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PALESTINE.

BY J. O. WHITTIER.

BLAZED land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee!

With the eye of a spirit, I look on that shore,
Where the pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit, I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Ta'or to see
The gleam of thy waters, oh dark Galilee!

Hark! a sound in the valleys! where, swollen and strong,
Thy river, oh Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinam's son.

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful Prophetess sang,
When the Princess of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose, sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of God!
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored, and the healing was wrought.

Oh, here with his flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills he toiled over in grief and in shame;
The founts where he drank by the wayside sun flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
I could gaze, even now, on the presence of HIM!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when
In love and in meekness he moved among men;
And the voice that breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread, where he stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross, which He bowed him to bear,
Nor my eyes press Gethsemane's garden of prayer;

Yet, Loved of the Father! thy spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow!

Oh, the outward hath gone! but in glory and power,
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pontecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

THE youth who follows his appetites, too soon seizes the cup, before it has received its best ingredients, and by anticipating its pleasures, robs the remaining parts of life of their share, so that his eagerness only produces a manhood of imbecility and an age of pain.—GORDONITH.

Eminent Literary Ladies.

No. 7.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

For the Calliopean.

THERE are many writers in the first periods of English literature, venerable for their learning and piety, but whose works are now seldom read, save by the deep-searching antiquarian. They gave a strong impulse to the progress of knowledge and religion in their own times, and thereby contributed much to render ours what they are; it is but just, therefore, that we should cherish their names as well as those whose writings are more immediately beneficial to ourselves. Of this class is Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. Principally celebrated for her proficiency in the classics, she likewise possessed an extent of general information, a suavity of manners, and a correctness of deportment, which, being unusual among her own sex at that time, gave her a powerful influence over the age in which she lived.

She was born at Deal, in Kent, in 1717, and was the oldest daughter of Dr. Carter, the clergyman of that place. In early life, unlike her brothers and sisters, she was characterized by a seemingly unconquerable dullness, which even led her father to dissuade her from pursuing her studies. But energy and perseverance overcame every obstacle, and she became one of the first scholars in England. Knowledge was to her a rugged mine, which constantly required the pickaxe and shovel, rewarding the laborer, at first, with only now and then a precious stone, but finally pouring them forth upon him in rich & inexhaustible profusion. Possessed of but few talents, she polished them to the highest degree, and furnished a noble example of the enviable preëminence to which industry alone can elevate the human mind.

Her chief delight was in the learned languages, and of these she gained a most intimate knowledge. Dr. Johnson, in speaking of some eminent scholar, observed, that "he understood Greek better than any one he had ever known, excepting Mrs. Elizabeth Carter." She was likewise acquainted with Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Portuguese, and Arabic. It was reserved for our own times to produce, in Mrs. Somerville, a lady equally skilled in the austere department of Mathematics. Her translation of Epictetus, the stoic philosopher, is the work upon which her fame chiefly rests. She also published some translations from the French and Italian, as well as a volume of poems, now out of print.

She was early introduced, through her father's friend, Mr. Cave, the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, to the various literati of the day. Of these, Dr. Johnson was especially a cordial friend, and notwithstanding his occasional rudeness to others, ever treated her with kindness and respect. She was also on terms of the closest intimacy with Mrs. Montagu, and was one of the brightest stars in the brilliant literary circle, which that celebrated lady gathered around her.

Her friends, however, were ever chosen with regard to their moral character. A zealous, but somewhat formal piety characterized all her actions. She much resembled Mrs. Hannah More in her character and talents, and it has been well remarked, that her mantle descended upon the latter, who was just beginning to enter the literary world as she was about to retire from it. Elizabeth Carter was never married, but like Hannah More, assumed the appellation of Mrs., from a custom of that kind which was formerly prevalent among elderly ladies, who were unmarried.

Her life was one of untiring exertion. Rising between four and five o'clock in the morning, she read before breakfast two chapters in the Bible, a sermon, and some Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. She made a rule (and it proved to her the philosopher's stone) never to forget anything, which she had once learned, and hence she read every day a portion in the various languages with which she was acquainted.

Early rising was another secret of her success. A bell hanging by her bedside, with a string attached to it from the outside of the house, which was rung by a domestic at the time above