

dorful changes in her physical appearance during the multitudinous ages of her growth. He contemplates her covered, at first, with forests, more, with not even a bird in all her borders to hail the approach of morn or break the painful solitude that reigned as much at the tooming tropics as at the barren poles.—Again he contemplates her peopled with strange and onomous animals—the Ichthyosarus, the Iguanodon, the Megalosarus, the Megatherium, the Dinotherium—and more wonderful still, the Pterodactylus, that alternately traversed the land, the sea, and the air. Lastly he contemplates the earth peopled by man, with a new race of lower animals and a different order of plants. Her rich deposits of lime and marl; her variegated and beautiful rocks; her valuable mines of copper, silver, and gold; and her vast storehouses of coal, which was deposited ages before the origin of man, to supply his wants when he should have felled the forests, and other resorts for combustibles should become necessary;—all these facts are grasped by the understanding, and are made to yield their secreted honey. It matters not to the lover of the natural sciences, whether the earth be folded in the icy pall of winter, or unveiling her life-full charms in the lap of summer, she is always replete with interest to his watchful eye. Every atom of dust which helps to compose her ponderous bulk, is an object for analysis, and offers abundant and delightful exercise to his mind.

Scientific attainments afford pleasure in correcting errors of the sense. The understanding here gains, as in all literary pursuits, a wide scope, and has presented to it the noblest opportunities to try its strength. One of the most classical writers of the age—Edward Everett, has beautifully and truthfully observed that "sense and science are at war." The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night is converted, by science, into a mighty orb, the source of light, the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning; whose mild and lovely beams seem to shed a spirit of tranquility not unmingled with sadness, not far from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth to behold it, is, in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapped sphere—a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we contemplate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars.—We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis, and flee to the uttermost parts of creation, and then shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vaults of night, the well-constructed mind sees opening before it the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them. The bands of Orion are loosed, and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system across the pathway of the outer heavens.

But the pleasures of the understanding and those of the imagination are so intimately connected, that in treating of the former, we almost unconsciously, trespass on the grounds of the latter. Letting those pass, with the notices already received, these must now be briefly adverted to.

Everything in science has an elevating and an ennobling effect upon the mind.—Its objects for contemplation are so lofty that they buoy the thoughts above much that is low, sordid and debasing. Thus the whole mind is, in a manner, purified and refined, and consequently the flights of the imagination, while they are less confined and more bold, are fraught with more chastened delight. One by one, the fields through which she is to range, are opened, as we continue our scientific travels, till at last she soars through every realm of space, and makes her home with whatever is beautiful, marvellous or sublime. Directed by the finger of knowledge, she views no object in the universe with insignificance or with cold indifference. All seems warm, plastic, and freshly polished as if just tossed from the moulding hand of its Maker.

The individual who possesses a well stored mind and a lively imagination, though never in reality a dozen miles from his birth place, may, by the help of this faculty, journey all over the globe.—He may wend his way to the rolling prairies of the west, and with the poet feel his soul dilate while the eye (of the imagination) "takes in the encircling vastness," or continuing his route, he may rove with the red man through the wilds of Missouri, and join the exciting chase.—He may climb the Andes at the South, and pluck a feather from the wing of the condor, or view the sublime eruptions of Cotapaxi; he may swing the lasso over the head of the wild horse on the plains of Peru, or embark for a southern isle and there survey a splendid night scene—the glorious panorama of a new heavens. He may dart to the north, and at midnight, by the intenser light of the aurora borealis, chase the white bear over the frozen seas, or climb the ice-hills and gaze on those now verdureless islands which, ages before the creation of man, were beautified by groves of pine, and fragrant, perhaps, with the daisy and the primrose. He may go to the old world, and visit the great ones of the past, whose foot-prints are so distinct along the shores of immortal fame. He may embark with Cadmus and convey the first freight of science to the shores of Europe—may sit with Socrates in the refreshing arbors of Academus, and listen to the half-impacted lessons of the first instructor in worldly wisdom—may stand on the forum with Demosthenes, and view the awe-struck multitude raised to their feet by the mere magic of eloquence—may wander with Homer along the banks of his native stream and listen to the fresh breathings of song, which, like the sage instructions of Nestor, "flowed from his lips like a river of honey," and which still heard in every classic hall, is to cease only with the last pulsation of time. He may chat with Solon and Lycurgus, with Galileo and Newton, Bacon and Locke, Linnæus, Cuvier, and Davy—all the renowned votaries

of learning whose liberal contributions to science have secured for them the grateful remembrance of all after generations of mankind.

Not content with roving over the earth, the cultivated imagination plunges its possessor into her bosom where he views those wonders already hinted at, which the earth presented in her infant state.—She is contemplated as an oblate spheroid, eight thousand miles in diameter, with a crust, some forty or fifty miles in thickness, beneath which, is nought but a liquid mass of fire, the parent of thermal springs and burning mountains; and all this globe of molten minerals is seen rushing through space at the rate of a thousand miles in a minute. Taking an upward flight, he gets upon the track of a ray of light which has been travelling at the rate of 190,000 in a second, to reach the earth; at a glance of thought, he darts to its starting point, and there sees a vast orb of light, which is larger than the sun, and though apparently fixed, to the natural eye, is moving annually, 120,000,000 of millions of miles.

How beautifully the poet has depicted this power and disposition of the imagination to soar and roam through the empyrean:—

"The high born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air, pursues the flying
storms;
Rides on the volleying lightnings through
the heavens;
Or yoked with whirlwinds and the northern
blast,
Sweeps the long track of day. Then high
she soars
The blue profound, and hovering around
the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; behold his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fatal round of time. Thence far effused
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets: through its burning sign,
Ballooning measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone
Invests the orient."

(To be continued.)

"EDUCATION AND INFLUENCE OF WOMAN."

We select the following beautiful picture from a recently published address of Richard V. Cook, Esq., of Columbus, Texas, on this subject. It will touch the heart of the reader. We seldom stumble upon so well expressed an idea of woman's true mission:

I fancy a young man just emerging from the bright elysium of youth, and commencing the bright journey of life. Honest, noble and gifted—the broad world to his warm hopes is the future scene of affluence, fame and happiness. Under his active energies, business prospers, and, as a consequence, friends come about him. Ere long he meets a sensible and simple girl, who wins his heart, and who loves and trusts him in return. He does not stop to ask what the world will say about the match in case he marries her. Not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and the man determines to be the architect of his own happiness. Ho