



THE DOMINION OF THE SUN.

BY D. W. CUSHMAN.

I stood by the side
Of Atlantic's broad tide,
Whereon the fair moon was beaming;
And many a star,
In its blue home afar,
With yellow light was gleaming.
In silvery vest
The forest was drest,
And the air was its Sabbath a keeping;
And river, and rill,
And valley and hill,
In stamless white were sleeping.
But Ocean's still wave
Was the mariner's grave;
And the forest was leafless and dreary,
No songster was there;
But, on the still air,
Came the bittern, slow, wheeling and weary.
O'er river and rill,
O'er snowclad hill,
O'er the meadows, the foxes were prowling
In quest of the hare;
While, abroad from the lair
Of the wolf, came the note of his howling.
I stood there again;
The moon, with her train,
Was veiled in the concave of heaven;
For the monarch of light
Had gone up in his might,
And his smile to creation had given?
The fish, in their glee,
Leaping out from the sea,
In the warm flood of light were leaping,
And the grove, and the lawn,
With their gala robes on,
To the breath of the zephyr were waving.
In the meadows, the doves
In the warmth of their loves
Were hopping, and billing, and cooing,
Over hill, grove, and glen,
Sparrow, swallow, and wren
Were flying, and chirping, and wooing.

MORAL.

The heart of man, under the influence of the mere light of reason, is a cold and dreary waste; the abode of wild and predatory passions; but when the Sun of Righteousness arises upon its desolation, it becomes the residence of life, and fruitfulness, and joy.

AVARICE.—The mistake of the old, who begin multiplying their attachments to the earth, just as they are going to an away from it, thereby increasing the bitterness without protracting the date of their separation. What the world terms avarice, however, is sometimes no more than a compulsory economy; and even a wilful penuriousness is better than a wasteful extravagance.—Simonides being reproached with parsimony, said he had rather enrich his enemies after his death, than borrow of his friends in his lifetime.

There are more excuses for this "old gentlemanly vice," than the world is willing to admit. Its professors have the honor of agreeing with *Vespasian*, that—"Auribus bonus est odor ex re qualibet," and with *Dr. Johnson* who maintained that a man is seldom

more beneficially employed, either for himself or others, than when he is making money. Wealth, too is power, of which the secret sense in ourselves, and the open homage it draws from others, are doubly sweet, when we feel that all our other powers, and the estimation they procured us, are gradually failing. Nor is it any trifling advantage, in extreme old age, still to have a pursuit that gives an interest to existence; still to propose to ourselves an object, of which every passing day advances the accomplishment, and which holds out to us the pleasure of success, with hardly a possibility of failure, for it is much more easy to make the last plum than the first thousand. So far from supposing an old miser to be inevitably miserable, in the Latin sense of the word, it is not improbable that he may be more happy than his less penurious brethren. No one but an old man who has withstood the temptation of avarice, should be allowed to pronounce its unqualified condemnation.

THE FOOD OF MAN.—The Genesee Farmer gives this amusing summary of the native countries of our most familiar plants:—

The Potatoe is a native of South America, and is still found wild in Chili, Peru, and Monte Video. In its native state, the root is small and bitter. The first mention of it by European writers is in 1588. It is now spread over the world. Wheat and Rye originated in Tartary and Siberia, where they are still indigenous. The only country where the Oat is found wild is in Abyssinia and thence may be considered as native. Maize or Indian Corn, is a native of Mexico, and was unknown in Europe until after the discoveries of Columbus. The Bread Fruit tree is a native of the South Sea Islands, particularly Otahete. Tea is found native no where except in China and Japan, from which countries the world is supplied. The Cocoa Nut is a native of most equinoctial countries, and is one of the most valuable trees, as food, clothing and shelter are afforded by it. Coffee is a native of Arabia Felix, but is now spread into both the East and West Indies. The best Coffee is brought from Mocha, in Arabia, whence about fourteen millions of pounds are annually exported. St Domingo furnishes from sixty to seventy millions of pounds yearly. All the varieties of the Apple are derived from the crab apple, which is found native in most parts of the world. The Peach is derived from Persia, where it still grows in a native state, small, bitter, and with poisonous qualities. Tobacco is a native of Mexico and South America, and lately one species has been found in New Holland. Tobacco was first introduced into England from North Carolina, in 1586, by Walter Raleigh.—Asparagus was brought from Asia; Cabbage and Lettuce from Holland; Horse Radish from China; Rice from Ethi-

opia; Beans from the East Indies; Onions and Garlick are natives of various places both in Asia and Africa. The Sugar Cane is a native of China, and the art of making sugar from it has been practiced from the remotest antiquity.

HINT TO CHILDREN AND MOTHERS.

We were at our childish gambols one Sunday afternoon, on a pretty green lawn, over which a neat country mansion had extended its shade, as the sun glided down behind it. A widowed mother was seated a little way within the door of the house, in conversation with a female neighbor—her youngest child, a lively, rosy little boy in his fourth year, was regaling himself at her feet, with a half cut of a water melon, which had been nearly scooped out, and ever and anon thrusting his little mouth into it to suck the juice.

All of a sudden his mother sprang from her seat in an agony of distress, and catching up the little fellow, exclaimed, "He is choked—he is suffocating!"—A seed of the melon had lodged in the glottis. She shook him—beat his back with the palm of her hand—but it was of no avail. He blackened in the face, and gasped and struggled. Presently he lost all motion—and his distracted mother, in a burst of sorrow had risen from her chair to "lay him out" upon the bed;—but oh! how holy and mysterious are the associations of maternal love! As if some angel had breathed the thought into her ear, she app'ed her mouth to the nostrils of her babe, and blowing with all her strength, the seed was dislodged, and by the effort to respire, which immediately followed, it was passed down to the stomach; life returned, and the little sufferer rescued from the cold embrace of death, looked up and smiled in his mother's face.—*Norfolk Herald.*

NEWSPAPERS.

Who can live without a newspaper? What man will content himself with such ignorance? Better by far, live on one meal a day, or on the cheapest and homeliest food. Talk of expense! What expense is it? It is the cheapest book you can buy—for there is more reading matter than can be purchased in any book for double that sum. A father to a family who does not give his children a newspaper, is guilty of a sin towards them—for he keeps them in ignorance. He takes away the stimulus, that will create an appetite for reading, for study—a stimulus that will make them better scholars and better men. Select then, a newspaper for your children, if not for yourself. Remember your duty towards them.—*Portland Cour.*

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