

## THE OCEAN.

From a very interesting tale, now in course of publication in Blackwood's Magazine, the title of which is "Marston, or the Memoirs of a Statesman," we select the following eloquent description of the ocean:—

It was a brisk, bright morning, and the waves were curling before a lively breeze, the sun was glowing above, and clusters of vessels, floating down the Channel, spread their sails like masses of summer cloud in the sunshine. It was my first sight of the ocean, and that first sight is always a new idea. Alexander the Great, standing on the shores of the Persian Gulf, said, "That he then first felt what the world was." Often as I have seen the ocean since, the same conception has always forced itself on me.

In what a magnificent world do we live! What power, what depth, what expanse, lay before me! How singular, too, that while the grandeur of the land arises from bold irregularity and incessant change of aspect, from the endless variety of forest, vale, and mountain; the same effect should be produced on the ocean by an absence of all irregularity and all change! A simple, level horizon, perfectly unbroken, a line of almost complete uniformity, compose a grandeur that impresses and fills the soul as powerfully as the most cloud piercing Alp, or the Andes clothed with thunder.

This was the ocean in calm; but how glorious, too, in tempest! The storm that sweeps the land is simply a destroyer or a renovator; it smites the surface, and is gone. But the ocean is the seat of its power, the scene of its majesty, the element in which it sports, lives, and rules—penetrating to its depths, rolling its surface in thunder on the shore—changing its whole motion, its aspect, its uses, and grand as it is in its serenity, giving it another and a more awful grandeur in its convulsion. Then, how strangely, yet how admirably, does it fulfil its great human object! Its depth and extent seem to render it the very element of separation; all the armies of the earth might be swallowed up between the shores of the Channel. Yet it is this element which actually combines the remotest regions of the earth. Divisions and barriers are essential to the protection of Kingdoms from each other; yet what height of mountain range, or what depth of precipice could be so secure as the defence so simply and perpetually supplied by a surrounding sea? While this protecting element at the same time pours the wealth of the globe into the bosom of a nation.

Even all this is only the ocean as referred to man. How much more magnificent is it in itself! Thrice the magnitude of the land, the world of

waters! its depth unfathomable, its mountains loftier than the loftiest of the land, its valleys more profound, the pinnacles of its hills, islands! What immense shapes of animal and vegetable life may fill those boundless pasture and plains on which man shall never look! What herds, by thousands and millions, of those mighty creatures whose skeletons we discover, from time to time, in the wreck of the antediluvian globe! What secrets of form and power, of capacity and enjoyment, may exist under the cover of that mighty expanse of waves which fills the bed of the ocean, and spreads around the globe!

## GOOD QUALITIES OF WOMAN.

THE proper beauty of the female character seems to depend, in a great measure, upon what must not be called a defect in the faculty of abstraction, but rather a graceful negation. To man belongs the power of holding in separation the closest associations of thought,—of analysing all that is complex in his consciousness,—of forming recombinations without limit, and of producing, by an artificial effort, a perfect disruption of the firmest links of habit and of feeling. But in the exercise of this faculty he is exposed to great moral and intellectual perils; his safety, amidst these hazardous excursions of thought, lies in his willingness to listen to that voice of constant and unreasoning wisdom which nature has placed by his side: and which, in order that he might, by all means, gain influence, has been invested with sovereign loveliness. Happy and wise is he, who, while he wanders in the region of speculation as he may, regards with respect the better taught suggestions of woman. By the faculty of abstraction, man is qualified to reform and improve his lot; but woman, because she has this faculty in a lower degree, is fitted to hold in permanence and consistence, what is already good, and wholesome, and worthy in that lot. A companion meet for him who thinks, is not a spirit of the same order; but a woman whose reason is all intuitive; whose affections are warmly and securely wrapt in the kind and right prejudices of the heart; and whose manners are ornately incrustated with domestic instincts. These instincts,—such, for example, as an attachment to places and things, endeared by long-standing associations,—a fond adherence to home usages,—a superstitious reverence for all the pure and respectful decencies of near intercourse, and a punctilious regard to order and cleanliness, are not, it is true, themselves the first elements of happiness; but they are its indispensable, and most certain preservatives.