

## TIME AND THE TRAVELLER.

AN APOLOGUE.

A TRAVELLER, contemplating the ruins of Babylon, stood with folded arms, and amid the surrounding stillness thus expressed the thoughts which the scene inspired:—"Where, oh where is Babylon the great, with her impregnable walls and gates of brass, her frowning towers and her pensile gardens? Where are her luxurious palaces and her crowded thoroughfares? The stillness of death has succeeded to the active bustle and joyous hilarity of her multitudinous population—scarcely a trace of her former magnificence remains, and her hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, have long been sleeping the sleep of death in unknown and unmarked graves! Here thou hast been busy, O Time, thou mighty destroyer."

The traveller having finished his soliloquy, there appeared before him a venerable person of mild aspect, who thus accosted him:

"Traveller, I am Time, whom thou hast called the mighty destroyer, and to whose ruthless sway thou hast attributed the melancholy desolation which is here spread out to the view. In this charge thou hast wronged me. Mortals have mistaken my character and office. In their pictorial representation, I am always exhibited as wielding a scythe, as if my only purpose was to mark my way with havock. But behold me! although aged, my step has the elasticity of youth; my hands grasp no instrument of destruction; my countenance expresses no fierce and cruel passions. Deeds of devastation are wrongly attributed to me, and I here appear to vindicate my name. Since this beautiful world sprang from chaos, I have lent my aid to perpetuate its beauty, and to impart happiness to its inhabitants. My reign has been mild and preservative. I have marked the course of the sun, the moon, and the stars, and during the thousands of years in which they have rolled in mighty expanse, I have diminished naught of their lustre—they shine as bright and as sweetly, they move on their course as harmoniously as they did when the world was in its infancy. Look at the everlasting hills; they stand as proud and as permanently as they did when they rose up at the command of their mighty Creator. Contemplate the ocean in its ceaseless ebb and flow; I have not diminished its mighty resources. But the works of man you will say are corroded by my touch, and the beauty and life of man flee before my approach. Even in this you wrong me. I have witnessed the rise and fall of empires, and have seen countless generations of men pass from the stage of human life, but in neither case have I hastened their doom. Sin has been the great destroyer—the vices of men have scattered desolation over the fair faces of creation. The thousands who have fallen on that battle-field have not fallen by my hand; the scattered ruin of these once mighty cities whose memorial has nearly perished, have not been strewn by my hand but by the hands of earthly conquerors, who have trodden down in their march of conquest the palaces of the rich and the hovels of the poor. The great works of man originating in pride, have been subverted by folly and cruelty. Cities once proud, populous and magnificent, have utterly disappeared, not by the operation of time, but in the conflicts of men, and in the execution of the just judgments of God.

"Most diseases derive their origin or their virulence from human vice or folly, and wars resulting from the lusts of men, swell the lists of the dead. Many a furrow is marked on the brow of man, which is attributed to Time, in which Time has had no agency; and many totter to the grave who go there prematurely, and not by the weight of years. Men once lived nearly a thousand years, and now they seldom fulfil three score years and ten. It is not because I am now more emphatically destroyer, but because their sins and follies have curtailed the term of their existence. Even the works of men in ancient days, might have still stood to be gazed upon, if no other influence than mine had been exerted. The stones of Jerusalem's Temple are no longer recognized, but they might now have occupied their place of glorious structure, had not God otherwise decreed in punishment of man's sins. Look at the Pyramids of Egypt; there they still stand, the lofty and strong monuments of former ages;

I have merely effaced the names of their vain glorious builders. Traveller! I am not a mighty destroyer. I am the friend of man; I afford him precious opportunities; I mitigate his severest woes; I afford him seed-time and harvest, summer and winter in agreeable vicissitude; let him be virtuous; let him perfectly obey the high behests of God his Maker and Redeemer, and then it will no longer be said I mar his works." The venerable personage disappeared when he had thus spoken, and the traveller mentally acknowledging the justice of his vindication, pursued his travels, to mark with greater discrimination the wide-spread desolation which had been brought into the world by human crime.—*New York Mirror.*

## LOOKS AND TONES.

Yes! there are looks whose beams impart  
Such thrills of rapture through the heart,  
That in those beams we'd wish to dwell  
Forever in one witching spell;—

Looks softer than the azure hue  
Of some meek violet bathed in dew,  
And brighter than the glancing stream  
That sparkles in each sunny gleam.

And there are tones we often hear  
Welcome as music to the ear;  
Tones that when gone, within the mind,  
Still leave an echoing cord behind:—

A cord which memory oft will touch;  
And then the tones we love so much,  
Like some long silent wished-for strain,  
Float sweetly on the ear again.

As Horeb's rock at God's command,  
Burst forth unto the prophet's wand—  
And as they drank the flowing wave  
Which to their hearts fresh vigor gave;—

So does the stream of love congealed  
Gush forth at once dissolved, revealed,—  
Thus do our feelings flow to meet  
Those looks of love, and tones so sweet.

Sure there are none can list unfelt,  
While music's tones around them melt,  
Nor can there be a heart but owns  
The magic power of looks and tones. [*Louisville Jour.*]

For the Pearl.

## ON NATURE.

Nature has for the reflecting mind endless charms, and variety suited to please all ages, and every disposition; guided by an unseen but all-powerful hand, she dispenses her blessings to all; and the beautiful balance she maintains throughout her works, is not her slightest charm. Where she withholds beauty of feature, or elegance of form, some pleasing quality, extraordinary talent, or useful property, is given, which amply makes up the deficiency. The flowers whose beauty renders them most ornamental, lend not to the air the sweetest perfume. It is not the gaudy Macaw, or the graceful Goldfinch, whose notes most delight the ear; nor has the Nightingale their beautiful plumage. The Elephant's unsightly form does not make him less fit to perform his useful part, for the inhabitant of the "luxurious east;" nor does the delicate figure of the deer render it a less pleasing object to the eye. All nature's works seem peculiarly adapted for the benefit of man; the inhabitant of the palace and the cottage, the aged and the youth, have an equal share in her bounty and may contemplate alike, her beauties; but cold and insensible is the heart, that views her without pleasure.

Nature does not, however, convey to all the same ideas; the hand that gave her such variety gave also to mankind as great variety of sentiment;—many who gaze on charms that delight the eye, have hearts that cannot feel from whence they proceed; while others can see alike in the "mountain wave," and the calm "unruffled deep," the power that gave to the "boundless ocean"—*bounds*, and hear alike in each, the voice that said, *To here, shalt thou flow; and "here shall thy proud waves be said."* The ad-

mirers of nature consider her most grand and instructive in her extremes. When the hurricane with irresistible fury carries all before it, and every wave threatens to overwhelm the tiny bark, that forms but a speck on the surface of the vast ocean; when all has been done for its safety that man can do; and the mind has time to contemplate the grandeur of the scene, and to contrast nature with art, divine strength, with human weakness.—Then can the heart that thinks aright (feeling that the elements acknowledge an Almighty controul;) truly enjoy this burst of nature. Even when we behold the ocean calm and still, not a wave or a ripple in motion, when it reflects the azure of heaven, and in its bright mirror doubles the charms of surrounding objects where no leaf stirs to the breeze, and the heart is free from earthly cares, with what delight can it roam over this silent scene, and with what truth can we say, that nature, though silent, still speaks to the heart.

A SAILOR.

## FROM EVENINGS WITH CAMBACERES.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

"Count d'Orsenne one day accompanied the Emperor on a reconnoitering excursion. The Emperor had been complaining of thirst, and some one seeing a vivandiere, or sutler woman, at a little distance, called to her. The woman did not know Napoleon, or any of his escort. She gave the emperor a glass of spring water mixed with a little brandy, and then curtsied for payment.

"There, my good woman," said Napoleon, pointing to Count d'Orsenne, "there is the Emperor, ask him for the money. He pays for us all."

The vivandiere blushed, and looked embarrassed; then turning to the Count, she scanned his splendid uniform with the eye of a connoisseur, and said:

"He! pooh, nonsense! Do you think I am fool enough to believe that. The Emperor is not such a coxcomb. You, Sir, look much more like him yourself."

The Emperor was much amused at this remark, and he gave the woman a double louis.

Count Dora, who was one of the party on the evening when Prince Cambaceres related the above anecdote, said,

"Your amusing story, Monseigneur, reminds me of another also relating to one of those camp-following nymphs called vivandieres. You know how carefully the Emperor preserved his incognito when he was with the army. It was well that he did so; for he frequently ventured into places where, had he been known, he would have incurred the greatest risks. During one of the campaigns in Germany, the Emperor, wrapped in his celebrated great coat, was riding about in the environs of Munich, attended only by two orderly officers. He met on the road a very pretty looking female, who by her dress, was evidently a vivandiere. She was weeping and was leading by the hand, a little boy, about five years of age. Struck by the beauty of the woman and her distress, the Emperor pulled up his horse by the road-side and said:

"What is the matter with you, my dear?"

The woman, not knowing the individual by whom she was addressed, and being much discomposed by grief, made no reply. The little boy, however, was more communicative, and he frankly answered:

"My mother is crying, Sir, because my father has beat her."

"Where is your father?"

"Close by here. He is one of the sentinels on duty with the baggage."

The Emperor again addressed himself to the woman and inquired the name of her husband; but she refused to tell, being fearful lest the Captain, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause her husband to be punished. Napoleon, I am sorry to say, had but little confidence in the fair sex. On this occasion, his habitual suspicions occurred to his mind, and he said,

"MALPESTE your husband has been beating you; you are so afraid of getting him into trouble, that you will even tell his name. This is very inconsistent! May not be that you are a little in the fault yourself?"