THE BLIND.

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The common letters are used, and not any abbreviated language. I think this is wise; for thus the large class of persons who become blind after having been able to read are suited at once; and it seems desirable to make as little difference as possible in the instrument of communication used by the blind and the seeing. It appears probable that, before any very long time, all valuable literature may be put into the hands of the blind; and the preparation will take with much more ease if the common alphabet be used, than if works have to be translated into a set of arbitrary signs. It is easy for a blind person, previously able to read, to learn the use of the raised printing. Even adults, whose fingers' ends are none of the most promising, soon achieve the accomplishment. An experiment has been made on a poor washerwoman with the specimens I brought over. She had lost her sight eight years: but she now reads, and is daily looking for a new supply of literature from Boston, which a kind friend has ordered for her.

It will scarcely be believed that the objection to this exercise which is most insisted on is, that it is far better for the blind to be read to than that they should read to themselves. It seems to me that this might just as well be said about persons who see; that it would save time for one number only of a family to read, while the others might thus be saved the trouble of learning their letters. Let the blind be read to as much as any benevolent person pleases; but why should they not also be allowed the privilege of private study? Private reading is of far more value and interest to them than to persons who have more diversified occupations in their power. None could start this objection who had seen, as I have, the blind at their private studies. Instead of poring over a book held in the hand, as others do, they lay their volume on the desk before them, lightly touch the lines with one finger of the right hand, followed by one finger of the left, and, with face upturned to the ceiling, show in their varying countenances the emotions stirred up by what they are reading. A frequent passing smile, an occasional laugh, or an animated expression of grave interest passes over the face, while the touch is exploring the meaning which it was till lately thought could not enter only through the eye or the ear. They may be seen going back to the beginning of a passage which interests them, reading it three or four times over, dwelling upon it as we do upon the beauties of our favourite authors, and thus deriving a benefit which cannot be communicated by public reading.

One simple question seems to set this matter in its true light. If we were to become blind to-morrow, should we prefer depending on being read to, or having, in addition to this privilege, a library which we could read for ourselves?

As to the speed with which the blind become able to read, those whom I heard read aloud about as fast as the better sort of readers in a Lancasterian school; with, perhaps, the interval of a second between the longer words, and perfect readiness about the commonest little words.

Alphabetical printing is far from being the only use the Boston press is put to. The arithmetical, geometrical, and musical signs are as easily prepared: and there is an atlas which far surpasses any illustrations of geography previously devised. The maps made in Europe are very expensive, and exceedingly troublesome to prepare, the boundaries of sea and land being represented by strings glued on to the lines of a common map, pasted on a board. The American maps are embossed; the land being raised, and the water depressed; one species of raised mark being used for mountains, another for towns, another for boundaries; the degrees being marked by figures in the margin, and the most important names in the same print with their books. These maps are really elegant in appearance, and seem to serve all purposes.

"Do you think," said I, to a little boy in the Blind School at Philadelphia, "that you could show me on this large map where I have been travelling in the United States?"

"I could, if you'd tell me where you have been," replied he.

"Well, I will tell you my whole journey, and you shall show my friends here where I have been."

The little fellow did not make a single mistake. Up rivers, over mountains, across boundaries, round cataracts, along lakes, straight up to towns went his delicate fingers, as unerringly as our eyes. This *is* a triumph. It brings out the love of the blind pupils for geography; and with this, the proof that there are classes of ideas which we are ignorant or heedless of, and which yield a benefit and enjoyment which we can little understand, to those to whom they serve instead of visual ideas. What is our notion of a map and of the study of geography, putting visual ideas out of the question? The inquiry reminds one of Saunderson's reply from his deathbed to the conversation of a clergyman who was plying the blind philosophers with the common arguments in Natural Theology: "You would fain have me allow the force of your arguments, drawn from the wonders of the visible creation; but may it not be that they only seem to you wonderful; for you and other men have always been wondering how I could accomplish many things which seem to me perfectly simple."—*Miss Martineau's Retrospect of Western Travels.*

Counsel for Ladies.—Let every married woman be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family. The first is, by the expression of that which threatens force. The second is, by the power of love, to which even strength will yield. Over the mind of the husband, a wife should never employ any other power than gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say, "*I will*," she deserves to lose her empire. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell a rose, we expect to imbibe the sweetness of its odour—so we look for every thing amiable in woman. Whoever is often contradicted, feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time. Employ yourself in household affairs. Wait till your husband confides to you those of a higher importance, and not give your advice till he asks it. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, to read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example. Practice virtue yourself, to make him in love with it. Command his attention, by being always attentive to him. Never exact any thing, and you will obtain much. Appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more. Men, as well as women are vain. Never wound his vanity, not even in the most trifling instance. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it. When a man gives wrong counsel, never make him feel that he has done so, but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness. When he is convinced, leave him all the merit of having found out what is reasonable and just: when a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him. If he is abusive, never retort, and never prevail on him to humble himself; but enter thy closet, and pour out thy complaints in prayer to God in his behalf. Choose carefully your female friends. Have but a few, and be backward to follow advice—particularly if inimical to the foregoing instruction. Cherish neatness without luxury, and pleasure without excess. Dress with taste, and particularly with modesty. "Whose adorning, let it not be an outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel." Vary the fashions of your dress in regard to colors. It gives a change to ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things appear trifling, but they are of more importance than imagined. "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands." "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church and gave himself for it." "Submit yourselves to one another in the fear of God."—*Ladies' Garland.*

APHORISMS.

Selected from the writings of Lord Kames, Jeremy Taylor, and others.

Ingratitude is, of all crimes, what in ourselves we account the most venial—in others, the most unpardonable.

Nothing is more easy than to do a mischief, nothing more difficult than to suffer without complaining,

The beginning of love is in the power of every one; to put an end to it in the power of none.

Men generally put a greater value upon the favours they bestow, than upon those they receive.

None are more loath to take a jest than those who are the most forward to bestow it.

The love that increases by degrees, is so like friendship, that it can never be violent.

The injuries we do, and those we suffer, are seldom weighed in the same balance.

Men often go from love to ambition, but seldom return from ambition to love.

Envy cannot exist in perfection, without a secret esteem to the person envied.

To laugh at men of humour, is the privilege of the serious blockhead.

It is a miserable thing to be injured by one of whom we dare not complain.

Unjust resentment is always the fiercest.

True love is more frequent than true friendship.

The young are slaves to novelty; the old to custom.

A man will lay hold on any pretext to lay his fault upon another.

Pursuit of Wealth.—This insane and insatiable passion for accumulation, ever ready, when circumstances favour, to seize upon the public mind, is that "love of money which is the root of all evil," that "covetousness which is idolatry." It springs from an undue, and idolatrous estimate of the value of property. Many are feeling that nothing—nothing will do for them or for their children, but wealth; not a good character, not well-trained and well-exerted faculties, not virtue, not the hope of heaven—nothing but wealth. It is their god and the god of their families. Their sons are growing up to the same worship of it, and to an equally baneful reliance upon it for the future; they are rushing into expenses which the divided property of their father's house will not enable them to sustain; and they are preparing to be, in turn and from necessity, slaves to the same idol. How truly is it written, that "they that *will* be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition!" There is no need that they should be rich; but they *will* be rich. All the noblest functions of life may be discharged without wealth, all its highest honours obtained, all its purest pleasures enjoyed; yet I repeat it—nothing will do, but wealth. Disappoint a man of this, and he mourns as if the highest end of life were defeated. Strip him of this: and this gone, all is gone. Strip him of this, and I shall point to no unheard-of experience, when I say—he had rather die than live!—*Dewey.*

The Coast of England.—The coast of England, though infinitely finer than our own, is more remarkable for its verdure, and for the general appearance of civilization, than for its natural beauties. The chalky cliffs may seem bold and noble to the American, though, compared to the granite piles that buttress the Mediterranean, they are but mole-hills; and the travelled eye seeks beauties instead, in the retiring vale, the leafy hedges, and the clustering towns that dot the teaming island. Neither is Portsmouth a very favourable specimen of a British port, considered solely in reference to the picturesque. A town situated on a humble point, and fortified after the manner of the Low Countries, with an excellent haven, suggests more images of the useful and the pleasing; when a background of modest, receding hills offers little beyond the verdant swales of the country. In this respect, England itself has the fresh beauty of youth, rather than the mellowed hues of a more advanced period of life: or it might be better to say, it has the young freshness and retiring sweetness that distinguish her females, as compared with the warmer tints of Spain and Italy, and which, woman and landscape alike, need the near view to be appreciated.—*Cooper's Homeward Bound.*

Israelites of Mount Lebanon.—Edward Daniel Clark, one of the most pleasing of our modern descriptive travellers, and whose lamented death occurred in 1822, in the course of his life visited various countries, and has left behind him many works of great interest. About the beginning of the present century he travelled through Russia, Egypt, and Palestine, everywhere making such observations on the character and matter of these nations as might have been expected from a gentleman of refined feeling and a scholar. When in Palestine, he visited Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and the Lake of Genneserath, near which he enjoyed an opportunity of conversing with a party of Druzes. Almost every traveller in Syria has given us some new particulars respecting this curious people. "They are," says Clark, "the most extraordinary people on earth; singular in the simplicity of their lives, by their strict integrity and virtue. They only eat what they earn by their own labour, and preserve at this moment the superstitions brought by the Israelites out of Egypt. What will be your surprise to learn, that every Thursday they elevate the molten calf, before which they prostrate themselves, and having paid their adoration, each man selects a wife from among the women present. The calf is of gold, silver, or bronze. This is exactly that worship at which Moses was so incensed in descending from Mount Sinai. The cow was the Venus of the Egpytians, and of course the calf was a Cupid, before which the sacrifices so offensive to Moses, were held. For it is related, that they set up a molten calf, which Aaron had made from the earrings of the Israelite women, before which similar sacrifices were made. And certainly the Druzes on Mount Lebanon are a detachment of the posterity of those Israelites who are so often represented in scripture as deserters from the true faith, falling back into the old superstitions and pagan worship of the country from whence they came. I took every method necessary to ascertain the truth of this relation; and I send it you as one of the highest antiquities and most curious relics of remote ages which has yet been found upon earth."

Harmony of Nature and Revelation.—All the precepts of Christianity are agreeable to the dictates of a sound mind; and its promises are hapily fitted to calm the troubles of the human heart. The system of nature supports a moral government, and the doctrines and precepts of the gospel have a direct moral tendency. The Scriptures give clearer and fuller views of duty than what could be learned from the volume of creation, and enforce the discharge of what is incumbent upon us by the most powerful motives. From the perversity of their hearts, men are often inclined to lay the chief stress on external rites and ceremonial observances; but the gospel teaches us that no ritual worship can be pleasing to God, without holiness of heart and life; and that justice, mercy, and faithfulness, are indispensable matters of the law. Everything in the religion of Jesus, whether we consider the dispositions which it recommends, or the conduct which it enjoins, promotes the welfare of the individual and of society. In proportion to their obedience will they discharge with fidelity all the duties incumbent upon them in their several relations of life. If men generally cherished the same mind that was in Christ; if they were just and merciful, meek and holy, what a different picture would the world present from what it now exhibits! How incalculably would the sum of human happiness be increased. The beneficial influence of christianity proves its suitableness to our nature, and recommends it to our regard.

The greatest stroke of ingenuity is said to be, to manage perfectly your own business and your neighbour's at the same time.