

haps often been heard amidst the shades of these sacred trees: their name, and the images they suggested, often mingled in the strains of inspiration. Is there any object in nature more dear to the poet; whether in the tempest they swung their aged arms to the sky, or the Maronite hymn rose sweetly from multitudes kneeling around? The groves of all other lands, even the most ancient, the palm forests that were the pride of Egypt, the noble oak and fir-trees of Ephraim and Carmel,—the curse withered them, or with the changing seasons they passed away: when the cedars also die, all these, in the words of sacred writ, each famous forest in the old and new world shall say, "Art thou become like unto us, cut down to the ground? art thou also become weak as we?"

Small Arab tribes come to live here when the snows are melted, in the beginning of July, and continue during the hot months: it is to simple and primeval people a favourite and lovely residence, enjoying an air that bears health on its wings, so pure and inspiring from its very elevated site, and entire freedom from the heats that often prevail in the valleys and lower declivities. The Arabs pitch their tents in the forest, in a sort of half-savage life, yet free from its perils and habits; the stranger finds a friendly welcome to their rude homes: they pass very many hours in the heat of day beneath the branches of the cedars, conversing, smoking, or seated indolently,—some of the mothers swinging their children by a cord hung to one of the sacred branches, as if some virtue were thence derivable, or healing quality to some bodily disease. Perhaps the men, from a superstitious feeling, find a peculiar pleasure, unknown elsewhere, in smoking their long pipe, seated on a fallen branch or trunk: it must be confessed that their attitude and looks, in this loved reverie and indulgence, however in keeping with Orientalism, are somewhat at variance with the more refined and enthusiastic reverie of the stranger, who would rather be alone in such a spot, than exposed to the fixed and curious gaze of some young Arab mother, or the voice of her child.—*Fisher's Views of Syria, the Holy Land, etc. illustrated.*

THE IDIOT.—Every reader of dramatic history has heard of Garrick's contest with Madame Clairon, and the triumph which the English Roscius achieved over the Siddons of the French Stage, by his representation of the father struck with fatuity on beholding his only infant child dashed to pieces by leaping in its joy from his arms. Perhaps the sole remaining conquest for histrionic tragedy, is somewhere in the unexplored regions of the mind, below the ordinary understanding, amidst the gradations of idiocy. The various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility which lie there unknown, Genius, in some gifted moment, may discover. In the meantime, as a small specimen of its undivulged dramatic treasures, we submit to our readers the following little anecdote:—

A poor widow, in a small town in the north of England, kept a booth, or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence.

He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the school-boys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal-lal," in a low, pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm.

From morning to evening he sang his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that while she carried her table on her head, her stock of little merchandise in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon as any of the school-boys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection.

A human creature so far below the standard of humanity was nowhere ever seen; he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among those unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal.

He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. At night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet, and, as he kissed them, mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market-place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street, and as often as he saw any of the school-boys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sang his sorrowful "pal-lal."

One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbours induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his piteous lay more sorrowfully than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble!

sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbours spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye, and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sank the strain of his mournful "pal-lal" into a softer and sadder key.

The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body, and he surrendered his hold of the earthy hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment he resumed his chant, and lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sang with a wild and clear heart-piercing pathos, "pal-lal—pal-lal."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

From the New York Mirror.

A MORNING INVOCATION.

Wake, slumberer! Summer's golden hours
Are speeding fast away;
The sun has woke the opening flowers,
To greet the new-born day!
The deer leaps from his leafy haunt;
Fair gleams the breezy lake;
The birds their matin carols chaunt,
All nature cries, "Awake!"

Oh! lose not in unconscious ease
An hour so heavenly fair;
Come forth, while yet the glittering trees
Wave in the purple air:
While yet a dewy freshness fills
The morning's fragrant gale;
While o'er the woods and up the hills,
The mist rolls from the vale.

Awake! too soon, alas! too soon,
The glory must decay:
And, in the fervid eye of noon,
The freshness fade away.
Then seize the hour so swift of flight:
Its early bloom partake—
By all that's beautiful and bright,
I call on thee—awake!

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

THE meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, two years ago, had just concluded its proceedings, and was about to separate, when an individual rose, and standing on a bench in front of the platform, requested the attention of the meeting for a few moments while he gave an account of a slave which he had lately received. In a moment all were seated, and listened with intense interest, while the speaker, Alvan Stuart, Esq., of Utica, proceeded that, three (now five) years ago, in the state of Georgia, a certain black slave, of gigantic stature and proportional strength, thirty-five years old, and having a wife and five children, determined to effect his escape, and to rescue himself and sable family from bondage. A Quaker, who resided near him, being privy to his design, resolved to aid him in its accomplishment; and accordingly carried the slave and his family fifty miles in a waggon by night. In the day-time they lay concealed in the woods, and on the second night the same man carried them fifty miles further. It was the design of the negro to make his way to Canada, the name of which country he had heard, and of which he had an undefined notion, but without any accurate knowledge of where it was situated; and he dared make no inquiries save of the Quaker, his neighbour, who seemed to have acted the part of his guardian angel. At the end of the second night, he told the black man that he could do no more for him, having already endangered both his life and property. He told the slave that he must not travel on the highway, nor attempt to cross a ferry, but taking him by the hand, he committed him to God and the north star. This star he advised him to take as his guide, and it would lead him at length to the land of British freedom. The poor slave bade adieu to his benefactor, and after skulking in the day and travelling by night, he at length came to an unexpected obstacle. It was a broad river (the Susquehanna,) of the existence of which he had not the least knowledge. But as nothing remained but to cross it, he tied his two young children on his back, and between swimming where it was deep and wading where it was shallow, his two elder sons swimming by his side, he at length made out to reach the opposite bank; then, returning, he brought over his wife in the same manner. In this way he passed undiscovered through South and North Carolinas and Virginia, and at length made his way into Pennsylvania; not knowing, however, that he had reached the land of Quakers, and of freedom. And thus he pursued his way with the same fear and the same secrecy, until, after six weeks of incessant toil and danger, he arrived, with bleeding feet, at the town of Buffalo; and being afraid to confide in any white man, he put his wife and children in the custody of some poor Indians in that neighbourhood; for he rightly judged that the poor were most likely to be the friends of the poor. As he entered the town, and passed the shop of a coloured barber, who was also, like himself, a man of great physical strength, the man saw him through the window and instantly stepping into the street put his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "You are a fugitive slave;" but, seeing his alarm, he added, "Fear nothing, I shall not betray you." The slave then told the barber his whole story, and

when he had done, the barber said, "I will engage to put you safe over the Canada line. But it is right I should tell you, your master was this morning in my shop inquiring after you." He concealed the slave in his stable, comforted him with food and with part of a bottle of wine, and obtained a waggon and two horses to carry him to the ferry over the Niagara river. He could not cross in the night, because the boats did not run; and the only resource that remained was to set out at the dawn of day. They did so: and the slave, his wife and children, the barber, and the driver, arrived safely at Black Rock, and called up the ferryman to take them over. The ferryman had unfastened the boat, and it had just swung off into the stream, when who should make his appearance but the slave's master, with his horse in a foam and a cocked pistol in his hand. He ordered the ferryman to turn the scow back again, on which the barber declared that if he did so, he would be the death of him. The master, with violent vociferations, protested that if he did not he would blow out his brains. The poor ferryman lifted up his hands, and cried, "The Lord have mercy on me! It seems I am to be killed any how; but if I do die, I will die doing right." At that moment the hands were at work upon the steamboat, Henry Clay, and perceiving how matters stood, they gave three loud cheers for liberty, which were immediately responded to by a collection of people on the Canada side. The ferryman pushed off, and in a few minutes the rejoicing slave with his wife and children were borne on the dark bosom of the Niagara river safe to the land of British liberty and law.

The story was told in the most artless manner, without any attempt on the part of the speaker to add effect to the words, as they fell rather heavily from his lips; but a thrill was sent through the hearts of the assembled multitude, which may be imagined but cannot be described.

MAN.—Man was created the last and most excellent of God's mighty works. Confining our attention to him in a mere physical point of view, he is the most perfect of all terrestrial beings; not, indeed, in size or animal strength, for in these qualities many excel him, but in the refined, the exalted plan and model upon which he is constructed. The eagle, it is true, may have a more powerful vision; the hare be more alive to every sound; the wild dog or vulture catch the faintest scent upon the gale; but in Man there is a nice balance, an adjustment, and felicitous accuracy of the senses, which thus expressly tend to his elevation and happiness; and at the same time that they minister to his pleasure, enable him to obtain an intimate and minute acquaintance with the properties of the world around him. Hence the voice of melody, the colours of earth and sky; the odours of spring; the fruits of summer; the glorious sun, and the spangled canopy of heaven, are sources of gratification and delight to him. Language, in which he can convey his wants, his desires, and the most abstract ideas of his mind, is his alone; and his alone are reason, and an immortal soul. Capable of inhabiting every climate, and in every situation surrounding himself with the necessaries of life, Man peoples the burning regions of the torrid zone, and the ice-girt shores of the arctic ocean. To him the mountain, the valley, the morass and the desert, are alike; and modifying his food according to locality, he thrives upon rice, and the plantain, and the palm-nut on the plains of India; and upon the raw flesh and blubber of the seal, on the frozen snows of Greenland. In all respects, may each individual exclaim "Truly I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.—We look with delight, on the beautiful and complicated machinery of our manufactories, which seems to perform so many labours as it were by enchantment; but in Natural History we behold a scheme more vast, a structure more curious, operations more complicated, ends more important, means more adapted and laws more profound. Here the Christian Philosopher, as he explores the mines of research, or investigates the various phenomena, the laws or habits of the tribes that people earth and air, will feel a calm and pure delight, unmixed with the baser passions, which the man of the world, in his pursuit of riches, or empty honours, or vain applause, can neither experience nor understand. Here he is led by the hand of Nature, and he leaves the city and the mart, and all the pageantry of artificial life—he leaves the turmoil, the follies and the crimes of an agitated world, and goes forth to the green fields, and wanders by the rivers' flowery brink, or through the tangled wood, in holy and peaceful contemplation. To him the bounding deer, the crouching hare, the linnet carolling from the brake, the turtle cooing in the woodland gloom, the woodpecker tapping the aged tree, the kingfisher darting like a meteor down the stream, or the little warblers of the hedge-row, are objects of interest; the nimble lizard as it rustles through the leaves, the chirping grasshopper, and the busy insect tribes of brilliant hues that glitter like diamonds in the sun, the active murmuring bee, the shared horn beetle that winds "his low but sullen horn,"—all have claims on his attention, all are objects of contemplation, all lead him to the Cause of causes; for he forgetteth not His power who made and governs all—His, the eternal Word, who was in the beginning, and was with God, and was God, and without whom was not any thing made that was made.