

THE INSTRUCTOR.

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TRAVELS.

ASCENT OF MOUNT AENA.

(continued from page 370)

On arriving at the steep part of the cone. it was equally difficult, but less perilous. I should think that a fall upon such ground as I have described must be dangerous in the extreme, for though one's hands may be at liberty, they would but ill defend you. It was ten times more uneven than the deepest ploughed field I ever saw; and from the little purchase the foot has when it rests on the points of this lava the difficulty of retaining one's equilibrium is greater than seems possible to those who have never been there. The ground deceives you by not yielding to the pressure of the foot as you cannot help expecting it to do every moment. If ever you saw a cat pick her way along a wall, the ridge of which is fortified with broken glass, you will bring it to remembrance, and think that my passage at this juncture was neither more agreeable nor easy.

I can in some measure allow for the various and inconsistent accounts of this mountain which have been brought us by different travellers, all equally respectable in point of veracity, and yet different so widely in particulars. Every eruption alters the face of things. Sometimes this change or this eruption is not visible: for example, in the previous December a dull flame was described at the mouth of the crater, barely seen from Catania: - it only lasted three days and was thought nothing of. This we found had been an eruption, which had considerably altered the appearance of the crater, and were surprised no one had named the circumstance, though it must have required one who had known the state it was in before to have perceived the change. Our guide let us up the side of the cone, which he was certain was the easiest of ascent. I had seen a picture taken from the spot, of travellers on the cone of

Aena, and observed at the time that it must have been greatly exaggerated, as it would not be possible to ascend what resembled a perpendicular rather than a slope. I now, however, found that the picture was too true. The fatigue here became immense. Then there was a wind, which had all the bitterness of the winter wind in English, without any of that force and buoyancy which the air has in the colder regions, whilst the continual ascent made my legs and thighs ache intolerably. I could not stop to rest, for I was always up to my knees in ashes, which underneath were quite warm, or if not, it was because the surface of the ashes was supported by a bed of snow. Sometimes one leg was in snow and the other in warm ashes. All the pits are filled with snow. I felt my strength going sensibly, and notwithstanding I had come all the way on purpose to visit the crater, I entirely gave up the task, and therefore, though not fifty yards from the mouth, began to descend. I thought, however, though I could not go up I might go round the cone, and proceeded accordingly; when, on arriving at the south-western side of it, I found that the wall (if you may call it so) of the crater had been broken down by some recent violence and that the way was open for us to enter, without either the difficulty of climbing up to the highest ridge or the danger of descending inside, an exploit which few travellers, however great their thirst for knowledge, willingly perform. You may conceive my delight on being able thus to view, without risk or trouble, the great phenomenon which so many a modern Pliny has come here for, and in vain. Had I had any conception I should have been able to have explored the crater, as I certainly think I might, I would have arranged for it, and made some observations which I am not without hopes would have been serviceable to future travellers. As it was, I arrived there exhausted from travelling all night on horseback, among ruts and precipices, where I

was afraid to close my eyes, and was so fatigued by the ineffectual attempt which I made to reach the summit on the wrong side that my legs trembled under me, while the rarity of the air increased my difficulty in breathing. I sat down, and could have slept, so completely was I bereft of that ardour which had prompted me to undergo the toils of the journey. My regret is, that on finding such an opportunity for discovery I was not able to take advantage of it.

The sun was now rising, and my attention was directed there. In this I was disappointed; as I have had so many opportunities of seeing the sun rise and set at sea, and I certainly do not hesitate to give the preference to either of these, with regard to the appearance of the luminary itself, to the view now presented from the eminence at which I had arrived. But the surrounding country from the first dawn of twilight to the moment when the sun first appeared, was, I think I may safely say, 'beyond conception,' to any one who has not been at this moment on this spot. The moon had passed the full, so that its light was not sufficient to give us a view of the scenery around; besides there always is a dim paleness about reflected light, which glares though at the same time it deceives us. But the instant the sun gave that tinge to the eastern horizon, which I never saw in England and which is, I believe, peculiar to southern climates, the objects became one by one more distinct.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

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APRIL FOOL.

The annals of no country nor age present us with a custom more ridiculous and grossly absurd than that of making 'April Fools.' Its origin, to say the least of it, is very doubtful; by some it is said to have been first practised in the island of Chie-kock, on the 7th of the moon N. 1. The story, as near as I can remember, runs as follows — A certain king of that island, much famed for his virtues and amiable character, had incurred the displeasure of a powerful and malevolent wizard, who, after much unsuccessful display of his evil purposes, at length caused his death

by drowning in a certain lake; whither parents sent, on the anniversary of the day, their children, and others sent those of their friends who were in any sort of affliction, to inquire for, and receive advice from the shade of the departed monarch. 'But they saw him not.' Thus this practice, which originated in the mistaken piety of Heathens, has been perpetuated by nations called Christians, although they are diametrically opposed to the spirit and doctrines of Christianity. This may, perhaps, be startling intelligence to some who have never given the matter a thought, but indulged in the practice for the sake of 'fun;' but one moment's consideration will make the truth of it appear manifest to any thinking individual. Firstly, it is absolutely useless — and the Gospel says that 'for every idle word which men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment;' secondly it is not doing to others as we would they should do to us; and thirdly, it involves an almost certain violation of the truth. And if but in one light it was found to differ from the purity of the Gospel it would be the duty of every Christian to discountenance it as sinful: and here we perceive three, which it is impossible to deny. Shall we, then, continue to follow the practice? Answer this question, Christian, to your conscience, as you must answer at the bar of God.

A. S. S. T.

March. 31, 1836.

RELIGIOUS.

ON SUBMISSION TO THE DIVINE WILL.

No principle formed in the mind by Divine grace afford more peace and solid comfort than submission to the Divine will.

The Christian, while sojourning in this vale of tears, often meets with difficulties and trials, bereavements and disappointments that try his faith in the severest manner. The young, the holy, and devout, are cut off in the midst of their usefulness. Sometimes a beloved wife is torn from him, and laid in a silent grave; or it may be an only son, one whom he looked on as the prop of his declining years, leaves him to mourn his unimely loss, and to say, in the bitterness of his soul, 'I shall go down sorrowing to my grave.' What can heal wounds such as these? Nothing but being enabled to say, from the inmost recess-

es of the soul, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' The submission of a Christian is founded upon a firm belief in the unerring wisdom and goodness of his heavenly Father. He trusts in Him who knows the exact proportion of earthly bliss that will be beneficial to his soul's best interest. Does he withhold comforts? In the sincerity of his heart he exclaims, even while bending beneath the anguish of his losses, 'The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord. Dark and narrow may be the pathway of the believer through the wilderness of this world, but if he keep his eye fixed upon the Star of Bethlehem, he shall have peace, and soon the blaze of celestial day will banish darkness forever from his soul. There shall be no night there, neither sorrow nor pain; 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes' They that follow the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth should ever bear in mind his submission to the will of his heavenly Father. While nature bleated at every pore, enduring agonies of which we can form no conception, he murmured not—he meekly said, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

HEALTH.

To secure this suitable means must be employed. I would understand this word in its most comprehensive sense, including soundness of mind, as well as of the body. We may, therefore, include them both in what may be said on this subject, because the healthiness of the body will be best promoted by preserving the mind in peace and purity. These two constituent parts of man, are so closely connected while the one remains an inhabitant of the other, that we can hardly speak of the one, in reference to its welfare, without including the other. While the mind is torn with distracting care, oppressed by a load of sorrow, or is permitted to stretch itself beyond its due tension, or even to be transported intensely by supernatural excitements, the body will feel the effects, and must sooner or later break down under the corrosive influence of these causes. On how many cheeks are seen depicted, when the persons are uninfluenced by any extraneous circumstances but sunk down in an undisturbed mood, streaks of sorrow deeply indented, indicative of their

having drunk early and long of the 'worm-wood and the gall!' Yet these very persons when roused to action by any subject in which they are deeply interested, will suddenly assume their native sprightliness, the fire of genius will sparkle from their eyes and marks of vivacity will flash from their countenances, while tones of energy and decision will be heard in their voices.

EARLY RISING.

The Journal of Health gives the names of a number of eminent men, who redeemed much time, and performed valuable labour, by leaving the morning pillow early. The present is a season of the year, when all whose health will admit it, will find much benefit in rising with the sun.

The early risers who are mentioned, are—King Alfred, of England—Sir Thomas More—Bishop Burnet—Bishop Horn—Dr. Doddridge—Fabricius, a student of Linnaeus—Dr. Paley—Mr. Wesley—Dr. Kippis—Lord John Harvey—Dr. Adams—Bishop Jewel—Dr. Franklin—Dr. Priestley—Sir Matthew Hale—Dr. Parkhurst—Sir Walter Scott—Buffon, &c. &c.

SENECA.

Seneca was born in the 12th year of the Christian era; and his talents acquired for him an enviable rank among the celebrated declaimers and philosophers of his day. He was banished by the emperor of Rome; and after remaining in Corsica about five years was recalled by the empress, to superintend the education of Nero. He discharged the duties of preceptor with great credit. But his admonitions as to the necessity of governing the passions, and impressing virtue upon the mind, were lost upon his pupil, who became noted, as well for his unnatural vices, as for his bitter persecution of the early Christians, and the murder of his own mother. The atrocious crimes of Nero are almost without a parallel in the annals of the world. Seneca could not participate with him in his sensual indulgences; and when he was falsely accused of being accessory to the conspiracy of Piso, Nero the cruel man ordered him to destroy himself. He heard the decree with philosophical composure, and remarked to his friends that though he could not leave them his own, (meaning his property,) he would leave them his life as an example,—an innocent conduct, which they might imitate with safety. His veins were opened—they bled slowly; and his death not being sufficiently hastened by a dose of poison, he was placed in a hot oven and suffocated by steam April 12

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.

In a few minutes Lizzy and her maiden were on their way to the Sixth Avenue, where lived a certain widow Cary, who, with her four children, had long been blessed with Lizzy's friendship. This young lady, not content with setting down her father's name as a subscriber to the widows society, liberally and most religiously obeyed the command which recognises the first duty of the rich to the poor, and visited the widow and the orphan, and not only lightened their burdens but partook of their happiness. The poor feel a sympathy in their joys, more than the relief that is vouchsafed to their miseries, for that always reminds them of the superior condition of the giver. Madeline carried on her arm a basket containing substantial gifts to the Careys, prepared by her own hands, an abundance of toys for the children, contributed by the little Percivals from their last year's store.

The young Careys were all at the window, one head over another's shoulder, when Miss Percival appeared, and answered with smiles and nods to their out-break of clamorous joy and shouts of "I knew you would come, Miss Lizzy! I told mother you would come!"

"And did I say she would not?" said the mother, while her tears and smiles seemed contending which should most effectually express her gratitude.

Lizzy had no time to lose, and she hastily dispersed her gifts; one little urchin was taught to guide, by most mysterious magnetic attraction, a stately goose through such a pond as might be contained within the bounds of a wash-basin. His brother was shown how to set up a little village, a pretty mimicry of the building of Chicago, or any other of the wilderness towns that grow up like Jonah's gourd; and the two little girls, miniature women, were seated at a stand to arrange their tea set and gossip with their pretty new dressed dolls.

Lizzy, as she paused for a moment to look at them, was the fit personation of the Saint of a child's festival; she was not herself too far beyond the precincts of childhood to feel

the glow of its pleasures, and they were now reflected in their sparkling eyes and dimpled cheek. She looked to the good mother for her sympathies, but her back was turned, and she seemed in earnest conversation with Madeline, whose eyes, as she listened, were filled with tears. "Why, what is the matter Mrs. Cary?" asked Lizzy, advancing, and laying her hand on Mrs. Cary's shoulder.

"Ah, Miss Lizzy, it's being thankful to a gracious Providence to speak of trouble just now, and to you. The flannel petticoats and socks, — (she took up the bundle Madeline had just put down) — will carry my children warm and decent through the winter. God bless you, Miss Lizzy."

"But what is it troubles you, Mrs. Cary?"

"There is no use in clouding your sunshine, Miss Lizzy, this day above all others."

"But perhaps I can drive away the clouds, — so tell me, and quickly, because you know I must be at home and dressed before twelve o'clock."

Mrs. Cary did not require urging — her heart was full, and there was a power in Lizzy's touch that swelled the waters to overflowing.

The story was a short one. When the collector had come for her rent the preceding evening, he had told her that she must give up the room that she occupied at the end of the week, unless she could pay double the rent she now paid, as that had been offered by one of her neighbours. Mrs. Cary thought this a very hard case, as she had herself increased the value of the property, by keeping thread, needles and similar accommodations to supply the neighbours and gracing her windows with candles that attracted customers from a school in the vicinity. She could afford, she said, to pay an advance, but to double the rent, she could not, and where she should go, and how she should get bread for her children she knew not, and now she cried so bitterly, that the little objects of her motherly fears, forsake their toys and gathered around her. Lizzy's smiles, too, were changed to tears, but she soon cleared them away, for she was not a person to rest satisfied with pouring out a little bootless salt water.

"Who is your landlord, Mrs. Carey, I asked."

Mrs. Carey did not know his name, she knew only that he lived at a certain number, which she mentioned, in Leonard-street.

'I will stop there as I go down,' said Lizzy; 'let Johnny put on his coat and hat and go with me, and if your landlord is not cross-eyed, crusty, and hard and cold as marble, I will send you back good news by Johnny.'

'Hard and cold as marble his heart must be, Miss Lizzy, if you cannot soften it.'

Lizzy, after dismissing Madeline with domestic orders: rung at the door in Leonard street, and on informing door-plate telling the proprietor's name she inquired for the master of the house, and was ushered into the drawing-room and received by an elderly gentleman, who had beside the newspaper he was reading, and gave her a chair so courteously that she was emboldened to proceed at once to business. She told the name of the tenant in whose behalf she was speaking, and her distress at the communication she had received from his agent the preceding day.

The gentleman said he knew nothing of the matter; that he confined the management of his rents to a trust-worthy person, who took good care of his concerns and never abused his tenants. Lizzy, then, with a clearness and judiciousness that very much astonished her auditor, stated Mrs Carey's circumstances and the seeming hardships of virtually ejecting her from a tenement of which she had enhanced the value by certain moral influences—for she was sure that it was Mrs Carey's good humor, kind tempered voice, and zeal in the service of her customers, that had attracted custom to her little shop, and made it observed and coveted by her neighbors. Having laid a firm foundation in season—the best mode of addressing a sensible man—she proceeded to her superstructure. She described Mrs Carey; she spoke with a tremulous voice of her past trials, and of her persevering, and as yet successful exertions to keep her little family independent of the public charities; she described the children, dwelt on the industry of these busy little bents and the hopes of the mother, till the auditor felt much like one who, from the shore, sees a little boat's company forcing their way against the current, and longs to put in his oar to help them.

'She shan't budge a foot, my dear,' said he, 'not one foot!' He rung the bell, wiped his eyes, cleared his voice, and ordered the servant, who opened the door, to bring in his writing desk. The writing desk was brought,

and he wrote, signed and sealed his promise to the widow Carey, to retain her as a tenant on the terms to which she had hitherto rented his apartment, so long as she regularly paid her rent.

'And now,' said he, explaining the document and giving it into Lizzy's hands, 'tell me, my dear young lady, who you are, that comes forth on New-Year's morning, on such an errand, when all the girls in the city are frizzing and rigging to receive their beaux. Will you not tell me your name, my dear?'

'Elizabeth Percival, sir.'

'Percivals!—William Percival's daughter, William Percival, who lives at the corner of Broadway and—street?'

'Yes, sir, she replied, smiling at the stranger's earnestness.

'Extraordinary! most extraordinary! he exclaimed, and added as thinking aloud, 'I can understand, now—he should —'

'Good morning, sir,' said Lizzy; 'I wish you as happy a New-Year as your kindness has made for others,' as she was turning away with the suspicion that her host was under the influence of a sudden hallucination, when he seized her hand. 'Step, my dear child,' he said, 'one moment. Never mind, you may go now. I think—don't promise—but I think I shall see you again to-day. It is good—did not you say so?—to make people happy on the new year. Good bye, my dear child. God bless you.'

Lizzy gave the precious paper into Johnny's hands, and carefully noting the number of the house she hurried homeward, resolved, at the first convenient opportunity, to ascertain the name of its singular and interesting proprietor. There was something in his countenance, that, together with his prompt and most kind answer to her petition, made a deep impression on her heart. But she had no time now to speculate on her new acquaintance; it was not far from twelve o'clock, and that, as we all know, is the hour when the general rush of visitors begins on New-Year's day.

Lizzy's toilet was soon despatched. We wish all young ladies would, like her, take advantage of the period of freshness, and not waste time and art in vying with (and only obscuring) the inimitable adornments of nature. Sure we are, that in the visiting rounds of this city, no lovelier group was seen than

that in Mr Percival's drawing room, our friend Lizzy, the mother, sister, presiding over it. From all that appeared, to offer the customary salutation of the season, Lizzy's thought often turned to him who did not come—who could not, must not—but she indulged a hope natural to the young and good (and therefore happy) that all would yet be well, and she met the greetings of the day with a face lighted with smiles, and a spirit of cheerfulness befitting them. Mr Percival's family being one of the oldest in the city, one of the most extended in its connexions, and one of the few that have been resident for several generations, their visitors were innumerable and a continued stream poured out, emitting in its passage the stereotyped sayings of the season, such as,

‘Percival—may you live a thousand years, and as much longer as you desire!’

‘A fine old custom this, Miss Percival, transmitted by our Dutch ancestors.’

This staple remark was made and often reiterated by some profane interlopers, who had not a drop of the good old Dutch blood running in their veins, alas, for the fallen dynasty!

‘A custom peculiar to New York and Albany; they have tried to introduce it into other cities, but it is impossible to transplant old usages, and make them thrive in a new soil.’

‘Charming custom,’ exclaims an elderly friend, kissing Lizzy's offered cheek, and heartily smacking the children all around, ‘it gives us old fellow's privileges.’

‘Uncommonly fine day, Miss Percival, much pleasanter than last new year's day, but not quite so pleasant as the year before.’

‘What a happy anniversary for the children—a lovely group here, Miss Percival, and the prettiest table, (looking at that on which the toys were spread) I have yet seen.’

‘I guess why,’ replied little Sue, casting a sidelong glance at the speakers through her dark eye lashes, ‘nobody but us, has a sister Lizzy.’

‘Do you keep a list of your visitors, Miss Elizabeth.’

‘In my memory, sir.’

‘Ah, you should not trust to that, you should have the documents to show. Miss M. last year had two hundred on her list, and Mrs

11. one hundred and eighty, exclusive of married men.’

Lizzy was quite too young to make any sage reflection on the proteous shapes of vanity. She laughed and she cared only for the names she could remember.

‘What a splendid set out has Mr T.’ exclaimed an enthusiastic lover of fine arts, that mistress to eating and drinking oysters and sandwiches, chocolate, coffee, wines, and whiskey punch.’

‘Whiskey punch! I thought!’—Lizzy ventured modestly to say, ‘was banished from all refined society.’

‘Shockingly vulgar, to be sure—mais charmant a son gout.’

‘Mrs L. has a most refined entertainment, champagne and cakes, upon my word, nothing but champagne and cakes.’

‘Ah but you should have seen the refreshments at the Mrs C's, quite foreign, (this opinion judiciously delivered by a youth who had been once over the ocean, on a six week's agency to Birmingham,) soup à la defoie gras, mareschino, etc. etc.’

‘Is my cousin well to day?’ asked Lizzy, ‘I hear she does not receive her friends.’

‘Tie up the knocker, John, she said, Say to my friends I'm sick, I'm dead.’

But between ourselves, my dear Lizzy, the draperies to the drawing room curtains are not completed, that is all.

While some practised and ultra fashionable visitors were merely bowing in or bowing out, some other young gentleman, more ambitious or more at leisure than the rest, made flights into the region of original remark. One admired Miss Percival's bouquet, commented on the triumphs of man's (especially that rare individual florist Thorburn's) art over the elements, and noted some pretty analogies between the flowers and the children. Another lauded the weather, and said that nature had, last of all the publishers, come out with her annual, and the gentlemen had found a Book of Beauty.

The morning wore on. Mr Percival returned to his house, having made a few visits to the o'd friends, and claiming as to the rest his age's right to exemption. He sat down and pleased himself with observing his daughter's graceful reception of her guests. Her cordiality to humble friends, her modest and quiet demeanor to the class technically yclept

beaux, and her respectful, and even reverential manner, a grace, we are sorry to say, not universal among our young ladies, to her elders. In proportion as Mr Percival's heart overflowed with approbation and love for his daughter, he was relentless and dejected. The ring had revealed her unchanged affection for Henry Stuart, and he began to perceive that there was a moral impossibility in her withdrawing that affection in compliance with his will. He felt, too, that his absolute will was no reason why she should; Harry Stuart deserved her, and he was obliged in his heart to acknowledge himself the only obstacle to their happiness—happiness so rational, so well merited!

'They were most uncomfortable reflections to a father, essentially good hearted, though sometimes the slave (and victim as well as slave) of a violent temper. It was no wonder that he exclaimed, in reply to a passing remark: 'that this was a charming anniversary, so many new friendships begun, so many old ones revived.

'Pshaw, sir, that is mere talk, you may as well attempt to mend broken glass with patent cement, as broken friendships with a New-year's visit!'

'O, Percival, my friend,' interposed a contemporary, 'you are wrong—I have known at least a half a dozen terrible breaches healed on New Year's day. Depend on't these enmities from which we can look forward and backward—these milestones in life which mark our progress, are of essential service in our moral training. One does not like, when he surveys his journey to its end, to hear on with him the burden of an old enmity.'

'It is a heavy burden,' murmured Mr Percival, in under tone. Lizzy caught the words and sighed as she made their just application.

'Mr Percival,' said a servant, 'there's a gentleman wishes to speak to you in the library.'

'Show him into the drawing room.'

'He says his business is private, sir.'

'This is no day for business of any sort,' grumbled Mr Percival as he left the room, in no very auspicious humor for his visitor.

The morning verged to the dinner hour. Miss Percival's last lagging visitor had come and gone, but not among them had appeared, as she had hoped from his intimation, the kind landlord who had so graciously granted

her the boon she asked, and whose manner had excited her curiosity. 'There was something in his face,' she thought, 'that impressed me like a familiar friend, and yet I am sure I never saw him before—heigho' this new yearning after all is tedious when we see every body but the one we wish most to see—I wonder if papa will let me continue to wear this ring—if he should—the meditation, like many a one more or less interesting, was broken off by the ringing of the dinner bell. Her father did not answer to its call. The children forsook their toys and became clamorous. The bell was re-rung. Still they come not, Lizzy sent a servant to enquire how much longer the dinner must wait. The servant returned, with a face smiling all over and full of meaning, but what it meant Lizzy could not divine, and before he could deliver his answer, the library door was thrown open, and within, standing beside her father, she saw the landlord, her morning friend, and behind them stood Harry Stuart. All their eyes were directed towards her, and never did eyes, old or young, look more kindly.

'Come here my dear child,' said her father. Lizzy obeyed—'keep your ring Lizzy, and give Henry Stuart your hand: as far as my leave goes, it is his for life.'

'What can this mean,' thought Lizzy, confounded and not restored to her senses, by her lover seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips in the presence of a stranger. Her father interfered and replied to the embarrassment and amazement expressed in her countenance.

'This gentleman is Harry Stuart's father, Lizzy! we were once friends, and are again, thank God. I have been a fool and he has been—foolish. Now look up boldly, my girl and give him a kiss, and I will explain the whys and the wherefores afterwards.'

The story afterwards most frankly told was very like the stories of most quarrels among honest men. It had originated in mutual mistakes, and been aggravated and protracted by suspicion and pride, till the morning of the New Year, when conscience was awakened by the thrilling voice of that anniversary, and all the good feelings stirred by the charities of the season, and when Lizzy, like a dove of peace, was guided by Providence to the presence of Harry Stuart's father and fairly made a perch

upon his heart. After a little reflection, he obeyed the impulse, the sight of her sweet face, and the revelation of her character had given him, and availing himself of the privilege of the day sought an interview with Mr Percival. Mutual explanations and mutual concessions followed, and when nothing more remained to be explained or forgiven. Harry Stuart was sent for, and Lizzy admitted to the library, and the day ended with a general acknowledgment that this was to those reconciled friends, and united lovers, the happiest of all happy New Years.

POETRY.

THE FLOWER THAT FEELS NOT SPRING

From the prisons dark of the circling bark
The leaves of tenderest green are glancing.
They gambol on high in the bright blue sky.
Fondly with Spring's young Zephyrs dancing,
While music, and joy, and jubilee gush
From the lark and linnet, the blackbird and thrush.

The butterfly springs on its new-woven wings
The dormouse starts from his wintry sleeping.
The flowers of earth find a second birth,
To light and life from the darkness leaping:
The roses and tulips will soon resume
Their youth's first perfume and primitive bloom.

What renders me sad when all nature glad
The heart of each living creature cheers?
I laid in the bosom of earth a sleeper,
And watered its bed with a father's tears.
But the grave has no Spring, and I still deplore
That the flow'ret I planted comes up no more!

That eye whose soft blue of the firmament's hue
Expressed all-holy and heavenly things.—
Those ringle's bright which scattered a light
Such as angels shake from their sunny wings,—
That cheek in whose freshness my heart had trust—
All—all have perish'd—my daughter is dust!

Yet the blaze sublime of thy virtue's prime.
Still gilds my tears and a balm supplies,
As the main ray of the god of day

Brightens the dew which at last it dries;—
Yes, Anny, I cannot regret thy clay,
When I think where thy spirit has wing'd its way.

So wither we all—so flourish and fall.
Like the flowers and weeds that in church-yards wave:
Our leaves we spread over comrades dead,
And blossom and bloom with our root in the grave;—
Springing from earth into earth we are thrust,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.

If death's worst smart is to feel that we part
From those whom we love and shall see no more,
It softens his sting to know that we wing
Our flight to the friends who have gone before,
And the grave is a boon and a blessing to me.
If it waft me, O Anny, my daughter, to thee.

GLEANINGS

Neither prudence, nor foresight, nor even the best disposition that the human heart is capable of, are of themselves sufficient to defend us against the inevitable ills that are sometimes allotted even to the best:

I most sincerely wish that all, of all sides, would take some pains in studying the happy art of sweetening controversy, by the most benign and gentle expressions. Truth is very amiable, and all her champions should contend with only such weapons as are truly amiable.

CHURCH ORGANS.—One of the old, but moderate reformers, said, in answer to a puritan, who wished to pull down all church organs, that if Satan used music as a temptation to sin, he saw no good reason why it should not be exerted as a persuasive to piety.

Happiness! In what does it consist? A poet of some celebrity, though not very fastidious in the selection of his themes, has answered, "In health, peace, and competence." And after mature reflection, I believe, this comprehends all.