

had been entered upon, for three days had my name and my crime drawn together each morning a cloud of spectators, who came crowding down on the benches of the hall of a audience like ravens around a carcass; for three days had all the phantasmagoria of judges, witnesses, advocates, and king's attorneys passed and repassed before me, sometimes grotesque, sometimes bloody, but always gloomy and fatal. The two first nights of uneasiness and terror I had not slept, the third night I slept from lassitude and fatigue. At midnight I had left the jury deliberating; I had been brought back to the straw of my dungeon, and I had fallen immediately into a deep sleep, in a slumber of oblivion. They had been to me the first hours of repose for many years.

I was in the depth of this profound sleep when they came to awake me. This time, neither the heavy step, nor the iron shoes of the jailer, nor the clashing of his knot of keys, nor the harsh gnashing of the bolts, were sufficient; it required his rude hand on my arm, and his rough voice in my ear, to arouse me from my lethargy.

"Awake!" said he.

I opened my eyes, and rose up scared upon my seat. At that moment, through the high and narrow window of my dungeon, I saw, on the ceiling of the neighbouring gallery, the only sky I could have a glimpse of, that yellow reflection in which eyes accustomed to the darkness of a prison know so well how to recognise the sun. I love the sun.

"It is a fine day," I said to the jailer.

He remained a moment without answering me, as though not knowing whether it were worth the trouble of a word; but after some effort he answered bluntly, "It is possible."

I remained immovable, my spirit half lulled asleep, my mouth in a smile, my eyes fixed on that soft golden reverberation that diapered the ceiling. "Here is a fine day," I repeated.

"Yes," answered the man, "They wait for you."

These few words, like the thread that breaks the insect's flight, threw me back violently into reality. I saw again, suddenly, as in a flash of lightning, the gloomy hall of the assizes, the horse-shoe range before judges covered with bloody hues, the three ranks of the stupid-faced witnesses, the two gend'armes at each end of my bench, the dark robes rustling, and the heads of the crowds swarming in the depth of the shadow, and the fixed looks of the twelve jurymen—who had watched while I slept—resting upon me.

I arose; my teeth chattered, my hands trembled, and I knew not where to find my clothes. My legs were weak; at the first step I made I stumbled like a street-porter overcharged; nevertheless, I followed the jailer.

The two gend'armes waited for me at the threshold of my cell. They replaced the hand-cuffs. They had a small complicated lock on them, which they closed carefully. I let them do it: it was a machine on a machine.

We traversed an interior court. The light air of the morning revived me. I lifted up my head. The sky was clear; and the warm rays of the sun, divided by the long chimneys, described large angles of light on the summit of the high and gloomy walls of the prison. It was indeed a fine day.

We mounted a circular staircase; we passed along one corridor, then another, then a third, then a low door opened; a hot air mingled with sounds struck my face—it was the breath of the crowd in the hall of the assizes. I entered. At my apparition there was a rumour of arms and voices; the raised benches were displaced with a noise, the partitions cracked; and whilst I traversed the long room, between two masses of people walled in with soldiers, I seemed like a centre to which were attached the threads which moved all those inclined and gaping faces.

At that minute I perceived that I was without irons; nor could I remember either when or where they had been removed from me.

There was then a great silence. I had reached my place: at the moment the tumult ceased among the crowd, it ceased also in my ideas. I suddenly and clearly understood that which, until then, I had only seen in confused glimpses—that the decisive moment was come, and that I was there to hear my sentence.

Let him explain it who can; but from the manner in which this idea came to me, I can state that it caused me no terror. The windows were opened; the air and the noise of the city came freely from without; the hall was bright as for a bridal. The gay beams of the sun traced here and there the luminous figure of the casements, sometimes lengthened on the floor, sometimes developed on the tables, sometimes broken at the angle of the walls; and from these shining lozenges of the windows each ray cut out in the air a large prism of golden dust. The judges at the end of the hall looked contented, probably from the delight of their task being soon finished. The face of the president, softly lit up by the reflection of a window, had something of calmness and goodness spread over it; and a young barrister was talking, almost gaily, and grasping the hand of a pretty woman in a rose-coloured hat, placed, by favour, behind him. The jurors alone appeared wan and dejected; but it was apparently from the fatigue of having watched all the night. Some of them yawned; nothing in their countenances indicated men who had just borne sentence of death; and in the figures of the good citizens I could divine nothing beyond a great wish for sleep.

THE GENIUS OF POETRY.

BY REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

Genius of Poetry! the noblest born!
Thy themes are as thy joys—rich and sublime!
Creation is thy range; where'er a star
Sends forth a ray, thy wing is wont to fly.
And oft, where never rolled an orb, away
In solitary, unilluminated gloom,
Thou holdest high communion with thy God.
His omnipresent pow'r and tender love
Delight thy musing moments, and thy harp
Is richest and most eloquent in praise.
Thy quick perception gladdens in events,
To others hid; thou knowest sounds and views,
Unheard, unnoticed by the grosser born.
Where'er thy pinions wave, new pleasures rise
Sweet in thy breast, and eye and ear, and all
Thy ravish'd senses wonder and admire.
The music of the spheres is heard by thee,
And angels ne'er may know its richest tones,
Delighting thee;—thou see'st a purer light
In every beam, than falls on other eyes;
Colours have finer shades than others see,
By thee perceived—and when the thunder speaks
Loud from his midnight throne, thou dost discern
An import and a tone none else may know;
And in the lightning flash thou see'st a glance,
That else who once beholds shall surely die!
Does grandeur call thee? Lo! the boundless scene
Glow with a living spirit; and thy heart
Swells with expanding rapture, high and wild,
And unexpress'd, save in thy thrilling song.
The aged forest bows his hoary head,
In reverence, and waves his trembling arms
On high, to hail thy coming to his shades.
The mountains loftier lift their lofty heads,
And stand like giants guarding the sweet vales,
Of humble peace, from the demoniac storm.
The seas explain to thee their mysteries;
For thee the blue heavens cast their veil aside,
And sun, and moon, and stars come near, and show
Unto thy favour'd eye their wondrous things.
Does novelty attract thee? things more strange
Appear in things the strangest, and a power
Alike peculiar, wonders in thy sight.
The clouds assume all hostile forms, and wage
Celestial warfare; meteors on swift wing
Bear to the Prince of Hell tidings of earth;
And comets, issuing from the eternal throne
To see if earth's iniquity is full,
Wave wide the threaten'g sword—the startled sky
Shrinks from the horrid light, and pales with fear.
Earth listens, motionless, expecting still
The thunder of Destruction's chariot wheels—
And Time throws down his scythe, crushes his glass,
And, trembling, waits th' archangel's dooming voice!

THE TRUE NOBILITY OF LABOUR.

BY REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

"How many natural ties are there between even the humblest scene of labor, and the noblest affections of humanity! In this view, the employment of mere muscular strength is ennobled. There is a central point in every man's life, around which all his toils and cares revolve. It is that spot which is concentrated by the names of wife, and children, and home. A secret and almost imperceptible influence from that spot, which is like no other on earth, steals into the breast of the virtuous laboring man, and strengthens every weary step of his toil. Every blow that is struck in the work-shop and the field, finds an echo in that holy shrine of his affections."

"So material do I deem this point—the true nobility of labor, I mean—that I would dwell upon it a moment longer, and in a larger view. Why, then, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for the production of all that man wants. The motion of the globe upon its axis might have been the power, to move that world of machinery. Ten thousand wheels within wheels might have been at work; ten thousand processes, more curious and complicated than man can devise, might have been going forward without man's aid; horses might have risen like an exhalation,

—'With the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple;

gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, richer than imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in these Elysian palaces. 'Fair scene!' I imagine you are saying; 'fortunate for us, had it been the scene ordained for human life!' But where then tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off with one blow from the world; and mankind had sunk to a crowd, nay, far beneath a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate. Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass whereon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed

and the forest, for him to fashion into splendor and beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act of creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler. I call upon those whom I address to stand up for that nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here if any where, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do indeed toil, but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity, and they desire nothing so much on earth, as escape from it."

"This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system; under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and stream, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature; it is impiety to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat—TOIL, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood; the only true nobility!"

THE MORAL TENDENCIES OF THE MECHANIC ARTS.

"If an intelligent manufacturer or mechanic would carefully note down in a book all the instances of adaptation that presented themselves to his attention, he would in time have a large volume; and it would be a volume of philosophy—a volume of indisputable facts in defence of a Providence. I could not help remarking lately, when I saw a furnace upon the stream of the valley, and the cartman bringing down ore from the mountains, how inconvenient it would have been if this order of nature had been reversed; if the ore-bed had been in the valley, and the stream had been so constituted as to rise, and to make its channel upon the tops of the ridges. Nay more; treasures are slowly prepared and carefully laid up in the great store-houses of nature, against the time when man shall want them. When the wood is cut off from the plains and the hills, and fuel begins to fail, and man looks about him with alarm at the prospect, lo! beneath his feet are found, in mines of bitumen and mountains of anthracite, the long hid treasures of Providence—the treasure-houses of that care and kindness, which at every new step of human improvement, instead of appearing to be superseded, seems doubly entitled to the name of Providence."

"All nature is not only a world of mechanism, but it is the work of infinite art; and the mechanic-inventor and toiler is but a student, an apprentice in that school. And when he has done all, what can he do to equal the skill of the great original he copies; to equal the wisdom of Him who has stretched out the heavens like a curtain, who has laid the beams of his chambers in the waters? What engines can he form, like those which raise up through the dark labyrinths of the mountains, the streams that gush forth in fountains from their summits? What pillars and what architecture can he lift up on high like the mighty forest trunks, and their architrave and frieze of glorious foliage? What dyes can he invent, like those which spread their ever-changing and many-coloured robe over the earth? What pictures can he cause to glow, like those which are painted on the dome of heaven?

"It is the glory of art that it penetrates and develops the wonders and bounties of nature. It draws their richness from the valleys, and their secret stores from the mountains. It leads forth every year fairer flocks and herds upon the hills; it yokes the ox to the plough, and trains the fiery steed to its car. It plants the unsightly germ, and rears it into vegetable beauty; it takes the dull ore and transfuses it into splendor, or gives it the edge of the tool or the lancet; it gathers the filaments which nature has curiously made, and weaves them into soft and compact fabrics. It sends out its ships to discover unknown seas and shores; or it plunges into its work-shops at home, to detect the secret, that is locked up in mineral, or is flowing in liquid matter. It scans the spheres and systems of heaven with its far sight; or turns with microscopic eye, and finds in the drops that sparkle in the sun, other worlds crowded with life. Yet more is mechanic art the handmaid of society. It has made man its special favorite. It clothes him with fine linen and soft raiment. It builds him houses, it kindles the cheerful fire, it lights the evening lamp; it spreads before him the manifold page of wisdom; it delights his eye with gracefulness, it charms his ear with music; it multiplies the facilities of communication and the ties of brotherhood; it is the softener of all domestic charities—it is the bond of nations."

Dewey