

MISCELLANEOUS.

SLANDER AND VINDICATION.

VINDICATION in some cases partakes of the same qualities that Homer ascribes to prayer. Slander, "strong and sound of wing, flies through the world, afflicting men!" But Vindication, lame, wrinkled, and imbecile, forever seeking its object, and never obtaining it, follows after, only to make the person in whose behalf it is employed more completely the scorn of mankind. The charge against him is heard by thousands, the vindication by few. Wherever vindication comes, is not the first thing it tells of the unhappy subject of it, that his character has been tarnished, his integrity suspected to him—he has been scoffed at by some, reviled by others, and looked at askance by all? Yes; the worst thing I would wish to the worst enemy is, that his character should be the subject of Vindication. And what is the well known disposition of mankind in this particular? All love the scandal. It constitutes a tale that seizes upon the curiosity of our species; it has something deep and obscure, and mysterious in it; it has been whispered from man to man and communicated by winks, and nods, and shrugs, the shaking of the head, and the speaking motion of the finger. But Vindication is poor, and dry, and repulsive. It rests in directions and distinctions, explanations to be given to the meaning of a hundred phrases, and the setting right whatever belongs to the circumstances of time and place. What bystander will bend himself to the drudgery of thoroughly appreciating it? Add to which, that all men are endowed with the telling principles, as with an instinct.—Scandal in it, as an element, that change of fortune which is required by the critic from the writer of an epic poem or a tragedy. The person respecting whom a scandal is propagated is of sufficient importance, at least in the eyes of the propagator and the listener, to be made a subject of censure. He is found, or he is erected into an adequate centre of attack; he is first set up as a statue to be gazed at, that he may afterwards be thrown down and broken to pieces, crumbled into dust, and made the prey of all the winds of heaven.

EMIGRATION.—When we consider the question of emigration in a general point of view, it must be evident that it is, of all others, the most important, and the most intimately connected with the destinies of the English nation. The appointed mission of this nation evidently is to people the boundless regions of America and Australia with a race of men professing the purest religion; history, and endowed by nature with the largest share of personal energy, perseverance, moral courage, self-command, habits of order and industry, and in a word, possessing the highest degree of aptitude of practical civilization, of any race which the world has yet seen. Already the flood of Anglo-Saxon population sweeps westward across the continent of America like a great tide, swallowing up the solitary prairies, and conquering every year from the Indian and the buffalo a wide belt of six or seven miles along the line from the Rio Grand to Lake Huron. Already the outposts of the Australian continent are securely occupied, and the seed of future empires planted in New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, and wherever a favourable situation presents itself to British enterprise. The uneasiness and distress at home, the pressure of population on employment, the wonderful discoveries in science, and even the mechanical tendency, money-making spirit, and restless discontent of the age, are, to the eye of a philosophical observer so many incentives and aids in the accomplishment of the two great missions of the English race—first, that of filling new worlds with a civilized and Christian population; secondly, that of bringing the religion and civilization of Europe in contact with the stationary darkness of society and religion which have existed for so many centuries in the ancient East. Nor can it be with doubted that it is in a wise co-operation with these great designs of Providence that we are most likely to find a solution of our social difficulties, and relief from the difficulties which oppress us. When we descend, however, from these general considerations to practical details, the subject of emigration is surrounded with many difficulties, and must be at once admitted that no feasible scheme has yet been suggested by experienced practical men for con-

ducting emigration on the extensive and systematic scale which would be required in order to make a sensible impression on the mass of distress at home.—*Essay on the Existing Distress of the Country in the "Atlas."*

THE COUNTESS.

AMENITY of temper has a great effect upon the countenance. It is a foe to wrinkles of all kinds. A woman lately died at Peoria, over seventy years of age, and it is said her face was as smooth and her skin as soft as a young girl's. But she was a quiet, tranquil-hearted creature. Care never troubled her, and she had never been known to frown. Verily, indeed,

'How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
When it only treads on flowers.'

DEPRIVITY.—A week ago last Sunday, as some men belonging to Cramlington were drinking and playing at cards in a public house at Seaton Delaval, their profanity led them so far as to cause them to have a mock administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; shortly after, one of the party named Barriss was suddenly seized with paralysis, and had to be conveyed home by his companions and put to bed, out of which he was not permitted to come again alive. He died on Thursday last, after enduring the most dreadful agony, it having frequently required four men to keep him in bed. Another of the same party has been subsequently suddenly seized with illness. The above circumstances have created a great sensation in the neighbourhood in which they have occurred, and are viewed by many as a judgement upon the individuals for their daring profanity and shocking impiety.

PROFANITY.—A man named Zimmerman, in Huntingdon, Pa., having a contest with his neighbour about a certain account, exclaimed, "If what I have stated be no true, I hope the Almighty will send me to hell." He had scarcely spoken the words when he fell down and expired. We have no right to say that the Almighty took him at his word; but certainly it was a terrible thing to be called to appear before his Maker after the utterance of such a prayer.—*Cincinnati Weekly Herald, Feb. 7. 1844.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

HAPPINESS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.
(Concluded.)

This startling intelligence went like a poisoned arrow to the heart of my friend. Coming unexpectedly as it did from her idol of his soul, in whom he had trustfully confided, nor dreamed of such unfaithfulness and inconstancy; from whose lips he had more than once received affection's sweet zest, that burning sign and seal of love, which is said to be its '3d degree'; with whom he had exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, and in whom he had garnered up his heart's best affections. Oh, exclaimed he,

What is love? 'Tis a name!

Give me fame, give me fame!

In the hearts of the good and the true: let me know
That my memory lingers—my mind is impressed,
Then nobly I'll strive tho' in sadness laid low,
And the billows of anguish encompass my breast.

Such were some of the feelings which swelled and throbbed in his agitated bosom, and such were some of the words he murmured to himself as he paced the floor of his room with a heart well nigh bursting. But he rose above the trial, dashed every drop from his eyes, determining manfully to go forth and meet the shadowy future, and seek happiness from some other source.

He next resolved to seek for earthly honour and the applause of men thereby securing as he fondly imagined that happiness which he had so long toiled for, but in vain. And with his gifted mind, excellent talents, brilliant genius, and superior scholarship, it was easy for him to overleap every obstacle and climb the ladder of distinction till he reached the topmost round. He was elevated to posts of honour and authority, promoted to offices of trust and power, and from his giddy heights he could look upon a thronging multitude ready to fall at his feet and do him homage. Laurels of fame clustered thickly around his brow.—He had all of worldly emolument that heart could wish or the highest ambition aspire to. But still there was a void in his heart—nothing sublunary seemed to gratify the desires of his immortal mind, that deathless principle within craved food which as yet he had not tasted.

And when he found how short-lived was the praise of man, as the wheel of fortune would occasionally turn and fetch him to the bottom, he began to despair of solid bliss, at least from things seen and temporal.

Then he betook himself to his Bible, devoured with eagerness its precious contents, and repaired to those places where the persecuted followers of the despised Nazarene gathered together,—new light soon broke in upon his mind, he felt his sinfulness, and Jesus the Saviour of the world soon became his 'all in all.' Then did he wonder at his former madness and folly, in striving to obtain happiness from any thing short of genuine piety and that RELIGION which the mere worldly laughs at and ridicules in having put the less for the greater and the greater for the less, light for darkness and darkness for light called good evil and evil good. And said he, could I make my voice to be heard by every rational being, I would say, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness' it shall add to you in present time an hundred fold and 'In the world to come life everlasting;' it shall strew your pathway to the grave with roses of bliss, perennial flowers culled from the blooming fields of Paradise; enable you to die peaceful and triumphant deaths, and make your eternity blessed. Here is 'great delight and great reward,' a price that passeth all understanding, 'with which the stranger doth not intermeddle,' a 'happiness which the world can neither give nor take away,' 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Go search the world through, and bring together all that it calls good or great, and 'tis more than counterbalanced by that christianity which new creates the soul and fits it for happiness and heaven. I have sought happiness from the trinity of this world—its pleasures, riches and honours; but it is all as the empty wind, like the morning cloud and the early dew, like the mountain mist which soon vanishes into thin air; now I seek it from the trinity of heaven—Father, Son and Spirit, and am blessed indeed. My home is not here, nor my portion, I would not have all my good things in this life.

'My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Thou why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home!
With joy in my breast, and my Bible in hand,
I'll march on in haste thro' an enemy's land;
The road may be rough but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.'

I now have in view pleasures unfading, riches without wings, love never dying, and honour which come from God. Natural affection and intellectual acquisitions are good in their place, and help to promote human happiness, but the religion of Jesus cordially received and heartily embraced, is essential to any real, permanent enjoyment. O God, be thou my supreme good!

'Now rest this long divided heart,
Fixed on a blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast.'

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

No deeper emotion can touch the human heart than thrills through every nerve when the young mother looks on her first born. A chord is struck before untouched. As the boy sleeps quietly in his cradle she gazes on him with feelings to which she had before been a stranger. She has loved her husband—her affections have been warm towards father, mother, brother, and sisters. But now her emotions are of a new class—a different order—strange—undefinable—so tender that her eyes fill with tears while she gazes—so rapturous that her blood dances in with yet soft delight through her veins. In its strength it may be left again, in its strange novelty it never returns. A mother knows it now, or remembers it as past, but both pen and tongue are utterly powerless to describe it.

From infancy to romping childhood, when sick and fears are absent, what an incessant source of delight is found in every new indication of intelligence! The first smile—how sweet, The first manifested recognition of its mother—how it makes her heart to dance! The first attempt to walk—the first effort to speak—the young mother cannot reason herself into the belief that ever child was before so deeply interesting. To her it is such a being as never before existed.

It is indeed most wise and kind in the good Author of our being to implant such deep affection in the parental heart. The cares and anxieties of rearing our offspring are compensated by present pleasure, instead of waiting a distant reward. If every day has its toils, it brings also rich present enjoyment. The heart is cold—it is not a parent's heart, that can sneer at a mother's fond partiality