



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

THE LEAVES.

BY DAVID WENTWORTH.

On the tempest borne,
From their branches torn,
They are hastening to their graves;
In the forest dusk—
In the lonely park—
By the side of the dimpled waves.

O'er the heaps of mould,
In the church-yard old,
They are eddying round and round;
And all day long,
Like a funeral song,
May we list to the doleful sound.

When the hill-side towers
They are floating down,
To the valley by the stream—
From the meadows gray,
They are passing away,
Like the shadows in a dream.

When the fire-side gleams,
With its mellow beam,
And the wind is high and loud—
When my spirit grieves,
Will I think of the leaves
All wrapped in their snowy shroud.

—Olean Journal.

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES IN PERSIA.

The Boston Chronicle of a recent date gives an account of an interesting discovery that has been made in Persia. A scientific gentleman there, writing to a friend in Boston, says:

The line between Persia and Turkey has not been defined with that exactness which peace and security demand, and soldiers have, by both governments, been placed upon the disputed territory, to defend the rights of Turkey and Persia; and for many years the soldiers have been in the practice of coming into collision. To avoid this bloodshed, and settle definitely the boundary line between the nations, England and Russia have induced Persia to consent to a mixed commission, which should embrace England, Russia and Persia. That commission is now engaged in establishing the line between Persia and Turkey. Colonel Williams, well known to many Americans, and a man of character and talent, is the English commissioner. In the prosecution of this work, the commissioners have come upon the remains of the ancient palace Shushan, mentioned in the sacred books of Esther and Daniel, together with the tomb of Daniel, the Prophet. The locality answers to the received tradition of its position; and the internal evidence, arising from its correspondence with the description of the palace recorded in the sacred history, amount almost to demonstration. The reader can turn to Esther, chapter 1, verse 6; there he will read a "pavement of red, and blue, and white and black marble in that palace." That pavement still exists, and, as described by Col. Williams, corresponds to the description given thus in the sacred history. And in the marble columns, dilapidated ruins, the sculpture and the remaining marks of greatness and glory that are scattered around, the commissioners read the exact truth of the record made by the sacred penman. Not far from the palace stands a tomb: on it is sculptured the figure of a man bound hand and foot, with a huge lion springing upon him to devour him. No history can speak more graphically the story of Daniel in the Lion's Den. The commissioners have with them an able corps of engineers and scientific men, and most interesting discoveries may be expected. The Persian arrow-heads are found upon the palace and the tomb. Glass bottles, elegant as those placed upon the toilet tables of the ladies of our day, have been discovered, with other indications of art and refinement, which bear out the statements of the Bible. Thus, twenty-five centuries after the historians of Esther and Daniel made their records, their histories are verified by the peaceful movements of the nations of our day.

THE JAPANESE LAWS.

The severity of the Japanese laws is draconic. They may truly be said to be written in blood, as death is the allotted punishment for every offence, and not infrequently, whole families are involved in the fate of a single offender. Death by decapitation is the mode of the common executioner, or by instant self-murder; and nothing short of death is considered an atonement of the slightest breach of the law or of public tranquillity, or of disobedience to any order or instruction of the government. Imprisonment, exile or banishment to distant, cold and desolate islands appear to have fallen out of use since the troubles of the seventeenth century. In the rare occasions, on which they are now resorted to, they seem to be not only extended to the offender, but to his wife and children, however innocent and however young. Apparently they have no condensed written code of laws. Their laws consist of edicts issued in the name of the emperor, from time to time. They are said to be exceedingly simple in their

construction and to possess the somewhat rare merit of being intelligible to the commonest capacity. On the issue of every new edict, the magistrates, in the first instance assemble the people, and proclaim by word of mouth, the will of the emperor. Next, the edict is extensively circulated on a printed form, and, as nearly every man and woman in the empire is said to be able to read, the law must thus become well known. But they have another method of giving it publicity: the edict is placarded, for a permanency, in a public hall or place appointed to the purpose, in every city, town, and village throughout the empire. "I have often admired," says Kompter, "while travelling through this country, the shortness and laconism of these tables, which are hung up on the roads in places especially appointed for the purpose to make public the emperor's pleasure, and to make known the laws of the country; for it is mentioned in as few words as possible, what the emperor commands to be done or omitted by his subjects. There is no reason given how it came about that such and such a law was made; no mention of the lawgiver's views and intention, nor is there any certain determined penalty upon the transgression thereof. Such conciseness is thought becoming the majesty of so powerful a monarch."—Macfarlane.

ESQUIMAUX SUPERSTITION.—They treat the insane very badly; one or two they have burned alive; others they neglect altogether, if they are not outrageous; and frequently coercion is used. One poor woman lost a hand, from the tightness of the cords. It is not many years since a young man in a state of insanity, was removed to a distance from one of the settlements, and buried alive. The Danes made enquiries for this person, whom they had often seen; but their most earnest entreaties to know where he had been put, accompanied by promises of reward, met with a deaf ear from the obstinate Esquimaux, until they were sure that the victim of their superstitious notions could not be alive. They believe in the power of keeping up intercourse with invisible agents, by which they possess the means of attacking persons whom they wish to injure. A violent attack of inflammation of the eyes, ending in total blindness, was attributed by the afflicted son to the intercourse which he believed his father, a poor old man, had with evil spirits; and he wished his sight restored for one particular reason, that he might kill his aged parent for doing such a bad thing. The only reason for supposing that his father had been the cause of his loss of sight, was a report conveyed to him, as a profound secret, that he had been observed doing something to the eyes of a dead dog that was lying in a pool of stagnant water. This species of necromancy is called "Illeceetook," and those who are so unfortunate as to possess it, and to be discovered doing harm by its means, are murdered by the injured persons or their relations. As soon as the popular clamor is raised against one of their tribe, his doom is sealed, and he has to bow to his fate, without the chances of mercy which he might expect from the severest despotism. The propensity which they have to kill every creature which comes within their reach is very remarkable. The fond mother sits with her little son or daughter on her knees, controlling the little hands, and snapping every intruding fly that comes near him. There is always a day of fasting when, for the first time, the passive hands of the unconscious infant have deprived some unfortunate creature of life; and there is much talking and merry-making among a whole tribe, while, doubtless, the destinies of the helpless child are fully discussed and prophetically explained. —Southernland's Voyage in Baffin's Bay.

THE MISERY OF IDLENESS.—Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness; with men of quick minds to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes of baffled ambition. In their schemes, not so much from want of strength as from the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop by continued falling wears its passage through the hardest rock, the busy torrent rushes over it with indomitable power, and leaves no trace behind. —Carpenter.

A CRUEL TOE FOR THE PARALYTIK.—At a post mortem examination of the remains of Anna Lawrence, the celebrated Boston merchant, it was found that his brain weighed two ounces more than Mr. Webster's. At the time of Mr. Webster's death it was said that his brain was the largest on record, except Cæsar's. Mr. Lawrence though noted in the commercial world, made no special pretensions to intellectual attainments.

[ORIGINAL.]

TIME.

Time's flitting charger hurries by,
Nor leaves us of the past,
A fragment save remorse's sigh—
That anchor ever cast
To bind us in life's stormy sea,
Or with half magic wand,
Repaint the joys and scenes that we,
Left in oblivion's land!

Time's champing charger! Oh that thou
Possessed the peerless power,
To erase from the burning brow,
Those fiery thoughts, that lower
Like goblins from a land of gloom;—
That track our wayward path!—
Would that thou could'st sink in the tomb
Those messengers of wrath!

Then then might man live on, nor e'er
Abhor the days gone by—
No more might drop the scalding tear;
Nor heave the soul a sigh,
To echo from the cavern'd heart,
But with the past in night
Begone, a-fresh with day to start
And mingle in Fate's fight!

Yet we would not, that e'er thy thought
Should in oblivion's sea,
Sink down and be for e'er forgot,
Lost in the dark Lethæ;
Ah no for there are moments gone,
Which, sooner than forget
We'd live and dream while time sped on,
Unmindful of regret!

Those scenes in which endearing youth,
Deck'd life in rainbow hue,
And we in Hope confiding truth,
Sipp'd loves' endearing dew,
From lips bright as the rose's bloom—
Oh these are thoughts that ne'er
Should be forgot—till e'er our tomb
The willow weeps its tear!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

CARDS.

Cards are superfluous with all the tricks
That idleness has e'er yet contrived
To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,
To palliate idleness and give them a share.

CORNER.

Cards were introduced in the reign of Charles the VI. of France, to amuse that monarch during his illness. "It is very strange," says Addison, "to see persons of good sense passing time away in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards; with no other conversation than is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black and red spots ranged together in different figures."

Card-playing is not only a reckless waste of time, but an ungodly and grovelling occupation—it excludes rational conversation, the most elevated of all social enjoyments. It excites envy, repining and bad temper; it generates a mean and scheming disposition of mind, terminating in chicanery and gambling—the morals and reputation, the temporal and spiritual interests of men are not only perilled, but, in numberless instances sacrificed by the baneful influence of a practice so inimical to the character of a Christian. St. Vincent de Paul, a canonized saint, was not proof against its pernicious effects, for it was said of him "he was an agreeable man—only he cheated at cards." Paganini says "a gambler is an object of contempt to all well regulated minds."