

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY MOTHER.

How the sound of that name thrills through the soul! How many the associations that cluster around the mere mention of it! In childhood and youth, how little do we know the worth of a mother; how little do we know the anxiety and care we cause her who is our best friend, and who would gladly chase from our bosoms every sorrow and care; and could her wishes be granted, we should know naught but peace, prosperity, and happiness. There is something in maternal solicitude that we are entirely unable to comprehend. Even when we are stubborn and unruly, her affection does not in the least diminish; she even denies herself many comforts, that her wayward boy may be happier. There seems to be in the mother's breast a never failing fountain of love and devotion to the interests of her offspring, that does not fail even when her disobedient boy, seemingly bereft of all affection, contrary to the wishes of friends and parents, wanders as it were an outcast. Though none show pity—still the mother's yearning heart follows him—still loves and respects him. The more degraded he becomes, the more she clings to him, as though he could never forsake her bosom. We little know the worth of a mother's love and care for us, until we are far from her—until we feel the coldness of the false-hearted, selfish world. It is then we turn to that loved place, home, and sigh for the attentions of that fond being whose love we have so often unrequited. When away from home, how often do we take a retrospective view of the past, and call to mind the thousand kindnesses of a mother, which were almost forgotten, but now affect the mind: sometimes with feelings of sorrow, because we made so poor returns; and then with feelings of pleasure, for we know that we have one friend left on earth—who, though all others may leave, will never forsake us.

How often in the 'stilly hour of night,' when poring over my books by the dim light of my lamp, has my mind almost involuntarily wandered to past scenes, and past hours. How often would my ungrateful conduct, when at home, stare at me, and make me feel that I was unworthy to be called her son, who had done every thing for my happiness that maternal solicitude could devise, but I trust I have learnt how to prize a mother's love and attentions, and never to trifle with her feelings.—CORYDON. *Portland Tribune.*

SIGHT OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

Beyond this, we came into an open region, where nothing but cedar and thorns grew; and here I saw whortleberries for the first time in Central America. In that wild region, there was a charm in seeing anything that was familiar to me at home, and I should have perhaps become sentimental, but they were hard and tasteless. As we rose, we entered a region of clouds. Very soon they became so thick, that we could see nothing: the figures of our own party were barely distinguishable, and we lost all hope of any view from the top of the volcano. Grass still grew, and we ascended till we reached a belt of barren sand and lava; and here, to our great joy, we emerged from the region of the clouds, and saw the top of the volcano, without a vapour upon it, seeming to mingle with the clear blue sky; and at that early hour, the sun was not high enough to play upon its top. Mr. Lawrence, who had excited himself in walking, lay down to rest, and the Doctor and I walked on. The crater was about two miles in circumference, rent and broken by time, or some great convulsion; the fragments stood high, bare, and grand as mountains, and within were three or four smaller craters. We ascended on the south side by a ridge running east and west, till we reached a high point, at which there was an immense gap in the crater impossible to cross. The lofty point on which we stood was perfectly clear, the atmosphere was of transparent purity, and, looking beyond the region of desolation below us, at a distance of perhaps two thousand feet, the whole country was covered with clouds, and the city at the foot of the volcano was invisible. By degrees, the more distant clouds were lifted, and over the immense bed we saw, at the same moment, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This was the grand spectacle we had hoped, but scarcely expected, to behold. My companions had as-

scended the volcano several times; but on account of the clouds, they had only seen the two seas once before. The points at which they were visible were the Gulf of Nicoya and the harbour of San Juan, not directly opposite, but nearly at right angles with each other, so that we saw them without turning the body. In a right line over the tops of the mountains, neither was more than twenty miles distant; and from the great height at which we stood, they seemed almost at our feet. It is the only point in the world which commands a view of the two seas, and I ranked the sight with those most interesting occasions when, from the top of Mount Sinai, I looked out upon the desert of Arabia, and from Mount Hor I saw the Dead Sea.—*Stephen's Incidents of Travel in Central America.*

THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

MANY are the instances recorded from time to time, of the Royal munificence of the worthy and estimable Queen Dowager, but never has it fallen to our lot to record a more pleasing case than the following, which has lately come to our knowledge, and for the truth and accuracy of which we can vouch:—

A gentleman of the name of Blake, one of the pages to Her Majesty, was stretched upon a bed of sickness, and was found to be approaching his end. Her Majesty, with that solicitude which she evinces for even the lowest menial in her household, was particular in her enquiries after him day by day, and on learning from his medical attendant that but faint hopes were entertained of his recovery, she proceeded without delay, and unattended, to his bed side, and spoke sweet words of comfort to the dying man, bidding him to rely upon the all-sufficient merits of his Saviour, for acceptance with his God, when the things of this world, which were fast fading from him, should have closed upon his mortal sight. She begged him to feel quite comfortable as to his wife and family, for that she would provide for them, and to pass the few short hours that remain to him on earth, in preparing to meet his God and the coming judgment. Such words of comfort, we may hope, produced their proper effect, and that the spirit of the departed will have reason, through eternity, to praise his Redeemer for sending such a messenger of mercy to comfort him in his dying moments. A few days after his decease, Her Majesty sent for the sorrowing widow, who was left with a family of seven children, and announced to her her intention of allowing her a pension of £100 a year, and a residence in Bushy Park, so long as that continued her property. She desired her to send such of her family as were of sufficient age to school in the neighbourhood, at her expense, and that as they grew up she would provide for them. What Englishman does not feel a real pleasure, in becoming acquainted with such princely acts of benevolence in the widow of our late beloved Sovereign, and in knowing that this nation has placed it in her power to display, by such instances as these, the kindness and nobleness of her queen-like nature.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

INTELLECT is an enchanter. Long years after loved friends are entombed, the wand of memory waves over the chill vaults of the sepulchre, and the dead start into life—pale, purified, passionless as the seraphs, their sweet faces beam again upon us. The fragrance of their spirit-breath stirs in our time-bleached locks—their thrilling kisses are again on our lips. With their spirits, our spirits again mingle in a better fraternity of feeling than ever bound us before. We invest them with transcendent beauty!—they are now lovelier than the beings of this world; their bosoms throb upon ours with better sympathy—their eyes look deep into ours with exceeding love. Strange intellectual power! What a contact of spirit with spirit! What a reunion of the severed! Can it be possible that in this spirit dialogue, but one spirit has a part answering itself, and creating but an imaginary bliss? No—no. Intellect has a voice that can summon its loved from the spirit world. In the arms of my soul, I may, with due submission to the Great Father of spirits, clasp the spirits of my dead. Again upon my heart can I lay the spirit babe to whom I sobbed a farewell long years gone by. Not only in the arms of my fancy, but really, and indeed, in intellectual affinity,

may I embrace my sweet departed daughter, whose angel spirit, in life, pined for my happiness, and whose last accents, as her tongue froze in death, murmured my name.—*Maffit.*

CONTEMPLATION AND ACTION.

WE read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who being in the wilderness, led a very hard and strict life, inasmuch as none at that time did the like, to whom came a voice from heaven saying, Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler in Alexandria. Anthony hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took stall, and travelled till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, Come, and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time. Sir, (said the cobbler,) as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender—I am but a poor cobbler: in the morning, when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have; after I set me at my labour, where I spend the day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness—wherefore, when I make any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly, and thus I spend my time poorly with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve, to fear and serve God. And this is the sum of my simple life.—*Bishop Latimer.*

UNGOVERNED ANGER.

COLONEL. — is not now living, or I should not dare to tell a story which might add another pang to a conscience already stung to the quick. He had a favourite bird, a parrot, with which his son, a fine boy, of ten years old, was playing. The parrot bit the child's finger, and the angry child caught the parrot, and wrung its neck. The father, who does not seem, at first, to have noticed what was going forward, seized the throat of the boy. I was told that the consequences were fatal. The boy was generally supposed to have died in a fit. I have seen the half-melancholy father—an object of deep commiseration. This fact needs no comment, but may serve as an awful warning.—*Advice to Governesses.*

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.

THE name of George the Third will long be cherished by the inhabitants of Great Britain; and will always be associated with every virtue that can adorn royalty, or exalt human nature. The following anecdote, illustrative of the strength and tenderness of his parental affection, has been often repeated—but it will be new to many of our readers:—

In the year 1810, towards the latter end of October, the Princess Amelia died, after a protracted and painful illness, which she had endured with exemplary meekness and resignation. Aware of what must be its termination, she had some of her hair set in a ring; and one day, when her blind father, making his daily visit, came to her bed side, and held out his hand to her, she put this sad memorial upon his finger silently. Her dissolution occurred so soon afterwards, that she never knew the fatal consequences. The King had suffered intense agony during her illness, and when he felt this last indication of his daughter's love, feeling at the same time but too surely all that it implied, it affected him so strongly as to bring on the recurrence of a malady which had rendered the appointment of a Regent necessary two and twenty years before.

EVENING.—Calmly did the evening settle down on the scene before us. The sun sank beyond the purple mountains, flushing the cloudless sky with a mellow, crimson tinge—and the far wave, silent as the repose of a seraph, reflected back the radiance, till island and promontory, headland and distant sail, were bathed in a flood of pale and crimson light.—*S. B. Becket.*

FOR WEAK OR SORE EYES.

ONE of the best and easiest applications for weak eyes, is to take a small piece of copperas, (white is the best,) of the size of a pea, and dissolve it in a two ounce vial of soft water. When clear, this may be used for bathing the eyes, and with the best effects.