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LITERATURE.

SABBATH DAYS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of Bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week ;
The next world's gladness imag'd forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian heart can speak.

Eternity in time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's full fight.

Wakeners of prayer in Man—his resting bowers
As on his journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers ;
Periods appointed to renew our trust,—
A gleam of glory after six day's showers !

A milky way marked out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,
Tho' briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of Heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory !

From the U. S. Magazine.

SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

A pleasant, fair-sized country village,—a village em-
bedded in trees, with old churches, long, single storied farm
houses, their roofs mossy, and their chimneys smoke black,
a village with much grass, and shrubbery, and no pave-
ments, nor gas—that is the place for him who wishes life in
favor and its bloom. Until of late, my residence has
been in such a place.

Man of cities! what is there in all your boasted plea-
sures—your fashions, parties, balls, and theatres, compared to
the simplest of delights we country folks enjoy? Our pure
enjoyment making the blood swell and leap with buoyant health;
our labour and our exercise; our freedom from the sickly
influences that taint the town: our not being racked with notes
of the fluctuations of prices, or the breaking of banks;
our manners of sociality, expanding the heart, and reacting
with a wholesome effect upon the body;—can anything
that a citizen possesses balance these?

On Saturday, after paying a few days visit at New York,
I returned to my quarters in the Country Inn. The day

was hot, and my journey a disagreeable one. I had been
forced to stir myself beyond comfort, and despatch my affairs
quickly, for fear of being left by the cars. As it was, I
arrived panting just as they were about to start. Then
for many miles I had to bear the annoyance of the steam-
engine smoke, and it seemed to me that the vehicles kept
swaying to and fro on the track, with a more than usual
motion, on purpose to distress my jaded limbs. Out of
humor with myself and every thing around me, when I
came to my travel's end, I refused to partake of the com-
fortable supper which my landlady had prepared for me.
Tired and head-throbbing, in less than half a score of mi-
nutes after I threw myself on my bed, I was steeped in
the soundest slumber.

When I awoke, every vein and nerve felt fresh and free.
Soreness and irritation had been swept away, as it were,
with the curtains of the night; and the accustomed tone
had returned again. I arose and threw open my window.
Delicious!—It was a calm, bright Sabbath morning in May.
The dew-drops glittered on the grass; the fragrance of the
apple blossoms which covered the trees floated up to me;
and the notes of a hundred birds discoursed music to my
ear. By the rays just shooting up in the eastern verge, I
knew that the sun would be risen in a moment. I hastily
dressed myself, performed my ablutions, and sallied forth
to take a morning walk.

Sweet, yet sleepy scene! No one seemed stirring.
The placid influence of the day was even now spread around,
quieting everything, and ballowing everything. I sauntered
slowly onward. I passed round the edge of a hill, on the
rising elevation and top of which was the burial ground,
On my left, through an opening in the trees, I could see
at some distance the ripples of our beautiful bay; on my
right, was the large and ancient field for the dead. I stop-
ped and leaned my back against the fence, with my face
turned toward the white marble stones a few rods before me.
All I saw was far from new to me; and yet I pondered
upon it. The entrance to that place of tombs was a kind
of arch—a rough-hewn but no doubt hardy piece of architec-
ture, that had stood winter and summer over the gate there,
for many, many years. Oh, fearful arch! if there were for
thee a voice to utter what had passed beneath and near thee;
if the secrets of the earthly dwelling could be by thee dis-
closed—whose ear might listen to the appalling story.

Thus thought I; and strangely enough, such imagining
marred not in the least the sunny brightness which spread
alike over my mind and over the landscape. Involuntarily
as I mused, my look was cast to the top of the hill. I saw
a figure moving. The figure was a woman. She seemed
to move with a slow and feeble step, passing and repassing
constantly between two and the same graves, which were
within half a rod of each other. She would bend down and
appear to busy herself a few moments with the one; then
she would rise, and go to the second, and bend there, and