

spect of the improvement of the race, from the long-continued war, and the absence of all likelihood of its speedy conclusion; yet five years saw the conclusion of the war, and the commencement of an era of social improvement altogether unexampled in our history. Let us cherish, then, the pleasing hope that possibly man may yet know better means of making himself happy on earth than by rendering his fellow-men miserable. It may be delusion, but it is a pleasing one to a generous spirit; and the hope of the general result cannot fail to be an incentive to those specific actions which must, after all, in combination, be what is to work out the principle, if it is ever to be wrought out at all. We conclude with an eloquent assertion of the principle from the pen of one who has said many kind things of his fellow-creatures.

I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant shape of power;
Of the old kings with high enacting looks,
Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks,
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear,
Answering the strain with downward drag austere;
Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown,
All his great nature, gathering, seems to crown;
Then of Cathedral with its priestly height,
Seen from below at superstitious night;
Of ghostly castle that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;
And of all sunless subterranean deeps
The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,
Avarice; and then of those old earthly cones,
That stride, they say, over heroic bones;
And those stone-heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
Look like low dens under precipitous shores;
And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by,
In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;
And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot,—
Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men,
And virtue wasting heavenward from a den;
Brute force, and fury; and the devilish drouth
Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth;
And the bride-widowing sword; and the harsh bray
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;
And all which light the people-thinning star
That selfishness invokes—the horsed war,
Panting along with many a bloody mane.

I've thought of all this pride and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks by the fire-light
Me and my friends here, this delightful night,
That Power itself has not one-half the might
Of Gentleness. The want to all true wealth;
The uncanny madman's force to the wise health;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strained upon, or else they rise;
The battle to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile;
The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
To the whole globe that basks about the sun;
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her starry deeps,
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken;
Which tells a tale of peace beyond whatever was spoken.

Leigh Hunt's Poems.

For the Pearl.

LAVATER'S APHORISMS.

PARAPHRASED AND ILLUSTRATED.

NO. I.

"THINK,—or, read not."

"Knowledge of Man, love of morality, and attachment to right reason, should form the heart of our literary studies."

Mankind agree in essence as they do in limbs and senses;
Mankind differ in essence as they do in limbs and senses.

Except the deformed, men have similar feet and hands, eyes and ears;

But one limb differs in proportion from another, and one man's sight is dim while another's is clear.

So, except the mentally deformed, men have similar feelings and passions,—

But one feeling or passion predominates in one, and is subservient in another.

Perfection of limbs and features form a wonder of physical beauty,—

As the statues of olden times, which joined all beauties in one.

Perfection of mental faculties form a wonder of mental beauty,—

As the two or three land-marks of humanity which stand out in Heathen and Christian story.

Contemplations of man's nature should lead to charity:

None quarrel with the diversity of hands or eyes,—

Neither should they with the different measures of mental taste or judgment.

The unfortunates who are physically monstrous, are shut up in hospitals,—

So are the mental monsters, the criminals, in the prison-house:

All else should be endured as the wholesome variety of creation;—

What I lack my brother has,—and that with which I overflow he wants,—

Thus all fill up the harmony of the world, as the different tones among well arranged choristers.

Each mind feels itself the centre of intellectual being:

As the mariner sees himself the centre of a watery plain,
Whose boundary is the cloud-heaped, ship-specked, horizon,—

While another, in one of those ship-specks, sees himself the centre of another circle;—

As each astronomer finds himself the centre of the celestial sphere,

And sees the orbs rise and set, as it were, for his sole advantage.

Thus Nature, by making each one chief of his own sphere, preserves all.

He who forgets this, and wrongs himself, or absorbs his own concerns in those of others,

Disarranges his sphere, is erratic and eccentric, mars the harmony of creation,

And must expect the frowns of nature for that contempt of one of her wisest laws.

Existence is mainly composed of self-enjoyment, by means of objects distinct from ourselves;

As the medium of self enjoyment, so are we.

Those things which men voluntarily hold communion with depict themselves.

The more varied yet harmonious is the medium of self-enjoyment, the more dignified and blest is man.

If objects of enjoyment be gross and vulgar, existence must be of a similar character.

He who pursues means of enjoyment which are contradictory is a fool and a sinner:

The destruction of order, and of true enjoyment, is sin.

Thus, we see each one going out of himself, as it were, for to enjoy his own existence,—

And carefully seeking those things in which he finds most delight,—

Thereby exhibiting what the constitution of his own existence is.

Thus we see the grovelling, wallowing in impurity, and calling their defilement, joy,—

And the foolish heaping up pains, as they accumulate, mis-called pleasures,—

And the sinner marring order, and making wretchedness, by efforts at false happiness,—

And the wise man seeking those joys which form parts of an unsullied chain,—

Which may connect the present with future time, and time with eternity.

Copiousness and simplicity,—variety and unity, constitute greatness of character.

The "son of Mary" was vast in his power and depth of knowledge,—

Yet was He simple as the children whom he took in his arms and blessed;—

His resources were varied as the blossoms of spring,—

Yet his one object was the good of all being.

Thus has the illimitable, unfathomable, ever-rich ocean,
A grand simplicity of material and form;—

And every breeze and cloud gives variety to its swells,
While, like an azure girdle, unbroken, it encompasseth the globe.

The less you can enjoy, the poorer you are,—The more, the richer.

For man's existence is made up of enjoying objects distinct from himself,

And existence without such enjoyment, is little more than vegetable life,—

Therefore, the more enjoyment the more capacious and rich is existence.

(Enjoyment, however, to be true, must agree with nature, morality, religion:

For false joy prostrates wholesome power, and turns to acute suffering;—

As the impiously-kept manna became rottenness and worms.)

Possession only makes nominally rich, if enjoyment be wanted.

Thus philosophers speak of poor rich men, and rich poor men,—

Thus some possessing profusely what other pine after,
Complain of distaste, weariness, and length of time,
And, in fits of foolish madness, arraign the acts of Heaven,—
Lay violent hands on themselves, and rush out of life.

See the miser, crouched over his money-bags, shivering in poverty of soul;—

See the debauchee, rioting mid beauty, his mouth filled with cursing and blasphemy;—

See the merchant, with a lack-lustre vacant stare,—

Ships and stores and rich goods lie around, yet he sighs by the hour;—

See the Lord of a wide domain, in his soft-swinging chariot,—

In vain the East is dappled with crimson and gold,—

In vain the fresh opening flowers send fragrance on either hand,
In vain the birds raise their matins from his hereditary oaks,—

He returns, heart fainting and fevered,—and with a burning brain,

From the gambler's orgy; beauty but stings him with reproach.

See, again, The Cotter in his little brilliant garden,—

His children clambering at his knees, beautiful and happy,—

A smile of peace radiating his sun-burnt countenance, as he speaks with his long-proved friend,—

Every minute is full of animal and moral delight, for he takes his sabbath evening's rest.

See the artist, pocket-poor indeed, but exulting in the sunny blue of heaven,—

In the undulating turf of soft-shaded hill and vale,—

In the majestic swells of old ocean which roll so harmoniously.

See the sage, who meets good and evil, as dispensations from heaven,—

Looking over billowy trials, to the celestial Paradise,
And forgetting the stings of adversity in that foretaste of unbroken joy

Which are the richer, which the poorer men,—

Miser, Debauchee and foolish Lord,—or, Cottager, Enthusiast, and toil-tired Pilgrim?

STYLUS.

[Note.—The above sections are on the following subjects.—Agreement and disagreement between men.—Self-feeling.—Existence.—Character, and Enjoyment. The design in each, is,—to state a proposition, to demonstrate it by what may be called, axioms, and deductions from them,—and to give some illustrations of the proposition and demonstrations.]

PEARL DIVERS OF CEYLON.—The crew of a boat consists

of a Tindal or master, ten divers, and thirteen other men who manage the boat and attend the divers when fishing. Each boat

has five diving stones (the ten divers relieving each other); five divers are constantly at work during the hours of fishing. The

weight of the diving stone varies from 15 to 25 lb., according to the size of the diver; some stout men find it necessary to have

from 4 to 8 lb. of stone in a waist-belt, to enable them to keep at the bottom of the sea, to fill their net with oysters. The form of

a diving stone resembles the cone of a pine; it is suspended by a doubled cord.

The net is of coir-rope yarns, 18 inches deep, fastened to a hoop 18 inches wide, fairly slung to a single cord. On prepar-

ing to commence fishing, the diver divests himself of all his clothes except a small piece of cloth; after offering up his devotions he

plunges into the sea and swims to his diving stone, which his attendants having slung over the side of the boat; he places his

right foot or toes between the double cord on the diving stone—the bight of the cord being passed over a stick projecting from

the side of the boat; by grasping all parts of the rope he is enabled to support himself and the stone, and raise or lower the latter for

his own convenience while he remains at the surface; he then puts his left foot on the hoop of the net and presses it against the

diving stone, retaining the cord in his hand. The attendants take care that the cords are clear for turning out of the boat.

"The diver being thus prepared, he raises his body as much as he is able; drawing a full breath, he presses his nostrils between

his thumb and finger, slips his hold of the bight of the diving stone, and descends as rapidly as the stone will sink him. On reaching

the bottom he abandons the stone, which is hauled up by the attendants ready to take him down again, clings to the ground, and

commences filling his net. To accomplish this he will sometimes creep over a space of eight or ten fathoms, and remain under

water a minute; when he wishes to ascend he checks the cord of the net, which is instantly felt by the attendants, who

commence pulling up as fast as they are able. The diver remains with the net until it is so far clear of the bottom so as to be in no

danger of upsetting, and then begins to haul himself up by the cord hand over hand, which the attendants are likewise pulling.

When by these means his body has acquired an impetus upwards he forsakes the cord, places his hands to his thighs, rapidly ascends to the surface, swims to his diving stone, and by the time

the contents of his net have been emptied into the boat he is ready to go down again. One diver will take up in a day from 1000

to 4000 oysters. They seldom exceed a minute under water; the more common time is from fifty-three to fifty-seven seconds,

but when requested to remain as long as possible, they can prolong their stay to something more than eighty seconds. They

are warned to ascend by a singing noise in the ears, and finally by a sensation similar to hiccup."—*Voyage Round the World.*

TEACHING.—It is a disgrace to society in its present state of civilization, that there is no money given so grudgingly as that

which is given for plain, substantial, moral education;—while all parties agree that the act of teaching, unremittingly and faithfully performed, is the most laborious of man's life; and it will be in vain to expect the price of their labor to be raised to its just value until more efficient laborers be brought into the field.