



MILITARY TORTURE.

By. MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Britain said, "the Afric slaves
Shall not faint beneath the stroke !"
Bade soft Mercy's pinnons wave
O'er him, when his bonds she broke.

Yet she lets the oppressor's thong
Fall on children of her own ;
For some petty tyrant's wrong,
Sees proud manhood overthrown !

Ye can write in POLAND'S cause,
England's Bards ! and find it fame ;
Advocate kind Nature's cause,
And add a laurel to your name.

Ye can weep for foreign slaves,
England's daughters ! will the tear,
When a Briton's wound it laves,
Less like Heaven's own dew appear ?

Ye can plead for foreign woe,
England's Senate ! let each voice
Rise this outrage to o'erthrow,
And bid humanity rejoice !

Oh ! tis idle mock'ry all,
For distress abroad to roam,
While tortures still unheeded fall
On a BROTHER'S neck AT HOME !

From Zinzendorff, by Mrs. Sigourney.

CHARITY.

TEACH us your self-denial—we who strive
To pluck the mote out of our brother's creed,
Till Charity's forgotten plant doth ask
The water-drop, and die. With zeal we watch
And weigh the doctrine, while the spirit 'scapes,
And in the carving of our cunamun-seeds,
Our metaphysical hair—splittings, fail
To note the orbit of that star of love
Which never sets.

Yea, even the heathen tribes
Who from our lips, amid the chaos dark,
First heard the ' fiat lux'—and joyous came
Like Lazarus from his tomb, do wilder'd ask
What guide to follow ; for they see the men
They took for angels, warring in their paths
For Paul and for Apollos till they lose
The certainty that they are one in Christ—
That simple clue, which thro' life's labyrinth
Leads to heaven's gate.

Each differing sect, whose base
Is on the same pure word, doth strictly scan
Its neighbor's superstructure—point and arch—
Buttress and turret—till the hymn of praise,
That from each temple should go up to God,
Sinks in the critic's tone. All Christendom
Is one eternal burnishing of shields,
And girding on of armour. So the heat
Of border warfare checks Salvation's way.
The free complexion of another's thought
Doth militate against him, and those shades
Of varying opinion and belief,
Which sweetly blended with a skill of love,
Would make the picture beautiful, are blam'd
As features of deformity.

We toil
To controvert—to argue—to defend :
Camping amid imaginary foes,
And vision'd heresies. Even brethren deem
A name of doctrine, or a form of words,
A dense partition wall—the Christ hath said,

'See that ye love each other'

So come forth.

Ye, who have safest kept that Saviour's law
Green as a living germ within your soul,
Followers of Zinzendorff, stand meekly forth,
And with the gentle panoply of love,
Persuade the sister Church to recall
Their wasted energies, and concentrate
In one bright focal point, their quenchless zeal,
Till from each region of the darken'd globe,
The everlasting Gospels glorious wing,
Shall wake the nations to Jehovah's Praise.

TIMOTHY BAILEY—ENVY.

I do not know that I ever heard Timothy Bailey praise any thing in my life—although I have been his constant companion for a long series of years. I have shown him the finest specimens of poetry and prose that were ever produced by Moore, Campbell, or White, or any poetic genius who has ever blessed and delighted us with his (or her) productions. I have shown him the finest touch of the painter—and have, in fact, seen him view many of the most grand and beautiful works of man, which a person endowed with common qualities and taste, could but admire and praise. But all that was ever heard from the lips of Timothy was, "'Tis very well, to be sure, but I have seen better ;" or some similar expression.

I knew him to be possessed of good taste, and a very respectable share of sense—although it could hardly be called common sense—and the thought occurred to me that I had never hit upon the right subject, sufficiently to attract his attention, to draw from him, what I considered, due admiration or praise—and thus I accounted for his almost unaccountable indifference.

Recollecting that he was remarkably fond of music, although he was no singer himself, I hit upon a project which, I thought, insured to me perfect success. I possessed one of the finest toned pianos, and I knew a beautiful young lady, who was an admirable singer: so I invited Timothy to a little musical party, where I also, anticipated her presence. He selected a song—a particular favorite, of course. The young lady sung it "to a charm," and the piano never sounded more perfectly harmonious—but no commendation fell from Timothy's lips—not even a smile, or a look, which was in the least expressive of satisfaction;—but the same unthankful envying look was, still, fastened upon his brow. I wanted to push him, or tread on his toe, to make him thank the young lady, at least, for gratifying his taste.

I had been acquainted with Timothy in my youth—long before I was, in the least, acquainted with human nature. It was a long time after I took notice of his eccentricities—viewing the most grand, the most beautiful, the most lovely, and the most refined of the works of man, without expressing his admiration, satisfaction, or praise—for it often seemed to me impossible for any rational and enlightened person not to

admire what he had heard and seen—by .re I was able to account for them—for, never, from his lips was heard praise.

I, at last, became acquainted, and familiar with the term ENVY—that moment, I believed I had ascertained why he thus conducted. My belief was verified—TIMOTHY BAILEY was ENVOUS—and I learned that by PRAISING him you got to the only avenue whereby there was access to his heart. Was he happy?—was he of a calm and contented nature; thereby verifying his belief in a just and impartial Governor of the universe? Verily, he was not. He was, of all others with whom I ever associated, the most unhappy and unpleasant.

"ENVY, what is it?—it is that which leads people to disparage and appear insensible to, the excellences of others—to wish to see the highest minds levelled with the meanest. To the ENVOUS it is more pleasant to recollect those faults which place others below them, than those virtues by which they are comparatively kept grovelling in envy and wretchedness. It is not because a person is not possessed of what he envies of another that he is unhappy;—but it is because he is contented to see others, apparently, more happy and prosperous than he is, enjoying what, perhaps, if they were not possessed of, he could not enjoy, on account of his ENVOUS disposition.

I, therefore, exhort all young people to avoid being ruined, by harboring ENVY, and to watch with paternal care, the first seeds of it, which may be implanted in their bosom, and see that they are plucked up before taking root—for ENVY is the disturber of peace, happiness, and contentment,—and worst of all and most to be lamented, is the fact, that it is the legitimate mother of slander whose venomous sting is of all others the most shunned and dreaded by the truly virtuous,

INFANCY.—What is more beautiful than an infant? Look at its spotless brow—at its soft and ruddy lips—which has never uttered an unkind word, and its laughing eye, as it rests on the breast of its fond mother. See it has stretched out its white hand and is playfully twisting her around its tiny fingers. Ah! let us look at an infant. It is endued with life; the counterpart of love. It requires nothing but the pleasant look of its mother, and her warm kiss upon its lily cheek to make it happy.—Talk to it of sorrow, of misery or death—but your words are unmeaning. It has never felt the chill of disappointment; it has never withered under the pang of affliction—and its guiltless heart knows nothing of the emptiness of the world. Oh, that the cup might be broken ere it be lifted to those lips!

CONUNDRUM.—A carpenter being asked why OLD AGE was like a nail well driven into an oak post? replied, "because it is IN FIRM.