, and his stem flourishing in his garden. His roots multiply in a heap of stones and grow strong there; if he be snatched from his place, the very place where he stood shall deny him, and say: I never saw thee.*

How admirable is this simile, or rather, this prolonged metaphor! Thus, the wicked are denied by those sterile hearts, by those *heaps of stones*, in which, during their guilty prosperity they foolishly struck root. Those flints which all at once acquire the faculty of speech, exhibit a species of personification, almost unknown to the Ionian bard.†

Ezekiel, prophesying the destruction of Tyre, exclaims: "The ships shall tremble, now that thou art seized with dread; and the isle shall be affrighted in the sea, when they see that no man cometh out of the gates."

Can any thing be more awful and more impressive than this image? You behold in imagination that city once so flourishing and so populous, still standing with all her towers and all her edifices, but not a living creature traversing her desert streets, or passing through her solitary gates.

Let us proceed to examples of the narrative kind, and we shall find a rare combination of *sentiment, description, imagery, simplicity, and antiquity of manners.*

The most celebrated passages, the most striking and most admired traits in Homer, occur almost word for word in the Bible, but here they invariably possess an incontestable superiority.

Ulysses is seated at the festive board of King Alcinoüs, while Demodocus sings the Trojan war and the misfortunes of the Greeks.

Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd,
To soft affliction, all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the music paus'd he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Transported with the song, the list'ning train
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses vall'd his pensive head,
Again unman'd, a shower of sorrow shed.‡

Beauties of this nature, have from age to age, secured to Homer the first place among the greatest geniuses. It reflects no disgrace on his memory that he has been surpassed in such pictures, by men who wrote under the immediate inspiration of Heaven. But vanquished he certainly is, and in such a manner as to leave criticism no possible subterfuge.

Those who sold Joseph into Egypt, the own brothers of that powerful man, return to him without knowing who he is, and bring young Benjamin with him according to his desire.

"Joseph saluted them courteously, and asked them: Is your father, the old man of whom ye spake, yet alive? Is he well?"

* Job viii, 16—18.

† Homer has, however, represented the shore of the Hellespont as weeping.

‡ Pope's Homer's *Odys.* b. viii, v. 79—80.

"And they answered: Thy servant, our father, is yet alive and in good health; and they bowed down their heads and made obeisance.

"Joseph, lifting up his eyes, saw his brother Benjamin, the son of Rachel his mother, and said to them: Is this your youngest brother, of whom ye spake unto me? My son, added he, may God be ever gracious to thee!

"And he hastily withdrew, because his bowels yearned when he beheld his brother, and because he could no longer contain his tears; retiring, therefore, to another chamber, he wept.

"And after he had washed his face, he returned, and constraining, commanded his servants to bring something to eat."

Here are Joseph's tears in opposition to those of Ulysses; here are beauties of the very same kind, and yet what a difference in pathos! Joseph weeping at the sight of his ungrateful brethren, and of the young and innocent Benjamin; this manner of inquiring concerning his father; this adorable simplicity; this mixture of grief and kindness, are things wholly ineffable; the tears naturally start into your eyes, and you are ready to weep like Joseph.

Ulysses, disguised in the house of Eumæus, reveals himself to Telemachus; he leaves the habitation of the herdsman, strips off his rags, and restored to his beauty by a touch of Minerva's wand, he returns magnificently attired.

—The prince o'eraw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes and bows as to a god.
Then with surprise (surprise chaste'd by fears)
How art thou chang'd, he cries, a god appears!
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If heaven be thy abode, with pious care,
Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:
Lo! gifts of labor'd gold adorn thy shrine,
To win thy grace: O save us, power divine.
Few are my days, Ulysses made reply,
Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.
I am thy father. O my son! my son!
That father for whose sake thy days have run
One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.
Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathed his cheek, and tears the ground bedew,
He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.†

We shall recur to this interview, but let us first turn to that between Joseph and his brethren.

Joseph, after a cup has been secretly introduced by his direction into Benjamin's sack, orders the sons of Jacob to be stopped. The latter are thunder-struck; Joseph affects an intention to detain the culprit; Judah offers himself as an hostage for Benjamin; he relates to Joseph that, before their departure for Egypt, Jacob had said to them:

"Ye know that Rachel, my wife, bare me two sons.

"And the one went out from me; ye told me that a wild beast devoured him, and I have not seen him since:

* Genesis xlviii, 26—31.

† Pope's Homer's *Odyssey*, book xvi, v. 194—218.

"And if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him by the way, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"Then Joseph could no longer refrain himself, and being surrounded by several persons, he cried: Cause every man to go out from me, that no stranger might be present while he made himself known to his brethren.

"Then the tears falling from his eyes, he raised his voice, which was heard by the Egyptians and the whole house of Pharaoh.

"And he said unto his brethren: I AM JOSEPH; doth my father yet live? But his brethren could not answer him, so great was their consternation.

"And he spake kindly to them and said: Come near to me, I pray you: and they came near, and he added: I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.

"Be of good cheer. It was not by your counsel that I was sent hither, but by the will of God. Now haste you and fetch my father.

"And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept, and Benjamin wept also as he held him in his embrace.

"Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept over each of them."*

We find this history in the volume which forms the ground-work of that religion so despised by sophists and free-thinkers, and which would have a just right to return contempt with contempt, were not charity its essence. Let us examine in what respects the interview between Joseph and his brethren surpasses the discovery of Ulysses to Telemachus.

Homer, in our opinion, has, in the first place, fallen into a great error in employing the *marvelous* in his picture. In dramatic scenes, when the passions are agitated, and all the miracles ought to emanate from the soul, the intervention of a divinity imparts coldness to the action, gives to the sentiment the air of a fable, and discloses the falsehood of the poet where we expected to meet with nothing but truth. Ulysses, making himself known in his rags by some natural mark, would have been much more pathetic. Of this Homer was himself aware, since the king of Ithaca was revealed to Euryclea, his nurse, by an ancient scar, and to Laertes by the little circumstance of the pear trees which the good old man had given him when a child. We love to find that the heart of the *destroyer of cities* is formed like those of other men, and that the simple affections constitute its base.

The discovery is much more ably conducted in Genesis. By an actifice perfectly fraternal, and in the most harmless revenge, a cup is put into the sack of the young and innocent Benjamin; the guilty brethren are overwhelmed with grief, when they figure to themselves the affliction of their aged father; and the image of Jacob's sorrow taking the heart of Joseph by surprise, obliges him to discover himself sooner than he had intended. As to the pathetic words: *I am Joseph*—every body knows that they drew tears of admiration from Vol-

taire himself. Ulysses found in Telemachus a dutiful and affectionate son. Joseph is speaking to his brethren who *had sold him*; he does not say to them, *I am your brother*, but merely, *I am Joseph*, and this name awakens all their feelings. Like Telemachus, they are deeply agitated, but it is not the majesty of Pharaoh's minister, 'tis something within their own consciences that occasions their consternation. He desires them *to come near to him*: for he raised his voice to such a pitch as to be heard by the whole house of Pharaoh, when he said *I am Joseph*; his brethren alone are to hear the explanation, which he adds in a *low tone*: *I am Joseph, YOUR BROTHER, WHOM YE SOLD INTO EGYPT*. Here are simplicity and generosity carried to the highest degree.

Let us not forget to remark with what kindness Joseph cheers his brethren, and the excuses which he makes for them, when he says, that so far from having injured him, they are, on the contrary, the cause of his elevation. The Scripture never fails to introduce Providence in the perspective of its pictures. The great counsel of God, which governs all human affairs, at the moment when they seem to be most subservient to the passions of men and the laws of chance, wonderfully surprises the mind. We love the idea of that hand concealed in the cloud, which is incessantly engaged with men; we love to imagine ourselves something in the plans of infinite Wisdom, and to feel that this transitory life is a pattern of eternity.

With God every thing is great, without God every thing is little: this extends even to the sentiments. Suppose all the circumstances in Joseph's story to happen as they are recorded in Genesis: admit the son of Jacob to be as kind, as tender, as he is represented, but let him be a *philosopher*, and instead of telling his brethren, *I am here by the will of the Lord*, let him say, *fortune has favored me*, the objects are instantly diminished; the circle becomes contracted, and the pathos is vanished, together with the tears.

Finally, Joseph kisses his brethren as Ulysses embraces Telemachus, but he begins with Benjamin. A modern author would not have failed to represent him falling in preference upon the neck of the most guilty of the brothers, that his hero might be a genuine tragedy character. The Bible, more intimately acquainted with the human heart, knew better how to appreciate that exaggeration of sentiment, by which a man always appears to be striving to perform or to say what he considers something extraordinary. Homer's comparison of the sobs of Telemachus and Ulysses with the cries of an eagle and her young, had, in our opinion, been better omitted in this place. *And he fell upon Benjamin's neck, and kissed him and wept; and Benjamin wept also as he held him in his embrace*. Such is the only magnificence of style adapted to such occasions.

We might select from Scripture other narratives equally excellent with the history of Joseph; but the reader himself may easily compare them with passages in Homer. Let him take, for instance, the story of Ruth, and the reception of Ulysses by Eumæus. The

* Genesis xlv, and xlv.

book of Tobit displays a striking resemblance to several scenes of the Iliad and Odyssey: Priam is conducted by Mercury in the form of a handsome youth, as Tobias is accompanied by an angel in the like disguise.

The Bible is particularly remarkable for certain modes of expression, far more pathetic, as we think, than all the poetry of Homer. When the latter would delineate old age, he says:

Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd;
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.

This passage possesses the highest charms of antiquity, as well as the softest melody. The second verse, with the repetitions of the letter L, imitates the sweetness of honey, and the pathetic eloquence of an old man:

Τὴ καὶ ἀπὸ γλασσοῦ μάλιστα γλυκίων ἦν αὐδῆ.

Pharaoh, having asked Jacob his age, the patriarch replies:

"The years of my pilgrimage are one hundred and thirty: few and evil have the days of my life been, and they have not attained unto those of my fathers."*

Here are two very different kinds of antiquity: the one lies in the image, the other in the sentiments; the one excites pleasing ideas, the other melancholy; the one, representing the chief of a nation, exhibits the old man only in relation to a certain condition of life; the other considers him individually and exclusively; Homer leads us to reflect rather upon men in general, and the Bible upon the particular person.

Homer frequently touched upon connubial joys, but has he produced any thing like the following?

"Isaac brought Rebecca into the tent of Sarah, his mother, and he took her to wife, and he loved her so much that the grief which he had felt for his mother's death was assuaged."†

We shall conclude this parallel, and the whole subject of Christian poetics, with an essay which will show at once the difference that exists between the style of the Bible and that of Homer; we shall take a passage from the former and paint it in colors borrowed from the latter. Ruth thus addresses Naomi:

"Be not against me, and force me not to leave thee and to go my way: for whither thou goest, I will go with thee. Where thou diest, I will die; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."‡

Let us endeavor to render this verse in the language of Homer.

The fair Ruth thus replies to the wise Naomi, honored by the people as a goddess: "Cease to oppose the determination with which a divinity inspires me: I will tell thee the truth, just as it is, and without disguise. I will remain with thee, whether thou shalt continue to reside among the Moabites, so dexterous in throwing the javelin, or shalt return to Judea, so fertile in olives.

With thee I will demand hospitality of the nations who respect the supplicant. Our ashes shall be mingled in the same urn, and I will offer agreeable sacrifices to the God who incessantly accompanies thee.

"She said: and as, when the vehement south wind brings a cool refreshing rain, the husbandmen prepare the wheat and the barley, and make baskets of rushes nicely interwoven; for they foresee that the falling shower will soften the soil and render it fit for receiving the precious gifts of Ceres: so the words of Ruth, like the fertilizing drops, melted the whole heart of Naomi."

Such, perhaps, as closely as our feeble talents allow us to imitate Homer, is a shadow of the style of that immortal genius. But has not the verse of Ruth, thus amplified, lost the original charm which it possesses in the Scripture? What poetry can ever be equivalent to this single stroke of eloquence, *Populus tuus populus meus, Deus tuus Deus meus*. It will now be easy to take a passage of Homer, to efface the colors, and to leave nothing but the ground-work, after the manner of the Bible.

We have thus endeavored, to the best of our limited abilities, to make our readers acquainted with some of the innumerable beauties of the sacred Scriptures. Truly happy shall we be, if we have succeeded in exciting within them an admiration of that grand and sublime corner-stone which supports the whole Church of Jesus Christ!

"If the Scripture," says St. Gregory the Great, "comprehends mysteries capable of perplexing the most enlightened understandings, it also contains simple truths fit for the nourishment of the humble and the illiterate; it carries externally wherewith to suckle infants, and in its most secret recesses wherewith to fill the most sublime geniuses with admiration: like a river whose current is so shallow in certain parts that a lamb may cross it, and deep enough in others for an elephant to swim there." F. A. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

Original.

RELIGION.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

ANGEL of mercy! with thy balmy wing
Thou shelterest earth's wanderers—the lost,
The hopeless, the distress'd, the tempest-tost.
The widow's riven heart is made to sing
When thou art hers; the orphan child doth rest
His weary, throbbing head upon thy breast,
And finds in thee a father, mother, friend.
When transient life is near its mortal end,
And smitten man in helpless pain is lying,
Thou hoverest softly, kindly o'er the dying.
The joys of heaven then minglest in his dreams,
While his dim eye with hope immortal beams,
And death is vanquish'd, and the grave o'ercome,
And endless life secured! Thus may I prove,
When my frail form is stiff'ning for the tomb,
Thy soothing pow'r, thou messenger of love!

* Genesis xlvii, 9. † Ibid. xxiv, 67. ‡ Ruth i, 16.

Original.

THE SAINT COMFORTED.

BY J. G. BRUCE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God," Is. xl, 1.

THIS, like many other portions of the sacred writings, is supposed to have a two-fold application—its first is to the then peculiar state of the Church; its second to the days of Messiah. Without any pretense to a precise interpretation, I shall present,

I. *A Scriptural view of the people of God.* "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness," Romans iv, 3, Genesis xv, 6. God covenanted with Abraham, *his friend*, 2 Chron. xx, 7, Genesis xvii, 1, 16, and instituted *circumcision* to "be the token of the covenant;" thereby separating him, his family, and all who should receive the token, from the rest of the world, and constituting them his own. To these, in covenant with God, belonged *exclusively* the privileges of the visible Church—"the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the services of God, and the promises," Rom. ix, 4. But the enjoyment of these high privileges, and outward conformity to the *rites* of the Church, did not make them, of necessity, the "people of God," in the Christian sense of the phrase; though they fell into this error, and imagined that, because they were Abraham's seed, they were the true "*people of God*." Yet they were taught that an inward change—a *circumcision of the heart*—was essential to the perfection of their covenant relation, Deut. x, 16, Jer. iv, 4; for under the old as well as the new dispensation, God taught that "his kingdom *was not of this world*." "For they are not all Israel, which are of Israel: neither, because they are the seed of Abraham, are they all children. * * * That is, they which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God," Rom. ix, 6, 7, 8. The claim founded upon descent is here set aside, and that founded upon faith and sincere devotion fully established: "For he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that, *circumcision*, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and *circumcision* is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God," Rom. ii, 28, 29. The claim founded upon a strict observance of the external rites and ceremonies of the Church is here denied, and that founded upon "the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost," admitted and confirmed. The people of God are those that "believe on his name, which are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Such were some of the Jews in the days of Isaiah, and to them are addressed the words of the text.

II. *Their condition at the time the prophet was sent to them.*

It was perilous in the extreme. A strong foe was without. *Sennacherib*, king of Assyria, was marching upon Jerusalem with a numerous army. *Rabsha-*

keh, a chief man of Assyria, had delivered a blasphemous message from his master to the King and people of Jerusalem, threatening them with defeat and overthrow if they did not surrender. His message was well calculated to alarm the Jews, and effect his object. It consists of three arguments:

1. He boasts of the strength of his master's army—points the Jews to the feebleness of their own military force, and the insufficiency of their allies, the Egyptians, Isaiah xxxvi, 5, 6, 8, 9.

2. He boasts of the victories achieved by his master. "Hath any of the gods of the nations delivered his land out of the hand of the king of Assyria? Where are the gods of Hamath and Arphad? where are the gods of Sepharvaim? and have they delivered Samaria out of my hands?" verses 18, 19. Over all these he had triumphed, and the fenced cities of Judah had fallen before him. This rehearsal of victories *won*, was admirably adapted to his purpose, very likely to intimidate those who relied only upon the impotent arm of the soldiery for defense. The sight of an army coming up from one field of slaughter after another, always flushed with victory, would strike terror to the heart of even the immortal Spartan band. How much more that of the inhabitants of Jerusalem!

3. He tries to weaken their confidence in God, by reminding them of their sins, and an ingenious reference to the conduct of Hezekiah, then king of Judah. "But if thou say to me, We trust in the Lord our God: is it not he, whose high places and whose altars Hezekiah hath taken away, and said to Judah and to Jerusalem, Ye shall worship before this altar," verse 7. Hezekiah succeeded his father, the idolatrous Ahaz, 2 Chron. xxxiii, 27, during whose reign altars and groves had been multiplied. The doors of the temple had been shut, 2 Chron. xxviii, 24, 25, and altars raised in every "corner of Jerusalem," under pretense of rendering more convenient the services of divine worship, but really for the purposes of *idolatry*. These altars Hezekiah had pulled down, 2 Kings xviii, 3, 4, 2 Chron. xxxi, 1, and commanded the people to come to the temple, as required by the law, Deut. xii, 11. This is the act referred to, You have raised altars to God, your king pulled them down, and now asks you to trust in Him to whom he has offered the highest possible insult. With an ignorant and superstitious people no argument could have more weight. Hezekiah did right; but the difficulty was to separate in the minds of the Jews the precious from the vile.

Do you see nothing, my readers, in the conduct of Rabshakch that resembles that of the enemies of the Church at the present day? I aver that they have been guilty of *plagiarism*, and now use precisely the same arguments that were used 2564 years since by Rabshakch. They now talk of the millions who sit in the region of the valley and shadow of death, and the comparatively small number who are devoted to true religion. They tell us Christianity is exiled from the place of its birth; that the *crescent* has triumphed over the *cross*, even on the very summit of Calvary; that

the *face* of "the prophet" has risen over the altars of God upon Mt. Zion. They point with *demon-like* triumph to those who have turned back to the bondage of corruption, and walk no more with God's elect—to the negligence and sins of Church members, and vauntingly exclaim, "You shall be conquered!" Thus harassed and perplexed, the prophet is sent to comfort them: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people."

III. *The contents of the prophet's message.*

1. He was instructed to comfort them with the assurance of their speedy deliverance from their perilous condition. "Speak ye comfortably unto Jerusalem. Say unto her, thy warfare is accomplished." Accomplished! Why, they had not struck the first blow. The enemy's banners were hanging round them "like leaves of the forest when summer is green." It matters not—"her warfare is accomplished." Those banners shall be furled or left alone; that gathered host shall be scattered; the solemn feasts of Zion, interrupted by the presence of the enemy, shall be again celebrated. People of God, lift up your eyes! "look upon Zion the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down." Put off your sackcloth, gird you with gladness, bring forth the timbrel and harp, and give to the breeze the songs of Zion; for your God "stilleth the noise of the sea, and the tumults of the people."

2. He was instructed to comfort them with the assurance that they should triumph over their enemies. The Assyrian gloried in the strength of his own arm, and spake "great swelling words of vanity;" and at his coming, Zion quaked, and the heart of the king was moved, "and the heart of his people as the trees of the wood moved by the wind." But "let not him that putteth on his armor boast, as he who putteth it off." This insolent foe shall be conquered. The prophet says to him, "The virgin, the daughter of Zion hath despised thee, and laughed thee to scorn; the daughter of Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee. I (says God) will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest," Isaiah xxxvii, 22, 29. With God it is an easy matter to save by many or few. He watched over his people. To their foes he said thus far shalt thou come; and then,

"The angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he past;
And the eyes of the sleeper waxed deadly and chill,
The heart but once heaved, then for ever was still."

In conclusion, we may learn from this subject,

1. That the present condition of the Church is not hopeless. Though her enemies are strong, active, and vigilant, and in their attacks desperate—her friends comparatively few, weak, and not always consistent, sometimes hindering, by their example, the work of God—sometimes, Judas like, selling their Master for a few pieces of silver—yet she hath passed through many such scenes of conflict. She has always made a gallant defense, and always triumphed. She can point to a thousand fields where she has fought and conquered. Her bearings are as lofty now as at any former

2

period; and, in the language of Hannibal to his soldiers on the eve of an important battle, "which ever way I turn my eye I see nothing but courage and strength."

2. That the triumph of the wicked is short. "I have seen the wicked spreading himself like a green bay tree, but he was soon cut down." They fight against God, and prosper, but suddenly they are overtaken by the vengeance of Him to whom vengeance belongs, and their names are blotted out for ever.

Where are the ancient opposers of God's people? Where is Babylon, with walls, and towers, and brazen gates, who said, "I am a queen: I shall not sit as a widow; neither shall I mourn the loss of children." She struck at the Church of God—the blow rebounded upon herself, and she was riven to atoms. But for that she might have been to this day. Let him who now puts forth his hand to stay the Church in her work of benevolence, go and sit down amid the ruins of that proud city, if he can find them, and hear, in the fiend-like shriek of the *satyr*, and the voice of the cormorant, his sentence, "So shall the haters of God perish." The hand that would stay the ark shall be withered.



Original.

THE GRAVE OF GENIUS.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

"Thy promise fair
Hath sought the grave to sleep for ever there."

Brown.

'Tis here he rests! death's mortal sleep
Has sealed his flashing eye;
And many a kindred soul shall weep,
And heave the anguish'd sigh:
Sad tears his slighted grave shall steep,
While we recall his memory.

His slender form is stiff and cold,
His melting voice is hushed;
That heart now lies beneath the mold,
Whence love's pure currents gushed;
But Fame enshrines him in her scroll,
Though chill neglect his soul has crushed.

Unhappy youth! though round thy bed
No kindred forms were seen;
Though none the generous tear did shed,
Nor o'er thee pitying lean;
Though, undistinguished 'mid the dead,
We look upon thy grave-turf green;

Friendship, thro' every coming year,
Though thou to heav'n art flown,
Thy pleasing virtues shall declare,
As round thy path they shone—
Embalm thy memory, and revere,
And all thy dark misfortunes mourn.

Original.

THE RAINBOW.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud; and I will remember my covenant."—GENESIS.

To feel in all their blissful force the truth those words record,

As it was felt by him address'd, earth's solitary lord,
To realize, as once he did, the precious proffer'd good,
We must roll back the car of time, and stand where
Noah stood—

Must let imagination paint that elemental strife
Which recently had rest the world of loveliness and
life.

Fresh from the scenes of that wild storm, whose deep-
ton'd, deaf'ning roar

Yet linger'd on his ear and heart, as sounds had ne'er
before,

With black terrific images engrav'd upon his breast
Of struggling victims sinking down, their crimes too
late confest—

Familiar faces, anguish'd eyes, despairing tow'rs him
turn'd,

Who, when he would have kindly warn'd was set at
nought and spurn'd—

Of long and weary days, whose course no sunbeam
rose to gild,

And sleepless nights, which went and came, the tempest
yet unstill'd,

And dreams of quiet, broken oft by some proud city's
fall,

Whose obsequies the harsh winds howl'd, as ocean
spread its pall—

While, during all this dreary date, no star look'd out
on high,

To light with hope the gloomy void, or cheer the phren-
zied eye—

No shrub, no flow'r display'd its leaves, nor lent the
air its breath—

No twig remain'd to triumph o'er the wide-spread waste
of death—

Earth, sea, and air, were all at war; and when they
ceas'd to rave,

The ark was floating, with its freight, above the gen-
eral grave.

'Twas then its occupant came forth a lonely world to
tread,

And sorrowing thought, we well may deem, was busy
with the dead;

And while, with grateful heart, he knelt before the
shrine of prayer,

And own'd his deep unworthiness of God's preserving
care,

His anxious eye with fear survey'd the future race of
man,

And sought the yet unacted scenes of coming years to
scan;

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For though, its primal curse repeal'd,* the earth might
yet be glad,

And all its barren wastes rejoice, in richest verdure
clad,

He knew—the foul depravity which *human nature*
stain'd,

The deluge had not wash'd away—that source of woe
remain'd.

Another curse might then o'erwhelm the renovated
earth,

And every costly gift of Heav'n be scatter'd at its
birth.

While picturing such a state of things, methinks the
patriarch trod,

With wish the ground might ne'er revive its devastated
sod.

'Twas in that sad, reflective hour, whose anguish none
might tell,

The voice of God upon his ear in words of promise
fell,

The radiant bow in glory spann'd the desolating cloud,
Which lately o'er the doom'd expanse in wrathful dark-
ness bow'd;

And though the vapory gloom it arch'd, still linger'd in
the view,

Omnipotence appear'd to smile upon the prospect too.
The boon of life to man became once more a thing of
worth,

And hope and enterprise again walk'd hand in hand
o'er earth.

Years scarcely told have pass'd away since first that
covenant bow

Was hung on high to lighten man along his track of
woe—

A pledge to him, however dark the sky above him
frown'd,

No curse from Heav'n should for his sake again destroy
the ground—

No war of elements conflict with nature's general
peace,

But seasons all her laws obey, till time itself should
cease.

Years have gone by, and in their march beheld a rebel
race

Abuse the countless gifts of God and scorn his offer'd
grace,

And scenes of guilt, and crime, and blood have made
the earth their stage,

And men and devils join'd their pow'r to wake the Al-
mighty's rage;

Yet still it meets the eye, unchang'd, that bright and
beauteous token—

God hath been true; though long provok'd, his cove-
nant stands unbroken.

Who looks upon it can but read in every brilliant line
The patience infinite of Him who gave the precious
sign!

* Bishop Sherlock thinks the curse pronounced on the earth
at the fall of man was removed by the flood. See Gen. viii, 21

Yes, there it hangs—nor is this all—to every human breast
 It brings a promise and a pledge amidst its hues imprest,
 Which tell, however dark the gloom which wraps their moral sky,
 There shall be light and peace for those who on their God rely.
 He may see fit with shadows thick to curtain all their path,
 And hang across their darkened view the emblems of his wrath;
 But while yon rainbow gilds the storm, to them the hope is given,
 That all who trust a covenant God, shall have the light of heav'n;
 That wheresoe'er o'er human lots the clouds of woe appear,
 The bow of peace shall kindle there to animate and cheer.



Original.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Beyond the misty bounds of time
 There lies a region wide and fair;
 And beauteous forms and beauteous scenes
 In harmony are mingled there:
 No storms nor fears, no rude alarms
 Can mar that ever happy clime;
 For holiness the sceptre wields,
 Arrayed in majesty sublime.

There cherubim and seraphim
 With all the angelic hosts unite
 In pleasures which can never cloy—
 In fadeless bliss—in pure delight;
 And man, redeemed by Jesus' blood,
 May hope in their blest joys to share,
 And, clad in robes of righteousness,
 With them a crown of glory wear.

Are such our hopes? Is such the bliss
 Which waits our souls beyond the tomb?
 And when our earthly house shall fail,
 Have we an everlasting home?
 Then let the rolling years haste by
 With swiftness of a seraph's flight;
 They'll only bring our longing souls
 To those blest realms of holy light.

But be it ours—while on the wing
 With noiseless speed those moments fly—
 By faithful toil, and holy zeal,
 To lay up treasures in the sky.
 Be ours the bliss to stud our crowns
 With jewels bought by Jesus' blood,
 Which like celestial stars shall shine
 Amid the firmament of God.

Then with unmingled joy we'll cast
 Those crowns before the Savior's feet,

2

And with adoring rapture bend
 Before his high irradiant seat.
 A seraph's heart, an angel's tongue,
 Attuned to holy joys shall move;
 While, in a higher, sweeter strain,
 We'll sing of his redeeming love. G. W.



WOMAN'S TRUST.

WATCHING by the couch of pain
 Till the light of day shall wane—
 Till the evening star is high—
 Till the midnight shadows fly—
 Silent, wakeful vigils keeping
 O'er the sufferer's fitful sleeping:

Soothing with a gentle tone,
 When the wearied bird has flown—
 Pointing upward to those bowers,
 Fragrant with undying flowers,
 Where a sunless light is glowing
 O'er the waters gently flowing:

Seeking out the humble home
 Where the widow weeps alone,
 Raising with a lenient hand
 That forsaken orphan band—
 Pouring forth the oil of gladness
 On the heart oppressed with sadness:

Weeping unregarded tears,
 Striving with unutter'd fears,
 Gathering fresh and blooming flowers
 For life's sere and blighted bowers,
 Radiant, gentle as the glow
 Beaming from the covenant bow:

Drawing from the guilty heart
 Sin's polluted, poisonous dart—
 Telling of that balm so free,
 Gushing fresh from Gilead's tree—
 Of that stream whose healing flow
 Washes crimson white as snow:

Watching with unwearied eyes
 Till the Savior's day-star rise,
 Latest where he bows his head,
 Marking well his lowly bed,
 Casting spices and perfume
 Earliest on his hallowed tomb:

This thy trust, O, woman, this—
 This the sign that seals thy bliss—
 This the purest, brightest gem
 Sparkling in thy diadem—
 This the power thy God has given—
 This thy pathway up to heaven. MARY.



THE rising morning can't assure
 That we shall end the day,
 For death stands ready at the door
 To seize our lives away.

NOTICES.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR: an offering for Christmas and New-Year. Edited by J. Shepherd. Boston: published by Henry B. Williams.—U. P. James, of this city, has this beautiful annual on sale. We regret that it was not received in time to be noticed in our November number. It is truly a Christian Souvenir. Let the pious, who wish to present to their friends a gift which will tend to cherish their affection, call at Mr. James' and purchase this volume. It contains forty-two admirable pieces by the best American writers, and six splendid engravings. Its spirit breathes in the following fragment, called, "The Watch Light."

"Two lovers were separated; the one was conveyed to an island, the other pined in solitude on the main land. Night came upon the earth; and the love-prompted maiden hung out from a tower a torch-light. Far off upon the shore the devoted watched it, and with his eye intent upon it, he plunged the waves, and manfully breasted the surge till he reached the opposite strand. With the morning dawn he returned; but again at eve sought the watch light. It was there; and again he swam the flood triumphantly. Another night, and the third time he saw the distant gleaming; but the clouds frowned, the rain beat, the waves roared, and the thunder muttered. Still, with a bold heart, and strong arm, he pushed the waters aside, till in the midst of the waste. He withdrew his eye from the blaze, and when he looked again he saw it not! The fierce glare of the lightning terrified him; and, bewildered and exhausted, he sank into the deep, and perished for ever! Like that torch-light is the star of Bethlehem, glowing above the battlements of heaven, and shining far off upon life's waste of waters, steadily and undimmed. Keep that in your eye, and it shall guide you safely amid the storms of temptation, the howling blasts of evil; and at last bring you to the shores of bliss, and encircle you in the arms of the Savior of your soul. Press on! Press on!"

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, for the use of Schools and Academies. By James Renwick, L. L. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in Columbia College. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This book will supersede other brief treatises on natural philosophy. It is admirably calculated for its object. It shows the present state of the science. It can be studied with success by those who have not a very extensive acquaintance with mathematics, and its numerous plates will be of great use to illustrate the principles of natural science. Dr. Renwick is, by his scientific treatises, rendering an important service to the public. This work is on sale at the Book Room in this city.

THE OLIVE PLANT, AND LADIES' TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE, is the title of a neat folio sheet, published semi-monthly at New York. It contains interesting recitals of the progress of temperance principles among the ladies. There is a difference between temperance principles and temperance practices. The latter have adorned female life—with some exceptions—in all time; but the former are now beginning to develop themselves in the form of female temperance societies all over the land. They will be triumphant. The number of the Olive Plant now before us says, "The Ladies' Cold Spring Society are preparing a splendid banner for the Cold Spring Young Men's Temperance Society." Some of its columns are occupied in describing several presentations of banners from the ladies' to the gentlemen's temperance societies.

THE WESTERN LANCET, edited by Dr. Lawson, and published in this city, has reached its sixth number. This and the first number, which are all we have seen, admirably sustain the literary reputation of the editor, and of the gentlemen who contribute to its pages. In connection with our highly respectable Medical College, and its talented faculty, this periodical must exert a happy influence.

We presume that the professors of that institution will feel a deep interest in the success of the Lancet, and will liberally contribute to its pages. They ought to do so. Wealthy citizens, whether physicians or otherwise, ought, by all means, to subscribe for the Lancet.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MARY ANN GREER.—"Suffer little children to come unto me." Why? Has Jesus gifts for little children? Yes; "he took them up in his arms and blessed them." Nor was it a naked blessing—a blessing in word only. Jesus never thus blesses. He does not say, "Be ye warm and be ye clothed," and then leave the sufferer to perish. When the evangelist assures us that he took little children in his arms, laid his hands upon them, and blessed them, he teaches us two things; namely, that little children are capable of being blessed, and that Jesus designs to bless them. By the former I mean that they are capable of receiving grace, with its benefits—by the latter, that Christ is disposed to make them sharers in his grace. O that parents would be fully aware of the capacities of their children, and of their own solemn obligations, to bring their little ones to that Savior who waits to receive them!

These remarks were suggested by a recent affecting example of the saving effects of parental fidelity in the case of Mary Ann Greer, daughter of A. L. Greer, Esq., of Covington, Ky. Mary was between seven and eight years of age. Her parents diligently labored to interest her mind and heart in the truths of religion. From the age of four, or earlier, she began to manifest a singular attentiveness to all that was addressed to her about the Savior. From being admonished, she became inquisitive, and never seemed so agreeably employed as when she was questioning her parents on the subject of religion. Many of her interrogations were of sufficient weight and importance to have proceeded from a much older person, and often her inquisitive mind invented questions which it exercised all the ingenuity of her affectionate parents to answer. But the most of her questions were of a practical import; and the knowledge which she gained was diligently used to guide and control her own actions. Parental admonition was not lost upon Mary Ann. An hour approached which was about to put to the test the value of the instructions imparted to her by her painstaking parents. They had endeavored to sow the seed, and now they were to learn how far their efforts had prospered. Hitherto an inquisitive temper, seeking after the doctrines of the kingdom, with a serious deportment, great tenderness of conscience, which made her afraid every hour of committing sin, and a strict attention to her childish devotions, were the only tokens of Mary's profiting. But they were to receive other evidences of the good fruits of parental fidelity. As the physician who attended Mary in her last sickness was a close observer of the manner of her death, and, though not a professor of religion, was exceedingly affected by the scene, we present the narration to our readers, as he has kindly presented it over his own signature. It reads as follows:

"Mr. Editor,—Seldom do circumstances occur in the physician's practice so unique and impressive as should move him to mention them through the medium of the press. But for once I offer to your columns the following unvarnished recital of facts.

"In September last I was called to pay a professional visit to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of A. L. Greer, Esq., of this city, who had been taken ill at her grand-father's, six miles from town. I found her afflicted with croup. The disorder resisted all applications, and little Mary soon drew near her end. To speak of her condition early in her sickness would be useless. I will therefore say that about ten minutes before she expired, she suddenly relaxed her efforts to catch breath. She was at this moment sitting up in bed. With perfect composure she laid herself down on the bed, and though she could not breathe so as to feel refreshed or eased by respiration, she manifested no anxiety or alarm. Seeing her grand-mother near, she called her aloud, and taking her affectionately by the hand, bade her farewell. She then called her grand-pa and her aunt in succession, and with perfect calmness, saluted them in the same manner. She then observed, in the same composed manner, that she was on that day seven years old. There were several persons in the room, and to each she addressed her farewell. Her father, mother, brothers, and sisters, were addressed in succession, and extending her dying hand to each, she uttered farewell! She added also, 'Tell all the people in the world

farewell for me! I was feeling her pulse. It ceased beating. She gently withdrew her little arm, and taking hold of my hand, she said, 'Farewell, Doctor Lewis!' Her father now said, 'Why, my dear child, do you bid us all farewell?' 'O, father,' said she, 'I am going to heaven! I see my little sister Jane there now.' In less than two minutes after uttering these words, she gently breathed away her life. She was seven years and six months old.

"Another hand may mention other passages in the brief life of this lovely little child. These occurrences I state as having come under my own observation. I will add two remarks, which seem to me quite sufficient to excite our surprise, leaving the religious aspect of the case to those who are better capable of appreciating them than, to my regret, I myself am.

"First. The croup is a painful disorder, and generally places the dying patient in a posture most unfriendly to calm and peaceful reflection. Strangulation! The thought of it is dreadful. Yet this child, in the midst of its horrors, was peaceful—contented—apparently happy.

"Second. No one informed her that she was near death; yet, though apparently without pain to premonish her, she, by some means, was aware that she was going—to heaven.

"None can doubt she is gone to heaven! Her parents 'have a child less—heaven an angel more.'

"HARVEY LEWIS, M. D.

"Covington, Ky., Nov. 5, 1842."

"God is his own interpreter." Why this little girl, whose mind seemed so seriously directed to the great and sanctifying truths of religion, should have been so early snatched from her parents and friends, we may not say. It might have been, in part, for the child's sake; for this is a rude world, and its thorns inflict many and cruel wounds. It might have been, also, for an admonition to her parents, and possibly her grand-parents, who doted on her with the fondness of age. Whatever were the aims of Providence, may they be fulfilled. May her pious parents be encouraged to fidelity towards surviving children, and may all her friends prepare to die as she did—quietly, and full of hope. If the reader be a parent, in charge of children who are of a tender age, wa beseech her to bring them up in the admonition of the Lord. If no immediate, apparent good follows your pious endeavors, do not forget that,

"Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive our hope."

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—The year is gone, so far as the issues of the Repository are concerned. We thank our contributors who have continued to us their favors. Some have not been so prompt as we could desire. Our V. and C. friends have disappointed us; and expectation having been raised very high, it is a severe disappointment. Will they suffer their minds to be stirred up, and will they return to duty? Some beautiful verses appear occasionally without the designation of "original." Will our correspondents always say "original," when their productions are strictly so, and give us their proper names for a voucher? Several articles are laid over for the next volume. N.'s is one of them. It will appear in the first two numbers of next year.

TO READERS.—We have done our best to keep the Repository pure, and as entertaining as could comport with purity. The Publishers' Table, which is strictly eclectic—leaving out a multitude of notices equally flattering—will show them that our best literary and religious periodicals speak kindly of our correspondents and their productions. Some of our readers seem to look upon the best pieces in the Repository as the least interesting. We are sorry. Would they have it filled, as a young sister sometime since said, with "*experiences and st. . . ke?*" Our readers should recollect that there are two objects to be kept in view. The first is to communicate instruction, and the second is to improve the heart. Cannot the friends of the Repository sometimes correct the taste of the critic, rather than take it for granted that the criticism is just. Instead of allowing that the productions of such a correspondent are unacceptable to the readers, advise the objectors—what is often the fact—that a woful want of judgment is indicated by their objections.

PUBLISHERS' TABLE.

As is customary with the publishers of periodicals, we present the following amongst many other flattering notices of this work:

The Ladies' Repository.—We have received the number of this excellent monthly for May. For variety in the subjects, and good sense in the tone of its articles, it is in advance of any work of the kind in the west. And it does not fall off, but decidedly improves as it grows older. The present number contains an admirable engraving by Woodruff—a better one than we have seen in any eastern monthly. The typographical execution is truly superb.—*Cincinnati Daily Gazette*.

The Ladies' Repository.—The February number has come to hand. It is embellished with a beautiful engraving of a "Lake Scene," contains a large amount of well written and useful matter, and evinces a determination on the part of the proprietors to merit public patronage, by imparting to it all the interest, external beauty, and intrinsic value that its friends can desire. We think it richly deserving the support of the public generally, and especially of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—*Lutheran Observer*.

The Ladies' Repository.—This periodical is published by the "Methodist Book Concern in Cincinnati." The March number is before us. It possesses, as its predecessors have done, high literary and religious merit. From the manifest tendency of this excellent work to enlighten the mind and improve the heart, it should be found in every family in our connection.—*Philadelphia Christian Repository*.

The Ladies' Repository and Gatherings of the West.—This excellent periodical, we are happy to learn, is in a prosperous state. The February number before us is fraught with much interesting and instructive matter. While the world is deluged with silly tales of love and fashion, we rejoice to see a few sensible and common sense periodicals, conducted with ability and good taste, dedicated to the ladies. It is a sheer insult to the fair sex to offer them the continual flow of an idle, hare-brained, sickly mind, such as is presented in many of the periodicals of this day. We recommend the Repository to all our fair patrons.—*Northern Christian Repository*.

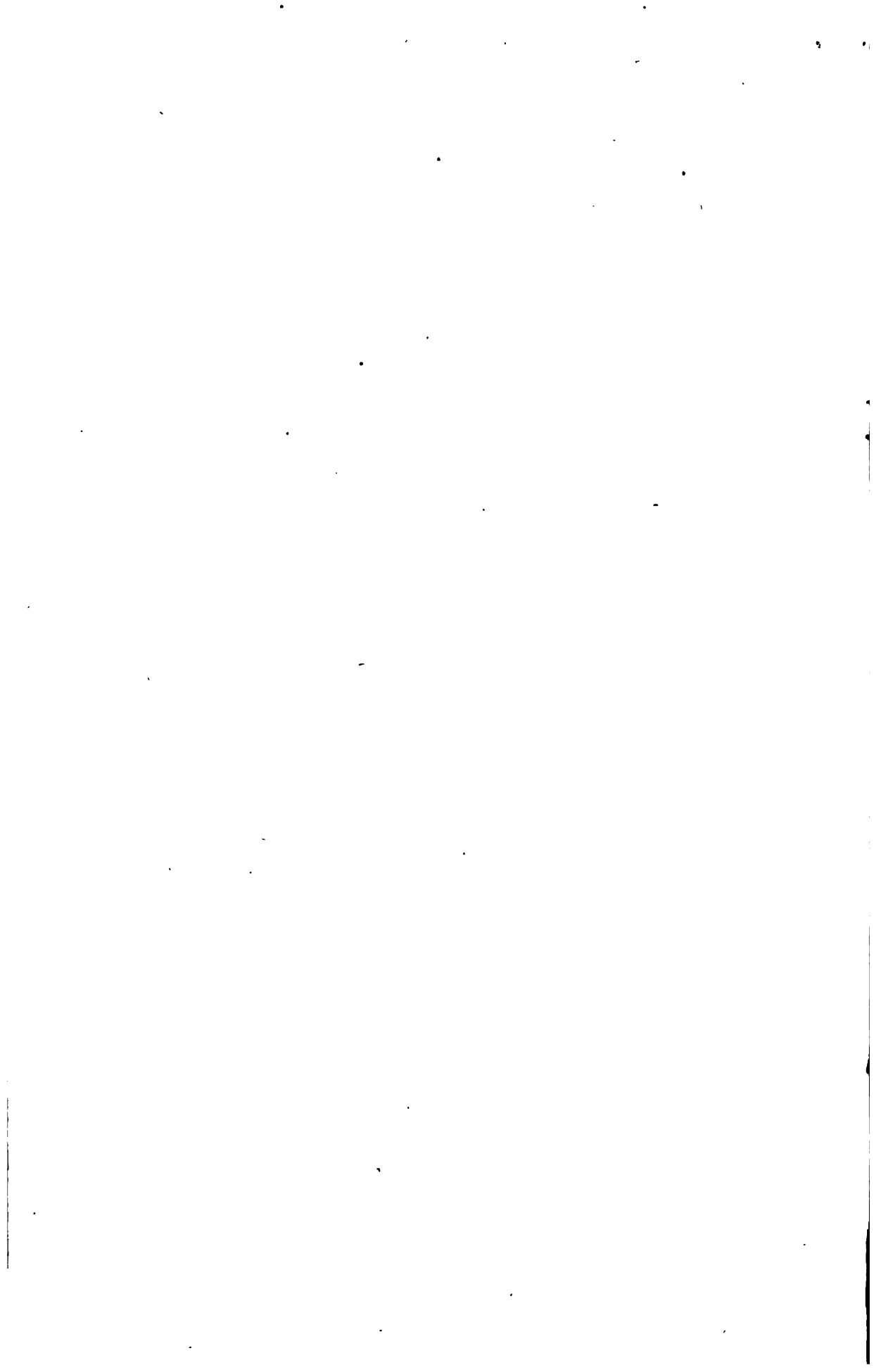
The Ladies' Repository.—published at Cincinnati, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, continues to reach us, and is always read with pleasure, and deemed by us an ornament to the literature of that Church. As a whole it well suits the object to be attained by its publication; and we are happy to see, from many journals, that it is high in the estimation of persons of intelligence and judgment. It would be unpardonable to pass over its typographical neatness so creditable to the publishers, Messrs. Wright and Swormstedt: but its contents is its chief praise. Its selections are eminently appropriate, tasteful, and useful, and its original pieces gratifying and instructive by their variety, elegance, and sterling literary and religious excellence.—*Christian Guardian*.

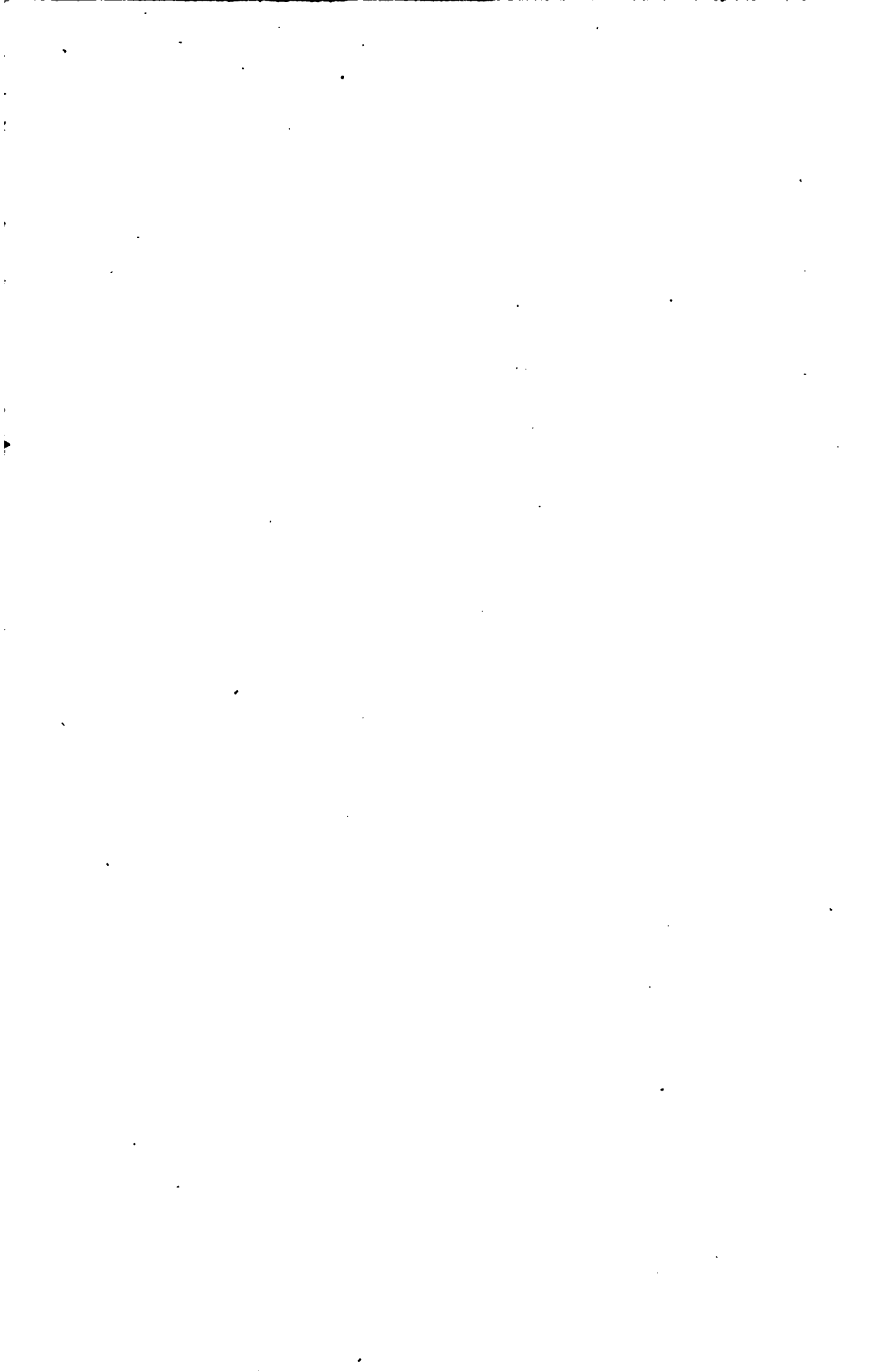
Ladies' Repository and Gatherings of the West.—This valuable Church periodical for July has been on our desk for several weeks. It is prompt in its visits, and richly freighted. It is full of very excellent original articles, highly intellectual, and decidedly religious.—*Richmond Christian Advocate*.

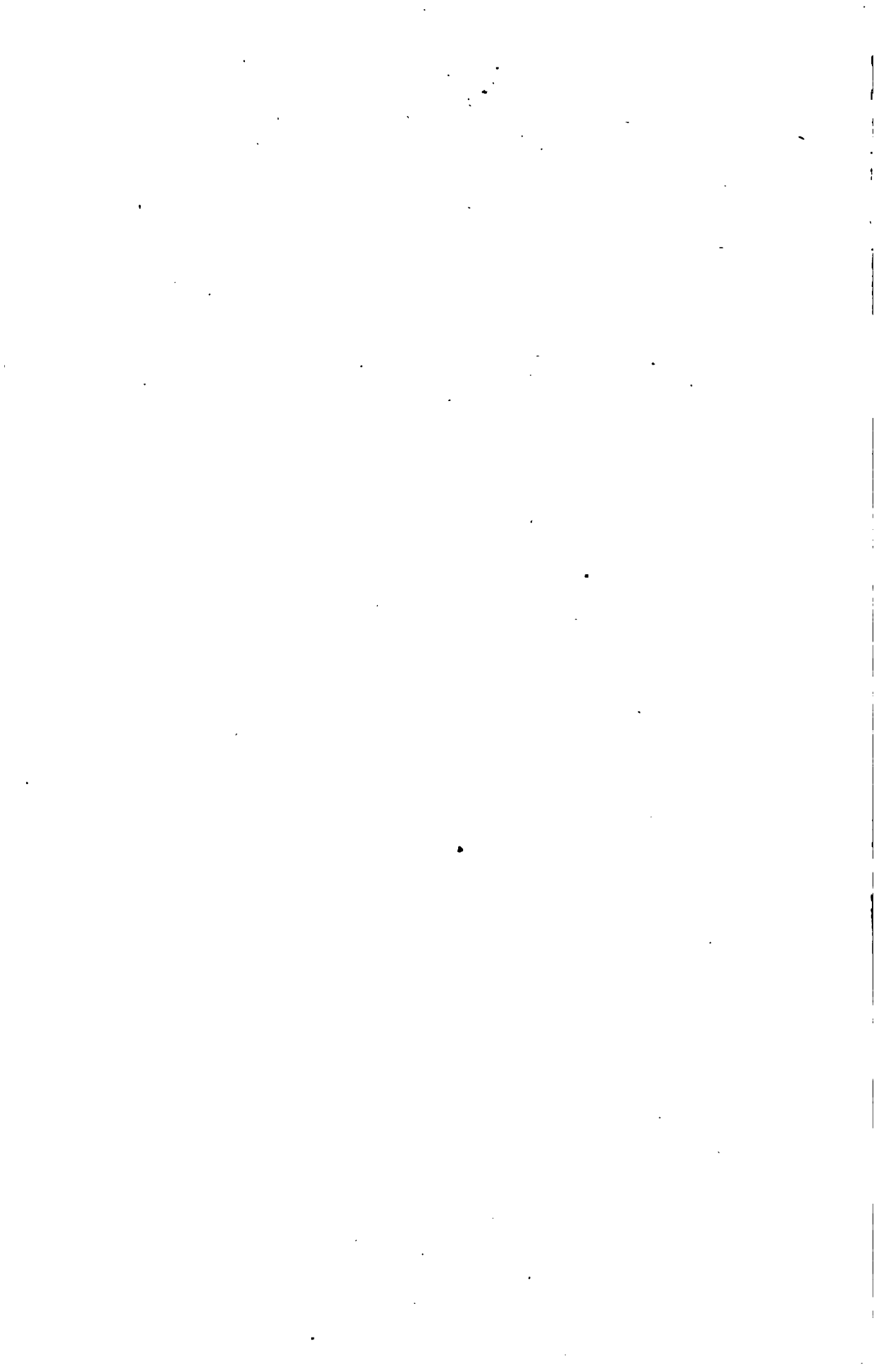
The following, amongst several other flattering notices, have appeared since we issued the October number. We add them to the former list, that the patrons of the work may be assured of the esteem in which the Repository continues to be held. The Daily Chronicle, of this city, edited by E. D. Mansfield, having noticed the Ladies' World of Fashion, Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, and the Boston Miscellany, says:

"Last, not least, comes the Ladies' Repository, Vol. II, No. XI, our neatly executed, well conducted, and pure in spirit home production, which is equal, in all good points, to either of the others."

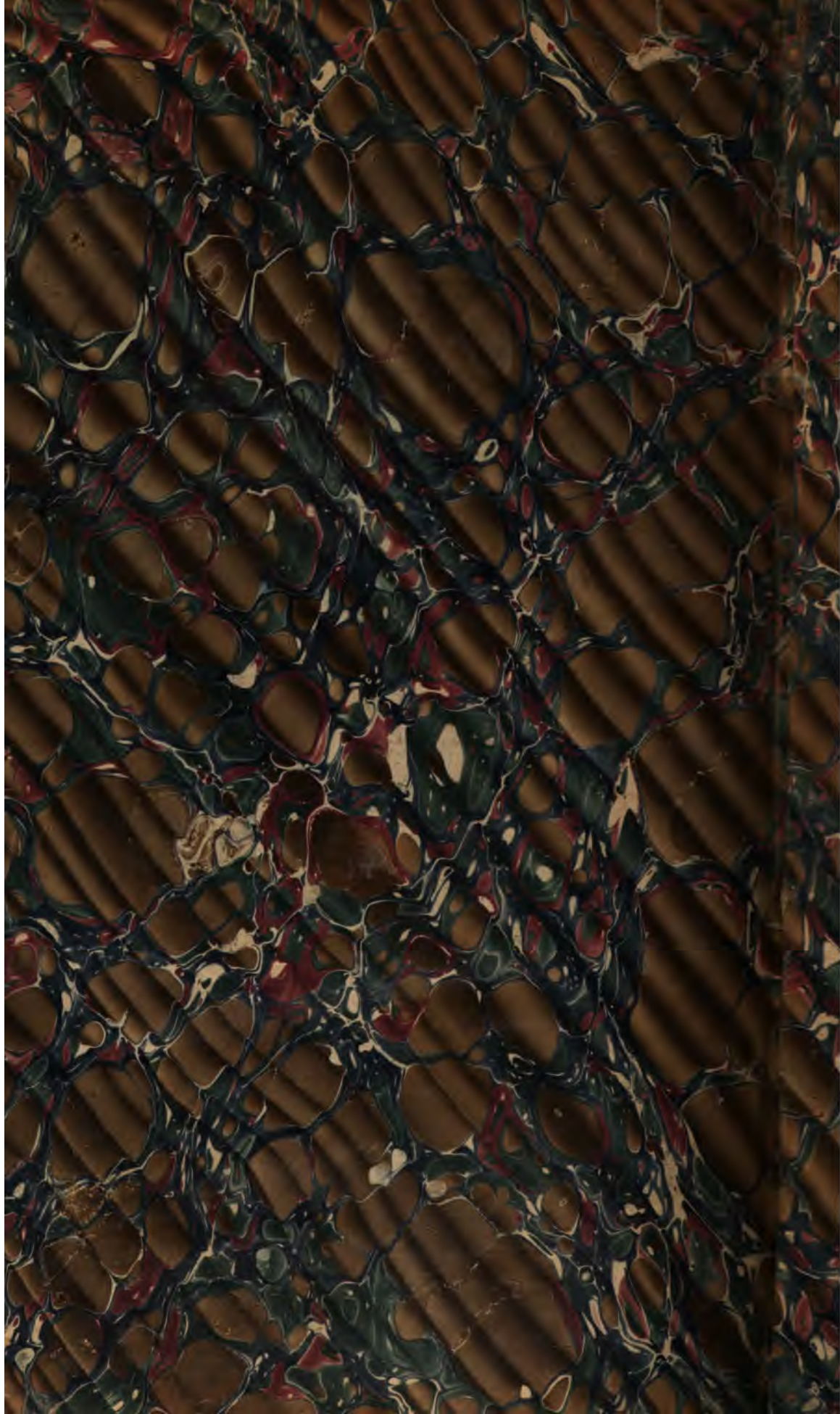
The Ladies' Repository.—We think that the editor of this excellent monthly has little cause to complain of his correspondents. Their communications, both as to variety and extent, compare favorably with the best specimens of our periodical literature. The typographical execution of the Repository leaves no improvement to be wished for in that line.—*Southern Christian Advocate*.

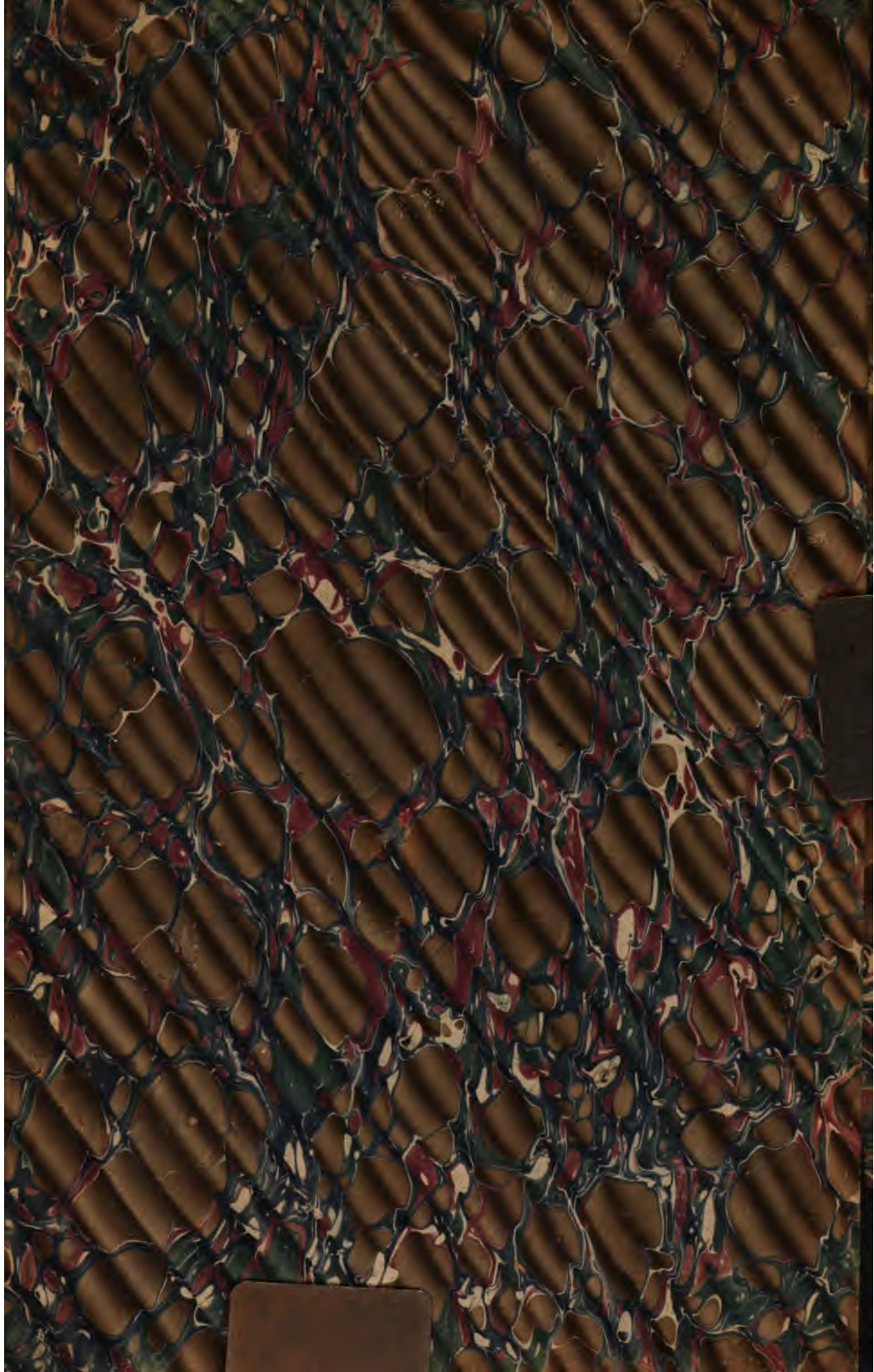














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