

SABBATH RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JAS. T. FIELDS.

THAT GRASSY LANE! how oft 'twill rise
In memory bright before mine eyes;
In dreams I sometimes see the spot;
In busy life 'tis ne'er forgot;
Across my path a ray it flings,
And fills my soul with better things.

My thoughts are of a school-house there,
Of morning hymns, and evening prayer,
Of cheerful looks and voices kind,
Of Sabbath bells borne on the wind:
And lips, long hushed, have still a tone
In fancy's ear, though years have flown.

I see the grave-yard now, as when
We read the tombstones in the glen,—
Yes! every scene is pictured fair,
As when we all were seated there;
All, all were present to my sight.
Their forms come near my bed at night,
And seem to chain me with a spell
To pleasant thoughts I love so well!

THE BOWER OF PRAYER.—How sweet and delightful to the christian mind, is the bower of prayer. How heavenly is the leafy grove to the reflecting man who sits in its shades, and takes a retrospective view of his past life, and the scenes that have left him to return no more. The cords of his tender heart vibrate as the variegated foliage flaps in the wind, and the gorgeous shrubbery shakes its gentle locks to the passing wind. How sweetly undulates the ocean of his soul, as the melodious harp of some distant pine strikes upon his ear, and rolls its mellifluous notes on the mellow breeze. While the whole grove thus sings in harmonious choir, and the gentle blades of the growing grass nod at his feet, and beat the notes of the melodious chant, how throbs his bosom with gentle emotions, how motionless he sits, as the hum of the musical zephyrs strikes on his ear, and binds him fast with their enchanting strains. 'Tis in a grove like this, in scenes like these, when nature's choir harps the praise of its pristine author, that the soul of the devout man stands elevated high, and bows in deep reverence to the throne of his Maker. How far removed from the world and its vanities, do his thoughts then travel. Unchained and far distant from earth's trifling toys, they mount on steady wing, plume their sparkling pinions, and glide gently on in the race-way that leads to nobler things; and oftentimes does a gentle tear roll down the Christian's cheek and drop silent on the ground beneath, as he meditates on the grandeur and simplicity of the God he worships.

EXTRAORDINARY MODEL OF MAN IN ANATOMY.—Dr. Bedford, of this city, has just received from Paris, one of the most extraordinary works developing the anatomy and physiology of man—and beautiful woman too—that ever has reached this country. It is called L'Anatomie Elastique, and is prepared by Dr. Azoux of Paris. This curious piece of mechanism is a full length representation of the human form, with all the bones, sinews, nerves, ligaments, and every other part and parcel of the internal or external region of the human system, coloured and fashioned exactly as they are in the living subject. Each part can be taken apart—the whole frame from top to bottom can be dissected, without any of the horror or disagreeable which accompany the real subjects. Yesterday we had an opportunity of seeing a great portion of this piece of mechanism taken apart, piece by piece, limb by limb, ligament by ligament, till we discovered the whole internal arrangement of the human body, heart, lungs, &c. from the brain to the great toe. In half an hour we acquired a more correct and comprehensive knowledge of the mysteries of anatomy than could otherwise be accomplished in years of study. Altogether, this model presents one of the most chaste, beautiful and classical modes of studying anatomical science that has yet been discovered. The model was made in Paris for the Russian government, but Dr. Bedford has at great expense procured it for his own use, and for the advancement of science, in the study of which he is an enthusiast. We trust that he will deliver a course of lectures on the subject.—They will be invaluable.—N. J. Paper.

A WORD IN SEASON.—How often has a word spoken in season turned the course of conversation, when it has been running into profaneness and impurity! How often has one short remark led on a discourse, wherein some great truth has been happily cleared, some giant objection removed, some favourite vice exposed, and its opposite virtue established, and the hearts of the company surprised into a love of virtue, enlightened, warmed, and made better and happier all their days.

One good word or motion, in apt time and place, hath been known to grow up into a public benefit or a wide-extended charity; and a man of little or no note has laid the foundation of happiness to millions of his fellow creatures by the mere breath of his mouth.

In short, a question asked, a proof demanded, a steadfast countenance, an expressive silence, a truth explained, an instance applied

and a motion made, in due season, hath availed to silence the scorner, to confound the skeptic, to abash the profane, to dash a wicked greatness, to convict a triumphant calumny, to recover the stray, and to bring a blessing upon mankind.—Fletcher.

FRANKLIN'S MONUMENT IN PARK STREET CHURCH YARD.—A paragraph in Saturday's Gazette suggests the expediency of removing the small tree from the front of this elegant and costly monument, as it is now entirely concealed by the foliage, although it is twenty-five feet above the level of the side walk. On the east side is the name of Franklin in large bronze letters, and beneath it a tablet on which is engraved the original inscription which Franklin placed over the graves of his parents nearly a century ago, viz: "Josiah Franklin and Abiah his wife lie here buried. They lived lovingly together in wedlock fifty-five years, and without an estate or any gainful employment, by constant labour and honest industry (with God's blessing) maintaining a large family comfortably, and brought up thirteen children and seven grand children reputably. From this instance, reader, be encouraged to diligence in thy calling, and distrust not Providence. He was a pious and prudent man; she a discreet and prudent woman. Their youngest son in filial regard to their memory places this stone. J. F. born 1665; died 1744, aged 89. A. F. born 1667; died 1752, aged 85."

The marble tablet bearing the above inscription having been delapidated by the ravages of time, a number of citizens, entertaining the most profound veneration for the memory of the illustrious Benjamin Franklin, and desirous of reminding succeeding generations that he was born in Boston in 1707, erected this obelisk over the graves of his parents in 1827.—Post.

SUPERIORITY OF INTELLECT.—We ought gratefully to remember that we possess a large and noble sample of so much of their complex being as is capable of an earthly permanence; for intellect alone can put on a shape of earthly immortality, and become an irrefragable witness of its own reality. Neither poets, nor painters, nor sculptors, nor even historians, can erect living monuments to any but themselves. The exactest copy of the fairest face, or the loveliest soul, becomes, in a few days, a mere ideal, only commendable as it expresses universal beauty or absolute goodness. Only the painter's or the poet's art is really perpetuated. All, but the mind, either perishes in time, or vanishes out of time into eternity. Mind alone lives on with time, and keeps pace with the march of ages. Beauty, ever fleeting, and continually renewed, does its work, then drops like the petals of the blossom when the fruit is set. Valour and power may gain a lasting memory, but where are they when the brave and the mighty are departed? Their effects may remain, but they live not in them any more than the fire in the work of the potter. Piety has a real substantial immortality in heaven; its life is laid up with God; on earth its record is a tale that is told. But intellect really exists in its products, its kingdom is here. The beauty of the picture is an abiding concrete of the painter's vision. The Venus, the Apollo, the Laocoon, are not mere matter of history. The genius of Homer does not rest, like his disputed personal identity, on dubious testimony. It is, and will be, while the planet lasts. The body of Newton is in the grave; his soul with his Father above; but his mind is with us still. Hence may we perceive the superiority of intellect to all other gifts of earth,—its rightful subordination to the Grace that is in heaven.

TITLES.—We are not amongst those who are of opinion that there is no substantial good in an aristocracy. We think, on the contrary, that a bright line of transmitted honours confers a benefit, not wholly intangible, upon a country. The history of great deeds is preserved in their escutcheons; their armorial distinctions are types of achievements, and stimulants to the rising ambition of the commonalty. A people's pride is reflected in that class which presents the concentrated rewards of courage, devotion, power, and genius. Whatever changes may darken the character of an aristocracy, it cannot be forgotten that it had, or is presumed to have had, its origin in distinguished worth; and that the titled orders were originally instituted to mark out a place of honour for individuals who had served their country, their sovereign, or the broad interests of humanity, with zeal and utility. The traditions of these ancestral glories survive the tumult of temporary feuds, and exercises a beneficial influence in consolidating the moral force of a nation.—Lon. Atlas.

ANSWER YOUR LETTERS.—Time that has once passed the corner, can never be overtaken, and anything that can be as well performed to-day, as at a future time, is deprived of one of the chances of its accomplishment that can never be restored. An observance of the maxim here inculcated is very important in the answering of letters. The prompt man of business, who makes it a rule to reply to a letter immediately on its receipt, or as soon after as the nature of its contents will admit, never offends others, and is never borne down with the weight of his correspondence. The procrastinator, on the other hand, is constantly giving umbrage by neglecting other people's business, or by slighting the requirements of friendship, and is besides often obliged to resort to whole paragraphs of lame apology, and sometimes to falsehood, to conceal what his correspondent very soon learns to place to proper account.

And besides this, his unanswered letters are constantly haunting him, and operate like a dead weight upon his comfort.—Philadelphia Gazette.

INDOLENCE.—Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. It were as little hazard to be in a storm as to lie thus perpetually becalmed; and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want vigour and resolution necessary for exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding.—Spectator.

FIGURATIVE.—John Neal tells of a Baltimore lawyer, who being employed to defend a man charged with cutting timber on his neighbour's land, burst out in the following strain of indignant eloquence:—"Look at him, gentlemen of the jury. There he stands, walking about, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, trying to withdraw three oak trees from my client's pocket."

LIFE.—We should make our life like a polar winter. Like that, it is cold and cheerless, but its long night is lighted up with brilliant appearances in heaven; and the iceberg and the avalanche which kill and destroy, as well as the bright blue and never-dying stars which attract, alike lead us to think of what is above, not of what is around us.

When Dr. Johnson courted Miss Potter, whom he afterwards married, he told her that 'he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that an uncle of his had been hanged.' The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, replied 'that she had no more money than himself, and that though none of her relations had ever been hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging.'

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is when she has in her countenance mildness; in her speech wisdom; in her behaviour modesty; in her life virtue.

WOMEN'S OPINIONS.—Women are slower to change their opinions than men, exactly because they are adopted on less consideration. Man's opinions are founded on reason, and if you convince his reason, the opinion goes with it; but women's are founded on feeling, and therefore part of themselves, and not easy to change. Men derive theirs from without, women from within. With our sex they are but adopted children; with the other, their own.

There is a grape vine at Castleton, Ireland, which is 100 feet in length, and so luxuriantly productive, as to make it necessary for the gardener to thin it, by cutting of 2000 bunches, leaving 3,500 bunches on the vine.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1.

PARTY NAMES.—Log Cabinism.—Tastes differ in nations as well as individuals; but, on certain points, the "great Yankee nation" seems to be more peculiar than any other, and very distinct from the cotemporary masses into which the inhabitants of the world are divided. To a philosopher, the study of these masses, in outline, must be highly interesting. A number of human beings living on one planet, and actuated by similar general principles and feelings, might be expected to exhibit as much uniformity, as any of the species of inferior animals. But man has found out many inventions, and each nation has its distinguishing phenomena, as if, almost, each belonged to a different species. The people of the United States seem distinguished above all their two-legged brethren, for a fruitfulness in public parties, a slang connected with these parties, and a perseverance in party slang. Many of their every-day epithets appear, to strangers, a mystical jargon,—childish in sound and signification, and a kind of serious play pushed to an extreme only known to full-grown children. The child-in-years occasionally pursues his animal-play, or his mimicry of man's business or pleasure, to exhaustion;—but the night's sleep allays the fever of the blood, and he wakes to the simplicity of nature. Not so the childishness of thirty or forty years; the cobwebs spun from the excited brain, are delighted in, and traversed, day after day, as if they were, indeed, ways of paradise. Among the maze of party names which are displayed on the broad sheets of the Union—confusing and disgusting to the eyes of a stranger, who cannot enter into such joys or sorrows of a people—the epithet which heads this article has lately become prominent. Soon after General Harrison's nomination for the Presidency, the terms, Log-cabin, Log-cabinism, Log-cabin-raising, and all the modifications of the words, struck the eye of the reader of American papers, and puzzled many who wished to understand as they perused. We imagine that we see the meaning of this part of our neighbours' cabalistic art, and impart the discovery for the advantage of all whom it may concern.

General Harrison is an old soldier, whose name is connected with several of the American battle fields. His warmest partisans cry up his exploits as those of a second Alexander,—while, so doubtful is the matter, some of his opponents show that "his victories" were either "backings out," or a "fighting shy" which, however prudenial, are not always the most glorified by those who seek "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth." His friends reply, that