

unfeeling husband would often go to the publishers of her little works, and receive the little stipend which was coming to her, and spend it in his sinful courses, so that at last she was obliged to stipulate that her money should be paid in advance for a forthcoming work. She was trained to write in the bitter school of adversity; she was compelled to write for her daily bread. After the death of her husband she continued her labors, and gave a wider scope to her power, by attempting works of a more elevated character.

We consider her one of the finest and most accomplished writers of the day. There is a pensive, melancholy interest about her history, and there is a tinge of the same running through all her compositions. She knows how to lay her hand on the chords that send their vibrations to the inmost recesses of the heart. She has the power to stir any of the tender emotions at pleasure. Her writings abound in thrilling, touching, and tender scenes. No lady of England or America surpasses Charlotte Elizabeth Tancy in the richness and fervour of her pen.—*Watchman of the Valley.*

### THE TRAVELLER.

#### EXTRACT FROM AN INTERESTING DIARY.

ALL things being in readiness, we at length set out for "Sam's Point." It was a clear and beautiful morning in September. The sun, in his chariot of fire, had wheeled his triumphant course for a few hours in the heavens, ere we were under way. Presently we reached the pleasant, though secluded village of Burlingham, thence a westerly direction led us to the Point. Slowly but cheerfully we wound our way up the steep and circuitous mountains of Shawangunk. The company were so agreeable that we were not aware of the many difficulties of a "mountain road" until arrived at some passes where we judged that compassion called upon us to relieve our horses by walking. And as we walked we paused to contemplate the beauties of nature. Ever and anon we beheld a log cabin situated in a small tract of cultivated land, which added to the scene, as it rendered the contrast more visible. As we passed, the children ceased their play, the shuttle remained silent upon the loom, and the "plough-share in the furrow stood," while they might turn and gaze upon the passing traveller. When we thus saw these children of the woods, happy in their solitude, we could not but remark the goodness of God in so forming man, that in whatever situation of life he may be placed, there contentment will erect its altar. What though no stately mansion raised its proud front to show that wealth reigned within?—what though no wide extended fields of grain waved before the gentle zephyr?—what though no titles and insignia of royalty surrounded their names, though no soft music there arose with its voluptuous swell?—still they were happy while by the sweat of their brow they could merely gain an honest subsistence. Happy in their wives, their children, and their honest labour—happy in the adoration of that God whose omnipotence they everywhere beheld.

With such thoughts we were nearing our journey's end. We rode nearly to the base of the mountain, within half a mile of the summit. Then shouldering our baskets containing provisions, (for the party was a picnic,) we made our bearing to the point, whose jutting cliffs stood out in bold relief. But before we reached it, and a little to the left of the path, we entered a cave about twenty feet in length and twelve in width, somewhat resembling an inclined cone. Seating ourselves upon a few loose stones, we lingered, and suffered our minds to wander far back into the labyrinth of the past. Here the imagination pictured the red son of the forest with his family surrounding the evening board. There upon the wall was suspended the garnished spear, and the hatchet wet with the blood of the deer. In yon corner was the couch of heath, where the sinewy limbs of the chief would seek repose after the toils and dangers of the chase. There sat the mother, smiling on her infant child, gazing upon the same moon which from the beginning of creation rolled his ceaseless course, and will continue to roll until the

wand of time shall be dipped into the ocean of eternity. The scene was changed. Their happy home was soon to be made desolate by the rude hand of invading war. Soon did the war-whoop echo and re-echo through the jutting cliffs. The warrior, with an arm of strength, seized the hatchet and bow which had only been stained by the gore of the stag and the roe. In the consciousness of superior prowess, he rushed with his brother chieftain in arms to stem the tide of civilization. But the white man's instruments of death were more fleet than the barbed lance and poisoned arrow. The red man, though he never quailed, could not withstand the shock. The places which had once been a refuge from the foe, now refused their aid. He was banished from the land formerly his own, and driven beyond the waters of the West,—

"Where the moaning wind of civilization,  
Howls the death dirge of the Indian nation."

Time, ever on the wing, warned us to desist from such reflections, and we again addressed ourselves to our journey. Through narrow defiles and rocky passes did we move. Truly,

"'Twas oft so steep, that foot was vain  
Assistance from the hand to gain."

Still, in the witty repartee and merry laugh of our fair companions was absorbed the fear of rattlesnakes and the tediousness of the movements. Now winding under the rocks, with scarce sufficient room for a foot-hold, and now standing upon the point which a little before seemed to pierce the clouds—for we had reached the summit. All, as if by impulse, paused, and in wonder gazed. I know not which afforded me the most pleasure—to behold the sublime spectacle spread before us, or mark the workings of the human mind, indicated by the countenances of the beholders. Here was no affectation of thought or action. All was natural when the boldest strokes of nature were presented to our view. All, enchanted, were transfixed to the spot. The impression then riveted upon the mind, can never be forgotten, but it was such an one as neither pencil can paint, nor pen portray. Elevated so far above the habitations of men, we appeared almost able to penetrate with the vision of an enthusiast, the confines of space. All the west seemed one uncultivated waste. Ponds in the vicinity of Monticello were distinctly visible, which, interspersed throughout the apparent wilderness, added to the grandeur of the view. To the north the blue ridges of the Catskill raised their peak majestically. To the south and east the church spires of Bloomingburgh, Montgomery and Walden could be clearly seen; and even, by the aid of a spy-glass, the snow-white sails proudly gliding upon the tranquil bosom of the Hudson. The Fishkill mountains might well represent the "*Ne Plus Ultra*," and the pillars upon which might rest the arches of heaven.

After the enchantment which bound us was broken, we sought a suitable place to partake of our repast. Presently one was found, consisting of two huge rocks, so placed as to form a right angle. In the angle, where the sun's rays could not penetrate, we spread our cloth. That day we appeased our hunger seated upon the eternal rocks, and nought above but the canopy of heaven. The rocks in some places and for some distance form a fine promenade, it being a perfect level. Slowly we rambled along, endeavouring to discover the bottom of the fissures, and amusing ourselves by casting down pebbles and listening to the echo until it grew fainter, and finally was lost upon the ear. While thus in a contemplative mood, we could not but reflect upon the cause of the various phenomena presented to our view. The crevices and fissures would favour the theory that at the time of the flood, when creation was agitated to its centre, then were these huge piles thrown up in broken masses. But on the other hand, the formation of some rocks disjoined from the others would warrant us in saying that they were effected by volcanic eruptions. Concerning this let philosophers wrangle. Well may we exclaim, "the ways of the Lord are past finding out."

The decline of old Sol reminded us that we had tarried full long on the mount.

As we were descending we thought could the sceptic and infidel have stood with us, and viewed the heavens above and the earth beneath, he must have admitted that chance could not have

created these things, that chance by some awful convulsion had rent the rocks asunder. G. sceptic, converse with nature, where with her pencil dipped in the fountain of sublimity, guided by the hand of the Ruler of the Universe, she has made her boldest strokes, and she will teach thee that there is a God.

W. V. H. C.

Philadelphia, June 22, 1813.

### RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

#### THE RESURRECTION.

Twice had the sun gone down on the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre. Death held his sceptre over the Son of God; still and silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by their posts; the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears; the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and sorrow; while the spirits of glory waited with anxious suspense to behold the event—wondering at the depths of the ways of God. At length, the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light. The third day began to dawn on the world, when on a sudden, the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken. An angel of God descended; the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was white as snow; he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat on it.

But who is this that cometh from the tomb with died garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength? It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christians, it is your Lord! He hath trodden the wine press alone: he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now, as the first-born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He rises a conqueror from the grave; he returns with blessings from the world of spirits; he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious! It was the jubilee of the universe! The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. The Father of Mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens with complacency; he beheld his world restored—he saw his work, that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dews of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations.

#### THE RESTING PLACE.

HOWEVER dark and disconsolate the path of life may have been to any man, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting place, instead of the bed of down, shall be the bed of gravel, or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of wearied man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed—the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in their fountains, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves.—Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the pale nations of the dead, not one of the sleepers shall heed the spirit-stirring trumpet, or respond to the rending shouts of victory.

How quiet these countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth. The voice of thunder shall not awake them; the loud cry of the elements—neither winds nor waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chambers of death. They shall rest securely through ages; empires shall come and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought, and then a silver voice, at first but just heard, shall rise to a tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.—There is, however, but one class of persons who may derive comfort from these reflections; those only who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Repentance begins in the humiliation of the heart, and ends in the reformation of the life.