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The Garland.

THE VILLAGE PARSONAGE.

Bright is the sparkle of the springing rill,
As gently stealing from its hidden source,
It leaps in gladness from the beetling hill,
And through the wooded vale pursues its course,
The greenest verdure follows as it glides,
And flow'rets fringe it of the fairest kind;
The nightingale in chosen covert hides,
Amidst the foliage dense above the streamlet twined.

Fair is the mansion on the ample lawn;
The honeysuckle clambs around the door;
The rose and jessamine in summer's dawn,
A shower of fragrance tributary pour.
The thrush and blackbird fearless build their nests
Within the evergreens which rise around;
And grateful for the home which nought molests,
Are ever singing strains of sweet melodious sound.

At distance brief, (to crown the holy scene,)
From out the ivy peeps a mossy tower,
To which the villagers are wending seen,
And grouping at "the Sabbath's holy hour,"
In worship there to bend the lowly knee
To Him who reigns omnipotent above;
And there to list the joyful message free,
Couch'd in the tender words of God's paternal love.

And he—the Pastor!—shall I pass him by,
Unnotic'd in affection's simple lay?
Behold him, as he stands with beaming eye,
Delighting "the glad tidings" to convey,
Unaided by the organ's solemn peal,
And melting melody of culture'd song,
A life of spotless purity and zeal,
E'en on the scorner's heart flashes conviction strong.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—A WIDOW.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER III.—THE RESULT.

On the following day Gipps procured a copy of the newspaper, and after much difficulty succeeded in discovering his advertisement. What a close phalanx of applicants! He had never before remarked how many people there were diurnally wanting something or the other. Lodgings to be let upon which the army of Cyrus might have been comfortably billetted—light porters enough to carry the Himalaya mountains, or the pyramids of Egypt—cooks sufficient to dress the edible contents of Noah's Ark!

"Lord bless *me!*" said he, casting the newspaper from him; "why, no widow will ever detect that little slip of a thing! She must be particularly in want of a situation, and possess a remarkably good sight, if she do. Well, a few shillings are of no great consequence."

Notwithstanding this natural doubt, Gipps was careful to inquire, when he returned home in the evening, whether any lady had called during his absence; not that he had any fair reason to suppose a lady would call, seing that his advertisement directed that application should be made between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the morrow; but he thought that had it met the eye of some anxious female, she *might* have stirred in the matter ere the specified time, and so distanced any precise adherent to punctuality. Nobody had called but the washerwoman, who had brought home the things she had omitted to bring on the Saturday night, and who, as Betty informed her, had furnished him by mistake with two shirts and a nightcap marked "Gibbs."

"If I had but a housekeeper," said Gipps to himself, "these sad mistakes would not occur."

By the time he had risen and dressed himself on the following morning, he had well nigh abandoned all hope of securing his desiderata through the channel of public communication; and he swallowed his breakfast with considerable dissatisfaction.

It was now, by Gipps's watch, (regulated by the Horse Guards',) precisely nine o'clock. The usual "traffick" incident to —— street, Strand, is by no means, and at no time, great. Was there not rather more bustle than ordinary in the street? Hark! There was a buzz—a hum beneath his window—a muffled sound of footsteps, succeeded by a kind of semi-silence—a congregational hush. What could it *be?*—What did it *mean?* He would look out and satisfy himself as to the cause of this unusual stir.

The sight that met his eyes! "Ha! ha! ha!"

For, as he shot from the window, his first impulse was to indulge (and he did so, as we have seen), in a burst of vociferous laughter, which, however, after a prolonged gratification of it, partook considerably more of hysteria than of merriment. His advertisement had been answered by the myriad. There they were—their name being Legion—an array of candidates for the beneficial advantages propounded in his printed proposition—all eager for bed, board, and stipend—panting for the place—agog for "a certainty." Never was such a posse of widows seen in this country since the battle of Hastings. There they stood—compact, unflinching, massive, conglomerated—Westminster widows—"lone women" from Islington—"comfortable bodies" from the city—Radcliff Highway relicts!

"Now, the Lord have mercy on me!" cried the astounded Gipps. "What human being, I should be glad to ask, could have foreseen this?"

Mr. Gipps, I have before said, was a reserved, shy man. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that this portentous spectacle struck a panic into him that nearly divested him of the power of motion or of thought. The idea of *selection* from among so awful a multitude was preposterous—He could not do it. They must be got away—ordered to move on—beseeched to disperse, at all events. And now he heard Betty in the passage on the double-quick move, proceeding towards the door, whilst up-rose the voice of Nat Salter,—a voice which he seemed striving to overtake as he blunderingly scrambled upstairs: "I say, Mr. Gipps—master! did you send for this 'ere blessed lot o' women, as is blocking up the blessed street at our door? The cabmen can't get along, and the waterman's crying out shame on 'em."

"I did not—no, I have no hesitation in saying I did not. Go down stairs, that's a good boy."

"But why are ye a shaking in that 'ere manner, sir?" asked Nat. "Bother the whole boiling on 'em, I says."

"Go down stairs—now, that's a *good* lad, go down, and tell Betty—"

Betty was already in conference elsewhere. The door had been opened, and a sturdy foot planted in the passage.

"Mr. Gipps," remonstrated a stout and well-to-do-looking woman of a certain age, "Mr. Gipps, whose name is on the door, wants a widow lady. Let me in. First come, first served, I say; and I was the first here," and she made a vigorous forward movement.

"Wants a widow!—not he," returned Betty. "Stuff!—We want no widows here, nor wives neither. Come, get away, all of ye—do." So saying, Betty put forth an adequate amount of physical power, and ejected the stout lady from the premises.

A wild objurgatory shout rent the welkin.

Gipps, who had taken his station on the first-floor, and was leaning on the balustrade, heard the inhuman outcry, and cramming his fingers into his ears, bethought him of the back garret. There *was* a chimney in it. At that moment, he wished he had been made of soluble material, that he might have melted utterly away.

"A respectable widow, who has seen better days, and has come a long distance, and won't take a denial," he ejaculated. "She'll have me up before Sir Frederick for a hoax."

"They're a thickenin'," cried Nat Salter, running out of the area, and bawling upwards in a tone between exultation and amazement. "Blest, Mr. Gipps, if all the iron railings ar'n't got a chin between 'em. Well, this bangs all I ever see. Such lots o' women I never *did* see!"

Another assault upon the knocker. The door was at length opened. The power of association is mysterious. How was it (but so it was) that two lines of a popular melody should have entered the head of Gipps at so trying a moment:

"Hark! 'tis the Indian drum,
They come—they come—they come!"

He at once gave himself up for lost. Somebody *was* rushing upstairs.

"God bless my soul, Mr. Gipps!" cried Mr. Metcalfe, his opposite neighbour, hurrying into the room, wiping his forehead, "what is the meaning of all this? Why is this mob of women, chiefly widows, at the door?"

Gipps laid hands upon the newspaper, and indenting his finger into the advertisement, thrust the journal into the face of his new companion. "Look there!"

"An advertisement for a widow lady!"—cried Metcalfe. "Well, my good sir, why don't you choose one with all despatch?—These ladies are an obstruction to the passengers. Be quick!"

"Mr. Metcalfe—my worthy neighbour," said Gipps, solemnly, "I could no more see these ladies *seriatim* in this parlour, than I could select the best wife out of the eleven thousand virgins. Are there many still left? Are they not going?"

'Going?' cried Metcalfe, glancing out of the window; 'they never will go. Here's an ocean of 'em, and little knots standing at the corners of streets looking on, waiting for their turn.'

Gipps groaned; but a thought of a sudden scintillated from his brain, and then played lambently about it.

'I'll tell 'em I've got one.'

'Do,' said Metcalfe.

Gipps proceeded to the window, and raised the sash silently. He opened his mouth for speech, but the appalling vision before him was too much. There he stood, uttering no sound, but making the most outrageous variations of aspect.

'No, —— it, that's too bad,' cried a ruffian who had observed Gipps, (for the male sex had long ago joined the group:) 'here's a gentleman been advertising for a wife, and when they've all come to be picked and chosen, if he ain't poking his fun at 'em, I'm blowed!'

A burst of derisive laughter in grand chorus followed this sally.

'It's of no use—they don't hear me,' said Gipps, appealing to Mr. Metcalfe. 'What in Heaven's name's to be done? What a terrible mob, to be sure!'

'Here,' answered Metcalfe, handing him a large sheet of cartridge-paper, in which 'Sam Slick' had been sent home a few days previously, 'here—write 'I am engaged' upon this, and hang it up at the window.'

Gipps mechanically proceeded to do what he had been bidden. Seizing the pen and ink, he printed the prescribed words in a large and bold character—thus:

I AM ENGAGED.

This specimen of chirography was unheeded by the parties most interested in the announcement it contained—the widows, who still bent their total amount of eye upon the street-door. The self-same humorist, however, who had before dislodged the unhappy Gipps from the window, either imperfect of sight, unskilful as a reader, or perfectly mistaking the tenor of the notification held aloft by its author, undertook to expound its contents to the throng about him. 'He says in that there paper,' cried he, 'says he "I am enraged;" when what he's got to be in a rage about, I'm blowed if I think none of us an tell. It's us that ought to be in a rage—What d'ye say?—let's toddle to the market and fetch a few 'taturs and cabbage-stalks, and pelt the old muff—shall us?'

'I'll tell you what,' cried Metcalfe suddenly, 'this won't do any longer. Come from the window, Mr. Gipps, do. You're only exposing yourself. I'll be hanged if there's a window on the other side of the street that hasn't half a dozen heads thrust out of it; and, very extraordinary, there's a decent sprinkling of widows among them, too. Now don't you think, Gipps,' taking that gentleman by the arm, 'if I can disperse this assembly, I shall do you a good turn—Shan't I be entitled to your gratitude?'

'You will, indeed,' returned Gipps, holding up his spread hands; 'I shall almost be ready to worship you.'

'I'll do it then,' said Metcalfe. 'I wonder what my sister Revell thinks of this!'

'Ah! what indeed!' cried Gipps. 'Go, then, at once, and away with them—all of them.'

When Metcalfe was gone, Gipps threw himself upon his face on the sofa, and plunged his head under one of the cushions.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DISPERSION, THE WIDOW, AND WIND-UP.

Metcalfe, having undertaken the desirable business volunteered by him, proceeded to go through with it in a business-like manner. By dint of coaxing some and terrifying others: by examining with the argumentative, explaining to the obtuse, and condoling with the disappointed, he succeeded in his mission. In half an hour the whole had disappeared. All this while Gipps's head was under the sofa cushion. Metcalfe did not return to restore confidence to him. He went forthwith to his own house, at the door of which, having knocked, he indulged in the following brief soliloquy.

'How precious a fool all this! That fellow Gipps is well to do in the world, and bears a respectable character. If he knew how long I'd had my eye upon him. He advertised for a widow, but he wants a wife; and it shan't be my fault if he doesn't get one before any of us are much older.'

In the evening, when Gipps's self-possession returned, Mr. Metcalfe was announced—and a lady.

'I have brought my sister;—Mrs. Revell,—Mr. Gipps,' introducing them: 'she has come with me to condole with you on your unlooked-for levee this morning.'

'I am most happy—this is indeed an unexpected pleasure,' stammered Gipps, a blush overspreading his face and temples, so extraordinarily fiery as almost to threaten the ignition of his partially gray hair. "Pray, madam, be good enough to take this seat."

A short silence ensued. Mrs. Revell did not speak: Gipps did not know what to say.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Metcalfe had been elevating his chin towards the pictures that ornamented the walls. 'Um!'—'yes'—'good'—'very sweet'—'breadth,'—'fine tone'—'splendid colouring,' and the like.

'By the way,' said he, turning about suddenly, 'what a fool I am. I have forgotten a particular business that of all things ought to be attended to. Will you excuse me, friend Gipps? I shall not be gone very long. I leave a good substitute, that's one comfort. Talk to my sister, will you? Louisa, do pay particular attention, I beg of you, to Gipps's facetious stories. Our friend is full of anecdote.

Now was there ever such a wanton, such an unfounded assertion? However, Gipps did not much care. He did not know how it was, but he was not at all nervous this evening. He had had too many widows about him to-day to be afraid of one, and she, certainly, a very charming woman. He had no idea before that she was so handsome. This comes of looking through the wretched medium of sheet glass.

'How—very—very ridiculous—the concourse of this morning, my dear madam,' observed Gipps.

'It is all your own fault,' returned Mrs. Revell. 'You single gentlemen, who are bent upon being old bachelors, deserve it all.'

'Well but, my dear lady,' said Gipps, 'we can't do without housekeepers; we must have our little comforts—our—'

'Well, sir, and why don't you marry, and get them?' innocently inquired Mrs. Revell.

Gipps looked as though he had never thought of that before, and then looked at Mrs. Revell, and was surprised to perceive that she blushed.

He gathered fresh courage. "But, my dear Mrs. Revell who'd have me?"

I shall not relate how, before Metcalf returned, Gipps, who had suddenly acquired the art of wooing, pestered Mrs. Revell till she was fain to answer "I would," to Gipps' question.

Suffice it to say, he had put his arms round the reasonably small waist of Mrs. Revell, and was just about to seal the bargain upon her lips, when (such things will happen) Metcalf entered the room.

"Fie, fie!" said he, "that is very naughty, Gipps. Well, you wanted a widow this morning, and hav'n't you got one?"

"I have" said Gipps: "that is to say, I hope I have. But you must stay supper. I'll bring out the wine."

It was not very long after this that Gipps' friend Simpson received an elegantly folded note, enclosing two cards united by satin ribands: "Mr. Samual Gipps;" "Mrs. Samual Gipps." Underneath the former, "Come and take a cup of hyson poured out by the delicate hand of my housekeeper,"

A BRIGHTER WORLD THAN THIS.

I have seen one die: she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfil. Angelic loveliness enrobed her, and a grace as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action—invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness to all around her; but she died! Friendship, and love, and paternal fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hands to save her—but they could not save her, and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the lovely and blessed ones, for such to live in? Forbid it, reason, religion! bereaved affection and undying love, forbid the thought! It cannot be that such die, in God's council, who live, even in frail human memory, forever!

I have seen one die—in the maturity of power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavour; when wisdom had been learned from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon had just compassed that most useful, most practical, of all knowledge, how to live, and how to act well and wisely—yet I have seen such an one die! Was all this treasure gained only to be lost? Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown into utter disuse? Was this instrument—the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe—was it so laboriously fashioned, and by the most varied and expensive apparatus, that, on the very moment of being finished, it should be cast away forever? No—the dead, as we call them, do not so die. They carry our thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they, and we, shall live for ever.—*Dewey.*

JEWISH PASSOVER.—The festival in the Hebrew church commenced on the 4th instant, corresponding to the 14th of the ancient month *Nisan*, when the Jewish Passover or feast of unleavened bread began. During the period of one week, the Synagogues in this city were opened, and this feast, which is regularly and rigidly observed by the Jews throughout the world, was celebrated. The unleavened bread is made of the finest wheat and is baked in thin cakes. In taste and appearance it resembles common crackers. The exercises in the Synagogues are usually conducted in Hebrew. Every member has a light sash thrown over his shoulders, and responses from the audience are constantly made, as in the Episcopal church. They sit covered, and no particular order is observed about entering or leaving the room whenever the author chooses. The exercises are recited in a chanting tone, while the audience stand or sit, as suits their fancy. The sexes are separated the females occupying the galleries, and the males the lower portion of the Synagogue. The peculiar features and complexion which mark the descendants of Abraham the world over, and which tend to keep up the distinctive characteristics of the race, are visible to the most superficial observer. In witnessing their exercises the other day, although unintelligible, there was something exceedingly impressive, when their history and customs were remembered. How remarkably the prophetic declarations of the Scriptures are verified in the past and present condition of this people. If nothing more was adduced, these prophecies are conclusive evidence that the Bible was written by holy men, guided by the finger of Divine inspiration.—[Philadelphia North American.]

TIGHT LACING.—All the world has agreed to recognise the Medicean Venus as the unity of every perfection in the female form. Casts from this beautiful statue are numerous in this country. Let one of these be placed in the establishment of a modiste, and by its side a lay figure, such as is used by artists, having the ribs of that form which tight stays are sure to produce. Let every kind of corset and dress be adjusted to these two figures, from the most outrageous violations of propriety to the nicest results of modern skill, and in spite of every effort to the contrary, the figure according to nature shall be in every respect superior to the figure according to art, even in that particular point, a taper waist—to gain which constricting corsets have needlessly been applied. In a word, there is no style of dress having for its grand object the appearance of a slim waist, which is not more easily, and with much greater effect, adapted to the perfect figure than the other. Could the conviction of this fact be brought home to the understandings of the female part of the creation, the average mortality of the sex would be less than it is at present, and their personal comforts and health much greater. Moreover, they would be finer figures, even according to their own notions of beauty of form; and this, we fear, is and always will be the greatest consideration after all.—*Polytechnic Journal.*

ADVANTAGES OF FIELD SPORTS.—They are conveniently promotive of health, mending many a broken constitution, and preserving sound ones. They exhilarate and cherish the spirits, and impart to the mind a manly healthy tone. The charities of life and all her social virtues, with equanimity, kindness, bonhommie, and frankness, are characteristic qualities of the sportsman. In him, too, we are sure to find a sincere, staunch, firm friend, or if an enemy, a fair open generous fellow. The mind, in another way, too, is acted on favourably by field sports, its conceptions being generally natural and fresh: there is no morbidness, moping, or melancholy: all its operations display masculine vigour and a charming vitality. In short, as has been before said, a sportsman is sound—he has, thank the Gods, and the healthy joyous recreations they have given him—a mind so sound, that to him, however distinguished may be his genius, wit, and high mental endowments, is never applied the line, "How nearly wit to madness is allied." And a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* was never known to have issued as a consequence from the most ardent pursuits of the field.—*The Sportsman for March.*

MR. STEPHENSON, THE ENGINEER.—But if you still want any additional proof that the heights of science are not closed to the humblest classes among you, look around I say at this neighbourhood. If you go to Lichfield, you see the statue of Dr. Johnson If you go to Handsworth, you see the statue of Mr. Watt. Look in this very town, and who is the man that is now engaged in extensive works, for the purpose of bringing coal and lime under your immediate command? Mr. Stephenson, the engineer. Mr. Stephenson, I am assured, worked three years as a boy in the meanest capacity, in a colliery in Newcastle. He saved £100 by mending the watches of his fellow-workmen for half-a-crown a-piece; and he devoted that £100 to a provision for his indigent parents, and set out with a light heart and conscience for the purpose of accumulating more. The result has been that he presents a daily example of encouragement to our eyes, and brought within our immediate contemplation in this town."—*Extract from Sir R. Peel's address on the formation of a Library and Reading-room at Tamworth.*

THE CELEBRATED DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.—None of the duchess's charms when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized by the poor duke, her husband, as her splendid head of hair. Therefore, one day, upon his offending her, by some act of disobedience to her "sovereign will," the bright thought occured, as she sat considering how she could plague him most, that, it would be a hearty vexation to see his favourite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done; she cropped them short, and laid them in an ante-chamber he must pass through to enter her apartment; but, to her cruel disappointment, he passed, entered, and repassed, calm enough to provoke a saint, neither angry nor sorrowful, seemingly quite unconscious both of his crime and his punishment. Concluding he must have overlooked the hair, she ran to secure it. Lo! it had vanished, and she remained in perplexity the rest of the day. The next, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change—a rueful one—she began to think she had for once done a foolish thing. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject until after the duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid up in a cabinet, where he kept whatever he held most precious. We deem this almost affecting. When an adorable sinner she must have been! The duchess survived her illlustrious husband not less than twenty-two years, dying at the age of eighty-four, in 1744. The love she had for the duke may in no small degree be imagined from the following anecdote:—Though in her sixty-second year, she still possessed some attractions, insomuch that she was sought in marriage by Conigsby and the Duke of Somerset. What her answer was to the former, is we believe, nowhere upon record. That to the Duke of Somerset is highly characteristic, and greatly to be admired:—"Marriage is very unsuitable at my age: but were I only thirty, I wou'd not permit even the emperor of the world to succeed in that heart which has been all my life, devoted to John Duke of Marlborough."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

PECULIARITY OF CHINESE BEAUTY.—Fairer than rice, more graceful than the bamboo, was Sossli, the daughter of Poopoo. Her foot was no longer than her finger, so that when she walked she tottered elegantly, and required the support of a reed or of a hand-maiden; so light was her form and so lovely was her face, and so helpless was her air, that she attracted the notice of all, as a straw which a juggler of Shangi balances on the top of his nose. Her brows were arched like the feathers in the tail of the domestic bird of the river: her eyes were smaller than the kernels of the almond, and were free from the disfigurement of lashes: her hair was like a cobweb of the black spiders of Chen-si: her nose was small, beautifully flat: her lips were as two large pink caterpillars which the cooks of Pecheli have prepared for the banquet of the Son of Heaven. The fame of her loveliness had spread throughout the province of Kiang Si, and many a manly spirit yearned towards her, even on the report of her beauty.—*Ho Fi of the Yellow Girdle, in Bentley's Miscellany.*

OUR FEMALE SERVANTS.—To every intelligent observer of society, and especially to every truly benevolent mind, it must be apparent, that while there is no class of the working community more important than that of female servants, there is scarcely any whose condition and character calls more loudly for consideration. When the position they occupy, the connexion which they have with our children, and the influence they exert in a household, are soberly regarded, it will be evident the claims of no class of persons are more powerful and urgent on the sympathies and the benevolent and Christian exertions of parents, masters, and mistresses, and ministers of the Gospel. While however, the claims of our female servants are so obvious and pressing, it is beyond a question that no order of society has been more neglected. Whether this has arisen from heedlessness, from mistaken notions of delicacy, from ignorance of the most efficient means to be employed, or from a feeling of reluctance to make any decided effort for the melioration of their condition, we know not; but from whatever cause it may have proceeded it is but too manifest that there has been a want of specific, vigorous, and combined exertion, calculated to bear immediately on their moral character, and to prepare them for the important duties of their station. Contributions have been raised, plans have been concerted, noble undertakings have been achieved, important societies have been established, and the most extended circle of operation has been described, to benefit and bless one portion of the community after another; but female servants have been almost forgotten; scarcely any public prayer has been presented, or any benevolent and religious exertions specifically and directly made for their welfare. On the contrary, they have been to a great extent passed by as strangers, and regarded as aliens and outcasts, even by the professedly Christian community of the British empire. It is high time, however, that there should be an alteration in this respect—that more correct views should be formed with regard to the position of female servants, and their influence on society, that a different tone of sentiment and feeling should be cherished respecting them; and that their moral and religious claims should be more distinctively and urgently enforced.—*From a Prize Essay lately published.*

Labour good for the Insane.—The following, as an evidence of the beneficial effects of labour on the mind of the insane, we extract from the eighth report of the Superintendant of the Worcester Lunatic Asylum:—

A farmer, aged about thirty, was brought to the Hospital, in August last, so violent as to be attended by five stout men: he had been reduced by disease and remedies, but was considered violent and dangerous. A few days after his admission, he requested to go out and aid in the work on the farm; he was permitted to do so; after he commenced labor he improved in a very favourable manner, slept well, had a good appetite, and gained flesh and strength; at the end of a month, he was well, and before the expiration of two months, returned to his home quite recovered. In such a case, says the report, it is difficult to conceive the effect of confinement; irritation, anger and violence requiring restraint might have followed, which would almost necessarily be made a protracted case, and probably an important cure.—*Boston Notion.*

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.—Bulwer eloquently says: "I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast upon the ocean of eternity, to float for a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap, like angels, from the temple of the heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us, with a beauty than is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse on their loneliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us,—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny that that on earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us, like the island that slumbers in the ocean: and where the beings that pass before, like shadows, will stay our presence forever."

DISCOVERY OF THE TELESCOPE.—Galileo placed at the ends of a leaden tube two spectacle-glasses, both of which were plain on one side, while one of them had its other side convex, and the other its second side concave, and having applied his eye to the concave glass, he saw objects pretty large and pretty near him. This little instrument, which magnified only three times, he carried in triumph to Venice, where it excited the most intense interest. Crowds of the principal citizens flocked to his house to see the magical toy; and after nearly a month had been spent in gratifying this epidemical curiosity, Galileo was led to understand from Leonardo Deodati, the Doge of Venice, that the Senate would be highly gratified by obtaining possession of so extraordinary an instrument. Galileo instantly complied with the wishes of his patrons, who acknowledged the present by a mandate conferring upon him for life his Professorship at Padua, and generously raising his salary from 520 to 1,000 florins.