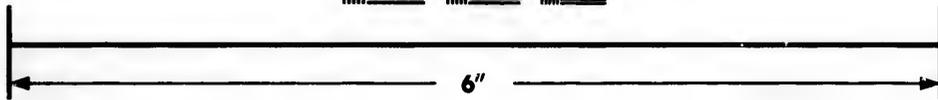
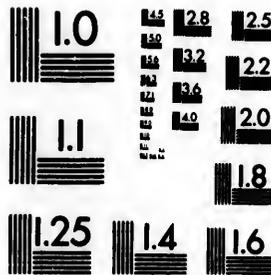


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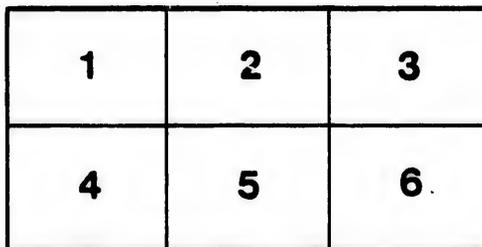
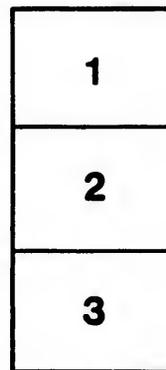
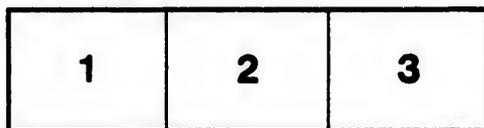
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INTERESTING EXTRACTS, ETC.,
ON
RELIGIOUS & MORAL SUBJECTS,
FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES,

CONCERNING
THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE,

BY THE
^{W. H. C. M.}
Rev. Christophorus Atkinson, M.A.,
Late Minister of Mascree Church, St. George's,
(Author of "An Historical and Statistical Account of New
Brunswick, British North America,")
AND FOR SOME TIME MISSIONARY IN THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

Anns gach Sgriobhadh biodh Cuspiar, Sonraicht an Ughdair
ann do shealladh.

"Porro ne benefaciendo segnescamus: tempore, enim suo
metemus, si non frangamur animo."—GAL. vi., 9.

In the multitude of Counsellors there is safety.

Sheffield:
PRINTED BY J PEARCE, JUN., HIGH STREET.
1850.

THE HISTORY OF THE
RELIGIOUS & MORAL SUBJECTS
FROM THE EARLY SOURCES

THE FOUR VOLUMES OF THE WORK

BY THE

REV. DR. CHRISTOPHER W. BISHOP

Author of "An Historical and Practical Account of the
History of the Holy Scriptures"
AND FOR SOME TIME PUBLISHED IN THE GREAT BRITAIN

Printed by G. & J. Robinson, Strand, London

1831

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PREFACE.

The object of the present Work is to furnish a large amount of instructive and interesting information, collected not only from the writers of works on America, (in which place the Author has been for many years,) but from the works of several of the most distinguished travellers of modern times. To the selection of the Extracts particular attention has been paid, and the writer has confined himself entirely to the works of those whose descriptive talents are not only great, but whose fidelity and veracity are undoubted.

The Work comprises sketches of all parts of the world, embracing not only some of the most striking features of European interest, but likewise conducting the reader to many of the most remarkable remains of antiquity in eastern countries. Narratives of personal adventure will likewise be found in its pages.

The volume is now offered to the public in the hope that it will form an acceptable work for the perusal of all who may be led to feel interested in its contents, but especially to the young, who will find in it much that is calculated to enlarge their ideas and improve their minds.

The reception the writer of these pages has received from the Nobility, Clergy, Professors, &c., in England, Scotland, and Wales, has stimulated him to exert himself in bringing forward the present Work, and he will always esteem it the happiest result of every literary labour, should his efforts prove serviceable so the cause of vital Christianity, by inspiring sentiments congenial to its spirit and tendency.

The Author requests that each subscriber will kindly overlook any errors that may appear: no doubt several orthographical ones have escaped detection; these and any others that may be found in the Work, are rather the result of haste than of inattention or design.

In conclusion—the Author's health not permitting him to continue his ministerial duties, he feels that he would not fulfil the lot assigned to him by his Creator did he not endeavour to improve the public mind by disseminating every sentiment of feeling, piety, wisdom, and virtue, that his own mind is capable of diffusing, and indulging a hope that the present Work may enjoy the liberal patronage awarded to his former efforts.

FAXMENTIS ENOENDIUM GLORIE
Bath Buildings, Glossop Road, Sheffield,

July, 1850.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Religious Philosophy of Nature; Beauty of Language; Discipline. Pages 1—27.

CHAPTER II.

NEW HOLLAND; Origin of the South Sea Islands; Supposed Felicity of the Polynesians in a State of Nature; The Progress of the Gospel in the South Sea Islands; New Zealand; The First Sabbath; The Power and Goodness of God as manifested in Fruitful Seasons; The Olympic Games; Christ the Refuge and Rock of his Church; The Mineral Wealth of Great Britain. Pages 37—74.

CHAPTER III.

The Spirit of True Scholarship; The Poor Curate; The Country Schoolmaster; Public Pleasure Grounds Abroad; A June Night; The Naturalist's Walk. Pages 75—110.

CHAPTER IV.

AUSTRALIA:—Cotton and Sugar Cultivation by means of European Free Labour in Australia; AFRICA; The Cape of Good Hope; A Palace in a Valley. Pages 113—163.

CHAPTER V.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA; Quebec; Montreal; Nova Scotia; Halifax; The Duke of Kent's Lodge; Clerical Modes in America; NEW BRUNSWICK; Fredericton; St. Johns; St.

Georges ; Mascreen ; The Bay of Fundy ; New Brunswick Coal Field ; The American Indians ; Places Mr. Atkinson officiated at. Pages 157—198.

CHAPTER VI.

UNITED STATES ; New York ; Washington ; Philadelphia ; Boston ; Pittsburgh ; Falls of Niagara ; The Humming Bird ; Religion. Pages 199—210.

CHAPTER VII.

SCOTLAND ; Edinburgh ; The Castle ; The Regalia of Scotland ; Staffa or Fingal's Cave ; The Alphabet ; A Threefold Being ; The Orkneys ; The Pentland Frith ; Places Mr. Atkinson officiated at in the Orkneys. Pages 211—234.

CHAPTER VIII.

Memoir of Grace H. Darling ; The Farne Islands ; Hebrew Women. Pages 235—251.

CHAPTER IX.

The Mutual Dependence of Mankind ; Ezekiel's Vision of the Wheels. Pages 252—261.

CHAPTER X.

Solomon's Temple ; Table of Shewbread ; The Difference and Affinity of several Languages may be seen from Habakkuk, chap. ii., verse 4 ; The Importance of Punctuality ; An Important Truth ; The Resting Place ; Emblematic Properties of Flowers ; A Syrian Bishop. Pages 265—272.

POETRY.

The Deity ; Hymn of the Universe ; The Sun ; Stanzas ; Bright Crystal Water. Pages 273—280.



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And upwards of two hundred of the Nobility, the

Rev. Principal Professors of Aberdeen, Cam-

bridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Oxford, &c.

EXTRACTS

ON

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE.

“Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul; nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know.”

Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticisms. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face: we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax

in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works, and laws, and worship.

Undoubtedly, we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable. We must trust the perfection of the creation so far as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy. Every man's condition is a solution hieroglyphic to those enquiries he would put. He acts it as life before he apprehends it as truth. In like manner, nature is already, in its forms and tendencies, describing its own design. Let us interrogate the great apparition that shines so peacefully around us. Let us enquire, to what end is nature?

All science has one aim, namely, to find a theory of nature. We have theories of races and of functions, but scarcely yet a remote approximation to an idea of creation. We are now so far from the road of truth, that religious teachers dispute and hate each other, and speculative men are esteemed unsound and frivolous. But to a sound judgment, the most abstract truth is the most practical. Whenever a true theory appears, it will be its own evidence. Its test is, that it will explain all phenomena. Now, many are thought not only unexplained but inexplicable; as language, sleep, dreams, beasts, sex.

Philosophically considered, the universe is com-

posed of nature and the soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which philosophy distinguishes as the NOT ME, that is, both nature and art, all other men and my own body, must be ranked under this name, NATURE. In enumerating the values of nature and casting up their sum, I shall use the word in both senses;—in its common and in its philosophical import. In inquiries so general as our present one, the inaccuracy is not material; no confusion of thought will occur. *Nature*, in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man: space, the air, the river, the leaf. *Art* is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things, as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture. But his operations taken together are so insignificant, a little chipping, baking, patching, and washing, that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind, they do not vary the result.

NATURE.

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and vulgar things. One might

think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God, which had been shown. But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because, though always present, they are always inaccessible; but all natural subjects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort all her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected all the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the woodcutter from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning, is indubitably made up of some twenty or

thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and M. . . . the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has, but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this, their land deeds give them no title.

To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy, even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, he is my creature, and maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun nor the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorises a different state of mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky,

without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods, is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life,—no disgrace, no calamity, (leaving me my eyes,) which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground,—my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space—all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball. I am nothing. I see all. The currents of the universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental. To be brothers, to be acquaintances, master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness I find something more dear and connote, than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.

(The greatest delight which the fields and woods

minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight, does not reside in nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume, and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs, is overspread with melancholy to-day. Nature always wears the colours of the spirit. To a man labouring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then, there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.

COMMODITY.

WHOEVER considers the final cause of the world, will discern a multitude of uses that enter as parts into that result. They all admit of being thrown

into one of the following classes ; commodity, beauty, language, and discipline :—

Under the general name of commodity, I rank all those advantages which our senses owe to nature. This, of course, is a benefit, which is temporary and mediate, like its service to the soul. Yet, although low, it is perfect in its kind, and is the only use of nature which all men apprehend. The misery of man appears like childish petulance, when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support, and delight on this green ball which floats him through the heavens. What angels invented these splendid ornaments, these rich conveniences, this ocean of air above, this ocean of water beneath, this firmament of earth beneath, this zodiac of lights, this tent of dropping clouds, this striped coat of climates, this fourfold year ! Beasts, fire, water, stones, and corn serve him. The field is at once his floor, his work-yard, his play-ground, his garden, and his bed.

“ More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of.”

Nature in its ministry to man, is not only the material, but is also the process and the result. All the parts incessantly work into each other's hands for the profit of man. The wind sows the seed ; the sun evaporates the sea ; the wind blows the vapour to the field ; the ice on the other side of the planet,

condenses rain on this; the rain feeds the plant; the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulations of the divine charity nourish man.

The useful arts are but reproductions, or new combinations by the wit of man, of the same natural benefactors. He no longer waits for favouring gales, but by means of steam, he realizes the fable of Æolus's bag, and carries the two-and-thirty winds in the boiler of his boat. To diminish friction, he paves the road with iron bars, and, mounting a coach, with a ship load of men, animals, and merchandise behind him, he darts through the country, from town to town, like an eagle or a swallow through the air. By the aggregate of these aids, how is the face of the world changed, from the era of Noah to that of Napoleon! The private poor man hath cities, ships, canals, bridges, built for him. He goes to the post-office, and the human race run on his errands; to the book-shop, and the human race read and write of all that happens, for him; to the court-house, and nations repair his wrongs. He sets his house upon the road, and the human race go forth every morning, and shovel out the snow, and cut a path for him.

But there is no need of specifying particulars in this class of uses. The catalogue is endless, and the examples so obvious, that I shall leave them to the reader's reflection, with the general remark, that this necessary benefit is one which has respect to a further good. A man is fed, not that he may be fed, but that he may work.

BEAUTY.

A NOBLER want of man is served by nature, namely, the love of beauty.

The ancients called the word *kosmos*, beauty. Such is the constitution of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary forms, as the sky, the mountain, the tree, the animal, give us a delight *in and for themselves*; a pleasure arising from outline, colour, motion, and grouping. This seems partly owing to the eye itself. The eye is the best of artists. By the mutual action of its structure and of the laws of light, perspective is produced, which intergrates every mass of objects of what character soever, into a well coloured and shaded globe; so that where the particular objects are mean and unaffecting, the landscape which they compose, is round and symmetrical. And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul that intense light will not make beautiful. And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of infinitude which it hath, like space and time, make all matter gay. Even the corpse hath its own beauty. But beside this general grace diffused over nature, almost all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye, as is proved by our endless imitation of some of them, as the acorn, the grape, the pine-cone, the wheat-ear, the egg, the wings and forms of most birds, the lion's claw, the

serpent, the butterfly, sea-shells, flames, clouds, buds, leaves, and the forms of many trees, as the palm.

For better consideration, we may distribute the aspects of beauty in a threefold manner.

1. The simple perception of natural forms is a delight. The influence of the forms and actions in nature, is so needful to man, that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of commodity and beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal, and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired so long as we can see far enough.

But in other hours, nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hilltop over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me

health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad moon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.

2. Not less excellent, except for our less susceptibility in the afternoon, was the charm, last evening of a January sunset. The western clouds divided and subdivided themselves into pink flakes, modulated with tints of unspeakable softness; and the air had so much life and sweetness, that it was a pain to come within doors. What was it that nature would say? Was there no meaning in the live repose of the valley behind the mill, and which Homer or Shakspeare could not re-form for me in words? The leafless trees became spires of flame in the sunset, with the blue east for their back ground, and the stars of the dead calices of flowers, and every withered stem and stubble rimmed with frost, contribute something to the mute music.

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with observing the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field it beholds, every hour,

a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crops on the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and road sides, which make the silent clock by which time tells the hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants, punctual to their time follow each other, and the year has room for all. By water courses the variety is greater. In July, the blue pontederia or pickerel weed blooms in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Therröpylæ; when Arnold Winkleried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed; when the bark of Columbus nears the shores of America;—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the new world clothe his form with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery? Ever does natural beauty steal in like

air, and envelope great actions. When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-Hill, sitting on a sled to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him,—“You never sat on so glorious a seat.” Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russell, to pass through the principal streets of the city on his way to the scaffold. “But,” to use the simple narrative of his biographer, “the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side.” In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her hands to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. Homer, Pindar, Socrates, Phocion, associate themselves fitly in our memory with the whole geography and climate of Greece. The visible heavens and earth sympathise with Jesus. And in common life, whosoever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius, will have remarked how easily he took all things along with him,—the persons, the opinions,

and the day, and nature became ancillary to man.

3. There is still another aspect under which the beauty of nature may be viewed, namely, as it becomes an object of the intellect. Beside the relation of things to virtue, they have a relation to thought. The intellect searches out the absolute order of things as they stand in the mind of God, and without the colours of affection. The intellectual and the active powers seem to succeed each other in man, and the exclusive activity of the one, generates the exclusive activity of the other. There is something unfriendly in each to the other, but they are like the alternate periods of feeding and working in animals; each prepares and certainly will be followed by the other. Therefore does beauty, which, in relation to actions as we have seen comes unsought, and comes because it is unsought, remain for the apprehension and pursuit of the intellect; and then, again, in its turn of the active power. Nothing divine dies. All good is eternally reproductive. The beauty of nature reforms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation.

All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world. Some men even to delight. This love of beauty is taste. Others have the same love in such excess, that, not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is art.

The production of a work of art, throws a light upon the mystery of humanity. A work of art is an abstract or epitome of the world. It is the result or expression of nature, in miniature. For although the works of art are innumerable and all different, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. Nature is a sea of forms radically alike and even unique. A leaf, a sunbeam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analagous impression on the mind. What is common to them all—that perfectness and harmony—is beauty. Therefore, the standard of beauty is the entire circuit of natural forms—the totality of nature; which the Italians expressed by defining beauty “il pin nell’ uno.” Nothing is quite beautiful alone. Nothing but is beautiful in the whole. A single object is only so far beautiful, as it suggests this universal grace. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, seek each to concentrate this radiance of the world on one point, and each in his several rank to satisfy the love of beauty, which stimulates him to produce. Thus is art a nature passed through the alembic of man. Thus in art does nature work through the will of a man, filled with the beauty of her first works.

The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. Extend this element to the uttermost, and I call it an ultimate end. No reason can

be asked or given, why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe. God is the all-fair. Truth, and goodness, and beauty, are but the different names of the same ALL. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must, therefore, stand as a part, and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of nature.

LANGUAGE.

A THIRD use which nature subserves to man is that of language. Nature is the vehicle of thought, and in a simple, double, and threefold degree.

1. Words are signs of natural facts.
2. Particular natural facts, are symbols of particular facts.
3. Nature is the symbol of spirits.

1. Words are signs of natural facts. The use of natural history is to give us aid in supernatural history. The use of the outer creation is to give us language for the beings and changes of the inward creation. Every word which is used to express a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its root, is found to be borrowed from some material appearance. *Right* originally means *straight*; *wrong* means *twisted*;

spirit primarily means *mind*; *transgression* the crossing of a line; *supercilious*, the raising of the eyebrow. We say *the heart* to express emotion, *the head* to denote thought; and *thought* and *emotion* are, in their turn, words borrowed from sensible things, and now appropriated to spiritual nature. Most of the process by which this transformation is made, is hidden from us in the remote time when language was framed; but the same tendency may be daily observed in children. Children and savages use only nouns or names of things, which they continually convert into verbs, and apply to analogous mental acts.

2. But this origin of all words that convey a spiritual import,—so conspicuous a fact in the history of language—is our least debt to nature. It is not words only that are emblematic; it is things which are emblematic. Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind, and that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture. An enraged man is a lion; a cunning man is a fox; a firm man is a rock; a learned man is a torch.—A lamb is innocence; a snake is subtle spite; flowers express to us the delicate affections. Light and darkness are our familiar expressions for knowledge and ignorance; and heat for love. Visible distance behind and before

us, is respectively our image of memory and hope. Who looks upon a river in a meditative hour, and is not reminded of the flux of things? Throw a stone into the stream, and the circles that propagate themselves are the beautiful type of all influence. Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life, wherein, as in a firmament, the natures of Justice, Truth, Love, Freedom, arise and shine. This universal soul he calls reason: it is not mine, or thine, or his, but we are its; we are its property and men. And the blue sky in which the private earth is buried, the sky, with its eternal calm, and full of everlasting orbs, is the type of Reason. That which, intellectually considered, we call reason, considered in relation to nature, we call spirit. Spirit is the Creator. Spirit hath life in itself. And man in all ages and countries embodies it in his language, as the FATHER.

It is easily seen that there is nothing lucky or capricious in these analogies, but that they are constant, and pervade nature. These are not the dreams of a few poets here and there, but man is an Alogist, and studies relations in all objects. He is placed in the centre of beings, and a ray of relation passes from every other being to him. And neither can man be understood without these objects, nor these objects without man. All the facts in natural history taken by themselves have no value, but are barren like a

single sex. But marry it to human history, and it is full of life. Whole Floras, all Linnæus, and Buffon's volumes are but dry catalogues of facts; but the most trivial of these facts, the habit of a plant, the organs, or work, or noise of an insect, applied to the illustration of a fact in intellectual philosophy, or in any way associated to human nature, affects us in the most lively and agreeable manner. The seed of a plant—to what affecting analogies in the nature of man, is that little fruit made use of, in all discourse up to the voice of Paul, who calls the human corpse a seed,—“It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.” The motion of the earth round its axis, and round the sun, makes the day and the year. There are certain amounts of brute light and heat. But is there no intent of an analogy between man's life and the seasons? And do the seasons gain no grandeur or pathos from that analogy? The instincts of the ants are very unimportant considered as the ants; but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man, and the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart, then all its habits, even that said to be recently observed, that it never sleeps, become sublime.

Because of this radical correspondence between visible things and human thoughts, savages, who have only what is necessary, converse in figures. As we go back in history language becomes more picturesque,

until its infancy, when it is all poetry, or, all spiritual facts are represented by natural symbols. The same symbols are found to make the original elements of all languages. It has, moreover, been observed, that the idioms of all languages approach each other in passages of the greatest eloquence and power. And as this is the first language, so is it the last. This immediate dependance of language upon nature, this conversion of an outward phenomenon into a type of somewhat in human life, never loses its power to affect us. It is this which gives that piquancy to the conversation of a strong-minded farmer or back woodsman, which all men relish.

Thus is nature an interpreter by whose means man converses with his fellow-men. A man's power to connect his thought with its proper symbol, and so utter it, depends on the simplicity of his character; that is, upon his love of truth, and his desire to communicate it without loss. The corruption of man is followed by the corruption of language. When simplicity of character and the sovereignty of ideas is broken up by the prevalence of secondary desires, the desire of riches, the desire of pleasure, the desire of power, the desire of praise,—and duplicity and falsehood take possession of simplicity and truth, the power over nature as an interpreter of the will, is in a degree lost; new imagery ceases to be created, and old words are perverted to stand for things which are

not ; a paper currency is employed when there is no bullion in the vaults. In due time the fraud is manifest, and words lose all power to stimulate the understanding or the affections. Hundreds of writers may be found in every long civilised nation, who for a short time believe and make others believe, that they see and utter truths who do not of themselves clothe one thought in its natural garment, but who feed unconsciously upon the language created by the primary writers of the country, those, namely, who hold primarily on nature.

But wise men pierce this rotten diction, and fasten words again to visible things ; so that picturesque language is at once a commanding certificate, that he who employed it, is a man in alliance with truth and God. The moment our discourse rises above the ground line of familiar facts, and is inflamed with passion or exalted by thought, it clothes itself in images. A man conversing in earnest, if he watch his intellectual processes, will find that always a material image, more or less luminous, arises in his mind contemporaneous with every thought, which furnishes the vestment of the thought. Hence, good writing and brilliant discourse are perpetual allegories. This imagery is spontaneous. It is the blending of experience with the proper action of the mind. It is proper creation. It is the working of the Original Cause through the instruments he has already made.

These facts may suggest the advantage which the country life possesses for a powerful mind, over the artificial and curtailed life of cities. We know more from nature than we can at will communicate. Its light flows into the mind evermore, and we forget its presence. The poet, the orator, bred in the woods, whose senses have been nourished by their fair and appeasing changes, year after year, without design, and without heed,—shall not lose their lesson altogether, in the roar of cities or the broil of politics. Long hereafter amidst agitation and terror in national councils,—in the hour of revolution,—these solemn images shall re-appear in their morning lustre, as fit symbols and words of the thoughts which the passing events shall awaken. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains, as he saw and heard them in his infancy. And with these forms, the spells of persuasion, the keys of power are put into his hands.

3. We are thus assisted by natural objects in the expression of particular meanings. But how great a language to convey such peppercorn informations! Did it need such noble races of creatures, this profusion of forms, this host of orbs in heaven, to furnish man with the dictionary and grammar of his municipal speech? Whilst we use this grand cipher to expedite the affairs of our pot and kettle, we feel that we have

not yet put it to its use, neither are able. We are like travellers using the cinders of a volcano to roast their eggs. Whilst we see that it always stands ready to clothe what we would say, we cannot avoid the question, whether the characters are not significant of themselves. Have mountains, and waves, and skies, no significance but what we consciously give them, when we employ them as emblems of our thoughts? The world is emblematic. Parts of speech are metaphors, because the whole of nature is a metaphor of the human mind. The laws of moral nature answer to those of matter, as face to face in a glass. "The visible world and the relation of its parts, is the dial-plate of the invisible." The axioms of physics translate the laws of ethics. Thus, "the whole is greater than a part;" "re-action is equal to action;" "the smallest weight may be made to lift the greatest, the difference of weight being compensated by time;" and many the like propositions, which have an ethical as well as physical sense. These propositions have a much more extensive and universal sense when applied to human life, than when confined to technical use.

In like manner the memorable words of history, and the proverbs of nations, consist usually of a natural fact, selected as a picture or parable of a moral truth. Thus; a rolling stone gathers no moss; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; a cripple in the right

way will heat a racer in the wrong ; make hay whilst the sun shines ; 'tis hard to carry a full cup ; even ; vinegar is the son of wine ; the last ounce broke the camel's back ; long-lived trees make roots first ;—and the like. In their primary sense, these are trivial facts, but we repeat them for the value of their analogical import. What is true of proverbs is true of all fables, parables, and allegories.

This relation between the mind and matter is not fancied by some poet, but stands in the will of God, and so is free to be known by all men. It appears to men or it does not appear. When in fortunate hours we ponder this miracle, the wise man doubts, if, at all other times, he is not blind and deaf ;

—————“ Can these things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ?”

for the universe becomes transparent, and the light of higher laws than its own, shines through it. It is the standing problem which has exercised the wonder and the study of every fine genius since the world began ; from the era of the Egyptians and the Brahmins, to that of Pythagoras, of Plato, of Bacon, of Leibnitz, of Swedenborg. There sits the sphinx at the roadside, and from age to age, as each prophet comes by, he tries his fortune at reading her riddle. There seems to be a necessity in spirit to manifest itself in material

forms ; and day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, pre-exist in necessary ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of preceding affections, in the world of spirit. A fact is the end or last issue of spirit. The visible creation is the terminus or the circumference of the invisible world. "Material objects," said a French philosopher, "are necessarily kinds of *scoræ* of the substantial thoughts of the Creator, which must always preserve an exact relation to their first origin ; in other words, visible nature must have a spiritual and moral side."

This doctrine is abstruse, and though the images of "garment," "scoræ," "mirror," &c., may stimulate the fancy, we must summon the aid of subtler and more vital expositors to make it plain. "Every scripture is to be interpreted by the same spirit which gave it forth,"—is the fundamental law of criticism. A life in harmony with nature, the love of truth and of virtue, will purge the eyes to understand her text. By degrees we may come to know the primitive sense of the permanent objects of nature, so that the world shall be to us an open book, and every form significant of its hidden life and final cause.

A new interest surprises us, whilst, under the view now suggested, we contemplate the fearful extent and multitude of objects ; since "every object rightly seen unlocks a new faculty of the soul." That which was unconscious truth, becomes, when interpreted, and

defined in an object, a part of the domain of knowledge,—a new amount to the magazine of power.

DISCIPLINE.

IN view of this significance of nature, we arrive at once at a new fact, that nature is a discipline. This use of the world includes the preceding uses, as parts of itself.

Space, time, society, labour, climate, food, locomotion, the animals, the mechanical forces, give us sincerest lessons, day by day, whose meaning is unlimited; they educate both the understanding and the reason. Every property of matter is a school for the understanding,—its solidity or resistance, its inertia, its extension, its figure, its divisibility. The understanding adds, divides, combines, measures, and finds everlasting nutriment and room for its activity in this worthy scene. Meantime, reason transfers all these lessons into its own world of thought, by perceiving the analogy that marries matter and mind.

I. Nature is a discipline of the understanding in intellectual truths. Our dealing with sensible objects is a constant exercise in the necessary lessons of difference, of likeness, of order, of being and seeming, of progressive arrangement, of assent from

particular to general; of combination to one end; of manifold forces. Proportioned to the importance of the organ to be formed, is the extreme care with which its tuition is provided,—a care pretermitted in no single case. What tedious training, day after day, year after year, never ending to form the common sense; what continual reproduction of annoyances, inconveniences, dilemmas; what rejoicing over us of little men; what disputing of prices, what reckoning of interests,—and all to form the hand of the mind;—to instruct us that “good thoughts are no better than good dreams unless they be executed!”

The same good office is performed by property and its filial systems of debt and credit. Debt, grinding debt, whose iron face, the widow, the orphan, and the sons of genius fear and hate;—debt, which consumes so much time, which so cripples and disheartens a great spirit with cares that seem so base, is a preceptor whose lessons cannot be forgone, and is needed most by those who suffer from it most. Moreover, property, which has been well compared to snow,—“if it fall level to day, it will be blown into drifts to-morrow,”—is merely the surface action of internal machinery, like the index on the face of a clock. Whilst now it is the gymnastics of the understanding, it is hiving in the foresight of the spirit, experience in profounder laws.

The whole character and fortune of the individual

is affected by the least inequalities in the culture of the understanding; for example, in the perception of differences. Therefore is Space, and therefore Time, that man may know that things are not huddled and lumped, but sundered and individual. A bell and a plough have each their use, and neither can do the office of the other. Water is good to drink, coal to burn, wool to wear; but wool cannot be drunk, nor water spun, nor coal eaten. The wise man shews his wisdom in separation, in gradation, and his scale of creatures and of merits, is as wide as nature. The foolish have no range in their scale, but suppose every man is as every other man. What is not good they call the worst, and what is not hateful, they call the best.

In like manner, what good heed, nature forms in us! She pardons no mistakes. Her yea is yea, and her nay, nay.

The first steps in agriculture, astronomy, zoology, (those first steps which the farmer, the hunter, and the sailor take,) teach that nature's dice are always loaded; that in her heaps and rubbish are concealed sure and useful results.

How calmly and genially the mind apprehends one after another the laws of physics! What noble emotions dilate the mortal, as he enters into the councils of the creation, and feels by knowledge the privilege to BE! His insight refines him. The

beauty of nature shines in his own breast. Man is greater than he can see this, and the universe less, because time and space relations vanish as laws are known.

Here again we are impressed and even daunted by the immense universe to be explored. "What we know, is a point to what we do not know." Open any recent journal of science, and weigh the problems suggested concerning light, heat, electricity, magnetism, physiology, geology, and judge whether the interest of natural science is likely to be soon exhausted.

Passing by many particulars of the discipline of nature, we must not omit to specify two.

The exercise of the will or the lesson of power is taught in every event. From the child's successive possession of his several senses, up to the hour when he saith, "thy will be done," he is learning the secret, that he can reduce under his will, not only particular events, but great classes, nay, whole series of events, and so conform all facts to his character. Nature is thoroughly mediate. It is made to serve. It receives the dominion of man as meekly as the ass on which the Saviour rode. It offers all its kingdoms to man as the raw material which he may mould into what is useful. Man is never weary of working it up. He forges the subtle and delicate air into wise and melodious words, and gives them

wing as angels of persuasion and command. More and more, with every thought, does his kingdom stretch over things, until the world becomes, at last, only a realized will,—the double of the man.

2. Sensible objects conform to the premonitions of reason, and reflect the conscience. All things are moral; and in their boundless changes have an unceasing reference to spiritual nature. Therefore is nature glorious with form, colour, and motion; that every globe in the remotest heaven, every chemical change from the rudest crystal up to the laws of life, every change of vegetation, from the first principle of growth in the eye of a leaf to the tropical forest and antediluvian coal mine; every animal function, from the sponge up to Hercules, shall hint or thunder to man, the laws of right and wrong, and echo the ten commandments. Therefore is nature always the ally of religion: lends all her pomp and riches to the religious sentiment. Prophet and priest, David, Isaiah, Jesus, have drawn deeply from this source.

This ethical character so penetrates the bone and marrow of nature, as to seem the end for which it was made. Whatever private purpose is answered by any member or part, this is its public and universal function, and is never omitted. Nothing in nature is exhausted in its first use. When a thing has served an end to the uttermost, it is wholly new.

for an ulterior service. In God every end is converted into a new means. Thus the use of Commodity regarded by itself is mean and squalid. But it is to the mind an education in the great doctrine of Use, namely, that a thing is good only so far as it serves; that a conspiring of parts and of efforts to the production of an end, is essential to any being. The first and gross manifestation of this truth, is our inevitable and hated training in values and wants, in corn and meat.

It has already been illustrated in treating of the significance of material things, that every natural process is but a version of a moral sentence. The moral law lies at the centre of nature, and radiates to the circumference. It is the pith and marrow of every substance, every relation, and every process. All things with which we deal preach to us. What is a farm but a mute gospel. The chaff and the wheat, weeds and plants, blight, rain, insects, sun,—are sacred emblems from the first furrow of spring to the last stack which the snow of winter overtakes in the fields. But the sailor, the shepherd, the miner, the merchant, in their several resorts, have each an experience precisely parallel and leading to the same conclusions. Because all organizations are radically alike. Nor can it be doubted that this moral sentiment which thus scents the air, and grows in the grain, and impregnates the waters of

the world, is caught by man, and sinks into his soul. The moral influence of nature upon every individual is that amount of truth which it illustrates to him. Who can estimate this? Who can guess how much firmness the sea-beaten rock has taught the fisherman? how much tranquility has been reflected to man from the azure sky, over whose unspotted deeps the winds for evermore drive flocks of stormy clouds, and leave no wrinkle or stain? how much industry, and providence, and affection we have caught from the pantomime of brutes? What a searching preacher of self-command is the varying phenomenon of health?

Herein is especially apprehended the unity of nature—the unity in variety—which meets us everywhere. All the endless variety of things make a unique, an identical impression. Xenophanes complained in his old age, that look when he would, all things hastened back to Unity. He was weary of seeing the same entity in the tedious variety of forms. The fable of Proteus has a cordial truth. Every particular in nature, a leaf, a drop, a crystal, a moment of time is related to the whole, and partakes of the perfection of the whole. Every particle is a microcosm, and faithfully renders the likeness of the world.

Not only resemblances exist in things whose analogy is obvious, as when we detect the type of

the human hand in the flipper of the fossil saurus, but also in objects wherein there is great superficial unlikeness. Thus architecture is called "frozen music," by De Stael and Goethe. "A Gothic church," said Coleridge, "is a petrified religion." Michael Angelo maintained that, to an architect, a knowledge of anatomy is essential. In Haydn's oratorios, the notes present to the imagination not only motions, as of the snake, the stag, and the elephant, but colours also; as the green grass. The granite is differenced in its laws only by the more or less of heat from the river that wears it away. The river, as it flows, resembles the air that flows over it; the air resembles the light which traverses it with more subtile currents; the light resembles the heat which rides through it with space. Each creature is only a modification of the other; the likeness in them is more than the difference, and their radical law is one and the same. Hence it is that a rule of one art, or a law of one organization, holds true throughout nature. So intimate is this Unity, that, it is easily seen, it lies under the undermost garment of nature, and betrays its source in universal Spirit. For, it pervades Thought also. Every universal truth which we express in words, implies or supposes every other truth. *Omne verum vero consonat.* It is like a great circle on a sphere, comprising all

possible circles; which, however, may be drawn, and comprise it in like manner. Every such truth is the absolute Ens seen from one side. But it has innumerable sides.

The same central unity is still more conspicuous in actions. Words are finite organs of the infinite mind. They cannot cover the dimensions of what is in truth. They break, chop, and impoverish it. An action is the perfection and publication of thought. A right action seems to fill the eye, and to be related to all nature. "The wise man, in doing one thing, does all; or, in the one thing he does rightly, he sees the likeness of all which is done rightly."

Words and actions are not the attributes of mute and brute nature. They introduce us to that singular form which predominates over all other forms. This is the human. All other organizations appear to be degradations of the human form. When this organization appears among so many that surround it, the spirit prefers it to all others. It says, "From such as this have I drawn joy and knowledge. In such as this, have I found and beheld myself. I will speak to it. It can speak again. It can yield me thought already formed and alive." In fact the eye,—the mind,—is always accompanied by these forms, male and female; and these are incomparably the richest informations of the power and order that

lie at the heart of things. Unfortunately every one of them bears the marks as of some injury ; is marred and superficially defective. Nevertheless, far different from the deaf and dumb nature around them, these all rest like fountain-pipes on the unfathomed sea of thought and virtue whereto they alone, of all organizations, are the entrances.

It were a pleasant inquiry to follow into detail their ministry to our education, but where would it stop ? We are associated in adolescent and adult life with some friends, who, like skies and waters, are co-extensive with our idea ; who answering each to a certain affection of the soul, satisfy our desire on that side ; whom we lack power to put at such focal distance from us, that we can mend or even analyse them. We cannot choose but love them. When such intercourse with a friend has supplied us with a standard of excellence, and has increased our respect for the resources of God who thus sends a real person to outgo our ideal ; when he has, moreover, become an object of thought, and whilst his character retains all its unconscious effect, is converted in the mind into solid and sweet wisdom,—it is a sign to us that his office is closing, and he is commonly withdrawn from our sight in a short time.



CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

The numerous isles of the Pacific are peopled by two races of men, who, although possessing many characteristics in common, exhibit numerous traces of distinct origin. This clearly appears in their physical conformation, colour, and language. The one race is allied to the negro, having a Herculean frame, black skin, and woolly or rather crisped hair; while the hair of the other is bright, lank, and glossy, the skin of a light copper-colour, and the countenance resembling that of the Malay. The latter inhabit Eastern Polynesia, which includes the Sandwich, the Marquesan, the Paumotic, the Tahitian and Society, the Austral, the Harvey, the Navigators, the Friendly Islands, New Zealand, and all the smaller islands in their respective vicinities; while the former race, which we may designate the Polynesian negro, is found from the Fijis to the coast of New Holland, which, for the sake of distinction, we shall call Western Polynesia. It will appear, then, that the natives on the eastern part of New Holland, and the intertropical islands within

thirty degrees east of it, including New Guinea, New Britain, New Ireland, the Archipelago of Lonsiade, Solomon's Isles, New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, and the Fijis, differ essentially from the copper coloured inhabitants of the other islands. In tracing that of the copper-coloured Polynesians, there is no difficulty. Their physical conformation, their general character, and their Malay countenance, furnish, I think, indubitable evidence of their Asiatic origin. But to these proofs must be added the near affinity between the caste of India and the tabu of the South Sea Isles, the similarity of the opinions which prevailed respecting women, and the treatment they received in Polynesia and Bengal, more especially the common practice of forbidding them to eat certain kinds of food, or to partake of any in the presence of men; their inhuman conduct to the sick; the immolation of the wives at the funeral of their husbands, and a great number of games and usages. These, I think, are clear indications of the Asiatic origin of this people.

The natives of the South Sea Islands, those especially which fall under the denomination of the Eastern or Farther Polynesia, were found by the first discoverers in a state of great simplicity, and, as it might seem, in possession of more than the usual share of human happiness. The climate has all the charms which belong to the fairest scenes of poetical

fancy. A mild sky sheds down upon the inhabitants the sweetest influences of the atmosphere; the earth yields to them at all seasons a plentiful supply of the necessaries of life, and even offers, at the expense of little labour, a great variety of luxuries. There, the richest verdure is contrasted on one side with precipitous rocks of a dark hue, and on the other with the ever-changing face of the vast ocean which dashes its long waves on the coral beach. Otaheite, in particular, appeared to the eyes of the first Europeans who landed on its shores as an earthly paradise, the abode of contentment and repose, the asylum of all those mild virtues which had fled from the disputes and rivalry of civilized nations. But simplicity of manners, and even a gentle disposition are not always accompanied with innocence. It was accordingly soon discovered that the vices incident to society every where else, were not unknown even in those primitive communities, among whom, it might be imagined, the more turbulent passions could find no excitement, and where the artificial wants of life would not as yet have roused either avarice or ambition. Like all savages they were much addicted to theft, which they seemed to consider in the light of an ingenious dexterity, rather than as a practice that any one could justly condemn. Influenced by a feeling similar to that which was made a part of education in ancient

Sparta, they set more value on a thing they had succeeded in stealing, though of no utility, than upon a useful article if obtained as a gift, or in the ordinary process of barter. Their worst actions, too, like those of uneducated children, were perpetrated without any warning from conscience that they were doing wrong; and though, as in the case of infanticide, reflection on an atrocious deed might bring regret, it never created any compunction. The usages of their fathers stood in the place of a moral law; and whatever had been done in the old days, might, they concluded, be done again with perfect impunity. Their emotions, on all occasions, appear to have been quick, but exceedingly transient. A rebuke reached their hearts, chased away the smile from the countenance, and made them assume for a moment an attitude of the utmost seriousness; but, having no depth of reflection, they could not long suppress their merriment, nor preserve the decorum which they might feel due to the presence of their visitors.

SUPPOSED FELICITY OF THE POLYNESIANS IN A STATE OF NATURE.

No picture is more deceitful than that which exhibits the supposed innocence and delights of savage life. The child of nature is usually represented as

being free from envy and all the factitious passions of civilized existence; a stranger to covetousness and ambition; happy in the enjoyments of those around him; content with his present lot, and having no apprehension in regard to the future. Oppressed by no care, burdened by no toil, tormented by no restless desire, seldom visited by sickness, his wants easily satisfied, his pleasures often recurring, the Otaheitan was conceived to pass his days in uninterrupted felicity, under the magnificent sky of the tropics, and amid scenes worthy of paradise. But a closer view disclosed a very different state of things. The lower classes were unmercifully plundered and oppressed by their superiors; domestic happiness, in its proper sense, was unknown; the females were reduced to the greatest debasement, not being allowed to partake of the same food with their husbands and brothers, and not even permitted to dress it at the same fire, or place it in the same basket. It is farther asserted, that they were, generally speaking, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful, and that under the dominion of the worst of propensities, they often acted more like fiends than human beings. "That there should," says Forster, "exist so great a degree of immorality in a nation, otherwise so happy in its simplicity, and in the fewness of its wants, is a reflection very disgraceful to human nature in general, which, viewed to its greatest advantage

here, is nevertheless imperfect." That this immorality did exist is not denied by one of the most ardent admirers of the Polynesian, who to the observation of a philosopher could add the advantage of a repeated residence amongst them.—True it is, that many who have ceased to do evil, after the manner of their unconverted countrymen, have not yet learned to do well, to the full extent of their christian obligations. Where sins are gross and shameful, the first step is more easily taken than the second; and hence the missionary finds less opposition when he denounces a flagrant iniquity, than when he enjoins a needful virtue or becoming grace. Those who read with attention the Epistles of St. Paul to his converts, in the most refined parts of the Roman empire, will perceive that though they had abjured the abominations of heathenism and the useless ceremonies of the Mosaical law, their conduct did not in all cases throw a suitable light on the purer principles they had openly professed. The fifth and sixth chapters of his first letter to the Corinthians prove but too clearly that the licentiousness of pagan manners did not yield, all at once, to the holy precepts of the gospel, nor to the instructive example of its self-denied teachers.

The most ardent patrons of missions to Polynesia will not maintain that in no instance has zeal overstepped the bounds of prudence, or that pearls have not occasionally been thrown before

swine, who tried to turn again and rend their benefactors. But to justify the use of the means which have been employed, they point with satisfaction, and even some degree of triumph, to the effects which are already produced. They can assert, that wherever Christianity has been received, however imperfectly, the habits of the natives are improved, their fierce tempers have been mollified, and a respect for human life has succeeded to that thirst for blood which formerly occasioned the most deplorable catastrophes. In all the islands where the missionaries have succeeded in establishing a settlement, security is now afforded to the mariner of every nation, who either seeks refuge from misfortune, the intercourse of trade, or the gratification of a liberal curiosity. At other places, on the contrary, where the mild spirit of the gospel has not yet been felt, scarcely a year passes in which we do not hear of murderous quarrels between the inhabitants and those by whom they are visited. At some of the Marquesas, till very lately, a trading vessel scarcely dared to anchor. In the Friendly Islands, according to the statement of a recent author, while the chiefs were manifesting the strongest attachment to Captain Cook, they planned the assassination of himself and all his officers, and with this view invited them to an entertainment by torch-light. Even on the shore of Otaheite, when Bligh's vessel arrived, the people cut the cable

in order that, being drifted on the beach, she might fall into their hands as plunder. Some years after, the Society Islanders seized an English brig, murdered the officers, killed or disabled the crew, and took possession of her; but since the lessons of the christian teachers have been given, every ship that has touched there, or at any other in the adjacent groups, has been as safe as in the Thames or the Weser.

Before the light of the Gospel, even the licentious depravity in the South Sea Islands has given way.— On this important point where reformation was the most hopeless, success has been the most complete. No sooner was the authority of the Redeemer recognised, even through the somewhat obscure medium in which his character and offices were conveyed, than the more offensive of the abominations disappeared; the virtue of chastity was inculcated and maintained; christian marriage was instituted, and the inviolable obligations of the bond piously acknowledged. This change, it is added, has been under the Divine blessing, effected entirely by the exertions of christian missionaries, not only without any external assistance, but in the face of the determined opposition of many from whom they might have expected both countenance and aid.

The object of Missionary exertion in Polynesia is unquestionably important; and no means, separated from religion, seem adequate to the accomplishment

of it. Simple instruction in letters and the arts will not suffice. The mind must be roused and alarmed by revelations which respect the eternal state of man; the savage must be made to feel that the eye of heaven is upon him; and that there is a powerful hand ever stretched out to punish or to protect. To effect these ends, the learned and refined are not the best qualified, for there is a delicacy of feeling induced by literary habits, which shrinks from the familiar descriptions and bold remonstrances indispensable to the success of the missionary. An illiterate artisan, if animated with zeal, and not ignorant of the first truths of religion, is, for breaking up the ground of pagan superstition, an instrument better suited than the brightest ornament of a university, or the most eloquent expounder of doctrine in the city pulpit. Such men as went forth in the Duff act as pioneers: they prepare the way for the advance of a more regular force; they cut out a path in the wild thicket or morass by which their successors may proceed to complete the work begun with so much labour; they sow the seed, with an unskilful hand, perhaps, and on ground little cultivated, but whence, at no distant day a crop will spring to enrich and beautify the whole land. The missionary in due time is followed by the churchman, who systematizes the elements which the other has created. Like a wise master builder, the latter polishes the materials,

already in some degree prepared to his hand, and erects with them an orderly edifice, complete in all its parts, and having for its foundation the lively stones of an apostolical priesthood, qualified to offer the oblation of a spiritual sacrifice.—We must look to the next generation for the full effects of the exertions made in the present. The warmest advocates of South Sea missions are most ready to acknowledge that the work is still imperfect; that much evil is yet to be corrected, and all that is good still needs improvement. But it must not thence be denied, that a great benefit has been conferred, in which the christian and philanthropist may rejoice. The leaven of the gospel, indeed, has not hitherto leavened the whole population, so that many are still found who profess not to believe in it, and amongst those who do, numbers are christians only in name, and by their conduct frequently dishonour their calling. Who that is at all acquainted with the progress of our holy faith in past ages, could expect it to be otherwise? The directors of missions are not such enthusiasts as to look for miracles.

Regarding the Progress of the Gospel in the South Sea Islands.

Nothing in the history of the human race can appear to the reflecting mind more gratifying or extraordinary than the establishment of a mission under the auspices of the chiefs in the islands of the South

Sea for the propagation of the gospel. It may be granted that their notions of the christian system were far from being enlightened, while their motives unquestionably retained a strong mixture of earthly ingredients. That this was the case to a very considerable extent, is not concealed by their instructors, who, in reference more especially to the two clusters of the Society Archipelago, describe the religion of the greater part of the people as being at first merely nominal; and that at the time they assumed the profession of Christianity, they knew little more of it than that it enjoined the worship of one God instead of many, requiring no human sacrifices, no offering except prayer, and abstinence from labour every seventh day. The change applied almost solely to the outward observance, and had not yet reached either the decisions of the understanding or the feelings of the heart. Still it was a most important revolution, which must necessarily be followed by a movement in advance. Idolatry could not again resume its empire; the chain of the captive has been broken; and the appetite for new views both in human arts and divine knowledge would necessarily seek gratification at all hazards. The result corresponds in no small degree with this anticipation; the tree planted among them by the missionaries has brought forth fruit both good and evil; tares have grown up with the wheat, but the land is no longer a desert; and the

ample produce denotes at least the inherent powers of the soil.

Enlightened by the experience of many years, the christian philanthropist must now be convinced, that success in proportion to the extent of the means employed; and, moreover, that the path, in most cases, has led to a triumphant issue, was opened by a circumstance which, to the human eye, appeared entirely accidental. Generally speaking, conversion among the South Sea Islanders has been preceded by a deep excitement arising from suffering or fear; by the ravages of war or famine; or by a bold innovation on the part of the chiefs, who had already opened their minds to infidelity relative to the power of their national gods. It seems absolutely necessary that, before his conscience can be affected with the sense of guilt, the spirit of the savage must be agitated by some external cause; and it is a singular fact, attested by evidence which cannot be questioned, that the first intercourse of Europeans with the natives of Polynesia has usually been fatal to the latter. Fever, dysentery, or other diseases which carried off great numbers of them, have in most cases attended the introduction of our people into all the groups; and at Rapa, more especially, about half of the population were by such means swept away. These painful losses induced reflection among the survivors, who, in many instances were disposed to forsake their ancient faith,

either because their gods were unable to protect them in the presence of white men, or were utterly indifferent to their interests. Hence, under the direction of Divine Providence, a way was paved for the missionaries, who laboured to withdraw their confidence from the 'lying vanities' in which they had formerly trusted, and to raise their thoughts to the contemplation of the Great Creator."

NEW ZEALAND.

The country of New Zealand is divided into two principal islands by the straight which still bears the name of Captain Cook. The northern one is called by the natives Eaheinamanwee, the southern, Tavai Poenamoo; contiguous to which last there is a smaller body of land which has not yet risen into any consequence. The whole are situated between lat. 34° and 47° S., and long. 166° and 180° E. The appearance of the coast is bold and rocky; in some parts the general aspect of the land is rather rugged; and several of the mountains in Poenamoo are covered with perennial snow. In the other island, where the Europeans have established their principal settlements, the soil is in many parts extremely fertile, and capable of a very high degree of cultivation;

suited, it is supposed, not only to the growth of wheat and other grain, but also to the more delicate fruits and varied productions of the most genial portion of the temperate zones. The potato has been cultivated with great facility and advantage. Though but lately introduced by foreigners, it furnishes a valuable addition to the means of subsistence enjoyed by the natives, and also an article of sea-store to the numerous ships by which New Zealand is annually visited. Cattle, sheep, and poultry, are also reared in abundance, proving at once a source of wealth to the poorer settlers, and an agreeable variety to the tables of the more wealthy. Moreover, the coasts are well stocked with several species of fish, which European skill has taught the inhabitants both to catch more plentifully and to cure with greater success. The climate is described as being both pleasant and salubrious. In Eaheinamanwee, the thermometer ranges from 40° to 80°; being a pleasant medium between the heat of the tropical regions and the sudden colds which affect the more variable sky of the temperate latitudes.

The geographical features of both islands seem to justify the peculiar mode of settling which the New Zealand Company have adopted; for, being long and narrow, the line of seacoast is necessarily very great in proportion to the extent of service. There are at short distances some splendid harbours, in the neighbourhood of which the Europeans have generally

established themselves ; but the limited space between the central hills and the ocean precludes the possibility of large rivers, though some are said to be well adapted for internal navigation. Port Nicholson, if allowed to derive the full advantage from its situation and fine haven, will, it has been predicted, make Wellington the great commercial metropolis, not merely of New Zealand, but of our whole Australian possessions. The Bay of Islands has been long partially settled, but not under such favourable auspices, having been indebted for part of its population to a class of adventurers whose circumstances imperatively required a change of scene. The Company have resolved to form another settlement, to be called Nelson. The extent of land allotted for it is two hundred one thousand acres, divided into one thousand allotments of one hundred and fifty rural acres, fifty suburban acres, and one town acre. The price of each allotment is £300, so that the total sum placed at the disposal of the Company is £300,000, which will be thus distributed: £150,000 for the emigration of young couples to this particular settlement; £50,000 to defray the cost of surveys; and £50,000 for public purposes, such as the establishment of a college, religious endowments, the encouragement of steam navigation, and similar objects. Captain Hobson has selected the harbour of Waitemata, on the Firth

of the Thames, as the seat of his government, where he has also made preparations for the building of a town, to be named Auckland. And although, under the fostering influence of the chief ruler, it will doubtless increase, "it must ever remain insignificant compared with the commercial capital, Wellington." To that and the other settlements separate municipalities will be given; with which view suitable appointments have been made, and officers properly qualified have been sent out.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

Twice had the sun risen on the earth, and during these two days he beheld some of the magnificent operations which were then going on. But on the third day of his rising, the seventh from the first creation, all around was silent and still: no little flower sprung up at once by the river side: no tall trees lifted their heads anew from the mountains, as escaping from confinement from the darkness beneath: no new flocks browsed on the hills: no new fishes glistened in the waters: no new birds or insects glanced in the sunbeams: no second Adam and Eve appeared in another paradise, to hail, with their eyes turned toward the east, the first rays of the sun. But the same flowers blushed in the deep valleys,

the same waving trees looked down from their lofty thrones; the same sheep, the same cattle, the inhabitants of air and water were seen, seeming, by their peaceful silence, to partake the universal repose of nature. And the same man and woman, sovereigns of the new made world, were seen sitting under the shady bowers of Eden, prolonging the conversation of the previous day, and occasionally interrupting the general silence of creation by their songs of praise.

Oh, how sweet, how peaceful was the first Sabbath! No want, no pain, no fear; and above all, no sin could disturb its hallowed tranquility. Happiness, with steady and gentle light, beamed on every hill and valley, on every lake and river, on every lifeless and every living thing, but chiefly on those two favoured beings who, gifted with intelligence greater than that of brutes, possessed a pleasure superior to that of every other creature. Oh, could we have seen the countenances of that happy pair, on that glorious day, what peace, what joy, what a heavenly radiance would have been reflected there. For how could they fail to be supremely happy, when they looked around on the earth covered with beauty, above on the heaven filled with divine glory, and within on their own hearts, which were inhabited by every holy feeling, and even the chosen dwelling place of the Spirit of God.

ON THE POWER AND GOODNESS OF GOD,
AS MANIFESTED IN FRUITFUL SEASONS.

"Gramina Pucudibus germinare facit et herbas ad usum hominum."—Psalm civ. 14.

The Almighty is concealed from the eyes of his creatures. We perceive the gifts distributed to supply their wants—not the hand which confers them; the change effected by his power—not the power itself; the instruments which he employs in the operations of nature—not the arm which wields them.

But as the motions and actions of the human body suggest that it is animated by a living principle, mysteriously and intimately conjoined with the portion of matter—so the course of nature demonstrates to every mind, which is not divested of reason, or blinded by prejudice, that there is a grand First Cause, by whom the universe is governed. "All things," says the heathen poet, "are full of God." True philosophy confirms the observation, and piety extracts from it some of its consolations.

Not a sparrow falls to the ground, not a pile of grass springs up in the fields, not a pebble on the shores of the ocean, without the agency of God. To him who is renewed in the spirit of his mind, who is a true believer in Christ, it is a most delightful exercise to trace the Creator in his surrounding works, and to observe in the varying scenes new

proofs of his existence, and new displays of his glory.

The regular succession of day and night, the revolution of the heavenly bodies, the generation and corruption, the growth and decay of animals and vegetables, and the vicissitudes of the seasons,—furnish matter for reflection and refined entertainment to a mind which, rising from the effect to the cause, from the structure and operations of the machine to the consideration of the artist, contemplates, through the medium of the universe, the uncreated source of beauty and goodness. Admonished by the reason, when every object which strikes the eye is calculated to awaken joy in the heart, let us indulge in an impression of gratitude to the preserver and benefitter of mankind. “Nevertheless,” said Paul to the inhabitants of Lystra, “he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.”—Acts xiv. 17.

The interposition of second causes often conceals God from the intellectual eye, at the very moment when we are experiencing the effects of his care and beneficence, as the sun is hidden by a cloud while the atmosphere is enlightened by his beams. A rich harvest seems to be not only the reward but the effect of the skill and industry of man. The earth in our climate yields few spontaneous fruits; man

therefore must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; he must plough and dress the soil, clear it of stones and weeds, and cast seed into its bosom, and perform a variety of operations before its productive powers will be fully exerted. But who taught him the art of agriculture? who taught him to extract from the earth a variety of fruit,—some for the nourishment of the body, some for his clothing, and some for ministering to the innocent pleasures and gratifications of life! Was it not God who gave man more understanding than the birds of the air? Who imparted to him the noble gift of reason, which is the parent of so many sciences and arts? “Give ye ear, and hear my voice,” says the Prophet, “hearken and hear my speech. Doth the ploughman plough all day to sow? doth he open and break the clods of his ground?” &c., Is. xxviii., 23, 26. The philosopher who hath studied the system of the universe, proud of his scanty portion of science, pretends to explain the production of vegetables by the agency of the elements. The sun warms the bosom of the earth in which the husbandman hath deposited the seed; the earth communicates to it the juices with which it is impregnated; the air nourishes the rising plant; the rain and dew of heaven refresh it. But the growth of plants, which is so familiar to the eye, is one of the most wonderful and mysterious processes in nature. The science of the naturalist

amounts only to the knowledge of some facts which do not lie open to the superficial observation of the vulgar. He may describe the structure, the form, the food, and the qualities of vegetables, but he is as unable as an illiterate peasant to explain how a seed, instead of rotting under the clods as many other substances do, sends up a stem with leaves, and flowers, and fruits, precisely of the same kind with that which was sown. Who made the earth a fit receptacle for the seed, a genial womb in which it is quickened, not, as prior to experience, we would have supposed, a grave in which it is putrified? Who endowed the air with virtues to nourish it? Who rendered the beams of the sun and the waters of the sky fit means to increase its bulk, adorn it with colours, and perfect its fruit? Ah, how little do we know! An ear of corn, a blade of grass, a grain of sand, present mysteries as incomprehensible as any of those which fill the minds of some men with so many objections against the truths of religion. We can advance but a little way in the study of nature, till we find ourselves involved in darkness. We know few things concerning the laws by which the operations of the material world are constructed, but we are soon obliged to rise above all second causes to the contemplation of Him who worketh all things according to the counsel of his will. The laws of nature are the will of God, or the modes in which he exerts his power for the produc-

tion of natural effects. A field of corn raised by a skilful husbandman, under the influence of fine seasons, appears to a man of sound reason and reflection to be as really the work of God, as the grass, the herbs, and the trees, with which his creating voice adorned the new formed earth. In the preservation of the fruits of the earth, as well as in their production, the providence of God is conspicuous to the devout spectator of his works. Insects may blast the hopes of the husbandman, or frost may arrest the progress of vegetation, or the winds may scatter the precious seed on the earth, or the rain may turn the harvest into "a heap in the day of grief, and of desperate sorrow." Man, who can make fire and air, and even the stormy ocean minister to his purposes, hath not yet learned the art of regulating the changes of the atmosphere, of *binding* up the clouds, and restraining the fury of the winds. Many an anxious thought arises in the mind of the farmer when he reflects on the inconstancy of the elements, and considers that in one night the labours of the year may be destroyed. He knows he cannot guard his fields against their desolating rage; but they are guarded by the lord of the elements, who promised after the flood that, "while the earth remains, seed-time and harvest shall not fail." Let him, therefore, "fear the Lord his God that giveth rain, the former and the latter rain in his season, and who reserveth unto us

the appointed weeks of harvest." (Isaiah, v. 24.)—The atheist is reproved and confounded by the herbs of the field which he treads under foot. The superficial observer gazes on the face of nature with an intelligent eye, but the enlightened mind perceives evidences of the existence of God flashing from every stalk which rises from the ground, from every shrub and from every flower. Let us recollect what was the appearance of the earth in winter, when it was covered with snow, or bound up with frost;—what a delightful change do we behold in spring!—The mountains and valleys decked with green pasture for flocks and herds. The fields skirted with trees and shrubs in full foliage, and clothed with waving harvest, which invite the sickle of the reaper. God stands confessed to every eye. Though his essence cannot be perceived by our senses, yet we see the wonders of his wisdom and power, and are constrained to exclaim with admiration,—“Behold, this hath God wrought!”

How well the words of the Psalmist become the husbandman when he surveys his fields in harvest—“O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches.”—(Psalm civ. 24.) Every year God performs a sort of new creation, when, after the desolation of winter, the earth is clothed with flowers of spring, and the fruits of autumn; and this creation he

performs for the sake of man. The pastures of the valleys feed multitudes of animals, whose flesh nourishes our bodies, and whose wool forms garments to shelter them from the cold. The cultivated tracts produce corn, and in finer climates, wine and oil, by which life is not only supported, but crowned likewise with many enjoyments. The trees afford materials for the construction of our houses and instruments of labour, or fuel for our fires, or wholesome and delicious fruits. Variety as well as abundance is furnished by the rich liberality of the Author of nature. There is food suited to every taste. There is a change of food to invite our appetites, which would be palled by constant confinement to a single species of aliment. And what is the inference which must occur to every mind from the slight survey of the riches with which this world is stored? Is it not evident that God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. Tell me, ye impious and discontented, is he a being who takes pleasure in the miseries of his creatures? Does he distribute his treasures with reluctance, or does he with a sparing hand? No, his goodness flows out in a thousand channels, but the sullenness of your tempers and the violence of your passions, will not permit you to enjoy it. The whole creation bears testimony to his beneficence. In spring it cheers us with a spectacle of reviving nature. In summer it spreads around us every thing to please

the eye, the smell, the taste. In autumn it fills our barns with plenty, and makes our presses burst out with new wine.

“Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness,” &c.—(Psalm lxx., 11, 13.) To our divine benefactor we can make no return of his beneficence; but we can admire and celebrate his goodness. We can extol and commend him as the best and the greatest of beings, and when we offer praise sincere and ardent, flowing from a grateful and affectionate heart, we make that return for his favours which he demands and expects. When the labours of the spring are rewarded with the abundance of autumn, a general joy is diffused over the inhabitants of the land. Every heart feels the influence of the season. How sad will it be if this joy be merely of the selfish and animal kind: if it do not elevate our hearts in love and in gratitude to the Author of all our mercies, and dispose us to acknowledge our obligations to his goodness. The face of nature is beautiful to every eye; but it has new charms to the man who perceives upon it the rays of his Creator's glory.

“Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord,—

This work belongs to you;

Sing of his name, his ways, his word,

How holy, just, and true.

His mercy and his righteousness,
 Let heaven and earth proclaim;
 His works of nature and of grace,
 Reveal his wondrous name."

NATURE'S MUSIC.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."

Reader, did you ever imagine, when walking alone and meditating, perhaps, upon the glorious manifestations of a divine mind, as you perceive them in the beautiful works of creation around you,—did you ever imagine that not only are they a language in themselves by which God often speaks to us, but they are also invested with a voice harmonious in its varied tones, and with which they are permitted to speak their Maker's praise?

Let us go into the woods in a summer's day, and seating ourselves upon some moss-grown rock, listen to the wind as it sweeps through the leaves and branches of the lofty trees around us awakening their voice. Now it commences low, a gentle breathing, and gradually gaining strength as it passes onward, deepens and deepens till it becomes like the roar of the ocean. Surely this is nature's music, and is it not beautiful! And does it not seem as if those mighty "forest sentinels" were praising with their thousand voices the power of Him who created them, and who

has permitted them to stand in their verdant beauty for years, unscathed by the lightning and unharmed by the violence of the tempest!

Follow this small rivulet as it goes bounding over the roots and obstructions in its course. Listen—do you not hear, if I may so speak, under the noise of its bubblings, a low murmuring sound which soothes you by its very gentleness! Is it not music? And we may consider it a sweet song of praise to Him who has given it its sparkling waters and its joyous freedom.

Watch those heavy clouds arising in the west, growing darker and darker as they advance. Mark that sudden flash,—a transient beam of heaven's glory; and now hear the thunder rolling and crashing above our heads. This is the lightning's voice—a voice sounding the greatness and might of the Author of its grandeur, and, terrible as it is, there is music in it—music solemn and sublime; and the emotions which it causes are emotions never experienced at any other time. A shrinking feeling comes over us, and our souls bow instinctively before the Majesty of heaven. It is not terror, it is awe—awe caused by a deep sense of God's omnipotence, a more vivid perception of his omnipresence, and a strong belief that he is near at hand.

Should we not learn from nature how much we ought to praise our Creator? And if the inanimate

works of his hands give him constant songs of thankfulness, should not we, upon whom he has bestowed so much greater honour, adore him constantly too? And we can when we are out alone and listening to their harmony, join in with them, and though silent, worship with the music of hearty prayers.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

St. Paul the Apostle, in writing to the Corinthians, very happily and appropriately drawn from the Olympic games, which were celebrated in their territory, images that were calculated to impress them with a lively sense of the duties of those who run the Christian race. This is peculiarly observable in 1. Cor. ix, 24-27. The solemn games of Greece have, indeed, furnished historians, orators, and poets, of all ages and nations, with sublime imagery. The most celebrated and magnificent of these solemnities were the Olympic games, which were celebrated every fifth year by a concourse of people from almost all parts of the world. During these games hundreds of victims were offered to the gods; and Elis was a scene of universal festivity and delight. So great was the estimation in which these games were held, that the kings of Macedon, the princes of Asia Minor, and subsequently even

the imperial masters of Rome, contended for the envied palm; judging themselves to have reached the very summit of human greatness and glory, if they could entwine the Olympic garland with the laurels acquired in stern contest, and at the expense of their blood.

The games which the Romans established in various cities and towns in Italy, were doubtlessly instituted in imitation of those of the Greeks; to which however, they were greatly inferior, on account of the brutal nature of their combats, every crown won in them being literally the price of blood. The Olympic exercises principally consisted of running, wrestling, and chariot-races. None but freemen, and persons of good morals, were to be candidates. They were obliged to submit to a rigidly regulated regimen, and certain preparatory exercises. When they had given in their names as candidates to be enrolled in the list of competitors, they were required to reside at Elis thirty days previous to the commencement of the games. During this period their regimen and exercises were prescribed by authority, and closely inspected by persons appointed to that duty, in order that the combatants might acquit themselves in the conflict in a manner worthy of their country, of the solemn occasion, and of the notice of the illustrious spectators by whom their exertions would be witnessed.

The names of those who had submitted to this preparatory discipline, together with the combat in which they were to engage, were, on the day of the celebration, publicly proclaimed by the herald, or crier. They appeared as their names were called, and were examined as to their citizenship and character. In order effectually to prevent any one of bad character from entering the lists at the Olympic games, the herald, after the examination of the candidates, led each along the stadium, and inquired with a loud voice, "Is there any one who can accuse this man of any crime?" Those of the combatants who passed through this ordeal with credit were led to the altar of Jupiter, a heathen idol, where they swore that they would observe the strictest honour in the approaching contention.

The competitors, in the foot-race were then arranged at the barrier; and the cord being dropped, they all at once sprang forward, stretching every nerve to be earliest at the goal, or end of the race, and thus secure the envied palm, and the applause of the assembled multitude.

The next sport was boxing, which, the hands of the combatants being armed with a sort of gauntlet, called the cestus, sometimes proved fatal to one or other of the combatants. According to Thucydides, the combatants in all the athletic exercises contended naked; and their bodies were rubbed all over with

oil, or with an ointment composed of wax and dust, mixed in due proportion: this ointment was called ceroma. By some authors the use of this ointment is said to be peculiar to the wrestlers, whose combats were thereby prolonged and rendered more varied; rendering it difficult for the combatants to get a firm hold of each other. The victory in wrestling was adjudged to him who gave his adversary three falls.

Upon the day of the chariot races, the chariots, upon a certain signal being given, entered the course according to the order before settled by lot, and were drawn up in a line. The dullest reader will readily imagine how great a noise, bustle, and confusion, twenty, or, as in some cases, forty chariots must have made, darting all at once from the barrier at the sound of the trumpet. To excite the competitors to the greatest possible exertions, the crowns, the rewards of conquest, were laid upon a tripod or stand, and placed in the middle of the stadium. Branches of palm also were exposed, and delivered to the victors with their crowns, and carried by them in their hands as emblems of the vigour of their bodies and minds. Near the goal was a tribunal on which sat the Hellanodics, who were the arbiters and judges of the contest, and whose duty it was to award the crowns with impartiality. The conquerors were soon moved to the tribunal of the Hellanodics,

where a herald placed a crown upon the head of each conqueror, and presented him also a branch of palm, and led him all thus adorned along the stadium; proclaiming the name, parentage, and country of each; and specifying the contest in which each had gained the victory. Different degrees of merit were rewarded with different degrees of honour; and obtained different crowns.

These particulars of the games held sacred by the Grecians explain many parts of the writings of the apostles, in whose time these games were held in high estimation, and from which they borrowed many metaphorical allusions of great beauty, energy, and sublimity.

CHRIST THE REFUGE AND ROCK OF HIS CHURCH.

“A man shall be an hiding place from the wind,” &c.

Isaiah xxxii, 2.

THE leading ideas suggested to us in the comparison here employed, are those of shelter and security.

Let us endeavour to represent to ourselves the scene intended to be described. The prophet seems to have had in view, the condition of a traveller, who, in those countries, would often be compelled

to journey over wide and dreary wastes, where no provision was made for his accommodation and protection. Suppose, then, that as he was pursuing his exposed and solitary way, suddenly the clouds should gather, the winds should rise, and every thing should portend an approaching storm. Alarmed at his situation, he anxiously looks round for some place of refuge, but looks in vain. No shelter offers itself to his enquiring eye. In the meantime, the danger awfully increases, blackness totally overspreads the sky. The thunder begins to roar, the lightning's gleam around. The affrighted traveller redoubles his pace, the rain and the hail already begin to overtake him. When just at the very moment, in which he expects to be overwhelmed by the fury of the tempest, he discovers the opening of a friendly cavern, which offers him the protection for which he was earnestly looking. With heartfelt pleasure, he flies to this place of refuge, and within its deep recesses reposes in safety, and escapes the storm.

Secure in the shelter thus afforded him, his fears subside; he hears the tempest roar without dismay, and thankful for the peace which he enjoys, calmly waits till the returning light announces that the storm is past, and invites him to resume his journey. Such, may we suppose, is the scene, which presented itself to the prophet's mind. Such, then, as this

cavern, this place of refuge was to the exposed and unprotected traveller, such is Christ to all his people. He is a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest. They, like the traveller, are exposed to furious storms, which often arise and cross their road, and thunders, too, overtake and overwhelm them. While naturally, like him, they are unprotected, and have no means of avoiding the gathering danger. But in Christ they find shelter and security. He opens to them a place of safety, and protects them from the fury of the storm. The Saviour screens them from the Divine wrath, and from the fury of an offended God. His wrath, like a gathering storm, once threatened to destroy them. Christ is the only true refuge for poor sinners. He not only screens, but he also protects them from the assaults and fury of the world, and from the malice and rage of the powers of darkness, and against spiritual wickedness in high places (or wicked spirits).

“As rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”

To obtain a clearer understanding of the ideas suggested in these words, we must further endeavour to represent to ourselves the scene intended to be described.

In those countries where the prophet resided, sudden storms and violent tempests, were not the

only evils to which travellers were exposed. They had to encounter also excessive drought and immoderate heat. Their road would often be through dry and sandy deserts, in which little water was to be found, and under a fierce and burning sun, against whose scorching rays they had no defence.

What blessings then, at such a season, could be more gratifying to them—when parched with drought, and ready to die with heat, then suddenly to discover a cool stream of pure water, in which they might allay their ardent thirst, and to reach some lofty rock, under the shade of whose broad and projecting sides, they might repose their weary limbs, and screen themselves from the noon-day sun. Such is the scene intended to be described.

And what then are the ideas suggested in this passage, but those of refreshment and repose. Christ is as refreshing and comforting to his people, as the water and the rock are to the weary traveller. Amidst all their cares and troubles, their labour and fatigue, He vouchsafes to them refreshment and repose. "He maketh them to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth them beside the still waters." Jesus not only shelters his people from harm, but he comforts them with good.

The blessings here intended to be set forth, are those fruits and consolations of the Spirit, with which Christ revives, refreshes, and gladdens the

hearts of his faithful people. Their life is a pilgrimage, the world is a dry and barren wilderness, through which they have to pass, and in which they are called to bear the burden and heat of the day. But their Redeemer does not fail to comfort and support them. He furnishes them with refreshing streams and a cooling shade. "The means of grace, the ordinances of his house, are the rivers which he opens in dry places, and with which he satisfies the thirsty soul, and revives the fainting spirit. In the use of these means, in the participation of these ordinances, He reveals himself to his people. He meets with them and blesses them, cheers them with the sense of his presence, sheds abroad his love in their hearts, removes their burdens, dispels their darkness, strengthens them for future duties and services, and fills them with that peace which passeth all human understanding. Thus he is to them as 'Rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' This last expression, indeed, seems to present another additional idea. It reminds us of the strength, the solidity, and enduring nature of that peace, with which Christ blesses his people. He is as the shadow, not of a feeble gourd, or a large spreading tree, but of a great projecting rock. The shelter which a tree affords, may, for the time, be equally cool and refreshing, with that which a rock furnishes. But it

is not equally lasting. The leaves will fail, the branches will wither, the trunk will one day decay, or may at any time be cut down, and thus the shade which was once afforded, will be gone for ever."

But not so with a stable rock. It will stand for ages. It will defy the effects of time, or the strength of man, to remove it from its place. The shade which it casts will never fail, it will be, like the Rock of Ages, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, to succeeding generations of men. Such is the Saviour to the sinner. He is a great rock, that cannot be moved. He will endure for ever and ever, and his chosen ones will find, that that God in whom they have believed, hath made himself over to them, in all his essential perfections. His Omnipotence is their guide, His Omniscience their overseer, His Omnipresence their companion, His Bounty their store, His Wisdom their counsellor, His Justice their rewarder, His Holiness their fountain of grace, His Unchangeableness the rock of their security, His All-sufficiency their inheritance, and his Eternity the duration of their happiness. In a word, he loved them from the first of time, and he will love them to the last.

It will be well for each of us to bear in mind, that we are but pilgrims and strangers here, and that we are travelling through a dangerous and barren wilderness, which, of itself, affords neither shelter nor

refreshment for the soul. There is a storm of Divine wrath impending over the guilty sinner, which his transgressions have provoked, and which, at any time, may burst upon his defenceless head. O, sinner, do you know this important truth. Fly, then, to Jesus for safety, escape for your life, to the Rock of Ages, and may the desire of your soul, and your fervent prayer be

“Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.”

MINERAL WEALTH OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The average value of the annual produce of the mines of the British Islands amounts to the sum of £20,000,000, of which about £8,000,000 arise from iron, and £9,000,000 from coal. The mineral produce of Cornwall and Devon alone has recently amounted to £1,340,000. In this estimate the value of the copper is taken in the ore before fusion; that of the iron, lead, zinc, tin, and silver after fusion, in their first marketable condition.



CHAPTER III.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUE SCHOLARSHIP.

Your true scholar is a great rarity. Nature laboureth long to produce such a one, and after many ineffectual strivings and rude abortions, gives birth to one in an age. A world's wonder. Let us contemplate this strange genius, and enquire whence, and of what temper and elements it is, and in what it is different from other men, and stands thus aloof. It is neither his arrogance nor our servile fear that has placed him above the rest of us; but his native hugeness of stature overshadows us, and we reverence. We are of the earth—we creep along its surface—our sight is obstructed by its hills and mists. He is a clear intelligence; he partakes of the heavenly; in him reside swiftness and strength; he overtops the mountains, and far above the cloud region, breathes the pure ether. Yet we do not worship. He is only our taller brother. The same spark is in us too. We may one day take long strides like him.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TRUE SCHOLAR IS A SELF-DENYING SPIRIT.

God hath not given to every man to possess and enjoy all things. Nature is never prodigal of her

favours. He may be rich, if he will, or learned, or in honour, or indolent, but not all at once. The same sun that ripens the cotton plant, scorches the grass. One tree bears oranges, another the bread fruit, but not one bears both. Man may choose what he will be, and then by a laborious paying of the price which necessity exacts, he shall become that thing he has chosen. Would he be rich, then he shall work with callous hands, rise with the lark, feed scantily, save odds and ends, and suffer all the ills of poverty. Or grasping at stocks, become the associate and friend of the knave and outlaw, and the worn hat and threadbare coat will be an emblem of the leanness that is within. But the end is sure. He will be rich. He has chosen his part, which as the laws of nature are certain, "shall not be taken from him." Yet this man cannot become wise, or honoured, or beloved.

Such is our weakness that the visible excludes the ideal. Gold and silver take, in the judgments of men, the precedence, of the riches that are in the intellect of men. The voice of applauding multitudes is louder and more persuading than the low quiet broodings of the affections. A place in a faction is more desirable than in the immortal brotherhood of the good and wise.

Yet all these influences of sense, and custom, and conventional judgment, which so temptingly allure all men, must the lover of true wisdom forego and

reject. They encumber and stifle him. Pythonons are they, which need a Hercules to strangle them. Nay, they strangle the most of us. Yet he whom nature hath made a worthy scholar, and to whom the right spirit has been given, be he sunken never so deep in these oppressive waters, by a native subtleness, and upward pressure, emerges, and rises to his own pure element. The waves reach not him. Their roar is far below. He cares not to pamper the body. Like Erasmus, his first want is books; then if he has money left, he will buy clothes. Pulse and spring water, a rude pallet and a maple dish, are fare and furniture enough for him, who has fellowship with heroes and sages, who provides no expensive entertainments for the living, but himself feeds on the treasured wisdom of the dead. He does not need a garnished house, and a costly retinue. He would be himself a fit dwelling for the spirit of divine wisdom, and has in the power of his knowledge all the principles of nature, as handmaids richly and spontaneously ministering to his wants. He desires not the commendation of the unthinking; for he is not of them. To the cheers or censures of the multitude he gives no heed, for he is of that noble society, selected from the generous and the just, the heroic and devoted, the pure and wise, of all ages, who have been martyrs for the right; and who have mused in silence, in obscurity, in scorn, on the beauty and excellence

of truth, till the flame has been kindled in them, and burns on consuming and inextinguishable.

The power that made man has subjected him to toil. "By the sweat of thy brow," is the perpetual decree. The treasures that we covet, lie not upon the surface. Gems are in mines. The pearl dwells many fathoms down in the bosom of the sea. Truth too has her secret veins, which the rustic treads on daily and unwittingly. She lies in a deep well, to whose bottom only the stars look. He who searches for her with idle curiosity or vacant stare will not find her. She does not come in dreams. The scholar girds himself with a deliberate purpose. Whatever is needful, he does, and shrinks from no discipline. He plods, delves, watches, walks, runs, and waits. Thankfully he receives the sudden light of an inspiration, or patiently spells out the mystic characters in which nature's laws are written.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TRUE SCHOLAR IS A SINCERE SPIRIT.

It has no sympathy with error, it disdains falsehood, it despises and defies deceit. Truth is its element, its life. It loves the light, and walks forth boldly in it, that itself may be seen, and that it may see all things.

The true scholar must be sincere not only in word and action, but in purpose and thought. There must be no seeming in him; cant, hypocrisy, and pretension, are alien from his nature. He desires that only which truly is. The false show of things, which dazzle and blind, have no charm for him. He aims at a real knowledge and substantial worth. He has to do with substance and heart. Forms have no value for him who would apprehend the "inwardness of all secrets." He who would be initiated in the hidden doctrine and rites of Eleusis must present himself as with a cleansed body, so with a sincere mind, without doubt or mistrust, hoping and looking with single aim for the wisdom to be revealed. So the student who would enter the temple of truth, and behold with his own eyes the mysteries of nature, must pass on with that sincerity of heart, which alone can give a serene purpose and a resolute step. The crackling salt offered with honest hands, shall be a more odorous offering than Sabæan spices. If the heartless lover who vows adoration to his mistress while he worships only her gold, is justly spurned and loses both his mistress and his gold—much more he who seeks an unearthly and spiritual good with low views and an earthly heart shall find himself perpetually baulked and disappointed. There is here no room for paltering, and double dealing. Every man gets what he deserves, not what he would seem to deserve. The

lust of gold, however well disguised, cannot win wisdom, nor can the desire of mere dignities, or that shameless passion which seeks only popular applause; nay, they are dull orbs, ever near, and impenetrable, which stand forever between the soul's eye and the sun of truth. Is there one who loves truth, and seeks after wisdom? To whom they are in themselves more precious than gold and gems, priceless as light and the stars, more sustaining than the balsams of human affection and regard? Let him thank God, and take courage. That he desireth he shall yet have. He has now the key that unlocks every ward. His vision is already purged, that, in due time, he may gaze on the transcendent brightness. As the tree by its subtle alchemy rejects all noxious and pestilent exhalations, and transmutes the impalpable air into veined leaves, and spreading branches, and a solid trunk, so does the sincere scholar, refusing error and deceit, breathe only the pure air of truth, and is quickened in every impulse and affection by its living energy.

The sincerity of the true scholar is no ordinary attainment. It must be unmingled and undefiled; not merely a single purpose, not one strain, however melodious, but the consent of all the harmonies of his being; nor yet a rainbow union, where each hue is diverse while all are blended, but that perfect intermingling in which every separate colour is lost in the pure whiteness of their combination. To such a one

science reveals itself as to a favourite son. That which others grope for is plain to him. He enters the labyrinth with a clue that shall never mislead.

This sincerity involves a judgment of the heart no less than of the head. It is a moral appreciation. Simple in itself, it loves simplicity and purity. Understanding it values, and judging by a right measure, it holds fast what it loves. Transparent too is it with that liquid clearness in which the sunlight detects no floating mote, or staining vapour.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TRUE SCHOLAR IS A SOLITARY SPIRIT.

Doubtless he who looks aright for wisdom, may find it everywhere. Her lessons are written on all material things, and are interwoven with the whole fabric of society. The true scholar learns not less from nature, and from his own experience of life, than from books, "which are the records of other men's lives." Men talk much of the beauties of nature, wherewith boys and maidens are often in raptures. Yet these beauties are of too fine an essence to be discerned by gross and vulgar spirits, and lie too deeply hidden to be reached by the frivolous and unthinking. Invested with this beauty, and veiled by it to the common eye, lie still underneath,

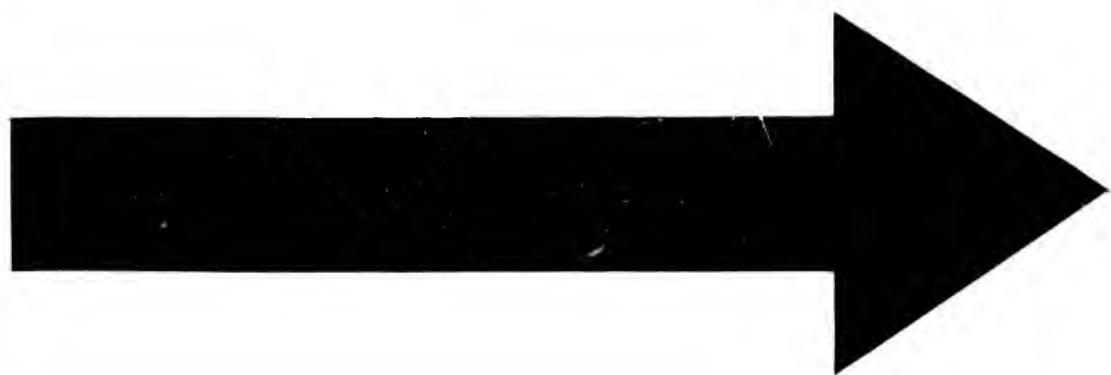
the laws and lessons of wisdom. Into this realm only the true scholar may enter. The harmony of the spheres is his peculiar music. The power of elementary numbers none less can understand. The secret workings of life and the mysterious affinity which makes man a brother to the clod are in some degree disclosed to him. In the loneliness of nature he is not alone. Trees, winds, waters, all have a voice. "Airy tongues that syllable," are no longer a poetic fiction. The very shapes of what seems dead are emblems, and the gift of insight is bestowed on him.

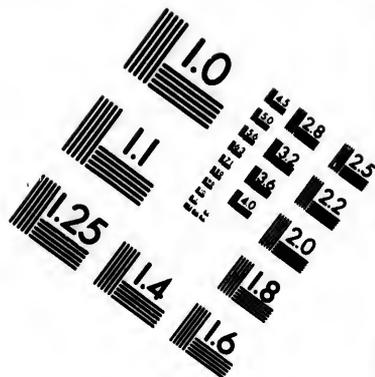
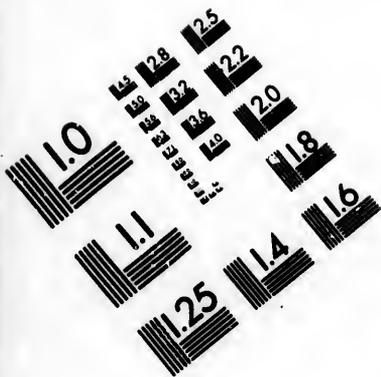
Nor less does he gain from every hour of contact with social life. Every man he meets becomes his teacher, alike the wise man and the fool, the toll-gatherer and the chance wayfarer. In the marketplace and in the court-room, the shop of the artisan and the hall of debate, the church, the funeral, the wedding, the christening, in every bargain and sale, in every theatre, caucus, and mob, wherever man is and acts, there is his study. The kindling eye, the hasty word, the rude gesture, the clumsy attitude of the rustic, and the swagger of the bully, each tells him something. Every social assembly is a museum of choice specimens, labelled and ticketed, and offered to the inspection of all who think it worth their while to study them. The ungrateful yielding to necessity, the struggle against

want, the conferring a favour,—all the actions, indeed, of daily intercourse teach us effectual lessons which, when we read them in books, we always forget.

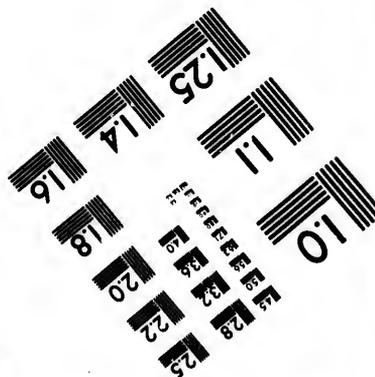
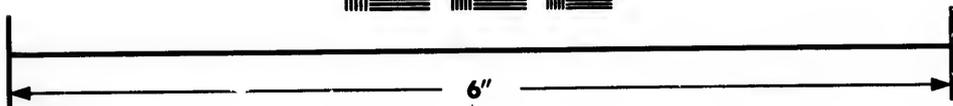
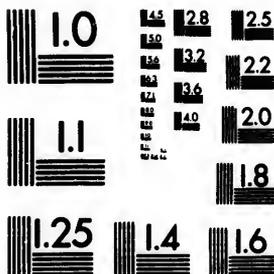
In the scenes of nature and the hurrying tide of society, the scholar is still solitary. Learning goes on in the depths of his own mind, and the bystander sees nothing of it. Differences, analogies, causes, effects, are a portion of the brood that are hourly begotten, and every sight multiplies itself into manifold new phenomena and relations. The business of the throng around is no hindrance or disturbance. Archimedes could continue his demonstration while the soldiers of Marcellus were battering and sacking Syracuse. Xenophon philosophized among the Carduchian mountains. Napoleon was a student at Borodino and Versailles. Bodily presence neither lets nor aids the presence of the spirit.

When the scholar has gathered his treasures by diligent observation of men and things, he retires to the secrecy of his own studious thoughts, as the bee to the hive laden with that which is to be honey. The chemist has drawn from every mine and mountain the materials for his experiments, but it is the silent laboratory and crucible that bring forth their secret powers and agencies. It is solitary thought that animates the dead mass of





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facts and products. Here no man can help his neighbour. Each must do his work and bear his burden alone. Whoever relies on the promised or supposed aid of another is no man. The crutch is the better of the two. If the work is ever accomplished, it is by the energies of the soul working within itself. If not thus done, it will never be done.

Let not the scholar hasten from his seclusion, to mingle with men, and become one of them. His solitude has fellows and friends enough. Images of the past are there. Events that are now passing, fling their shadows into his sanctuary. Homer and Milton, bards, seers, heroes, and prophets are his counsellors and inmates. Still and unobtrusive are they, aids, in no way incumbrances. The history of ages, the experience of human hearts, the riches of man's intellect are treasured in their few brief sentences. In such counsellors is wisdom. Yonder, high in his solitary attic is he, with scanty furniture, and dimly burning lamp. The busy crowd below pass to and fro on their various errands, alike unheeding and unheeded. Yet rich and bright are his visions. Forms of unearthly stature and of celestial beauty wait on his will. Select spirits of distant ages answer to his call. He converses with the best and bravest. They bring messages of warning and refreshment. He

changes to their likeness, and becomes partaker of their beauty.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TRUE SCHOLAR IS A SPIRIT OF TRUSTFUL HOPE.

Why should not the true scholar hope and trust? He is a docile pupil of nature, he obeys her laws, he has partaken of her spirit, and she who is no niggard in her bestowments, will give him his full reward. He has much need of hope, for his discipline is severe. Years of toil and watching avail not sometimes to gain the secret he would know. Yet he may feel assured that silently it may be as the dawning, and sure as that dawning, that truth shall be revealed to him; or the globe of cloud shall burst in some inspired moment, and the light he has yearned for be given to him. He has need of hope, for the object he aims at comes not within the scope of ordinary sympathy and calculation. It is distant, and the benefits of it are still more distant, and few can see them. There are few who commend. Were not hope strong within him, he would sink by the way-side.

Still more sustaining is his living and perpetual trust. He has undoubting faith in the powers and

resources of the human soul. He feels within him that divine energy which links him to immortals. Himself is a partaker of the Infinite Reason. A reflecting, conscious spirit, with reason and free will, he has the consciousness of sovereignty. The realm of thought and feeling, the boundless universe of knowledge is subject to him. All that was made for him, his title has no flaw, and he knows that if not now, yet one day he shall enter and occupy this vast inheritance.

More perfect, if possible, is his trust in the goodness of that wisdom, which is at once the author of his own being and the source of all truth, and which has made them for each other, that his labour shall not be vain and without reward. As the seeing eye is an evidence before-hand of that light by which it may see, so is his craving of knowledge an earnest and sufficient proof that truth is, and is for him. He who has created the desire and given the power will not suffer them finally to mislead and disappoint. With a charter thus heaven derived, he goes cheerfully to his labour, and wearisome and imperfect as it may be, he is sure that the end will be attained, and the blessing be given.

He has, too, an unwavering faith in the worth of truth. He pursues no phantom. The prize he aims at may be unseen, but is not the less real. That which most men take to be real—the visible, tangible

form—is but the husk and development of the true substance. That by which the crystal is different from the pebble is not so much its form, as the principle of accretion which brings every particle to its place, and is the origin and law of that form. The student of nature who reads aright, stops not at the outward appearance, but looks beneath to the living force. In society the phantasmagoria which passes before our eyes, is, to the student, not an amusement, but a deep study, and develops to him the secret powers and principles which make society what it is—as in books he reads not merely the printed characters, but the meaning of the writer; not a bare alphabet of Greek or Hebrew, but the mind of Sophocles or of Isaiah. Thus perpetually reaching after substance, his way is always to the heart of things. The knowledge he seeks is that which has life; and the life passes from it to him, and he too lives, and is a man. The fashion of this world passeth away, but the word of God abideth for ever. He who has well learned that word, which is written alike in letters and in laws, has a possession which changes not. He can look forward to no disappointment.

The true scholar will be a friend of man. Understanding the secret of their acts, he offers them wise guidance, or that they may be self-guided, reveals to them the principles which they unconsciously

obey. His is no mysterious power over nature and man, but a wise following and a simple-hearted knowledge, which another, though he may not discover it, may use more skilfully than he. Thus the thoughts which the scholar has attained by long and patient labour, descend to the common mind, and are the property of all. The light which was once seen only from the hill tops, now shines down into the valleys, and all men rejoice in it.

THE POOR CURATE.

"The Poor Curate" is a phrase raplete with sad meaning, and when or wheresoever spoken, the mind images to itself a painful portraiture. "Love in a cottage" has a pretty sound; philosophy in a tub, bidding royalty to desist from intercepting its darling sunshine, may give us a lofty idea of what stern and stoical indifference to mundane wealth the human mind is capable; but, unfortunately, the existence of the first is somewhat apocryphal (except in imagination or the pages of romance); and the example of that testy old bachelor, Diogenes, is far from a comforting precedent to our poor curate, who, be it remembered, is "Benedick, the married man,"—cherishing all the better feelings and refined affections of our nature, and mingling with them those high and

ennobling studies which are not of the "earth, earthy;" he has yet to bear with many of the "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," and with a placid mien, and beneath the garb of a gentleman, to mask a mind ill at ease, and worn and wearied by its incessant struggles to keep up that respectability, and maintain that demeanor, which befits his station and holy office; aye, and that too frequently with an income considerably less than what a wealthy merchant would deem a fitting remuneration for one of his junior clerks.

Admirable, indeed, must that system be, and reconcileable alone with the certainty of an hereafter "to justify the ways of God to man," which assigns to the teachers of a divine philosophy, whose origin is of the highest—to men well-born, learned, and devout—a stipend barely adequate to the supply of their "daily bread," and makes poverty the sole guerdon of many of those who teach "that the labourer is worthy of his hire."

In nine cases out of ten, he is a younger son of a good family,—a family, perhaps, crippled in its income by the extravagance of some thrifless ancestor, some ladye-loving gallant, who, like Sir Roger de Coverley's forefather (that "time-honoured" name), "would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on;" and now its diminished rent-roll, shorn of its ancient glories, is transmitted from sire

to son, a genteel competence for the hereditary inheritor, and nought for the younger branches, save the forlorn hope of a place from the patronage of a distant titled relative.

Our embryo parson hath early evinced a bookish taste, and shown a prepossession for those quiet pursuits which are usually considered as characterising the young student. The gloomy stillness of his father's library, and the ancient tomes whose quaint bindings adorne it, had far greater attractions for him than the noisy gambols of his brethren. He has there luxuriated in all the rich fancies of Spenser, sighed over the plaintive lays of the noble Surrey, and drawn "huge pleasance" from the "merrie conceits" of Herrick; Sir Philip Sydney has been his bosom friend, and Chancellor More his chosen companion, while many a pearl was brought up from the profounder depths of Bacon's wisdom. And well has he loved the giant trees which girdled the "ould house at home;" but loved them only for the deep shadow and the softened light which their dense foliage shed upon his book as he lay stretched beneath the broad branches, and that book, perchance, some huge folio as old John Evelyn's, on forest trees:—

"His melancholy boyhood gone,
Youth, with its dreamy time came on."

Our young hero's bibliomania has been noted, and the old squire, with the exaggerated affection of a parent, has read therein an omen of his future greatness: and after having held divers family consultations (privy councils of minor magnitude,) has determined on the church as the future arena for the display of his talents.

He is accordingly consigned to the care and finishing tuition of a neighbouring clergyman, and there committeth a most foolish act, very natural to youth, but, as our elders say, not a whit the less reprehensible—(we almost blush to record it)—he falls in love with the pretty but dowerless daughter of his tutor! True it is she has a bright eye, and a happy laugh, and a most fairy-like form; and passing fair are the pleasant visions tinted with all the glowing hues of hope which these two lovers conjure up for the future. Many are the twilight rambles, the starlight interviews, and the mutual pledges of troth and constancy. But this is an old tale—time will fly, and our future Sir Reverend is at length entered at Oxford.

We will pass over his collegiate career; his unremitting study; his excited hopes, kindled by the name and fame of those who have trodden the self-same cloisters before him; his successful poem and his unsuccessful essays, together with all the fervent anticipations peculiar to the ardent mind of an ambitious student. Suffice it to say, the ever-present

image of a "certain blonde and fairy one" has proved a defence against the powerful temptations of a college life; he has received ordination, successfully appended A. B. and A. M. to his name; accepted the curacy of _____, and, after wedding the gentle object of his early love, is settled in his humble domicile at _____, a poor curate.

Such is a brief outline of the summer of our hero's life, ere the chilly winds and gloomy fogs of autumn darkened the sunshine or withered its flowers. Most old men can testify how great the fall from the airy cloud palace of romance to the clay hovel of reality. All have experienced, more or less, at some period of their lives, a chilling sense of the futility and fallacy of the hopes and wishes which they clung to and cherished in their youth; the free heart is checked, and the open hand closed, by that most unromantic of all monitors, worldly prudence; philosophy is substituted for poetry, and too many of their loftiest aspirations terminate like the loftiest mountains, in vapour.

And thus it is with our poor curate. Conscious of the possession of talent; elated with hope; cheered and animated in his midnight studies by visions of a mitre and a stall, the reward, as he fondly believed, of learning, rather than the result of interest and party zeal; what wonder if, after the fervour of affection has somewhat abated, and the warm impulses

subsided and settled down into a fixed and steady principle; what wonder if he should be tempted to repine at what a more intimate acquaintance with the world, and a less fixed confidence in the promises of men, have enabled him to perceive must be his unchanging lot?

An increasing family and a stationary income; children which reverse the instance of the Banyan tree, and ask for succour *from*, instead of yielding *to*, the parent stem, growing up like olive branches round about his table;—these are matters of more than trifling import, are they not, reader? And so our poor curate finds them.

The very grocer whom he favours with his scanty custom, and who contrives to keep a pony and chaise, and five genteely, is far better off than our poor curate. His banker, who attends every cricket-match and horse-race within twenty miles of the place, is in much better circumstances than his spiritual pastor. The bluff farmers, who respectively doff their broad-rimmed beavers to "his reverence," and who ride blood mares, and drink "potations pottle deep" on each recurring market-day at the neighbouring town, at least enjoy the *otium*, if denied the *dignitas*; and their "rich peasant cheeks of ruddy bronze" but too forcibly contrast with the wan features of our poor curate and the pale aspects of his delicate offspring.

Scanty are the oblations, whether of meat or drink,

that are paid to his household gods ; and very few the luxuries of this life that fall to his or their share : nay the bare necessities are not always procurable without difficulty. And why is this ? Appearances must be kept up, and the credit of his family supported (a family too poor to lend any efficient aid, and too proud to own their poverty). How many little comforts are denied to purchase some long-coveted work, without which he imagines his library incomplete ! What sacrifices are made to attain some article of dress, whose acquisition may be necessary ere his lady(?) can accept the invitation of a neighbouring family to spend a week beneath their roof ! The replenishment of his own wardrobe is a thing of unfrequent occurrence ; that black suit, so threadbare, yet decent withal, is as familiar to our vision as his own benevolent countenance ; his linen, albeit, is faultless both in hue and texture.

Pitiable indeed ; would the condition of our poor curate be but for the delicate benevolence of some two or three maiden ladies whose venerable mansions grace his parish, and whose venerable countenances solemnize his church. The liberal gift (offering) at Easter and the generous donative at Christmas, somewhat soften the asperities of his lot. Still it is poverty—genteel poverty ; and many and bitter are the self-degrading comments which a comparison of his own lot with that of others will call forth ; thrust as he is,

into the society of those whose sole claims to rank with or above him rest, not on their birth or education, but in their wealth.

There is nothing of imagination in this picture—nothing beyond mere matter-of-fact. The bright visions of his boyhood have faded; the glowing hopes of his youth, have, one by one, been first chilled, and then utterly repressed. And now, in his "scar and yellow leaf," our hero is still the poor curate, vegetating on his scanty income, and fulfilling all the pious duties of his station with cheerfulness and calm content. Nay, there are occasional gleams of sunshine scattered on his path. There are hours, when shut in his little study, a communion with the mighty spirits of the olden time, a perusal of the precious legacies which they have left to us, and which have survived the very traces of the cities where they dwelt, have gone far towards merging in oblivion the petty cares and anxieties of the outer world. Then, too, there is much of consolation, much of the approval of that "still small voice" within, arising from scenes into which the nature of his holy office leads him.

To soothe the last hours of a fellow-mortal; to have gradually weaned his thoughts from earth, and fixed his hopes upon a "better land," until, at length, the parting spirit yearns for its eternal home; to dry up the tears of the mourner; to lead

charity to the homes of pining want;—these will outweigh a whole host of selfish troubles, and draw the veil of forgetfulness over very, very, many of the minor *desagremens* of our brief life.

"*Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas,—ubi humilitas, ibi pax,*" is beautifully exemplified in the cottage home of our poor curate; a very atmosphere of peace seems to surround and pervade it; and though poverty is its indweller, yet she is arrayed in trim garb, and her aspect may be even cheerful. And sooth to say, it is a pleasant spot, enshrined (so to speak) in a very wilderness of sweet flowers, which, together with its humble roof, are imaged in the clear waters of a stream that run rippling by, and whose low, silvery tones, when heard in the stillness of a summer twilight, lull one into a soft dreamy reverie, and call up such vague, fairy-like thoughts, as would, if indulged in, altogether unfit us for the commerce of this work-day world. The hand of taste is visible within its walls; there are a hundred little trifles which evince its exercise, and innumerable evidences of the fond affection of the husband and the father.

The various attributes of the gifted mind are here at issue with poverty; and where will not the former win for themselves an abiding place, softening by their kindly influence, the ills incident to those whose lot may be the latter. The framed drawings dependent from the walls—

the pictured chess-table, whose every dark square hath some quaint device or tiny portraiture impressed upon it—the screens, with their rich groups of flowers and birds—are each and all home-wrought, and serve as pleasant links between the living tenants of the chamber and inanimate occupiers. Nor must we overlook one especial friend, whose tones are ever welcome, whose voice ever kindly, and whose companionship untiring—music. Our poor curate is a passionate lover of song, and witching airs, “wedded to immortal verse,” can make that chamber like the enchanted island of Prospero,—

“Full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight.”

And in this home will his days be passed, and in the exercise of those duties the closing years of life will be spent. The old age of men of letters (or, at least, of those who have not occupied any prominent eminence in the republic,) unlike that of others who have played a busy part upon the great stage of life, is little disturbed by those stormier recollections which occasionally harass theirs. Nor is it a repose from toil or action. Their existence has been rather like the course of a gentle river, mirroring the clouds and sunshine of heaven, cognizant only by reflection of what is passing on its banks, with ever and anon some passing shower shattering its clear surface, yet

calm again, gliding on to the music of its own waters, and at length stagnating into a quiet lake.

To such may we assimilate the life of our poor curate. We will not deny but that ancient memories will sometimes haunt his mind, and that dormant hopes will not occasionally be stirred within him. But these gradually die away, his thoughts take a loftier tone, his benevolence a wider scope, and his ambition, if not a higher, yet a better aim; and as he becomes more and more identified with the interests and well-being of those around him—the consolers of their sorrows, the soother of their griefs, a messenger of peace and good-will to all—he finds in contentment the truest wisdom, and that “he who winneth souls is indeed wise.” And when he dies, “late may it be,” he will have his grandchildren’s love for epitaph, the sorrowings of many a poor man’s heart for requiem, and will be interred in the chancel of the village church, where a small rural tablet will perchance record the obituary of the poor curate.

We have thus briefly portrayed some of the “lights and shadows” of a poor clergyman’s chequered existence—a favourable specimen of the class, we admit; but upon the bright traits in such a character—the uncomplaining endurance of poverty unmerited, the noble self-sustaining sense of innate dignity, excellencies which redeem much that is base in our fallen nature—on these we would much rather dwell, than

note the darker features in another's. That such there are—men whose principles widely differ from their professions, and whose lives but ill accord with the doctrines they inculcate, we cannot deny; but leave the delineation of these to the pen of the sectarian, or the morbid and gloomy pencil of the misanthrope.

Thank God! there are still many such as our poor curate located in the midst of the village homes of merrie England, in her towns and in her cities, carrying with them the gentle influences of a pure life and unassuming manners into the heart of her busiest scenes, and into the quiet hamlets of her most secluded vallies.

It may not be impertinent, in this place, to quote the following homely, yet graphic description of the poor curate, as it appeared in a work now but little known, and not easily consulted, called, "*The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy Inquired into.*" The book appeared in 1670, and is attributed to the pen of Echard. He says:—"For where the minister is pinched, as to the tolerable conveniences of this life, the chief of his care and time must be spent, not in an impertinent inquiry, considering what text of scriptures will be most useful for his parish, what instructions most seasonable, and what authors best to be consulted; but the chief of his thoughts, and his main business, must be to study

how to live that week ; where he shall have bread for his family. He is not capable of doing that outward good amongst the needy, which is a great ornament to that holy profession, and a considerable advantage towards the having his doctrine believed and practised in a degenerate world. If there comes a brief to town, for the minister to cast in his mite will not satisfy, unless he can create sixpence or a shilling to put into the box, for a state *to decoy* in the best of the parish : nay, he that has but £40 or £50 per annum, if he bids not up high as the best of the parish in all acts of charity, he is counted carnal and earthly-minded, only because he durst not coin, and cannot work miracles. And whatever beggars may come, half of these, I'll secure you, shall presently ask for the minister's house. 'For God,' say they, 'certainly dwells there, and has laid up a sufficient relief.'

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

The Country Schoolmaster is one of the most marked characters of the country. In spite of the tingling remembrances of his blows, we have a real love for him, and sympathize with him in his sense of neglect. He complains, and justly too, that he has had the first moulding of the intellects of many

of the greatest geniuses which this country has produced, yet what genius in his glory has looked back to his old dominie with a grateful recognition? The worthy Sir Walter Scott is almost the only one. Dominie Sampson, Reuben Butler, Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster and parish clerk of Gauderleugh, and Peter Pattieson, are delightful proofs of the fact. But Scott saw the world of peculiar character which lies in the Country Schoolmaster, and disdained not to honour it as it deserved. Beyond this, little renown, in faith, has the village Dionysius won. Shenstone has done fitting honour to the village schoolmistress; but the master has been fain to shelter himself under the sole bush of laurel which the good-natured Oliver Goldsmith has planted to his renown in "The Deserted Village."

Poor fellow! true enough are Oliver's words, "Past his all his fame." He has had a quiet and a flattering life of it, for many a generation; the rustics have gazed and wondered

"That one small head could carry all he knew."

But the innovations of this innovating age have reached even him at last. He has built his cabin in an obscure hamlet, or, as in Ireland, set up his hedge-school under some sunny bank; he has retreated to the remotest glens, and the fastnesses of

unfrequented mountains, but even there the modern spirit of reform has found him out. He sees a cloud of ruinous blackness collecting over his head, out of which are about to spring ten thousand schoolmasters of a new-fangled stamp; and he knows that it is all up with him for ever. The railroad of national education is about to run through his ancient patrimony, and he shakes his head as he asks himself whether he is to come in for equitable compensation. No; his fame is past, and his occupation is going too. He is to be run down by an act of parliament to set him up. He was the selector of his own location, the builder of his own fortunes. The good old honest stimulant of caring for himself led him to care for the education of his neighbour's children; he needed no subscription to buy land and build a spacious school; he opened his cottage door, and in walked all the lads of the hamlet and neighbouring farms, with slates slung round their necks, books under arms, and their dinners in their bags. For fourpence a week, reading and spelling, and sixpence for those who write and cipher, he gave them hard benches and hard blows; and when he had as many stowed into his little house as were about enough to stifle him and one another, thought himself a lucky fellow, and looked round on the whole horde, with dirty faces and corduroy jackets and trousers, rough

heads, and white or blue pinafores, with a pride which saw the future neighbourhood filled with clever fellows, all of his own drubbing.

Poor old schoolmaster! little didst thou foresee these topsy-turvy times when I used to sit amongst such a rustic crew, and achieve pot-hooks and fish-hooks, at that sorely blotted and lacerated desk; and saw thee sitting in thy glory, looking in my eyes, the very image of mortal greatness. Little, as we stole late into school, having been delayed by the charms of birds'-nests or cockchaffers, and heard thee thunder-forth in lion-tones, "Eh! what's this?"

'A miller, a moller,

A ten o'clock scholar.'

March this way, march this way!" Little, as we ran, wild truants, through cowslip fields and by sunny brooks, with hearts beating with mingled rapture and dread of the morrow; little, as we riotously barred thee out for a holiday; did we ever dream that so dark a day could come upon thee! But, in faith, it is just at hand, and if we are to preserve a portrait of the Country Schoolmaster, we must sketch it now or never.

Oliver Goldsmith has hit off some of his most striking features. The Country Schoolmaster, in his finest field of glory, the hamlet—where, except

the clergyman, there are no higher personages than old-fashioned farmers, who received their *book-learning* from himself or his predecessor—is a man of importance, in his own eyes and those of others. He yet makes the rustics stare at his “words of learned length and thundering sound;” he can yet dispute with the parson, though he more frequently is the profound admirer of his reverence: he looks upon himself as the greatest man in the parish, except the parson, whose knowledge he extols to the skies, and whose reading of the church services he pronounces the finest in the world. The villagers always link “our parson and our schoolmaster” in one breath of admiration. If the schoolmaster can quote a sentence of Latin, wonderful is then their wonder of his powers. He is always styled “a long-headed fellow, as deep as the north star.” As in Goldsmith’s days, he can still often guage, and is the land-measurer of the district. In the bright, evening nook of the public-house, where the farmers, and the village shopkeepers, and the blacksmith duly congregate, his voice is loud, his air is lofty, and his word is law. There he often confounds there intellects by some such puzzling query as “Whether the egg or the bird was made first?” “What man Cain expected to meet in the wilderness before there was a man there?” or, “Who was the father of Zebedee’s children?”

If he be self-educated, as he generally is, he has spent the best part of his life in studying Latin; or he is deep in mathematics; or he has dived into the mysteries of astrology; has great faith in Raphael's annual prognostications, and in "Culpepper's Herbal." His literature consists of a copy of verses sent now and then to the neighbouring newspaper, or solutions of mathematical problems for the learned columns of the same. Perhaps he adventures a flight so high as one of the London magazines; and if, by chance, his lucubration should appear in the "Gentleman's," his pride is unbounded, and his reputation in his neighbourhood made for life. His library has been purchased at the book-stall of the next market-town, or he has taken it in at the door in numbers from the walking stationer. "Rapin's History of England," "Josephus," and "Barclay's Dictionary," in large quartos on coarse paper, and the histories with coarse cuts, are sure to figure amongst them. He carries on a little trade in ink, pens, writing paper, and other stationery, himself. If he be married, his wife is almost sure to drive a still brisker trade in gingerbread, Darby-and-Joans, toffy, and lollipops. As he is famous for his penmanship, he is the great letter-writer of the neighbourhood, and many are the love secrets that are confided to his ear. Nay, he letters sign-boards, and cart-boards, and coffin-

plates; for who is there besides that can? He makes wills, and has in former days, before the lawyers hedged round their monopoly with the penalty of illegality on such deeds, drawn conveyances, and was the peaceful practitioner in all such affairs for his neighbourhood.

Oh! multifarious are the doings of the Country Schoolmaster, and amusing are their variety. What an air of pedagogic pomp distinguishes him; how antequely amusing is his school costume often; how much more amusing the piebald patchwork of his language. H.'s address has frequently no little of mine ancient *Pistol* in it. The Dominic has now long been married to his fair one, who is as pretty a little Tartar as any in the country. He writes something in the phraseology of a quaker, but he is, in fact, the parish clerk.

PUBLIC PLEASURE GROUNDS ABROAD.

These public pleasure-grounds are common all over the Continent. Almost every large city can boast of them. At Frankfort, the old fortifications have been levelled and converted into public gardens and promenades—beautiful exemplifications of the progress of public opinion in the acquisition

of peace. The Frankfort promenades surround the city on every side except that next the Maine. The walks are charmingly laid out, and are as trimly and neatly kept as if they were the private property of a nobleman. The most precious flowers and shrubs are there, and remain sacred and untouched. It is a beautiful feature in these public gardens, that the most lovely and valuable things are openly exposed to view, without the slightest word of caution as to their injury or preservation. It shows how much trusting to the goodness that is in human nature will do. For, doubtless, the fact of being freely admitted to these places of public resort without prohibition, or insulting placards of "Caution" and "Beware," produces much of this respectful conduct and demeanour. The "charity that thinketh no evil" never yet provoked a crime; but can we say so much of the suspicion which is never done telling us of its man traps and spring guns?

A JUNE NIGHT.

If the days of June are now warm, and brilliant, and beautiful, oh! how soft and beautiful is a June night! Oh! what is there that can equal its pleasing obscurity, which is yet not darkness! What

can equal the calm, clear, lofty beauty of the sky, where the moon beams, like the celestial creature that she is, and the evening star burn with the radiance of immortal youth. There is a balmy softness in the air. The trees stand in shadowy masses, and seem to bend in adoration to the still and musing sky above them. There is a soft gloom beneath the umbrageous hedges, or as you walk through shrubberies and plantations, that is peopled with all the hopeful feelings of the present, and the tender memories of the past. What would we not give to go hand in hand again with those with whom we have enjoyed such hours, and talked of death, and wondered who should first explore its mysteries—and *they* were those first; as we walk on through deepening shadows, and wonder *what* and *where* they now are. How every place and scene in this still and thoughtful night seems to unlock its secret essence. Every spot has its own sentiment and its own peculiar odour. Here the sweet aroma of the leafy trees, there the strong essence of the forest turf; here the earthy smell of deep, rich soil, and there the fragrant breath of the sweet briar, or delicious effluvia from a clover or bean field. Near the hamlet, the warm, rich glow of the peat, or wood fire, announces that the weary labourer has supped, and perhaps now sleeps, unconscious of the cricket that sings in the garden

hedge, or the song of the nocturnal thrush in the
 old elm that over-canopies his dwelling. How
 delightful is the meanest sound of a summer night;
 even the moth, dashing against the cottage pane,
 or fluttering amongst the garden leaves, enriches
 the stillness; with what a lordly boom the soaring
 cockchaffer strikes the ear as he mounts into the
 flowery lime. How the smallest rivulet murmurs
 aloud; how palpably the mountain streams sound
 as they run along; how deeply sonorous is the dis-
 tant waterfall or mill-weir. The frogs in the
 marshes seem to be turning a thousand wheels;
 and the dorhawk, the cuckoo, and the nightingale
 give to wood, meadow, and tree their different
 charms. The quails pipe from the green corn, the
 curlews from the far moorlands; and if you wander
 near the ocean, what a voice of majesty is there full
 of the meanings of ages and the poetry of the infi-
 nite. Aye, walk, happy youth, in the flush of thy
 happiness, along the dusky margin of that old, old
 sea. Mark the soft waves break in flames at thy
 feet; hear the stroke of an oar somewhere in the
 dim obscurity; list to the wild and shrill cries of
 the tern and plover, that never sleeping soundly,
 come wheeling past and plunge onward unseen:
 there is not a sound heard to-night that shall not
 mingle with thy thoughts and hopes of life, and
 many years hence, pierce through thy memory,

followed by an ocean of tears. But, hush ! there are voices, shrill and laughing voices ; the musing young man springs onward, forgetting the poetry of the ocean and of night, in the more vivid poetry of hope and love. Let him go on. To the young, the old, to every human being that has a soul alive to the impressions of God, the Creator of nature, the calm, the gloom, and every sound and sensation of a summer night are holy.

THE NATURALIST'S WALK.

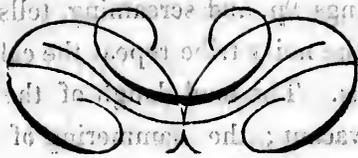
The little excursions of the naturalist, from habit and acquirement, become a scene of constant observation and remark. The insect that crawls, the note of the bird, the plant that flowers, or the vernal leaf that peeps out, engages his attention, is recognized as an intimate, or noted for some novelty that it presents in sound or aspect. Every season has its peculiar product, and is pleasing or admirable, from causes that variously affect our different temperaments or dispositions ; but there are accompaniments in an autumnal morning's woodland walk that call for all our notice and admiration : the peculiar feeling of the air, the solemn grandeur of the scene around us, dispose the mind to contemplation and remark.

There is a silence in which we hear everything, a beauty that will be observed. The stump of an old oak is a very landscape, with rugged Alpine steeps bursting through forests of verdant mosses, with some pale, denuded, branchless lichen, like a scathed oak, creeping up the sides or crowning the summits. Rambling with unfettered grace, the tendrils of the briony (*tamus communis*) festoon with its brilliant berries, green, yellow, and red, the slender sprigs of the hazel or the thorn; it ornaments their plainness, and receives a support its own feebleness denies. The agaric, with all its hues, its shades, its elegant variety of forms, expands its cone sprinkled with the freshness of the morning: a transient fair, a child of decay, that "sprang up in a night, and will perish in a day." The squirrel, agile with life and timidity, gambolling round the foot of an ancient beech, its base overgrown with the dewberry (*rubus cæsius*), blue with unsullied fruit, impeded in his frolic sports, half angry, darts up the silvery bole again, to peep and wonder at the strange intruder upon his haunts. The jay springs up, and screaming, tells of danger to her brood: the noisy tribe repeat the call, are hushed, and leave us. The loud laugh of the woodpecker, joyous and vacant; the hammering of the nuthatch (*sitta Europea*), leaving its prize in the chink of some dry bough; the humble bee, torpid on the disc

of the purple thistle, just lifts a limb to pray forbearance of injury, to ask for peace, and bid us

“Leave him, leave him to repose.”

The cinquefoil, or the vetch, with one lingering blossom, yet appears; and we note it for its loneliness. Spreading on the light foliage of the fern, dry and mature, the spider has fixed her toils, and motionless in the midst watches her expected prey, every thread and mesh beading with dew, trembling with the zephyr's breath. Then falls the “sere and yellow leaf,” parting from its spray without a breeze, tinkling in the boughs, and rustling scarce audibly along, rests at our feet, and tells us that we too part. All these are distinctive symbols of the season, marked in the sobriety and silence of the hour, and form, perhaps, a deeper impression on the mind than any afforded by the verdant promises, the vivacities of spring, or the gay profuse luxuriance of summer.



CHAPTER IV.

A U S T R A L I A .

AUSTRALIA, or NEW HOLLAND, is situated in the Pacific Ocean, and forms the largest island in the world. Lying between 9 degrees and 38 degrees of south latitude, and 112 degrees and 153 degrees of east longitude, it forms an extent of land which, from its geographical position, and its natural productions, abounds in interest both to the philosophical inquirer, and to all who wish to make it the place of their residence. It extends from 2000 miles from north to south, and about 2,600 from east to west, cut near its centre by the tropic of Capricorn,—its northern portion is included in the Torrid zone, but all its southern region enjoys the salubrious climate of the Temperate belt.

It has been divided into three principal parts, discovered at different periods, each possessed of a different history, but all of them having been employed for the purposes of colonization by the over-crowded population of the Old World. It consists of New South Wales, or Eastern Australia, on the east; South Australia, in the centre; and the Swan River

settlement, or Western Australia, on the west of its extra-tropical range.

New Holland was discovered by Don Pedro Fernando de Quiros, a Spanish nobleman, in 1609. He appears to have made the land in the vicinity of Torres Straits, and named it Australia of the Holy Spirit; but it afterwards received the name of New Holland, from a number of Dutch navigators by whom it was visited, and whose voyages, if not earlier made, seem either to have been the earliest recorded, or the most generally made known. The Spanish monarch at this time was too much occupied with the splendid acquisitions made to his foreign dominions by the genius of Columbus, to attend to the progress of eastern discovery, and additional portions of this region of the globe, were successively made known by the spirit of commercial enterprise, or the good fortune of individuals. The correct and indefatigable Dampier was the first English navigator by whom the coast of New Holland was visited. He received his naval education among the buccaneers of America, and in a cruise against the Spaniards, he doubled Cape Horn, from the east stretched towards the equator, fell in with this continental island, made an accurate survey of its shores, which, on his return to England, he presented to Earl Pembroke, and which gained him the patronage of William III.

But the illustrious Cooke was the first who gave

the most extensive information, and dispelled many illusions regarding this extensive region, during his first and his third voyages in 1770 and 1777. Previous to this, the eastern coast was almost entirely unexplored, but by him there was made known the existence of a vast island, almost equal in extent to the whole continent of Europe. Since that time it has engaged much of the attention of the British government and people. Many experiments have been tried, and with varied success, until the tide of public approval has turned so entirely in its favour, that even the wealth and the comforts of home, the length of the voyage, and the distance of the scene, are held as nothing when compared with the health and the independence of Australia.

Occupying a position considerably nearer to the south of the equator than England is to the north, the climate is consequently both warmer in summer and milder in winter than with us. The most remarkable feature attested by the report of all who have visited it, is the great uniformity of the temperature throughout almost its whole extent. It is not varied to a high degree even at different seasons of the year, nor liable to sudden transitions from cold to heat. So much is this the case, that invalids from India are now conveyed there instead of being subjected to a tedious voyage to Europe, or a laborious over-land journey to the valleys of the Himmaleh. This peculiarity arises

in great measure from the large proportion which sea bears to land in the southern hemisphere; on this account the temperature of places at the same distance from the different tropics, north and south, is cooler in the latter than in the former, 35 degrees in the one having been found by observation to correspond with 37 degrees and 38 degrees of the other. For eight months in the year the weather is mild and unbroken. The sky is seldom clouded, and although refreshing showers frequently fall, it is subject to none of the periodical rains which deluge the torrid zone. The sun looks down during two-thirds of his annual course in unveiled beauty from the northern heavens, and for the remainder, the frost is so slight as but to require the kindling of a fire for purposes of great warmth, morning and evening, while in Sydney, snow has been so seldom seen as to have endowed it with the name of white rain.

While this is the general characteristic, it must only be understood as the average of the whole, not as liable to no exception at any precise period, or at any particular place, which would of itself form one of the strangest exceptions to the economy of nature in every other portion of the earth's surface, that has ever been presented to the observation of man. The heat is greater in the interior than on the sea coast during summer, and the cold more intense in winter. At Paramatta, the thermometer rises 10 degrees higher in

summer, and falls the same number lower in winter, than at Sydney. But this is only at noon in summer, when the coolness of morning and evening again restores the balance, and in winter, the contrast arises from the more than European mildness of the one place, rather than from the excessive cold of the other.

These statements are made with more immediate reference to New South Wales, although applicable to the whole island. But in South Australia especially, the atmosphere is pure, dry, and elastic; even when the hot winds blow, which come periodically four times every summer, and continue from twenty-four to thirty-six hours at a time, the lungs play freely, and no difficulty is felt in breathing. In the humid atmosphere of England, such a degree of heat as that alluded to, would have been most oppressive, if not intolerable; and hence arises our exceeding liability to cold and cough, and consumption, which in an exposure to all weathers, and even to those sleeping uncovered on the ground, are unknown in Australia.

Being situated at the opposite extremity of the globe, its seasons are nearly the reverse of ours. Our December, January, and February, is summer there, when the atmosphere, however heated, only displays its power in spreading luxuriance over the face of nature, without producing any of its debilitating effects upon the human frame. The heat only requires to be endured

for a few hours during the day, to be amply compensated for by the refreshment of the cooling breeze that sets in in the evening. When it is winter there, it is our June, July, and August, which is rather a season of rain than of snow, with some slight symptoms of frost, which speedily disappear before the rays of the rising sun. Its being situated so much further east than England, equally affects the relations of time with regard to day and night, as to summer and winter. The sun rises ten hours later here than it does there; accordingly, when it is six o'clock in the morning here, it is four o'clock in the afternoon with the Australians. Although this is a real difference, it comes upon the emigrant so gradually during the voyage, that its very existence is unperceived, and it leads to no practical tendency in its influence upon the business of life.

The salubrity of the seasons is evidenced by the health of the inhabitants. They are liable to few diseases, and those which do occur, are represented as in every three instances out of four, the result of moral causes. Excess in the use of animal food, and of ardent spirits are there, as everywhere else, the great gateway opened by the hand of man for the entrance of disease and death.

Temperance, both in eating and drinking, will be found by the emigrant the most effectual means for the preservation of health, while excessive indulgence,

especially in the latter, is more likely than even at home to undermine the constitution, and to blast the prospects with more fearful and fatal rapidity.

The general account given of the climate of Australia, as affecting the health of its inhabitants, is strikingly applicable to the soil, the one being found mutually to act and react upon the other. As far as it has yet been explored, a remarkable degree of uniformity is found to prevail in the quality of land, supporting—at least south of the tropic—the same peculiar vegetation, and the same peculiar animals. From Moreton Bay, near the tropic on the east, through Port Jackson, Port Philip, the Tamar, Nepean Bay, Port Lincoln, King George's Sound, and the Swan River, to Sharks' Bay, near the tropic on the west, notwithstanding their diversity of latitude, this peculiarity of sameness prominently appears. The discovery of a part of the coast materially different from the rest, would astonish those who are acquainted with such portions as are at present known. That portion of the Continent of America which has been colonized by the Anglo-Americans is distinguished by its mighty rivers, with their tributary streams poured from magnificent mountains, flowing through valleys clothed by dense and boundless forests—their soil, enriched by vegetable remains, the accumulation of ages, and deriving every year fresh elements of fertility from the same

source, while the climate and atmosphere correspond with these characteristic features of the country. Australia, on the other hand, has none of these peculiarities of physical conformation. It has no large rivers, and is comparatively thinly wooded. Extensive districts are entirely free from timber. In the forest the trees stand far apart, and are scantily clothed with leaves. The foliage is not deciduous; and being highly aromatic and antiseptic, adds nothing to the fertility of the soil, greatly as it contributes to the purity and healthfulness of the atmosphere, and with these peculiarities we have shown the climate to be in strict accordance.

The absence of alluvial deposits from any very large rivers has formed a stripe of comparative sterility along the margin of the ocean. The soil of the coast does not on this account give a correct idea of that of the interior. Next the sea there is generally a belt principally of sand, bearing only stunted shrubs or brushwood, and varying in extent from two to twenty miles. Very fine land near the sea is a rare exception to this feature of uniformity. Nature seems to have peculiarly intended Australia for a pastoral country; and this feature in its soil plainly indicates that agriculture and commerce on a large scale must form ulterior steps in its progress to civilization. The extensive undulating plains of the inland district, cleared by some natural process of

forest vegetation, clothed with nutritious grasses, stretch themselves out, prepared for the flock of the shepherd. The possession of cattle facilitates the cultivation of land sufficient for more than domestic consumption, while the increase of inhabitants leads to the erection of towns, which in their turn encourage trade and lead to the extension of commerce; a process naturally and inevitably at present going on, and that first commencing with the natural advantages of the interior will eventually not only overcome the barrenness, but will draw out all the resources of the coast. The presence of a good harbour in front of, and the existence of a productive people behind, even the most ungenial shore will speedily make it the site for a city of industry, and its suburbs the seat not only for producing the necessaries of agriculture, but will cause it to teem with the luxuries of the garden.

Australia either produces or can be made capable of producing every grain and vegetable useful to man, with fruit in the highest perfection and of all varieties, from the currant and gooseberry of colder climes to the banana and pine apple of the tropics. In the immediate vicinity of Sydney, apples, pears, plums, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, mulberries, medlars, apricots, peaches, nectarines, figs, grapes, melons, oranges, lemons, citrons, loquots, olives, pomgranates, and in sheltered spots the guava and

the banana, are found growing intermingled, and producing fruit in the greatest abundance and of the richest flavour. Green peas are gathered in winter as well as summer, and the potato produces two crops in the year. Wheat in good soils averages from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre, weighing from sixty to sixty-five pounds the bushel. But in the very worst situations and under notoriously improvident management on the farms of the smaller settlers—hitherto the chief wheat growers—forty bushels per acre have been obtained. The seed time is from March to June, the harvest is in November and December. It is the same for oats and barley, but as yet these have been cultivated principally for fodder. Maize, the most luxuriant of grain crops, is sown in October and November, and ripens from March to June, producing from twenty to forty and fifty bushels nett to the acre, according to the qualities of the soil and the carefulness of the culture. So that there are two seed-times and two harvests each year at different seasons, and seldom has either been known to fail. The vine, the olive, and the mulberry thrive well. Vineyards and olive grounds have been already planted in various districts, and very palatable wine produced. Tobacco of good quality is grown. Silk and dried fruits, with other useful and valuable articles, for the production of which the climate is favourable, will doubtless, by degrees, be abundantly introduced.

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Even to the southward, in such districts as that of Illawarra, in New South Wales, the vegetation is very peculiar, and bears a stronger tropical character than in regions nearer the equator. This is supposed to arise from the shelter afforded from the westerly winds by the range of mountains which stretch along the coast, together with the nature of the soil, which bears strong marks of a volcanic origin. It is remarkable even up the sides of the mountains, where the variety of the vegetation contrasts beautifully with the wildness of the scenery. The fern tree shoots up its rough stem, thick as the oar of a man-of-war's long-boat, to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and then suddenly spreading forth its leaves in every direction, each four or five feet in length, exactly similar in appearance, though so much larger in size, to the common fern or *bracken*. Palms of various botanical species are seen at moderate intervals sending up their stems, tall, slender, and branchless, to the height of seventy or a hundred feet, and then forming a large canopy of leaves, stretching outward, and bending downward like a Prince of Wales feather—the whole tree bearing a striking resemblance to a Chinese mandarin's umbrella. Baron Hugel, an Austrian nobleman who resided in New South Wales in 1834, remarked that he observed in it the vegetation of Ceylon under the sky of Italy.

In no part of the world more than in New Holland does the sentence of the Creator appear more evidently unchanged, pronouncing upon man the necessity of eating bread procured by the hand of industry. There nature shows herself in full readiness to bestow all her bounties, but she can only be wooed and won by virtuous exertion. No delicious fruit hangs to drop spontaneously from the branches, no nutritious vegetable springs up from the uncultivated earth, and but few animals abound to tempt men for a continued subsistence on the semi-barbarous and idle activity of the chase. Perhaps the only animals worthy of being mentioned as presented by the hand of Providence are the kangaroo and fish. No emigrant has yet complained of noxious reptile or insect causing any considerable discomfort or inconvenience, and the wild dogs which sometimes infest the cattle of the settler are easily scared and warded off.

All the live stock of the old country thrive well in Australia, and but little importance is now attached to the kangaroo and the cod that were valued so highly by the olden visitors. The former were found fat in proportion to the fertility of the soil, and both for carcase and skin were very useful. They resemble in their habits the deer of England, and feed upon the same kind of herbage. The perch, or cod, as they are called in the colony, are found in great abundance, and are considered a delicacy. They at

the same time indicate a very remarkable geographical fact: they are only found in the streams that flow westward, while those in an eastward direction are entirely destitute of them. They are dried in large quantities, and sent to a considerable distance.

All the divisions of Australia abound in those minerals which the art of man can apply to the purposes of civilization; and coal, lime, and granite, are abundant. In the country to the south of Hunter's River a most extensive coal-field has been worked to great advantage; and in every district where the attempt has been made, similar strata have been discovered. Seams of coal are visible on the face of the cliffs, and may be traced for miles, until they dip down beneath the surface of the sea. The coal is decidedly of vegetable origin; the foliage and fibre of the wood being still so distinctively visible that the botanist might ascertain the species to which they belonged. In the alternating strata of the coal are found nodules of clay, ironstone, and trunks of arundinaceous ironstone plants. Thin beds of coal and iron are also met with along the banks of the rivers; in the vicinity of the mountains, from which many of them flow, these minerals also abound, communicating a ferruginous taste to the smaller streams, and indicating the exhaustless stores which are yet to be explored. Copper and other metals have also given indications of their existence, but these will long be

of secondary importance compared with the two former, both of which, as the indispensable handmaids of steam, have already lent their most effectual aid in increasing the rapid spread of physical and moral improvement over the south-eastern portion of the world. Of the coals, very large quantities have been worked and sold at the pit mouth by the Australian Agricultural Company; and, with a supply of iron, stone, slate, and wood, it can easily be conceived how rapidly industry may plant her cities in the bush.

Being still comparatively ignorant of the geography of the entire coast, and more especially of the interior, we must know still less of the geological structure which forms the anatomy of the physical features we have thus briefly attempted to scan. The many remarkable circumstances connected with this island have led some to suppose that it was originally a comet that dropped from the heavens; and others, that it has but recently emerged from beneath the ocean. It exhibits many symptoms both of a diluvian and of a volcanic origin; but as this is the last subject that will excite the curiosity of the ordinary settler, and as the facts necessary for forming a judgment must be ascertained by the man of science, we refrain from farther expatiation here.

But as arising in some measure from its geological formation, we beg to direct the attention of our

readers to the facilities of intercourse with other parts of the world its position affords, which, after it has passed through its previous stages, promises to make it an emporium of commerce sufficient for the world. The most connected and extensive system of mountains on the globe forms a curve bending inward to New Holland; looking thence toward the north, we have America on the right, Asia and Africa on the left. From Cape Horn to Behring's Straits, there is an almost uninterrupted and the loftiest range; then passing in a south-westerly direction, leaving China and Hindostan to the south, the same course is continued through Persia and Arabia Felix, till from Cape Gardafe to the Cape of Good Hope, we find the link that completes the chain. The Indian and Pacific Oceans, with their innumerable islands, are all embosomed in this immense irregular curve, and the position of New Holland is the most favourable for intercourse with every portion of that curve's outline. Nearly all the rivers of the numerous countries which it contains flow in the direction of New Holland, as to a common centre, while she is herself surrounded by the sea—that great highway of nations.

The serious things of life are its keenest mockeries. The things set apart for laughter are not half so absurd as those marked out for tears.

COTTON AND SUGAR CULTIVATION BY
MEANS OF EUROPEAN FREE LABOUR
IN AUSTRALIA.

A certain writer observes :—I had occasion, during the year 1840, to visit several of the Slave States of North America, and in particular, the tobacco-growing States of Maryland and Virginia, and the rice and cotton-growing States of North and South Carolina; and the result of my observation and inquiries in these regions was, a strong impression and belief, that the cause of negro emancipation in America had rather been retarded than advanced by our injudicious interference, in endeavouring to force abolition upon the unwilling slaveholders of the United States. Besides, as the growth of cotton, of which we are the principal buyers and consumers, is the mainstay of slavery in America, it appears to me, that so long as we afford an unlimited market in Great Britain for that description of produce, we are, in reality, in a false position in regard to American slavery—we are in the position of those politicians who love the treason while they hate the traitor; for, while we profess, as it must be confessed we do ostentatiously enough, to detest the slaveholder, it cannot be denied, that we have no objection to participate with him in his dishonest gains. It appears to me, therefore, that in order to

act with effect upon American slavery, we must grow cotton by means of free labour somewhere else.

I have also been three times in the Brazils—in the ports of Rio de Janeiro and Pernambuco—where both cotton and sugar, especially the latter, are extensively cultivated by means of slave labour. The cultivation of cotton in that country is doubtless of minor importance, as it is generally grown on the more elevated lands, at a distance of from fifty to one hundred and fifty leagues from the coast; for as it is uniformly brought down to the port of shipment on horseback, the cost of conveyance for so great a distance scarcely leaves the Brazilian cultivator sufficient to remunerate him for the expenditure of his capital and labour in its production; especially as the cotton of the Brazils is of inferior quality in the European market. But the cultivation of the sugar cane in that country being conducted almost exclusively on the coast, where the charges of conveyance to the port of shipment are very light, and that cultivation being, at present, highly remunerative, I confess I have no hope whatever, either of the abolition of slavery or of the discontinuance of the slave-trade in that country, so long as it continues to enjoy a virtual monopoly, as it does at present, of the European market. In short, to act with effect upon slavery and the slave-trade in the Brazils, we must grow sugar, by means of free labour, somewhere else; for,

in my humble opinion, an expensive African-coast blockade, for the suppression of the slave-trade, is not merely a useless expenditure of British life and money, but worse than useless, as it tends rather to aggravate, than to diminish the enormity of the slave-trade.

Are we, therefore, to adopt the notable expedient of Earl Grey, recently announced in the House of Lords, to carry over whole ship loads of Kroomen, or free negroes, from Western Africa to the West Indies, at the expense of this country, to grow sugar in the West India Islands, and to be carried back again to their own country, whenever they wish to return? This, I conceive, were a measure exceedingly unwise on the one hand, and—especially in the present circumstances of this country—exceedingly unjust on the other. To tax the overtaxed people of England for such a wild-goose experiment as this, in the present period of national pressure, was monstrous in the extreme.

In these circumstances it appears to me that Divine Providence has, in a very remarkable manner, indicated the course of procedure which it is equally the interest and the duty of this country to pursue, in a matter of such transcendent importance, not only to the national welfare, but to the interests of humanity. Great Britain possesses, in her own Australian colonies, a tract of country of almost boundless extent, admirably adapted for the growth of cotton and sugar,

and other tropical and intertropical productions; congenial in the highest degree to the constitution of the European labourer, and presenting an extent of navigable water, available for steam navigation, perhaps unequalled in any other part of the British empire. The tract of country I refer to extends along the east coast of Australia, within the present limits of the colony of New South Wales, from the 30th parallel of south latitude to the tropic of Capricorn; embracing a range of latitude in the Southern Hemisphere precisely similar to that of the ancient and fertile land of Egypt in the Northern. This tract of country has recently been designated Cooksland, in honour of its illustrious discoverer, Captain Cook.

In the territory of Cooksland there is an extent of land of the first quality for the cultivation of all descriptions of tropical produce, and possessing the most remarkable facilities for steam navigation, sufficient to afford immediate, permanent, and remunerating employment for all the redundant population of this country. and to grow all the cotton and sugar that will be required in Great Britain for a century to come. Neither slave nor black-labour of any kind will be required for the purpose. Our own unemployed and poverty-stricken population of the humbler classes of society in this country could be transformed, in thousands and tens of thousands, into a cotton and sugar-growing community in Australia

with perfect facility. I have myself seen and tasted sugar manufactured from the cane in that country, in a higher latitude on the east coast than any part of the territory of Cooksland, viz., at Port Macquarie, in latitude $31\frac{1}{2}$ degrees south, and the cane grows as luxuriantly on the Brisbane River, in Cooksland, in latitude $27\frac{1}{2}$ degrees south, as it does either in the West Indies or in the Brazils. For, as Humboldt and Sir David Brewster have ascertained that the isothermal line, or line of equal temperature, crosses the meridian of this part of the coast of Australia in as high a latitude as 7 degrees south, the general temperature of Eastern Australia is considerably higher than the mere latitude of any particular locality on the coast would seem to indicate, and this is particularly evident in the remarkable mildness of the Australian winter; for while the cotton plant is a mere annual in the United States, being destroyed every winter by the severe frosts of that country, it is a perennial in Australia, as it is also in Demerara, in the East Indies, in Egypt, and in the Brazils. Besides, I have exhibited a specimen of the cotton (grown casually from American seed,) from the Brisbane River settlement, both in Manchester and Glasgow, and the opinion given of it in both these localities, by gentlemen of the highest standing in the cotton trade, is that "it is a very valuable kind, and would sell in the present state of the market (in

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April, 1847), at from elevenpence to a shilling per pound.

The Clarence River is situated in $29\frac{1}{2}$ degrees south. It is about half a mile broad in the lower part of its course, and is navigable for steam-boats seventy or eighty miles up, besides having several navigable tributaries.

"The plains on the banks of the Clarence River," observes Mr. Fry, "are of various sizes, many of them extending along the river for miles; the soil being a deep dark alluvial deposit, on a substratum of clay, covered at top by a layer of vegetable decomposition, the accumulation of ages, and so thinly timbered, that isolated acres may be found unencumbered by a single tree. The astonishing vegetation with which they are clothed is almost inconceivable, such, indeed, as I have never witnessed elsewhere, save on the equally favoured regions of the Richmond (another of the navigable rivers of Cooksland, situated only about forty miles farther north). It is impossible to imagine a country more worthy of having bestowed upon it the labour of the husbandman, or one more likely to remunerate him for his toil, than the localities to which I refer; as they are remarkable not alone for the excellence of the land, but for being placed under a climate than which none can be more conducive to the process of vegetation. * * * An almost complete realization

of Fenelon's conception, with reference to Calypso's Isle, is exhibited in the climate on the Clarence; as, without any degree of hyperbole, a perpetual spring may be said to prevail during the entire year; for so mild are the seasons that vegetation remains unchecked, even in the midst of the so-called winter.

* * * On the whole, a four years' residence in the district has confirmed me in the opinion that no country ever came from the hands of its Creator more eminently qualified to be the abode of a thriving and numerous population than the one of which I have been speaking; and, in forming this estimate, I have been uninfluenced either by prejudice or by interest, being no way connected with it, save in that arising from my official capacity."

Now the course of procedure I would recommend to my fellow-countrymen, with a view to the extinction of slavery and the slave-trade in both Americas, is simply to form an agricultural settlement for the growth of cotton and sugar, and all other descriptions of tropical produce, by means of an intelligent, industrious, and virtuous free emigrant British population, in the territory of Cooksland. The mere cultivation of the cotton plant and the sugar cane is the easiest process imaginable, and would present no difficulty whatever to an intelligent British farmer; for, as I had the benefit of a practical education in agriculture myself, on a Scotch farm in Ayrshire, in my earlier

life, and have since had opportunities of witnessing the processes of cotton and sugar cultivation in other countries, I know perfectly what an intelligent British farmer would be able to do in that cultivation in such a country as Cooksland. The cotton plant and sugar cane, for example, are both sown or planted in drills, like beans; they are thinned out (this process, indeed, is not required for the sugar cane), like turnips, and hoed up, like potatoes—requiring nothing further until the cotton is pulled or gathered, and the canes cut down. There is doubtless a subsequent mechanical process necessary, to separate the cotton from the seed; and a chemical, as well as a mechanical process of considerable delicacy, is also required for the manufacture of sugar from the cane; but these processes can be carried on in central localities for a whole district by persons accustomed and devoting themselves expressly to that peculiar description of labour; and the facilities for steam navigation which the territory of Cooksland presents in so remarkable a degree, would render it quite practicable to carry the raw produce to these localities, to undergo the requisite processes, at the merest trifle of expense. In regard to the ability of Europeans to stand the climate of Cooksland, and to pursue all sorts of outdoor labour in that country, any person who will take the trouble to examine the evidence on the subject will be perfectly satisfied. In short, however incredible

It may appear, it is nevertheless the fact—and it is a fact of the highest hope and promise to outraged and oppressed humanity—that Great Britain has a boundless extent of territory, possessing the finest climate and the greatest facilities of transport, in her own colony of New South Wales, in which a thoroughly British population can with perfect safety engage in the cultivation of cotton and sugar, and compete directly and, I believe, successfully with the slaveholders of the United States, of Cuba, and of the Brazils. I confess that when the idea first occurred to me, on observing the cotton plant and the sugar cane growing luxuriantly on the Brisbane river, in Cooksland, in December, 1846, I was almost overpowered with a transport of delight at the prospect which was thus opened up for the long and cruelly oppressed posterity of Ham; and having considered the subject in every possible light ever since, I am decidedly of opinion that the cultivation of cotton and sugar by means of European free labour in Australia is not only practicable to any conceivable extent, but is the only effectual means of extinguishing negro slavery all over the world.

And the most gratifying circumstance in the case is, that a British colonial population, to grow cotton and sugar and other tropical productions in the territory of Cooksland, can be settled in that country in any conceivable numbers, without entailing one farthing

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of expense on this country. For as the proceeds of the sales of waste land in Australia are appropriated, by Act of Parliament, for the promotion of emigration to that country, there is a fund derivable from this source sufficient, under proper management, to defray the whole expense of the gradual settlement of the country with a thoroughly British population, and thereby to transform thousands and tens of thousands of the unemployed and poverty-stricken people of the humbler classes of Great Britain and Ireland into the industrious and happy inhabitants of a land of richly-requited labour and never-failing abundance.

Land is sold in Australia at not less than one pound an acre, and there is a regulation now in force in the emigration department of the public service, in virtue of which any person depositing any amount in this country for the purchase of land in Australia, is allowed to select and nominate for a free passage out an adult male and female of the class of farm servants, shepherds, or mechanics, for every £20 so deposited; this money being merely taken by the Government to pay the passage of these people out. Now, the very simple and safe expedient which I would propose for the planting of a numerous cotton and sugar-growing British colony in the territory of Cooksland, is that a certain amount should be advanced, by way of loan, at 5 per cent. interest, for five

years, by any number, to be invested by persons in this country in the purchase of land in Australia, under this regulation, to enable the Government Commissioners of Emigration to send out the requisite number of colonists; the money thus advanced to be repaid to the capitalists from the progressive sale of the land so purchased at an advanced rate to these colonists with colonial interest, until the time of repayment. I do not suppose that the experiment could be made, with the requisite chances of success, unless the sum of £100,000 were to be advanced in the way I propose; but if that amount were guaranteed for the purpose, and lodged in the hands of the Emigration Commissioners, to be expended by them in the promotion of emigration to Cooksland, I would undertake—provided I were permitted to select the emigrants, and to fix their times and places of embarkation—to plant a British colony of not fewer than 10,000 souls in the territory of Cooksland, to grow cotton and sugar, and other tropical produce in that country, within the next two years. For I have ascertained, during the last few months, in the course of a tour I have been making for the purpose, principally in the east and west of Scotland, and in the north of Ireland, that an agricultural population, in every way suited for such an undertaking, could be procured with perfect facility, in the event of such an arrangement being made as I have described, and

that, in addition to these humbler emigrants, whose passage would be entirely paid from the fund to be thus advanced, there would be a large amount of self-sustained emigration to Cooksland, both of a somewhat superior class, from Scotland and the north of Ireland.

Supposing, then, that the sum of £100,000 were to be advanced, as a loan, at 5 per cent. interest, for five years, say in sums of £100 to £1000 each, for the settlement of a cotton and sugar-cultivation colony in the territory of Cooksland, in Australia, the following is the nature of the security that would be given, and the prospect which the lenders would have of ultimate repayment. The sum supposed, therefore, would purchase, at a minimum price, 100,000 acres of land, to be selected on behalf of the vendors, on the banks of the navigable rivers of Cooksland. It would also be sufficient to insure the planting of a colony of 10,000 souls in that territory, within the next two years; and the introduction of that population into the territory would of itself greatly enhance the value of the land so selected. That land would be readily purchased by the superior class of the emigrants, in small farms of eighty acres each, at an advance of 5s. per acre on the minimum price, or at 25s. an acre; especially if credit were to be given them for a portion of the purchase money, to enable the small farmer to commence the cultivation of his

land, with the requisite appliances of farming implements and farm stock. In this way, provided a proper selection of emigrants were made for so interesting and important an experiment, the original advance could be repaid, with interest, in five years, with perfect facility.

To insure this result, I would stipulate for the exclusive selection of the emigrants, with permission to fix the times and the ports of their embarkation. I would also have each cargo of emigrants selected, as much as possible, from the same locality in the mother-country, and settled in the same locality in the land of their adoption; and I would send out along with them ministers and schoolmasters, to settle with them in their adopted country, and to maintain among them, in full influence and operation, the moral restraints and the religious observances of their native land. The physical conformation of the territory of Cooksland presents extraordinary facilities for the formation of a series of agricultural settlements of the kind which these arrangements would imply, and such settlements could be formed along the navigable rivers of that territory in any conceivable number, and without interfering with one another.

In the event of such an undertaking being carried out, a considerable expenditure would have to be incurred in obtaining persons of experience in the cultivation of cotton and sugar, as well as in the

subsequent processes which that cultivation requires, from the United States of America; and the creation of the requisite machinery to carry out these objects, would also involve additional expenditure. But as Earl Grey has given me to understand, that, in the event of my getting the requisite arrangements made for planting the colony proposed, the Government would make allowance in land for all such expenditure as would be indispensably necessary to demonstrate the practicability of cotton and sugar cultivation to British agriculturists, and to give them the requisite instruction in the processes required, it would not be necessary to take this expenditure into account, as it would in no way interfere with the other objects of the undertaking, or lessen the emigration fund.

The repayment of the sum to be advanced, (£100,000,) would not depend, however, on the realization of my anticipations in the cultivation of cotton and sugar, by means of European labour. The influx of population to the extent supposed, would of itself greatly enhance the value of all available land on the banks of navigable rivers in Cooksland, even although the cultivation of cotton and sugar should never be embarked in in that country. And as the sum to be advanced for this important experiment would be expended under the authority of Government Commissioners in this country, it would be quite practicable to provide some security of a similar kind

in the colony for its due repayment. All I would stipulate for personally in the matter is, that, in the event of principal (and interest at 5 per cent.) being repaid within either five or seven years, I should be at liberty to appropriate any surplus that might remain for the establishment of an institution, or college, for the education of youth in Cooksland. I am confident that, under judicious management, a large surplus might be realized for that important object.

The experiment I have thus proposed is unquestionably one of the most important in its probable bearings on the future condition of a large portion of the family of man, in which British capital and enterprise have ever been embarked. For my own part, if entrusted to the moderate extent I have suggested, with the organization and management of the undertaking, I should consider myself as occupying a most important position, as, in reality, the leader of the forlorn hope of humanity against negro slavery all over the world; for if it can only be demonstrated, as I believe it can, that the white man can grow both sugar and cotton in Australia, as well and as cheaply as the negro slave, either in the United States or the Brazils, millions of the children of Africa will have reason to sing for joy. And why should it not be so as I anticipate? Is it not a consummation in every way worthy of him who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working?"

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

No apology is needed for our proceeding at a bound from South Australia to the Cape of Good Hope. We are convinced that whilst these two colonies, taken together, rank perhaps higher than any others in the attractions they offer at the present time to intending emigrants, there are certain points wherein they respectively differ from and resemble each other. Indeed, as regards emigration, certain grounds of rivalry exist between them, which, without entering into a direct comparison, will be best seen by considering them in a sort of juxtaposition.

There are few amongst those whose reading has had even a moderately extended range, who can be ignorant of the numerous interesting facts in the history of European maritime discovery which relate to "The Cape." Its historical associations are of the most interesting character, extending through several centuries past, from that period when the common energies of the European nations, revolting from the exclusively warlike pursuits of many preceding ages, received an impulse towards the advancement of commerce by the exploring of undiscovered lands, and the opening out of new tracks for it amidst the ocean. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Bartholomew Diaz, in

1487, was the result of this new impulse which developed itself amongst the daring spirits of the age in dreams of untold wealth and fame to be realized from visits to regions altogether unknown, but invested with all the gorgeous hues of imagination. These proved, in many instances, as "baseless" as "the fabric of a vision;" but not so the expectations of another Portuguese navigator, Vasquez de Gama, who, after repeated unsuccessful trials by his countrymen, each defeated by the dangers of the passage, succeeded in doubling the Cape and sailing in triumph into the Indian ocean—thus opening up a route by sea to the countless treasures of the east. The feat thus performed by Gama—in its beneficial effects upon commerce and the cause of civilization—was second only to that of the discovery of America itself, which took place almost simultaneously with it. There are many interesting points in the subsequent history of the Cape, which, however, it is not necessary to the object we have in view to particularise.

The Cape is well known to form the southern extremity of the Continent of Africa. The area of the colony is supposed to be about one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, lying between the southern ocean and latitude 29° S.—extending from near the Orange river on the west to beyond the Great Fish River on the east. The

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following general description of the colony is from Waterston's Cyclopædia :—

“The Cape territory is in general rugged and barren, and deficient in the means both of internal and external communication. But a portion of the E. coast is of a different character, more especially towards the N.E. frontier, including the district of Albany, where the country is well wooded and watered, and favourable for agriculture and grazing. The W. coast, and a great portion of the rest of the country, consist of barren mountains and arid plains, one of which—the great Karoo Desert, a high parched table-land, separating the Cape Town District from the finer country to the N.E.—extends about 100 leagues in length, from E. to W., and 30 in breadth. The climate, however, is one of the finest in the world; and were the aridity of the soil counteracted by irrigation, and the means of intercourse improved by the formation of roads, the character of the country would be very different, as the capabilities of the soil are naturally great. The only parts thickly settled are the Cape and Stelienbosch districts, which contain about 3-8ths of the whole population, some parts of Worcester, Graaf Reynet, and the British settlements at Grahams Town and Bathurst, in Albany; the other portions are occupied chiefly by Dutch graziers called *boors*. Nearly 225,000 acres are under crop,

yielding annually about 540,000 bushels of wheat, besides smaller quantities of barley, oats, and rye; the remainder of the productive surface is chiefly pasture land. The principal mercantile commodity is wine, of which about 12,000 leaguers (1,518,000 imp. gals.) are made yearly, besides about 1,000 leaguers (126,630 gals.) of brandy. The vine is grown chiefly in the Stellenbosch district, and within forty miles from Cape Town; but the wines, except that made at Constantia, near Table Mountain, are almost all of very low quality. Of late years, part of the capital which was embarked in the wine trade has been transferred to the production of wool, which has thus risen into considerable importance; and as the Merino breed of sheep has been introduced with success, wool will probably become ere long the chief staple of the colony. The fisheries might, under good management, be an important branch of industry, as the coasts are frequented by numerous whales; but at present the trade is almost entirely in the possession of the Americans."

As regards its capabilities as a field of emigration, it is impossible for us to pass over in this place the fertile spot, extending to forty-three thousand acres, selected by Mr. George Robins, in this vast territory, and known as Slabbert's Poort—is to be let rent free for the first year, and then for seven

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years at one shilling per acre per annum, and no taxes—it is situate in south latitude 3.15 to 20, and longitude 23.13 to 15 east of Greenwich, and occupies a space of sixty-seven and a half square miles, or thereabouts. It lies 300 miles east of Cape Town, 70 miles south of Beaufort, 150 miles west of Algoa Bay, and between 50 and 60 miles north of the mouth of the Knysna River and Plettenburgh Bay. There is a direct waggon road passing through the estate from Cape Town to Algoa Bay, and this route forms a communication with the route branching off to Beaufort. Should the road which is in contemplation of being formed by the Colonial Government, *and at their expense*, be executed over the Spitskop height, which is an accessible part of that mountainous chain marked down on Arrowsmith's map as the Black Mountains, the communication from Slabbert's Poort to the Port of Knysna and Plettenburgh Bay would be, as already stated, not more than about 50 miles; the present route, which is round by the Paardekop, is more than double the distance, so that, under the present circumstances, Algoa Bay is the nearest and most eligible seaport to Beaufort country.

The Cape Colony is thinly populated, as may be supposed, when one person is the holder of from 40,000 to 50,000 acres of land, while, at the same time, his whole force, when concentrated cannot

cultivate one hundredth part. An increase of population is, therefore, devoutly to be wished for, and is *alone* wanting to place the Cape high above all contemporary colonies. In former days, when a Dutch farmer applied for a grant of land from the Government, he sent a memorial stating that he had selected a spot, and the grant issued did not state how many acres, but so much as could be traversed by a man on horseback, north, south, east, and west, in a given space of time. This accounts for the immense tracts of country in the hands of one individual.

Slabbert's Poort, we are informed, has been hitherto exclusively devoted to grazing purposes, with some part occupied with garden ground and vineyards. A sufficient quantity of arable land has been in cultivation to grow wheat, oats, and barley for the consumption of the residents and their stock; with a view to profit, much more will be done; and it must never be lost sight of, that the lands have not to be cleared, but are ready to commence all sorts of agricultural pursuits forthwith. On the estate there is a house and buildings, suited to a farmer and his family, and the facility to erect more is manifest, as there is no want of materials for the construction of others on the spot. Persons proceeding there would be sure to receive assistance and information from the neighbouring farms, and be well housed quickly.

The nearest town to Slabbert's Poort is Beaufort, but there are a great many valuable farms in the neighbourhood. A Cape farmer is generally tolerably independent, especially if he has sufficient force to cultivate his grounds, upon which he should have plenty of cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry. Corn, oats, and barley he grows to the extent of his wants. His vineyards enable him to make wine and brandy, and dried raisins. His orchard produces apples, pears, peaches, figs, and apricots; these are dried in the sun, and kept for winter stock. He finds his other wants supplied, either from some neighbouring village where there are well-stored shops, or from some travelling merchant, many of whom are continually travelling through the country with waggons, containing all kinds of useful goods, besides sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, &c., which they barter for wool, hides, sheep and goat skins, horns, aloes, and other produce, which may be collected on the estates. The produce raised on Slabbert's Poort would soon find its way to Algoa Bay for shipment, and thence direct to England; but in the event of the projected road being made, it would then be shipped either at Knysna River or Plattenberg Bay. The pasturage over this estate will carry twenty or even thirty thousand sheep, and the wool is nowhere to be surpassed.

The markets of the Cape are held at Zwelldam,

Worcester, George, Graff Reinit, Graham's Town, and Port Elizabeth, for the disposal of produce. (All these places are marked down on the plan.) The merchants in these places are generally the purchasers, by whom it is forwarded to England.

Cape Town and the neighbouring provinces, which are solely corn and wine countries, derive their supplies of sheep and cattle from the interior and grazing districts, of which Beaufort is one of the principal. The butchers in Cape Town employ confidential persons to go through the country to purchase bullocks and sheep from the farmers, for which they give draughts upon their masters in Cape Town. These draughts are sometimes paid six months before the butcher sees the cattle that has been purchased. They are driven slowly through the country, resting and feeding on the road, by a couple of Hottentots, with three or four dogs. By this careful mode of driving, the cattle and sheep usually arrive in town in prime condition. The fat oxen of the Cape are from £4 to £6 each, and the common Cape sheep may be bought at about 4s. 6d. each. The Merinos, or half-bred, are much more valuable, on account of their wool. From recent experience, it is pretty certain that the breeding of wool-bearing sheep is the most profitable mode for the employment of capital. In 1842 the clip was 2,000,000lbs., the value of which is

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£100,000. Five years since, the export of wool was not £30,000. In five years more, the increase may be five times greater than it is at present.

The progress of the Cape colony has of late years been somewhat impeded by the invasion of the N. E. frontier by the Caffres, and by the extraordinary emigration of about 20,000 of the Dutch colonists to Natal on the east coast, partly on account of the great fertility of that district, and partly from hostility towards government on account of the emancipation of their slaves. Those, however, who are best acquainted with the colony entertain hopes that the differences which have thus arisen will soon be honorably and amicably adjusted, when of course the colony may be expected to resume its career of prosperity.

Mr. Robins claims for the Cape the following self-evident important advantages, which he considers not a little refreshing to repose on, as compared with New South Wales:—Firstly, it is only half the distance. Secondly, the shearing time is the same; the Cape wools can be brought to market two or three months before those from New South Wales. Thirdly, the freight is one-third less, and also the insurance. Fourthly, the land is to be obtained much more advantageously, and stock is much cheaper, so that a man of very moderate capital has here the chance to occupy and stock a large farm with the same sum

that would be required in New South Wales merely to purchase the land. While the increase in wool from Sydney and Tasmania was only 326½ per cent. in ten years, it amounted to 1022 per cent. in the same time from the Cape; this shows, that with similar advantages, the Cape is infinitely superior to the Australasian colonies for the growth of wool. By the last returns, the following were the statistics of live stock in the colony, viz:—

Sheep	3,043,183
Goats	491,127
Oxen	314,183
Horses	60,000

Thus making a grand total of 3,908,493 head of cattle, and most probably it is much under-rated.

Of the sheep, we should consider that at present more than three-fourths are of the old Cape breed, with hairy coats; these in time, will be crossed with Merino and Saxon rams, and the present original breed of Cape sheep (weighing from 10lbs. to 12lbs. each) will eventually become quite extinct. The Cape breed of horses is so much esteemed, that the Madras cavalry are principally supplied from thence.

Strange that one whose opinion we neither respect nor admit, should yet have the power to wound.

DESCRIPTION OF A PALACE IN A VALLEY.

The place which the wisdom or antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered, was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it had long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massive that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl which nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more. The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers, every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground.

All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from the beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them; on one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase, frisking on the lawns; and the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life. All delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days, every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted; all the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers shewed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it

was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares, or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massive stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time; and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and a secret passage; every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or from subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed, but in the utmost exigen-

cies of the kingdom ; and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was itself concealed in a tower, not entered by any but the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession. Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that was skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. The sages who instructed them informed them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where men preyed upon men to heighten the opinion of their own felicity. They were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the happy valley. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of various enjoyments ; revelry and merriment were the business of every hour, from the dawning of morn to the close of eve.

These methods were generally successful : few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art and nature could bestow ; and pitied those whom fate had excluded from the seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

CHAPTER V.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF BRITISH AMERICA.

This country was discovered by Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, in the service of Spain. He sailed from the port of Palos, and on the 12th of October, 1492, arrived at the island of Guanahani, in the West Indies, which he found peopled with Indians, and this was the name they gave the island; but he called it St. Salvador. It is situated in lat. 25° N. lon. 75° W.

Americus Vespasius, a Florentine, sailed in the service of Spain in 1497, and made extensive discoveries along the east coast of the south continent; and having discovered a large tract of the country, he had the address to get it called America, after himself. These discoveries were made while endeavouring to get a westerly passage to China and the East Indies; and with the same intention Henry VII. of England fitted out John Cabot, a Venetian, to discover a north-west passage; who to his disappointment, was surprised with a sight of land on the 24th of June, 1494, which he called Newfoundland; and, after sailing

along a considerable part of the coast, he returned to England. In the year 1499 Canada was discovered for Henry VII. by Sebastian Cabot, son of the former: consequently, Britain claims the honour of discovering Newfoundland and Canada.

Quebec is the capital of Lower Canada. This city is situated on the north-west side of the river St. Lawrence, four hundred miles above Cape Gaspe, which is on the south side of the river at the ocean, in north lat. $46^{\circ} 48' 30''$, west lon. from Greenwich, $71^{\circ} 17'$. The city and its environs are divided into five different portions. That part which is within the walls is called the Upper Town, and can be approached solely by five gates. On the east, at the head of Mountain Street, is the Grand Prescott Gate, through which passes the commercial business of the port. There are two avenues by which the walls can be entered on the north, Hope Gate, near the north-east extremity, and Palace Gate, adjoining the Artillery Barracks and the Intendant's Palace. These two gates are on that side of the city washed by the St. Charles river. On the south-west, which is the land side, the city is approached by two entrances, namely, St. John's Gate and St. Louis's Gate. That part which is called the Lower Town occupies the space between the foot of the rock and the river, extending from Wood Yard on the north to Diamond Harbour on the south, a distance of two miles and a

half. All that portion which lies west of the Wood Yard, and bounded on the north by the river St. Charles, is known by the appellation of St. Roch's Suburbs. Adjoining St. John's Gate, and north to the Cote St. Genevieve, is denominated St. John's Suburbs; and the buildings along the road from St. Louis's Gate, are called the St. Louis Suburbs. The whole stands on the peninsula between the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, the junction of which forms a beautiful bay betwixt the city and the island of Orleans, a distance of four miles. The breadth of the river is two miles immediately below the town, but it expands towards the island, where it is much broader. The Grand Battery, on the east corner of the ramparts, commands a delightful view of the bay and the surrounding country. The Martello Towers on the land side of the town deserve notice: they are four in number, about half a mile from the fortifications, and each about one-third of a mile distance from each other. They are forty feet in height, and nearly as many yards in circumference at the base. These forts are sufficiently strong to resist a cannonade, and the platform on the top is armed with great guns to defend and attack from the land side. The fortifications around the Upper Town are very strong. The height of the rock on the east adds greatly to the defence of the town, if attacked by water; while double walls protect the land side. The

highest part of the rock is the south point within the walls, whereon the Grand Fort is built; and from this, the town has a considerable declivity to the north barrier, where the promontory is greatly in height. The circuit of the wall which encompasses the Upper Town, is two miles and three-fourths; but a considerable portion of the interior is taken up with the religious and military establishments.

As there is a daily market here, a stranger soon finds his way thither. The Upper Town market-place is a large irregular square, bounded on the east by the Catholic cathedral, and on the west by the barracks, which was formerly the monastery of the Jesuits. The hay-market extends towards the south, and is the street leading from the market square to St. Anne Street. The Lower Town market is similar to the other, but the plot of ground where it is held is too small to contain the necessary supplies.

There is in Québec a French cathedral, an Episcopal church, St. John's and Trinity chapels, a Presbyterian kirk, and two Methodist chapels.

MONTREAL. This city stands on the south side of the island of Montreal, one hundred and eighty miles above

Quebec, and five hundred and eighty miles above Cape Gaspe, at the ocean. It is two hundred and forty miles from Albany, and four hundred from the city of New York. The island is about thirty-three miles long, and, at its extreme breadth, nine miles broad. The town extends along the banks of the St. Lawrence about five miles in length, and is one mile broad at the middle. This settlement belonged to the French, but it was taken by the Generals Amherst and Murray, on the 8th of September, 1760, without firing a gun. According to capitulation, all the French forces were to be sent to Old France; consequently, Montreal became subject to the British Crown, one year after Quebec. The buildings are mostly constructed of stone, and generally arranged on regularly disposed but narrow streets. However, about the skirts of the town, a great number of the streets are unpaved. There are some very handsome buildings in this city, but being of so many different elevations, little of them appear without the defacing aspect of irregularity. During the time of the French administration, this town was encircled by a stone wall, which, by the sanction of government, was some years ago entirely demolished, and the buildings of late have increased considerably. Montreal is about the size of Aberdeen, in Scotland. At present it is the largest and most populous city in Canada, and more mercantile business is transacted in

it than in the seaport and capital. The exterior appearance of Montreal is more modernized than Québec; but, with exception of the mountain, the city and surrounding landscape are comparatively low and level. Notwithstanding this, Montreal combines various objects deserving the attention of the stranger. The mountain of Montreal, from which the city takes its name, is situated at the north west end of the town. This beautiful woodland mountain gives a pleasing relief to the city, and has a fine effect when viewed from the vessels arriving in port. The summit of the mountain is two miles and a half from the river, and about seven hundred feet in perpendicular height. From this spot the visitor has a commanding view of the city and surrounding country. The track along the south side of the mountain, for about half way up, has been selected for the favourite residence of private gentlemen, whose elegant white mansions among the exuberant orchards and gardens, appear in charming graphic relief, which gives to the scene a feature of momentary enchantment. Several of the public edifices, with their tin roofs and glittering spires, have a bold and brilliant appearance. Besides the cathedral, there are three other Catholic churches, an English and a Scotch church, a Methodist and a Baptist chapel. Most of these are handsome edifices, particularly the English and Scotch churches, each of which is surmounted by an elegant spire.

NOVA SCOTIA.

That portion of the continent known under the name of Nova Scotia, is connected with the body of North America by a narrow isthmus, and is bounded on the north by the strait of Northumberland, which separates it from Prince Edward's Island; on the north east by the Gut of Canseau, which divides it from Cape Briton; on the south and south east by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the west by the Bay of Fundy and New Brunswick. It lies within the forty-third and forty-sixth degree of north latitude, and between the sixty-first and sixty-seventh degree of longitude, west from the Greenwich meridian, and is about three thousand miles in length, but of unequal width, embracing a superficies of 15,617 square miles, or 9,994,880 acres. The face of the country is agreeably diversified by hills and dales, but, though undulated, is not mountainous, the summit of the highest hill being not more than six hundred feet above the level of the sea. There are several ridges of high land, which are here called mountains, although they by no means deserve the appellation, on account of their altitude. These generally run north and south, branching off into irregular and hilly land, terminating sometimes in high cliffs on the coasts, and sometimes losing themselves in gentle declivities in the interior. In

scenery, therefore, it partakes not of the sublime; but its numerous and beautiful lakes, its harbours studded with islands; its rivers, brooks, and streams, of which it boasts a great profusion, enliven and embellish the country. The appearance of the sea coast is generally inhospitable, presenting a bold, rocky shore, and a poor and sterile soil, clothed with a thin and stunted growth of birch and spruce. The harbour of Halifax is one of the finest in America. A thousand vessels may ride in it in safety. It is accessible at all seasons of the year, and is to be prized for the facility of its entrance, general situation, and proximity to the Bay of Fundy, and all the interior settlements of the Province. It is situated in latitude $44^{\circ} 40''$ north, and $63^{\circ} 40''$ west longitude. It lies nearly north and south, extending about sixteen miles in length, and terminating in a beautiful sheet of water called Bedford Basin, within which are ten square miles of safe anchorage. The entrance is marked by Sambro Island, on which a lighthouse was erected, soon after the settlement of Halifax by the English. M'Nab's Island forms two entrances to the harbour—the eastern and western passage. At the mouth of the former is Duggan's or Macnamara's Island, which is well wooded, and composed of a deep, good soil. This passage, which gradually contracts in width to a quarter of a mile, is obstructed by a sand bar, and is only used by

small vessels. The north end of this strait is protected by a stone tower, called the Eastern Battery. The beauty and safety of this harbour attracted the notice of speculators at a very early period, and many applications were at different times made for a grant of the land in its vicinity. It is now divided into three towns—Halifax, Irish Town (south suburbs), and Dutch Town (north suburbs).

Halifax is situated on the western side of the harbour, on the declivity of a commanding hill, whose summit is about 256 feet above the level of the sea. Few places present so pleasing an aspect as Halifax, when viewed from the harbour. Its streets are laid out with regularity, its spires have a picturesque and even magnificent effect, and the trees which are scattered throughout it, give it an appearance softened and refreshing. Halifax has a meat, vegetable, and fish market, all of which are extremely well supplied. The latter in particular deserves notice, on account of the quality and variety of fish, the low price at which it is sold, and the importance of the establishment to the poorer classes of the community. There are two Episcopal churches, two places of worship for the Church of Scotland, one for the Methodists, and two for the Baptists. The colonial buildings are Government house, the Province Building, and the Court House. The first is built of brown freestone, and is occupied by the Lieutenant Governor

of the colony. The Province Building is also composed of the same kind of materials, and is the best built and handsomest edifice in North America; its dimensions are 140 feet in length, 70 in width, and 42 in height. It contains all the various provincial offices—the secretary's, surveyor's, general's, treasurer's, prothonotary's, collector of excise, &c., &c.; also apartments for the Council, House of Assembly, and superior Courts. It is situated in the centre of the town, in the middle of the square, the whole of which is enclosed with an iron fence. The writer has been in the above building several times.

After leaving Halifax, the road to Windsor winds for ten miles round the margin of Bedford Basin, which is connected with the harbour by a narrow passage at the dockyard. It is an extensive and magnificent sheet of water, the shores of which are deeply indented with coves and well-sheltered inlets of great beauty.

At a distance of seven miles from the town is a ruined lodge, built by His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, when commander-in-chief of the forces of this colony, once his favourite summer residence, and the scene of his munificent hospitalities. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fences, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottos, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass

and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervade every thing around, all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to the mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures, and the transitory nature of all earthly things.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing, object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength, and, though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no ancestral record. It awakens not the imagination. The poet finds no inspiration in it, and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, of vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank, and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, and repulsive. Even the faded colour of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings, and

its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use and temporary habitations. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of the elements! A few years more, and all traces of it will have disappeared for ever. Its very site will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast reclaiming its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detached patches a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house, I noticed that the windows were broken out or shut up with rough boards, to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels; and that long, luxuriant clover grew in the eaves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming chocked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of its top imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it.

A small brook, which had by a skilful hand been led over several precipitous descents, performing its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the unbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones through the broken casements. The offices, as well as the ornamental buildings, had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes, and floors had disappeared; and the walls only, which were in part built of stone, remained to attest their existence and use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and the dead decays so soon, as in Nova Scotia. An arbour, which had been constructed of lattice-work for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen, and was covered with vegetation; while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees, that, growing up near it, had become entangled in its network. A Chinese temple, once a favourite retreat of its owner, as if in conscious pride of its preference, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation; while one small, surviving bell, of the numerous ones that

once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling as it waved in the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever!

The contemplation of this deserted house is not without its beneficial effect upon the mind; for it inculcates humility to the rich, and resignation to the poor. However elevated man may be, there is much in his condition that reminds him of the infirmities of his nature, and reconciles him to the decrees of Providence. "May it please your Majesty," said Euclid to his royal pupil, "there is no regal road to science. You must travel in the same path with others, if you would attain the same end." These forsaken grounds teach us in similar terms this consolatory truth, that there is no exclusive way to happiness reserved even for those of the most exalted rank. The smiles of fortune are capricious, and sunshine and shade are unequally distributed; but though the surface of life is thus diversified, the end is uniform to all, and invariably terminates in the grave.

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque torres."

Ruins, like death, of which they are at once the emblem and the evidence, are apt to lose their effect from their frequency. The mind becomes accustomed to them, and the moral is lost. The picturesque

alone remains predominant, and criticism supplies the place of reflection. But this is the only ruin of any extent in Nova Scotia, and the only spot either associated with royalty, or set apart and consecrated to solitude and decay. The stranger pauses at a sight so unusual, and inquires the cause; he learns with surprise that this place was devoted exclusively to pleasure; that care and sorrow never entered here; and that the voice of mirth and music was alone heard within its gates. It was the temporary abode of a prince—of one, too, had he lived, that would have inherited the first and fairest empire in the world. All that man can give, or rank enjoy, awaited him; but an overruling and inscrutable Providence decreed, at the very time when his succession seemed most certain, that the sceptre should pass into the hands of another. This intelligence interests and excites his feelings. He enters, and hears at every step the voice of nature proclaiming the doom that awaits alike the prince and the peasant. The swallow nestles in the empty chamber, and the sheep finds a noon-day shelter in the banquetting-room, while the ill-omened bat rejoices in the dampness of the mouldering ruins. Everything recalls a recollection of the dead; every spot has its record of the past; every path its footprint; every tree its legend; and even the universal silence that reigns here has an awful eloquence that overpowers the heart. Death

is written everywhere. Sad and dejected, he turns and seeks some little relic, some small memorial of his deceased prince, and a solitary, neglected garden flower, struggling for existence among the rank grasses, presents a fitting type of the brief existence and transitory nature of all around him. As he gathers it, he pays the silent but touching tribute of a votive tear to the memory of him who has departed, and leaves the place with a mind softened and subdued, but improved and purified by what he has seen.

In the Duke of Kent, the Nova Scotians lost a kind patron and a generous friend. The loyalty of the people which, when all America was revolting, remained firm and unshaken, and the numerous proofs he received of their attachment to their king and to himself, made an impression on his mind that was neither effaced nor weakened by time or distance. He was their patron, benefactor, and friend. To be a Nova Scotian was of itself a sufficient passport to his notice, and to possess merit a sufficient guarantee for his favour. Her Majesty reigns, therefore, in this little Province in the hearts of her subjects, a dominion of love inherited from her father. Great as their loss was in being thus deprived of their only protector, her faithful people of Nova Scotia still cling to the hope that Providence has vouchsafed to raise up one more powerful and equally kind in Her

Majesty, who, following this paternal example, will be graciously pleased to extend to them a patronage that courtiers cannot and statesmen will not give. While, therefore, as protégés of her royal house, they claim the right to honour and to serve the Sovereign of the empire as "*their own Queen*," they flatter themselves her Majesty, for a similar reason, will condescend to regard them as "*the Queen's own*."

CLERICAL MODES IN AMERICA.

"The Presbyterian churches in America have no pulpit, properly so called. They have merely a platform and a reading desk. This arrangement is certainly much more favourable for oratorical effect, but I never got used to it." "The clergy, with very few exceptions, wear neither gowns nor bands. I disliked this, I confess; but what I disliked still more, was to see some of the younger clergy officiating with black silk cravats, so that the clergyman was not distinguishable in attire from a haberdasher's shop-boy. This was a great deal too republican for all my ideas of propriety."

It is strictly in keeping with the fine tone of an elevated character, to be beforehand with expectation, and thus show in the most delicate and effectual manner, that the object of attention even when absent from us, has been the subject of kind and affectionate solicitude.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Fredericton is about seventy miles from St. John, and is the seat of the Provincial Government, and is situated at a place formerly called St. Ann's, having been settled since A.D. 1785. Here is the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, and the legislature holds its sittings here. Fredericton, though at the head of a sloop navigation on the St. John, and from that circumstance, is doing considerable business with the inhabitants of the surrounding country,—presents none of the bustle of a trading town, but wears rather the aspect of a country village. It stands on an extensive and level plain, about a mile in length, and half a mile in rear, with high ground in the rear, and on either side. It has evidently been the bed of a former lake, and was probably laid bare when the retiring waters of the St. John made their last abrupt escape, and fell to their present ordinary level.

The streets are regularly laid out, being all at right angles. The principal building in Fredericton, and perhaps the finest architectural structure in the province, is the University of King's College, which occupies a commanding position on the hill in the rear of the town. The College building, besides excellent lecture-rooms and a chapel, affords ample accommodation for professors and students,

its two stories and basement being devoted to these purposes. The size of the building is 170 feet long, by 160 feet wide, with a handsome portico to the main entrance. It is built of dark grey stone, curiously intermingled here and there with narrow lines of brick, the use of the last being, in my opinion of unquestionable taste in so massive a structure. The College has been liberally endowed by the province. The Province Hall, a most unpretending edifice, for the sittings of the legislative bodies, having, on either side, smaller buildings appropriated as the office of the Secretary of the Province, and the Commissioner of Crown Lands. The residence of the Lieutenant-Governor is at the upper part of the town, and in a delightful situation, commanding a pleasant view of the river: it contains Madras and other schools. The other buildings which attract attention are—the Baptist Seminary, two stories high, 60 feet by 35 wide, attended by nearly one hundred pupils of both sexes; the Episcopal Church is a neat building; the Presbyterian Church stands near the Baptist Seminary, and this last year has been greatly enlarged—(the writer of this officiated in the above church, on Sabbath-day, September 30th, 1837.) There is also a large Baptist Chapel, which was built in 1840; a Roman Catholic Chapel, and a Methodist Chapel, are the several places of divine

worship in the place. A Reading-room has also been established; and there is a well-selected public Library. There are also three banks, an almshouse, and excellent barracks; a branch of the commissariat is also stationed here, and Fredericton has been military head-quarters for the lower provinces.

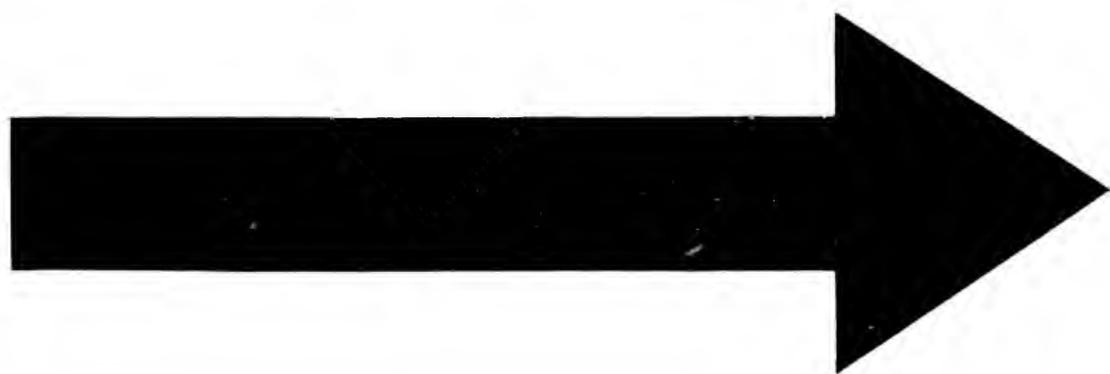
Fredericton was formed by Governor Carlton, shortly after the separation of the province from Nova Scotia. From this place, as from a centre, roads diverge to the different parts of the province, which are of easier access from Fredericton than from any other point whatever. The principal places, such as St. John's, St. Andrew's, Cumberland, Chatham, Bathurst, and Madawaska, lying in a broken circle round it.

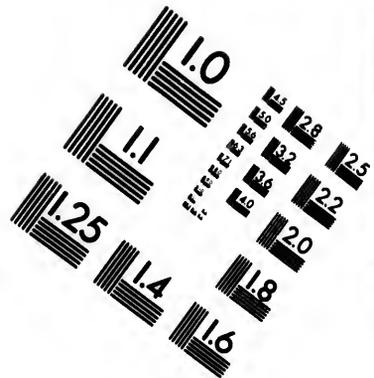
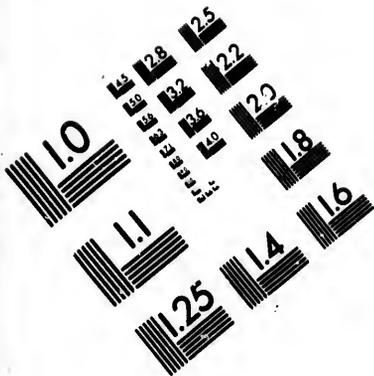
As a military position, it is unequalled—as from the contiguity of the different important parts of the Province, they could be sooner obtained from this place than any other. It also forms a connecting link between the Atlantic colonies and Canada, and is a safe and convenient place for forming magazines, and equipping troops on their route from the sea board to Québec. The importance of this place for those purposes, was well realized during the last war (in 1837—38) and should not be lost sight of. The river St. John appears to have been the old and usual route of the French and Indians

in passing from Canada to Nova Scotia, and New England, long before New Brunswick was settled; and Fredericton and the villages near it, no doubt, were among the principal Indian stations, long before the country was known to the French or English. According to Douglas, this was the most direct route from New England to Canada, and was taken by Colonel Livingstone and the Baron Castine, in A. D. 1710, when they set out in great haste to acquaint the Governor-General that Arcadia had fallen into the hands of the British.

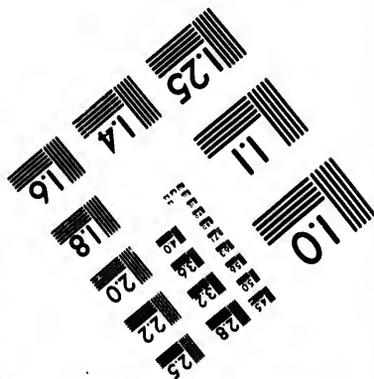
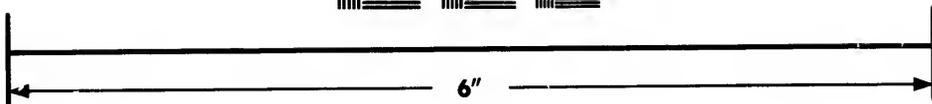
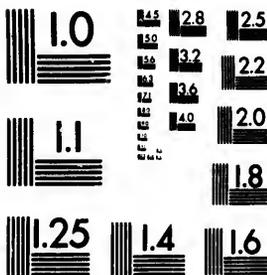
The natural advantages Fredericton possesses, from its recent position, became every year more important, and it is only to be desired that the time is not far distant when her inhabitants will avail themselves of those facilities afforded by the proximity of water-power, to establish manufactories and machinery. Indeed, a spirit of enterprise appears to be rapidly spreading in this place (Fredericton), which cannot fail, if properly directed, to produce the most beneficial results.

Thus eligibly situated, it certainly is to be regretted that it is not more distinguished for enterprise, and that it is destitute of those useful institutions which exercise so beneficial an effect upon society, and without which, its members must be deficient of that intelligence and liberality that characterize the present age, but which are almost invariably the





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result of intellectual improvement. It is also a misfortune for the place, that efforts are not made to arrest a large portion of the trade of the upper part of the province on its way to St. John for the merchants, generally speaking, procure their supplies of British, West Indian, and other goods from the city; and as steamers run twice a day between that place and Fredericton, which is seventy miles by water, persons of stated incomes, and others who can afford it, procure the principal part of their supplies and clothing from Halifax (N.S.), that city, and even from England and the United States; although there is abundance of cultivated and excellent land in the vicinity of the town, and settlements are rising up continually at no great distance above and around it.

Owing to the lumbering pursuits in which the people on this river, as well as in other places, have engaged, and to which toilsome and semi-savage life they are unaccountably prone; a large amount of property is under mortgage to the supplying merchants, who have to secure themselves in this way for provisions, and articles advanced to enable parties to pursue an occupation attended with very great risk. And, as from various causes, individuals who are not involved have farms to dispose of—emigrants, or others having a small capital at command, and being desirous of settling in the

country—can have no difficulty in procuring eligible situations in any part of the province at a moderate price.

Fredericton, which has been for some time the extreme point to which steam navigation has advanced—when we consider that it is a place where the public offices are situated, and the heads of departments reside, and is surrounded by a well settled country—it is natural to infer that it is one of much importance, and that there would be employment for a considerable number of persons of various pursuits. By a return made in 1840, it appears that there is a population in the parish alone, amounting to 4000 souls.

As the object I have in view is to point out places where the man of property may invest his capital in the purchase of lands, the mechanic and labourer find employment, and the emigrant a settlement, it will be proper that I should state with candour any difficulty that exists in this part. As to servants—a class of persons on whom the domestic order and comfort of a family principally depend—those of a good description are much wanted; but it is in vain to expect them, in the absence of those wholesome laws and regulations that prevail in the mother country. Here domestics are hired by the month, without any regard to character or qualification, merely to meet the

exigencies of the present moment ; and the result is, a succession of changes is continually taking place, and complaint is the order of the day. As to the labouring men, and the mechanics, the wages they obtain are high, but the mode of payment (chiefly out of the shop) reduces it probably to its proper level, although it acts unjustly upon those who are not disposed, or are not so situated as to pay in this way. The result is, that great difficulty exists in having work of any kind completed promptly ; and in this respect, as well as others, Fredericton exhibits a state of society not to be equalled in North America. Persons complaining of those whom they employ, and others who are employed being dissatisfied with their employment ; a remedy for all this is to be found only in a resort to cash payments. When individuals are hired, they should be paid for their labour in cash, and allowed to purchase any articles they may require when that can be done to the best advantage. If those who reside in the neighbourhood of the place have any debts to pay, or agricultural produce to dispose of, instead of as at present taking it to a shop where they are indebted, or where an apparently high price is given, payment being made in goods at an advanced rate to meet it ; this should be carried to a public market, and there sold upon the best terms, and the party should pay his debts in

money, and make his purchases in a similar way. Were this healthy state of business to prevail, much of the present cause of complaint would vanish, competition would be introduced, and the exorbitant rate of living must be materially reduced.

From its situation, Fredericton ought to be a place of excellent business, and should be abundantly supplied with provisions; but at present the former is confined to a retail trade, and advances to lumbering parties, while the place is very irregularly supplied with fresh provisions; and although there is a large market-house in Fredericton, yet there is but one butcher in it, and only three bakers in the town. There is, besides, a sort of *nonchalance* pervading the labouring classes of society in this place, that is quite novel and unpleasant to those who have enjoyed the benefit of the conventional regulations that abound in the mother country, and other parts of the British possessions in this hemisphere.

As respects the man of property, however, he can obtain land under cultivation in the vicinity of Fredericton, at a moderate price, and can have the advantage of good society, and excellent means of educating the juvenile branches of his family. Inhabited houses in Fredericton, in 1840, were 489; families, 708; houses building, twenty-nine; houses uninhabited, twenty; Males above sixteen, 1061;

under sixteen, 829; Females above sixteen, 1666; under sixteen, 796. People of colour: males above sixteen, 28; under sixteen, 43; females above sixteen, 48; under sixteen, 29. Total persons, 4002. Acres of cleared land, 1696; horses, 248; neat cattle, 624; sheep, 380; swine, 642.

Fredericton, by land, is 65 miles from St. John; on the east side of the river, 86. To St. Andrew's, by the Nepesis, 100; to Chatham (Miramichi), 114; to Quebec, by the Grand Falls, 346; to Halifax, Nova Scotia, by the Bend of Petitcadieu, Dorchester, and Amherst, 308.

The scenery around St. John possesses nothing indicative of the fertile regions to which it leads. This city was first inhabited in A.D. 1783, by a band of patriots who, at the close of the American revolutionary war, abandoned their homes, their friends, and property in the revolted colonies, with a large portion of civilized life; that they might preserve unsullied their loyalty to the British Sovereignty, and breathe the pure air of freedom under the paternal protection of the monarch whom they revered, and guarded by the meteor flag of England, which, for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze." The spot where the flourishing city stands was, sixty-eight years ago, a mere wilderness; and, strange as it may appear, the journey from the Market-slip to the Jail-hill, which is not a

quarter of a mile, would occupy, at the above period, half a day, but now only five minutes. Then no previous vestiges of the labours of civilized man were presented to view to diversify the gloomy prospect. The obstacles that were to be met at every step, would have caused men less imbued with the spirit of loyalty, to turn with disgust from the unpropitious scene, and retrace their steps to the land of plenty which they had left behind. But no hardships, however great—no privations, however severe—no difficulties, however appalling, were sufficient to deter from their purpose, the lion-hearted founders of the city, without a roof to shelter their defenceless heads, surrounded by a pathless forest, and frowned upon by the rugged rocks, in a country then unfavourable (because unprepared) for the operations of the plough, and subject to a long and rigorous winter. Yet the prospect of all these accumulated difficulties and privations were unable to impair their loyalty, or swerve them from the path of duty. But how different is that scene at the present day? The city has a population of 30,000 souls, which the enterprise and activity of the inhabitants, and the liberality of the capitalists, are doing everything to increase. St. John is incorporated, and the city comprehends both sides of the harbour, four wards being in St. John, and two in Carlton, opposite; each represented by an alderman and assistant alder-

man: the mayor is appointed by the executive. Among the new edifices is a building for an exchange, a reading-room, a police-office, and a market—the lowest part of the building is occupied as a market, the rest as above stated. The building is highly creditable to the town. The St. John Commercial Bank, a new and beautiful building, constructed of the Shelburn stone, is the best and handsomest building in the city. The front is very beautiful.

The St. John's Mechanics Institute, (incorporated by an Act of the General Assembly,) erected a building, and devoted the same to the promotion of Science and the Arts, and the diffusion of useful knowledge. The corner-stone was laid on the 27th day of May, in the third year of the reign of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, by his Excellency Major-General Sir John Harvey, K. C. B., and K. C. H., Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of New Brunswick, &c. 1840.

The Institute was established in December, 1838, and the first President was Beverly Robinson, Esq.

A new Custom-House has been built in Prince William Street. The plan of the architect, and owner of the building, Mr. John Walker, gives 200 feet front on the street; and it is built to resemble the front of Carlton House in London. The building will be occupied as a custom-house,

bonded warehouse, and treasury office. There is also an extensive block of brick buildings now erecting south of the Exchange Building. Among the private residences, I would notice particularly the mansion-house of the Hon. Judge Chipman, which has a very imposing site on the rise of land overlooking Prince William Street. The streets of St. John are laid out wide, and at right angles. Advantage has been taken of the re-building of the town to widen and lay out new streets, in most of which are very excellent buildings. The place wears an air of bustle and activity, which gives everything a cheerful aspect. Ship-building appears to be a leading business of St. John, and the towns adjacent. Some of the best ships in the world are built in this port, loaded with timber, and sent to different ports of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the West Indies. The city contains several places of worship:—two Episcopal, two Presbyterian, two Wesleyan Methodist, two Baptist, and one Catholic churches.

The revenues of the city for the year 1840 were £88,671 4s. 6d. The Commercial Bank of New Brunswick (in St. John), incorporated by royal charter—capital £150,000, with power to increase to £300,000; President, Lewis Burns, Esq. Bank of New Brunswick, in St. John—capital £100,000; President, Thomas Leavitt, Esq. Inhabited houses, north and south, 1418; families, 2652; individuals

of both sexes, in St. John—north, 9516; south, 9765; acres of cleared land, 1071. The Barracks are in a delightful position, overlooking the harbour.

The spring tides at St. John rise from 24 to 28 feet; the body of the river is about 17 feet above low water mark. The ordinary tide of the harbour rises 26 feet, while above the Falls it only rises about 18 inches; therefore, the height of the Falls might be estimated at 24½ feet. But this estimate will not be received as correct, when it is considered that the entrance of the river at the Falls is too narrow to allow the sea to flow in freely; and, therefore, there is a fall inwards at high water, and a fall outwards at low water, and the time for passing for vessels is fixed at three quarters of an hour each tide, and when the sea and river have assumed the same level, the Fall outwards we have estimated at 20 feet, and at high tides the Fall inwards at high water is 15 feet, making the whole height of this double Fall, 35 feet.

St. George, or, as it is called by many, Magaguadavic, is situated to the eastward of St. Andrew, with St. Patrick's interposed. Its two principal settlements are placed, the one at the upper, and the other at the lower Falls of the Magaguadavic, a fine stream flowing through the county and parish, which issues from a series of fine large lakes of the same name, about twenty miles from the sea. The upper and smaller settlement is seven miles distant from the lower,

which again is situated at the head of the tide, four miles above the junction of the river Mascreeen.

Few places in the province afford a more singular and beautiful spectacle than the Magaguadavic Falls. The river, after descending from the mountains northward, passes through a level and wide plain of intervale, and when it reaches the village, is about 100 feet above the bed of the river below; and the main Fall of the water descends by five successive steps, in the distance of 500 yards, through a chasm averaging about 35 feet wide, and 100 feet deep. Through this narrow gorge, the whole contents of the river is poured out with a fury that defies description. The industry and ingenuity of man have considerably modified the appearance of this remarkable spot. It still, however, remains a most extraordinary hydraulic spectacle, and affords a power for turning machinery beyond computation. Having swept slowly along the valley above, the water is accumulated at the bridge over the top of the Falls, it is thrown by its own weight into the deep and narrow opening below, where, spouting from cliff to cliff, and twisting its foaming column to correspond with the rude windings of the passage, it falls in a torrent of froth into the tide below, or passing beneath the mills, its fury seems abated as it mingles with the dense spray floating above. There are six saw-mills huddled together at this spot, and they appear like

eagles' nests clinging to the rocks on each side. A considerable sum of money has been expended in their erection, and they are now in full operation. The deep cavities in the rocks are overhung with the alder and creeping evergreens, which seem to be placed there for the purpose of decorating one of nature's wild performances. The low roofs of the mills are strongly contrasted with the massive rocks they occupy, and where they hold a precarious situation. The shelving piles of deals seem to mock the violence of the boiling pool beneath. Such is the power of habit—the sawyer, careless of danger, crosses the plank across the gorge, and ventures where his life depends upon an inch of space. Of this, I have frequently been an eye-witness (my house being near the Falls). These Falls, if the scenery in its neighbourhood possessed no other charm, would amply repay the admirer of nature for any expense or inconvenience he might incur in visiting them, and in England, this village would be a place of annual and crowded resort. There are three places of divine worship at the village, and one at the Upper Falls. The parish contains, including the Le Tang, Le Tete, and Mascree settlements, 363 inhabited houses; 380 families; and persons, 2422; and acres of cleared land, 4097.

About three miles up the river, there is a settlement, chiefly agricultural, named Mascree, and consisting

principally of Scottish Highlanders, from Perth, Sutherland, and Caithness-shires, and their ramifications. It is situated at, and near the mouth of the river, stretching for several miles along the south side of the Bay, and terminating one of its inlets, called Le Tete Passage. In this settlement there has been a neat church erected; in June 1839, it remained in a very unfinished state, only being rough boarded. At this time the inhabitants were unexpectedly visited by the Rev. Christopher Atkinson, (missionary) from the King's County, twenty-seven miles from the city of St. John. Inasmuch as this people had not been favoured with more than six sermons during the last year, they gladly engaged Mr. A. for one year, at the end of which period, the whole of the people unanimously came forward and not only chose, but appointed Mr. C. Atkinson to be their pastor, with a promise of £100 per annum.

The Bay of Fundy runs between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and is indented with numerous headlands and promontories, some of which stand out to a considerable distance into the sea or bay.

Numerous islands, also, are scattered along the mouth of this Bay, at short distances, forming a sort of chain nearly quite across it. These are almost incessantly enveloped in dense fogs, during the spring and summer months; but occasionally, when these become scattered by the intense rays of a summer's sun, and

the winds have ceased to agitate the waters, the broad glassy surface of this vast sheet, of a hundred miles in length, and sixty or eighty in breadth, lying in quietness, is seen thickly scattered over with sea fowl,—some on the wing, soaring aloft, and traversing the Bay, in various directions; others in the water, either swimming or screaming, or floating on the chips and fragments of wood and bark that have drifted out to sea from the various rivers and small inlets of the lumber districts bordering upon the shores.

To observe a gull or duck navigating one of these puny vessels, standing erect on his frail bark, as if watching his own reflected image in the glassy surface beneath, while thousands of his fellows are busily engaged around him in gathering the floating sea-weed and offal that are drifting with the tide, is truly laughable.

On a still day, when the tide is retreating from the Bay, and the sun is resting on the surface of the water, numerous shoals of porpoises and grampuses are seen spouting, and blowing, and sporting, now rising to the surface in quick succession, and now retreating into the depths below; while at intervals, at a distance, the huge whale is heard to pour forth his smoking breath like the discharge of a steamer, raising in broken spray and foam the calm smoothness or gentle ripple of the ocean, and sometimes lying half exposed to view floating—a huge, black, unshapely mass—on the surface.

The small boats, pink sterns, and larger crafts are seen at anchor, while the fishermen are busily plying the lines and raising at every moment some finny inhabitant from the watery element below.

Coasters and merchantmen are seen crossing the Bay in different directions, and at divers distances; some departing for the West Indies and Europe, with high piled decks of lumber, and some returning from their voyages, laden with foreign commodities for the use of the inhabitants of the provinces.

From the middle of the Bay, may be seen at one *coup d'ail*, the islands of Campo-Bello, Grand Manan, Tit Manan, Long Island, Brier Island, and the shores of Nova Scotia, with its various capes and headlands, stretching out into that part of the Bay called St. Mary's; and low down in the horizon, as far as the eye can extend its vision, Mount Desert, with its barren and naked rocks, &c.

In this province there is an extensive Coal Field, situated between the primary rocks of the County of Charlotte and King's County, and the Straits of Northumberland. On the Gulf of St. Lawrence, only the south and south-east sides of this coal field have yet been explored; the west, north, and north-east sides still remain to be examined, and the limits, therefore, in the latter directions, yet remain unknown. This coal field extends in a northerly direction to Bathurst, 150 miles, and to Miramichi, 120

miles, and from the latter place along the coast to Shediac, which may be estimated at 70 miles. Until the north-east side of this vast coal tract is explored, it would be impossible to give an accurate account of its area; but it may for the present be considered equal to 5000 miles. This tract may, perhaps, be characterized as being the largest coal field ever discovered on the globe. To distinguish it from the Westmorland district and other coal fields in the British provinces, it has been designated "The Great New Brunswick Coal Field."

When the condition of Great Britain is compared with that of other nations, less favoured with coal and the metals, it will be perceived how much mankind have been improved in their moral and secular state, by use of the substances found only in the earth. And, when the present happiness of civilized countries is contrasted with the condition of those barbarous nations, whose axe and arrow are made of stone, some idea, even at a single glance, may be formed of the power and wealth which have been drawn from the bosom of this planet. Should an inquiry be made into the cause of the exalted state of the parent country, and the sources from which her commerce has been derived, and is now supported, it will be found that the vast and various productions of her mines are the chief support of her manufacturing industry, and the great centre of supply for almost

every nation upon the earth. When coal is viewed in all its relations to mankind, the mind is filled with astonishment at its effects. To coal, the generation of steam, the multiplied operations in manufactories, the great improvements in all kinds of machinery, the vast saving of animal strength, the diminution of human pain and labour, and the majestic strides of civilization, owe their origin. Coal possesses the power of transmuting ships and land carriages into animals, capable of performing the greatest feats of strength without relaxation or repose. Through its influence, directed to the production of steam, vessels now ply between Great Britain and America, in a shorter space of time than had been ever before anticipated, and the inhabitants of countries far remote from each other are now brought into frequent and neighbourly intercourse.

Were the bituminous treasures of England exhausted, her manufactories would fail, her trade cease to exist, and the nation would gradually retrograde into a state of ancient barbarity.

When we consider that a large proportion of the power of steam is applied to move machinery, and that the amount of work now done by machinery in this country (England) has been supposed to be equivalent to that of between three or four hundred millions of men by direct labour, we are almost stunned at the influence of coal, and iron, and steam,

upon the fate and fortunes of the human race. It is on the rivers—and the boatman may repose on his oars; it is on the highway—and begins to extend itself along the courses of land conveyance; it is at the bottom of the mines, a thousand or more feet under ground below the earth's surface; it is in the mills, and in the workshops of the trades; it rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints, &c. Should the advancement of this power be as rapid during the next twelve years, as it has been during the same term of years that is gone by, it seems as if man would be indulged with a long holiday, having nothing to do but to gaze upon his own inventions, for they are neither few nor small—"Man hath found out many inventions."—Solomon.

Having given a brief outline of the gem itself, with its various qualities, I shall proceed to the mine out of which it can be obtained.

The great coal-mine of the province of New Brunswick, which I am about to explain, is situated between the primary rocks in the county of Charlotte, and the King's County, on the Straits of Northumberland, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Only the south and south-east sides of this coal-field have yet been explored; the west, the north, and the north-east sides still remain to be examined, and the limits thereof in the latter directions, yet remain unknown.

The division of this coal-field, situated southward of St. John, is the segment of a large circle described between the Keswick, above Fredericton, and the Ocnabog, below Grangetown, and touching at Shin Creek, and the head of the Oromocto. Its southeastern side extends along the trap and syenite rocks of Springfield, and the dividing line between King's, Queen's, Westmoreland, and Kent Counties, to the Straits of Northumberland, from one of the branches of the Oromocto to the St. John, and from thence eight miles eastward of the entrance of the Washademocac. This coal-field extends in a northerly direction to Bathurst, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, and from Bathurst along the coast to Shediac, which may be estimated at seventy miles.

Until the north-east side of this vast coal-track is explored, it would be impossible to give an accurate account of its area; but it may for the present be considered equal to five thousand square miles! This track may, perhaps, bear the reputation of being one of the largest coal fields ever discovered on the globe. This vast expanded track in every part abounds in tropical plants, many of which have evidently been changed into enduring beds of coal, while others have been converted into different kinds of mineral matter, and form the most faithful record of the changes this earth has undergone since it first came from the hands of its Supreme Architect.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

These unfortunate people have greatly degenerated, and are fast becoming extinct. This is not from any ill usage, or want of kindness and consideration on the part of their more civilized brethren. They are every where, in these provinces, on the most friendly terms with the white inhabitants, who always accost them with the term, "brother" or "sister," and perform towards them many acts of unobtrusive charity. They are a harmless people; (I have had conversations with several, and I believe them to be such,) and are much attached to the British government, and the inhabitants of these provinces. Any person may confidently trust him or herself to the care and attendance of his or her Indian guide, penetrate with him into the most remote and almost impervious forest, and rest secure on his integrity and knowledge of the country which he may be traversing. Various attempts have been made to induce these people to adopt the modes and habits of cultivated humanity, but content with the freedom they have long enjoyed, they roam through the country at pleasure, sitting down near some favourite hunting ground, or fishing stream, on the margin of a lake, or in some dense forest, sheltered from the wintry blast, they there satisfy the wants of nature, which are few, and remove when

tired of the monotony of the place, or the appearance of warmer weather, or the approaching scarcity of food. Thus living a life of seclusion and independence, they care not for events that are happening around.

“ Enough for them, in ignorance bred,
 Night yields to morn, and sun to rain,
 That Nature’s pulse, in winter dead,
 By spring rekindled throbs again.”

The Indians are deeper sunk in misery and superstition than they are generally supposed to be. They are, in fact, an ignorant, selfish, and degraded class of people; true, they eat, drink, sleep, and think as other human beings, but their ideas of the future state of existence beyond the grave are as erroneous and present no more cheering prospect than does the miserable subterfuge on which the untaught Hindoo rests his hope for another world.

Nor are they less tenacious in the observance of rites and ceremonies than the poor Hindoo is of retaining caste. Their ideas of Deity are grovelling in the extreme, being associated with creatures most repugnant to our feelings; which, together with their manner of conducting religious worship, renders them no less idolaters than those who bow down to gods of wood and stone—the work of their own hands. Deity exists in the form of a great snake,

who is the former of their persons, the sustainer of their bodies, and the giver of all good things. Evil spirits also exist in the form of snakes, who dispense judgments, send bad fruits, bad success in hunts, bad animals, and bad plants. They hold converse with the dead, furnish food for their hungry spirits, and perform numerous unmeaning ceremonies over their graves. Honesty in dealing with each other and their white neighbours, they are generally regardless of.

The following are the principal places Mr. Atkinson officiated at during his residence in New Brunswick:—Fredericton, St. Paul's Church; St. Mary's, Sheffield, Jemseg, English and Irish settlements, Belleisle, Springfield, Upper, Middle, and Lower Mill Streams, Sussex, Sussex Vale, Londonderry Settlement, Dutch Valley, Shepody Road, Quaco, Teignmouth, South Stream, Upham, Salt Springs, Norton, Little River, Black River, St. John's, St. Andrew's Church; Portland, Carlton, Pennfield, St. George's, Le Tang, Mascree, St. Patrick, St. Andrew's, Deer and Indian Islands, Annapolis (Nova Scotia), East Port (Moose Island), Calais, Milltown, and Baring (United States).

Half our forebodings of our neighbours are but wishes, which we are ashamed to utter in any other form.

CHAPTER VI.

THE UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, AND PHILADELPHIA.

The first appearance of the city of New York, as approached from the sea after passing the Narrows, is unquestionably one of the most picturesque that can be imagined. This arises more from its situation in the most beautiful bay in the world; than from any prominence of architectural elegance in the city itself. New York, though rather ancient, has not had the benefit of a municipal government long enough to compete in every particular with London or Liverpool; though the changes during the past fourteen years afford a good earnest of what may be expected. One of the principal streets is called Broadway; about two-thirds of its length is lined with shops, many of which vie with the largest establishments in Fleet-street or Holborn, though inferior in size and outward splendour to the shops of the West-end. The rest of Broadway consists of private residences, several of which, as well as numerous houses in the North or Court-end of the town, through which it passes, are elegant and sumptuous dwellings. The streets in this quarter are well

built, and present an air of great neatness and cleanliness. There is a great difference between New York and London, in the regulations of side walks for pedestrians. The difference appears to be decidedly in favour of London, as people can manage to get along the pavements of that city. The principal churches in this city are St. Paul's and St. John's.

The capitol of Washington is well worthy of its national design, being the finest building that is seen in the world. It stands on an elevation, overlooking the city and the broad expanse of the Potomac river. Its length is 350 feet, and its height 145 feet. An advanced portico on the front of the centre building is ornamented with a triple row of beautiful marble columns. The wide stone steps approaching this entrance conduct to the rotunda, 95 feet in diameter, ornamented by superb reliefs and large paintings, by native artists, representing some of the principal events in the national history. South of the rotunda, occupying that wing of the building, is the chamber of the House of Representatives, a semi-circular hall, with columns supporting the roof. The Senate Chamber occupies the north wing, and below the Senate Chamber is the Supreme Court of the United States; there being, besides these rooms, upwards of seventy offices for committees, Congress officers, refreshments, &c. The grounds round this

noble pile of buildings cover more than twenty acres, tastefully laid out in walks and shrubberies.

Philadelphia has, perhaps, more historical associations which make it more interesting to a foreign visitor, than any other city or town in the union. One of the first objects which a stranger seeks is the State House, in which the first Congress of the United States held its deliberations, and from which the declaration of independence was read to the people, on July the fourth, 1776. The building is about a century old—a plain brick structure, greatly venerated by the citizens. The extensive garden behind it is now laid out as a public square, and with its gravel walks and avenues of trees, affords a delightful and favourite promenade. Chesnut-street, on which the State House and several other public buildings front, is the present fashionable street of Philadelphia. The pavement, trottoir, and shops are superior to that of any other. It runs, like many parallel streets from river to river, but Broad-street crosses it a little more than half its entire length. Broad-street promises to form a grand ornament to the city: it runs from north to south through its centre, and is 113 feet wide. The Merchants' Exchange forms a conspicuous ornament in the business suburb of the city. The front elevation is semi-circular, with Corinthian columns resting on a high basement. The principal entrance opens into a

vestibule, which communicates with the City Post Office, and public departments. A double staircase leads to a landing which opens to a splendid semi-circular apartment, richly embellished with paintings and fresco work ; the roof is supported by Corinthian pillars, and the floor composed of Mosaic stone. Adjoining this hall is a large reading room, containing all the leading papers of the country, including the London periodicals. This noble structure was erected by the city at an immense cost, the material being of the finest marble.

BALTIMORE, BOSTON, AND PITTSBURGH.

The fine city of Baltimore lies at the head of Patapsco Bay, fourteen miles from the Chesapeake, and two hundred from the sea. It is justly admired for its situation and numerous architectural beauties. Its size is the same as Boston, and less than half the size of Philadelphia. The principal places of interest in the city are more numerous, considering the size of the place than in New York and Philadelphia, and give evidence of greater taste and regard to elegance than the latter, of which the monuments, public fountains, and various architectural ornaments, which meet the eye in different parts of the city, afford constant evidence of the former. The colossal

statue of Washington, by Causici, on a Doric column and base, 180 feet high, is a superb work of art, and gives a character to the whole city, as seen from neighbouring elevations. The fountains are also classically embellished with basins and temples of marble; and the architecture of private residences, some of which are truly princely, also show a prevalence of individual taste, to which the Philadelphians are total strangers.

Boston is another city which presents, to an Englishman on first entering it, a striking and pleasing similitude to home. The streets, the architecture of the houses, the very looks of the people abroad, and the general aspect of almost everything that the eye encounters, all contribute to remind him that, though in the new world, he is in the metropolis of that particular section of it appropriately styled "New England." This English aspect which marks everything in Boston, is nowhere more strikingly seen than in the churches, whose sombre coloured walls and oaken woodwork, with the dark rich shade of drapery, and the curtained or stained medium, subdues the effect a transatlantic sky communicates, that "dim religious light" in an instant carries the English worshipper back to the glorious fanes of his native land. Boston, to be seen to the greatest advantage, should be approached from the sea. European visitants by the mail steamers will meet

with few sights in their whole tour through the United States to surpass the spectacle which is presented on passing Nantasket. The voyager enters a harbour eight square miles in extent. The eye is filled with the changing scene of enchantment, till the Massachusetts metropolis appears in sight. The dome of the State House rises higher than any other object; the foundation of the building being more than a hundred feet above the level of the water. Around the city, which is almost insular, are extensive piers and wharfs; and as ships of the largest class can ride securely in the harbour, Boston is incomparably better situated for commerce than New York. The quarter of Boston familiarly known as "The North End," embraces all that part of the peninsula on which the city is built, lying north of Fancuil Hall. Like the east end of London, it was once the abode of wealth and state. In the centre of this neighbourhood old Christchurch rears its lofty spire, and the brick tower on which it is based, which contains a fine ring of bells, is regarded by the inhabitants with an affection truly filial. A winter in Boston would be very agreeable but for the extreme cold; there is frequently a fall in the thermometer of twenty degrees below zero. Boston possesses more schools than any other place of its size in the world, which fact has, doubtless, acquired for it the title of "The Literary Emporium" of the

western world. The Historical Society, the Athenæum, and the Academy of Fine Arts, are well-endowed, substantial buildings, each possessing an extensive library. There are other minor societies for the promotion of literature, besides ten daily and about thirty weekly newspapers, thirty monthly or semi-monthly magazines, &c. Sixty periodical prints are regularly issued in a city with scarce a hundred thousand inhabitants.

The city of Pittsburgh is the capital of the Western Pennsylvania, the seat of a university, the see of a Romanist Bishop, and "the Birmingham of America." The latter appellation, if understood as signifying the largest iron and greatest hardware manufacturing town in the United States, is correct enough; and there is every prospect of its rivalling our own Birmingham in population, size, and the amount of its manufactures, before many years. There are about a dozen handsome factories and rolling mills, each sending out from four to seven hundred weight of goods per annum, worth collectively about £60,000. Fourteen foundries annually make 3,000,000 tons of metal into castings; there are also six brass foundries, forty steam engines, a number of coppersmiths', blacksmiths' and silversmiths' shops; cutlery, tin ware, and cotton manufactories; extensive glass works, tanneries, and steam flour mills. The estimated annual value of the manufac-

ories of this Western Birmingham have been stated at upwards of four millions of dollars. Nothing could be finer or more advantageous for trade than the situation of Pittsburgh. It occupies the point of land at the junction of the rivers Alleghany and Monongahela at the head of steam boat navigation. Coal and iron abound all round it, and are daily augmenting its wealth. The inhabitants of Pittsburgh are a mixture of various nations—Germans, French, English, Scotch, Irish, and native Americans, and are famed for their spirit of industry and economy. A universal toleration of differences of creed prevails, and no one race pretends to arrogate any superior distinction to itself. Its population is nearly sixty thousand.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

There is no village or dwelling here but the hotel alone. It is a handsome frame building, of ample dimensions, three stories high, with piazzas on both sides, and stands on the east side of the road which leads to Fort Erie, within half a mile of the Falls. The approach from the hotel is through a forest, which conceals the prospect till close at the place, when the scene instantaneously bursts forth with astonishing grandeur! The place at which the visitor arrives by

this route is Table Rock, so denominated from its being extremely level. It extends from the sheet of water several rods down the Canada side, and projects some yards over the pathway which leads under the Falls. This rock makes a circular bend where it crosses the stream, and the river pours over the verge of the precipice in the form of a crescent. The sheet of water is separated by a small island, situated on the brink of the precipice, and called, Goat Island. This leaves the grand Fall on the Canada side, about six hundred yards broad, and the high Fall on the American side, about three hundred. Between Goat Island and the American Shore is another smaller island, about twenty yards in width, which leaves a small sheet of water on the east of Goat Island, from eight to ten yards broad. The Fall on the American side is one hundred and sixty-four feet high; and drops almost perpendicularly, presenting a large white sheet. The Grand or Horse Shoe Fall, on the Canada side, is one hundred and fifty feet high, and falls in the form of a semicircle, extending some distance up the stream; but this being the lowest Fall, by far the greatest body of water finds its way over here. The current of the river is strong all the way from Lake Erie, and still more so within two miles of the Falls. For half a mile immediately above, there is a declivity estimated at fifty-eight feet, and the river here forms a rapid, where the beautiful clouds

of green water and white foam come rolling down with majestic grandeur to the main pitch, where its own force makes it project at the middle of the sheet about fifty feet beyond the perpendicular, thundering noise. Clouds of vapour rise from below, and dart up into the air, sometimes one hundred feet above the projecting leap, and fall like a soft shower whithersoever it is wafted by the wind. The basin below is like a vast quantity of milk, boiling and foaming with great agitation to a distance of half a mile, where it begins to resume its bright green colour again. The emotions of admiration and delight which fill the mind on this mighty work of nature can scarcely be felt from any effort of description; but no words can express the consternation of spectators on viewing this sublime spectacle; and, to be rightly understood, it must be realized. The mind must comprehend in view the lofty banks and immense forests which environ this stupendous scene,—the irresistible force and rapidity of motion displayed by the rolling waters as they tumble over the precipice,—the uncommon brilliancy and variety of colours and shades,—the ceaseless intumescence and swift agitation of dashing waves below,—the solemn and tremendous noise, with the volumes of vapour darting into the air, resembling the loud hoarse roar and smoke of an agitated volcano! before it can form a just idea of the ecstasy inspired by the sublime scene.

These Falls are situated on the Niagara river, fourteen miles from Lake Ontario, and twenty-one from Lake Erie. This strait, which unites the waters of these two lakes together, is thirty-five miles long, and varies little more than one-fourth of a mile to six miles in breadth between Lake Erie and the Falls. The banks are from one to two hundred feet in height, and here the course of the river is north-west by west; but below the Falls, it takes a northerly direction to Lake Ontario. The scenery along the Niagara is allowed to vie with the prettiest landscape in Upper Canada, and stands unrivalled for its grandeur and magnificence.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

There is, in most parts of America, a bird called by the English the humming bird; by the Spaniards, *tominicius*. It is of a most excellent shining colour, and very resplendent; it resembles many of our English drakes' heads. The humming bird inhabits some of the colder parts of America, as well as the warmer. It is the least of all birds that I have seen, its leg and foot together are but half an inch; its entire weight is about a tenth part of an ounce avoirdupoise. Their nests are made of cotton wool, in the form and size of the thumb of a man's

glove, with the taper end downwards. Their eggs are about the size of a pea, and of oval form. They feed by thrusting their bills and tongues into the blossoms of trees, and sucking the sweet juice and honey from them; and when feeding they bear up their bodies with a hovering motion of the wings. An Indian soggamore is not in his full pomp and bravery without one of these birds in his ear for a pendant. It is called the hum bird or humming bird, because some say it makes a noise when it flies like a spinning-wheel. But I have been very near them, when they were on the wing, and I never heard it; besides, their bodies and wings are too small to strike air enough to make any noise. But of this I shall not be positive, because several authors think different from me.

RELIGION.—Of all the definitions of religion, I find none so accurately descriptive as this: that it is such a belief of the bible as maintains a living influence in the heart and life. Men may speculate, criticise, admire, doubt, or believe the Bible; and yet no one can truly be called a religious man who does not so believe it as ever to carry in his mind a habitual, practical sense of its truths, as ever to live by them in his life.

CHAPTER VII.

EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, occupies an exceedingly romantic but incommodious situation, within two miles of the south shore of the Firth of Forth, and above a day's journey from the borders of England. The latitude of its observatory is $55^{\circ} 57''$; its longitude, west, $3^{\circ} 1' 40''$. Its distance from London is 392 miles. More than thirteen hundred years since, no part of the ground now covered by the city was occupied by human habitations. Although, according to the opinions of several writers, the rock of Edinburgh was chosen as the site of a fort by the Gargeni or Ottadini long before their subjugation by the Romans. The etymology of the word Edinburgh has excited fully more anxious inquiry and discussion than that of Lothian; there being, as some think, a doubt whether the word be of British or Saxon origin. Aneurin, the Ottadonian poet, who wrote during the sixth century, speaks of Dinas Eidyn, the city of Eidyn, but it is quite uncertain that he meant the place now called Edinburgh. The oldest name that can now be discovered as applicable to this forte, is Maydyn; and Mai-din in British, or Maghdun

in Garlic, which may either signify the fortified mount in the plain, or the good fort; but when the English language came into use, some busy body with monkish fancies conceived that Mai-dun was the same as maiden, and hence the barbarous title of "Castrum Puellarum," and the fable that it had been a residence for the daughters of the British kings. It is a curious circumstance, that for many centuries the fortress went both by the name of Castrum Puellarum and Edensbruch. The first was invariably the diplomatic and literary name, the second was esteemed only the vulgar appellation. Some writers have affected to doubt if ever the fortress of Edinburgh was entitled Castrum Puellarum in regular records: among others, the late Lord Hailes. But, besides the different instances in which it is named in the learned correspondence of the middle ages, it cannot be satisfactorily shown by a chart of Radulphus, abbot of Newbottle, of the date 1253, that the phrase was current. The name occurs thus: "Parte vie regie et publice que ducet a monasterio Newbotle versus Castrum Puellarum," &c. Frequently it is called Castrum Puellarum de Edinburgh, and in a number of instances it is designated Oppidum Puellarum. Not understanding the meaning of the word Mai-dun, Camden and others have been led to suggest that in early times the castle had been the

residence of certain young maidens of royal blood. Having examined the mass of evidence touching on the etymology of the present name, we have come to the conclusion that it is of Saxon origin. Subsequently to the year 449, 634, the appellation Edwins-burgh must have been introduced. The Garlic designation of Edinburgh, from the period in which Edwinsburgh came into use, has been Dun-Edin, signifying the hill or strength of Edwin, and having no connexion with the original British or Celtic name. Dun Edin rarely occurs as a written name, for the reason, perhaps, that there is no Celtic literature. That it was used, however, is certified by the register of the priory of St. Andrew, in recording the times of Edgar, 1107, in these words: "Mortuns in Dun Edin et sepultus in Dunfermling." In modern times Dun Edin is used on the title pages of books in the Garlic tongue, printed in Edinburgh. Edina is its euphonius and poetical appellation, first used by Buchanan, and sanctified by the muse of Burns. According to the account of Simon of Durham, Edinburgh must have been a considerable village in the year 854; wherefore its origin may be traced to about the era of Edwin, who so much distinguished it by his residence, from the period of the cession of Lothian to the Scots (1020).

THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH, AND THE REGALIA OF
SCOTLAND.

This venerable fortress owes its origin as a regular place of defence to the Anglo-Saxon dynasty towards the end of the fifth century; but, in the present day its fortifications appear to be of comparatively modern date. The rock on which the Castle is situated rises to a height of three hundred and eighty-three feet above the level of the sea, and its battlements may be seen in some directions for upwards of fifty miles. The rock is precipitous on all sides but the east; here it is connected with the upper part of the city by an open esplanade, called the Castle-hill, measuring three hundred and fifty feet in length, by three hundred in breadth. On the western extremity of this parade ground, which was once a favourite walk of the citizens, are advanced the outer wooden barriers of the fort, beyond which there is a draw-bridge flanked by low batteries. Within these the road winds past a guard-house, and passes under an arched gateway secured by strong gates; overhead is built a house which is used as the state prison of Scotland. Passing through this entrance, on the right is the Argyle Battery, mounting a number of guns which point towards the New Town, and from thence the road leads past the Arsenal, the Governor's

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house, and a huge pile of buildings used as Barracks, by a semi-circular sweep and gradual ascent, to the inner and upper vallum of the fort. This entered by another strong gateway, and within are situated the chapel, storehouse, and other buildings, forming the main habitable part of the fortress. Among these tenements on the south side, is a lofty pile or range of buildings with a court in the centre. The houses on the east side and a palace were partly built by Queen Mary, in 1565, and partly in 1616. In a small apartment on the ground floor, in the south-east corner of the edifice, Queen Mary was delivered of James VI. on the 10th of June, 1566. The roof of this little room is divided into four compartments, having the figure of a thistle at each corner, and a crown and the initials M. R. in the centre. As this interesting apartment is now part of the canteen or tavern of the Castle, it is accessible to visitors. In the same part of the edifice is situated the Crown Room, a very small vaulted apartment on the second floor. The Regalia of Scotland was lodged here on the 26th of March, 1707, immediately after the act of union had passed, and remained in a state of seclusion and repose for a hundred and eleven years. The Scottish nation had for a long period believed that these ensigns of royalty had been moved secretly to London. In order to allay the rumours which were

propagated to that effect, certain commissioners were appointed to examine the contents of the Crown Room, which they did on the 5th of Feb., 1818. A large oaken chest was found in the apartment, firmly secured with locks, which, being forced open, the regalia was discovered, carefully wrapped in fine linen cloths. The articles exposed were the crown, sceptre, sword, sword of state, and the Lord Treasurer's rod of office. The crown is of gold, of small size, and elegant formation. On the lower part, above the fillet for fitting the head, are two circles, chased and adorned with twenty-two precious stones, mixed with large oriental pearls. The upper circle is surmounted by ten crosses, fleury, with small points terminated by large pearls. Four advanced arches rise from the upper circle and close at the top, on which is a globe and cross-pattee. The diameter of the crown is nine inches, and its height to the top of the cross not more than six inches. The cap or part suited to the head is of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine and adorned with pearls. James VII., in 1685, changed the cloth from purple to crimson, the former having been tarnished during the vicissitudes of the civil wars. It is understood that the crown is not more ancient than the reign of Robert Bruce, while the surmounting arches are known to have been added by James V. The sceptre is a small silver double-

gilt rod, altogether thirty-four inches in length, and of a hexagonal form ; it is embellished and terminated by figures of the Virgin Mary, St. Andrew, and St. James, from whose heads a crystal globe is supported ; under the figures are the letters J. R. V. This rod of state was carried by the Lord Chancellor, and when bills had passed the Scottish Parliament they were touched with it, which was equivalent to the royal assent. The sword of state, which is of elegant workmanship, was a present from Pope Julius II. to James IV. ; the handle is of silver gilt, and the guard is wreathed in imitation of two dolphins. On the blade are the letters Julius II. P. The scabbard is formed of crimson velvet, embellished with open filligreen work of silver. The Lord Treasurer's rod of office is of silver gilt, and of elegant workmanship. Viewing these symbols of Scottish royalty in connexion with the various great events and personages in the annals of the country, they must be productive of sentiments in the minds of Scotchmen of an interesting nature ; and it is creditable to the taste of the supreme powers, that they should be permitted to remain in an apartment so appropriate for their disposition. They are placed upon a table, which is enclosed from the roof to the floor by a barred cage. The crown lies on a cushion of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold ; and the whole are seen by the assistance of four lamps, which are

fixed to the cage. The crown room is open daily to the public.

STAFFA, OR FINGAL'S CAVE.

Staffa, an island of the Hebrides, is remarkable for its columnar stone formations, and having its Scandinavian name from the resemblance of those columns to staffs or staves. It belongs to Argyleshire, being situated about seven miles N. N.E. of Jura, and about five miles from the west coast of Mull, and seven miles north from Icolmkill. Its form is oblong and irregular, about one mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, is noted for the basaltic pillars which support the major part of the island, and for the magnificent spectacle afforded by the Cave of Fingal, and is one of the most splendid works of nature. This wonderful island was unknown to the world in general, and even to most of the neighbouring islanders, until the close of the last century. The basaltic pillars stand in natural colonnades, mostly above fifty feet high in the south-western part, upon a firm basis of solid unshapen rock; above these the stratum, which reaches to the soil of the island, varies in thickness in proportion to the distribution of the surface into the hill and valley. The pillars are of three, four, and more sides; but the

number of those with five and six exceeds that of the others: one of seven sides measured four feet five inches in diameter.

The beauties of Staffa are all comprised in its coast: yet it is only for a small space toward the south and south-east that these are remarkable, as it is here that the columns occur westward. The cliffs are generally low, rude, and without beauty; but in the north-east quarter there are five small caves, remarkable for the loud reports which they give when the sea breaks in them—resembling the distant discharges of heavy ordinance. The northmost point is columnar, but it is nearly even with the water. The highest point of the great face is 112 feet from the high-water mark. It becomes lower on proceeding towards the west, the greatest height above M'Kinnan's cave being 84 feet. On the west side of Staffa is a small bay, the place where boats usually land. In proceeding along the shore, the superb cavern of Fingal appears—for such is the denomination given to it by the Highlanders, to whom it is known. It is supported on each side by ranges of columns, and is roofed by the bottoms of such as have been broken away. From the interstices of the roof a yellow stalactitic matter has exuded, which precisely defines the different angles; and, varying the colour, tends to augment the elegance of its appearance. What adds to the granduer of the

scene is, that the whole cave is lighted from without in such a manner that the farthest extremity is plainly distinguished; while the air within, being constantly in motion, owing to the flux and reflect of the tides, is perfectly dry and wholesome, and entirely exempt from the damp vapours to which natural caverns are generally subject. The following are its dimensions :—

	FT.	IN.
Length of the cave from the rock without	371	6
Do. from the pitch of the earth	250	0
Breadth of ditto at the mouth	53	7
Do. at the farther end	20	9
Height of the arch at the mouth	117	6
Do. at the end	70	0
Height of an outer pillar	39	6
Do. at the north-west corner	54	0
Depth of water at the mouth	11	0
Do. at the extremity	9	0

As the sea never ebbs entirely, the only floor of this cave is the beautiful green water, reflecting from its white bottom those tints which vary and harmonize with the darker tones of the rock, often throwing on the columns the flickering light which its undulations catch from the rays of the sun without.—The island of Staffa, which has been visited by all the chief scientific travellers of Europe, as well as the most distinguished literary characters of Briton, is grassy

on its upper surface, and affords pastureage to a number of sheep, which are under the care of a keeper, whose hut is the only human habitation within its bounds.

THE ALPHABET.—The 24 letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not, in a thousand million of years, write out all the transpositions of the 24 letters, even supposing that each wrote 40 pages daily, each of which pages contained 40 different transpositions of the letters.

A THREE-FOLD BEING.—There is a three-fold being. 1st. Such as had a being, beginning, and shall have an end. Sensitive creatures—the beasts, fowls, and fish. These at death are destroyed and return to dust: thus their being ends with their lives. 2nd. Such a being as had a beginning, but shall have no end: as the angels and souls of men are eternal (a parte post); they abide for ever. 3rd. Such a being as is without beginning or end, and that is properly only God. He is semper existens from everlasting to everlasting. Psalm 90, 2 v.

THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

The Orkney Islands, or Arcades, are a group of islands situated at the northern extremity of Scotland, from which they are separated by the strait of the sea called the Gentland Firth, and lying between the parallels of $58^{\circ} 44'$ and $59^{\circ} 25'$ north lat., and $0^{\circ} 19'$ east and $0^{\circ} 17'$ west lon., including thirty-eight uninhabited islets or holms; they amount to sixty-seven in number, and are scattered over a space of about forty-five geographical miles in length by twenty in breadth. The origin of the name is undoubtedly Teutonic, and is probably derived from orkin, a large marine animal, which has been applied both to whales and seals. Orkney, therefore, means a land of whales or of seals. The Orcades seem to have been esteemed of considerable importance in the time of Constantine, as they are especially mentioned with Gaul and Briton as the patrimony of his youngest son. Little is known of the Orcades from that time, until the convulsions in Norway, which ended in the elevation of Harold the Fair-haired to the undivided sovereignty of that country.

The ancient inhabitants were the Picts, to whom are ascribed the conical towers found on various parts of the coast of Scotland, one of which exists near Kirkwall. In the ninth century, the Norwegians, led by Harold Harfanger, reduced the Orkney,

Shetland, and Western Isles, and in 920 he resigned these possessions to his brother Sigismund the Elder, who became the first Earl of Orkney. Sigismund and his successors extended their sway over the neighbouring counties of Caithness, Sutherland, and Ross-shire, but were occasionally defeated and deprived of a portion of their conquests by the Kings of Scotland, and sometimes deposed by the Kings of Norway, of whom they held their possessions on the terms of feudal homage. The succession to the earldom was at length contested by two cousins, Hacon and Magnus. Hacon finally determined their dispute by murdering his rival A. D. 1110. This deed was perpetrated in the Isle of Eagleshay. The body of Magnus was removed to Christ's Church, in Birsa, where it was supposed to irradiate celestial light and wrought divers miracles, in virtue of the canonization which the holy martyr had received. Hacon, seized by compunctions, endeavoured to atone for his guilt by making a pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem, and washing himself in the river Jordan. About this period the Bishops of Orkney, who probably long exercised a spiritual jurisdiction in these islands previously are authentically mentioned.

Ronald, nephew of St. Magnus, became Earl of Orkney, and in fulfilment of a vow built the cathedral of Kirkwall, in honour of the saint, and removed his

bones to this sacred asylum. The present edifice, with some additions made to it by the bishops, is the same which was then erected. The earldom became vacant A. D. 1379, and was granted, on hard conditions, by the King of Norway to Henry Sinclair (or St. Clair,) and continued in his family till a period subsequent to the transfer of Orkney to the King of Scotland. This remarkable event in the history of Orkney occurred A. D. 1468. The Western Isles had been for some time subject to the Scottish sway; and in this year Christian the First, King of Denmark, who governed Sweden, Norway, and Holstein, mortgaged the Isles of Orkney and Shetland to the King of Scotland, in pledge for the payment of a considerable debt. The claim to these possessions may be deemed virtually, though not formally, abandoned by the Danish monarch. The Kings of Scotland did not retain peaceable possession of this remote province of their empire. In the year 1470, the second subsequent to the transfer, Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, resigned his earldom to the King of Scotland. His son by a first marriage became Lord Sinclair, whilst his son by a second was created Earl of Caithness, an ancestor of the present earl. During the minority of James the Fifth of Scotland, the two brothers, deeming the opportunity for recovering the surrendered inheritance favourable, invaded Orkney; they were supported by Sinclair,

governor of Kirkwall, a natural son of their family, and were defeated in a pitched battle near the Stones of Stennis; the earl was killed, and Lord Sinclair made prisoner. The feuds and troubles which continued to disturb the islands, were allayed by the arrival of James the Fifth in person, who resided as guest to the bishop in his palace, A. D. 1536, and settled his government. Grants of the earldom were several times made and revoked; the dukedom was constituted and conferred by Mary on her favourite, Bothwell. During this period of uncertain rule, the bishops are described as having exercised a mild and beneficent jurisdiction in spiritual matters. Robert Reid enjoyed the mitre A. D. 1540: he filled the high office of President of the Court of Session at Edinburgh; and negotiated and celebrated the marriage between Mary and the Dauphin of France. He enlarged and adorned the cathedral; his effigy, with his name subjoined, is represented in relief on the tower of the bishop's palace. The earldom was granted to the Stewarts—Robert and his son Patrick—A. D. 1600; to these personages Orkney and Shetland are indebted for the principal remaining monuments of former granduer. Robert enlarged and embellished the palace of Birsa, which had been inhabited, if not built, by the Earl Sinclair: his son Patrick erected the present palace of Kirkwall. But to defray the expenses of these structures, and

of the magnificence in which they indulged, the Stewarts levied arbitrary and oppressive taxes, and at length produced by their tyrannical conduct a revocation of the Royal Grant. The government of the islands was intrusted to the bishop. On the abolition of the prelacy, the leases of the episcopal lands were granted to the city of Edinburgh. These, together with the earldom of Orkney and the lordship of Shetland, were, A. D. 1642, conferred in virtue of former grants to the Earl of Morton by King Charles the First.

During the usurpation, Cromwell's soldiers were quartered in the island. In 1669, the earldom was annexed to the crown, and erected into a stewardry. In the same year, the bishopric, having been temporarily restored, was finally abolished. The Earl of Morton, having mismanaged his property, oppressed by the vexation which it occasioned him, sold it in 1766 to Lord Dundas, whose representative, the present lord, receives the feu duties. The church lands reverted to the crown, and are subject to the control of the Exchequer.

The Cathedral, standing in an open square, is freed from those encumbrances which too frequently not only obstruct the view, but deface the fronts of several of the English Minsters; its architecture is a respectable specimen of the style of the twelfth century, and the plan on which it is constructed is

uniform, as with the exception of the eastern window and some other minor parts, it was the work of one period. The small size of the windows and heavy character of the building, are characteristic of the age in which it was built. The length of the Cathedral from east to west is 236 feet; its breadth, 56 feet; the arms of the cross or transept are 30 feet in breadth; the height of the roof is 71 feet, that of the steeple, 140. The roof of the nave is vaulted by Gothic arches, supported on each side by a triple row of columns; the lowest tier consists of fourteen, each measuring fifteen feet in circumference. The tower is supported by four, measuring each twenty-four feet in circumference. The effect of the massy and regularly-formed columns is imposing: the nave is covered with monumental inscriptions, commemorating magistrates and other principal inhabitants of Orkney, and a few stone coffins are scattered about. The partial gleams of day admitted through the small discoloured windows which line the aisles, half choked with grass, augment the sepulchral appearance of this portion of the Cathedral. The original design of its builder, pushed beyond its scope by the culpable negligence of its present guardians, would incur the censure of those who object to the usual gloomy character of gothic minsters, designating them rather as mausoleums of dead men than as temples of the living God. But if we regard the

nave as the vestibule of the choir, through which we pass from the restless scenes of this world to the peaceful sanctuary of another, assuredly the records of human mortality, and "the scrolls which teach us to live and to die," are by no means inappropriate appendages of its hallowed architecture; nor has the epithet "religious" been ill applied to the "dim light" by which we peruse them.

The choir, the only remnant of choral architecture which has survived the Reformation in Scotland, is kept with much care. It is furnished with stalls, and adorned by a very elegant east window. The service of the kirk is regularly performed in it every Sunday. The expenses of the repairs of the Cathedral are defrayed partly by the Exchequer, and partly by the bequest of a pious individual for that particular purpose, called in Scotland a *mortification*. The present state of the Cathedral at Kirkwall confirms the well-authenticated fact, that the tide of devastation which overthrew the ancient establishments of Scotland at the Reformation, spent its fury ere it had reached Orkney; and the prejudice against episcopacy is said to be less violent here, than in other parts of Scotland.

The palace of the earls is pleasantly situated at a short distance from the Cathedral. The carvings underneath the windows are well executed; and there remains, besides several apartments and vaults, a hall

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measuring 58 feet in length by 20 in breadth. The building is in a ruinous and disgustingly filthy state. It was erected, as has been already mentioned, by Patrick Stewart. It is an interesting incident in its history that Montrose took refuge within its walls, and here mustered his last band of followers.

The episcopal palace joins that of the earl's; it consists at present of a few ruined apartments. A statue of Bishop Reid is sculptured on the exterior of the tower. Near these ancient structures is a modern row of school houses. The residents of Kirkwall form a pleasant society, and are hospitable to strangers. (This the writer knows from experience, having visited nearly the whole of the islands in 1826). The assizes are held here. A town so extensive on the north shore of Orkney, is an object of much interest; and there is something peculiarly striking and imposing on each spot in the appearance of the massy pile and lofty towers of a cathedral, and the more so when it is viewed as almost the impaired specimens of those stately monuments of ecclesiastical grandeur which adorned Scotland previous to the Reformation. On one side of the cathedral rise the venerable ruins of the ancient castle of the Earls of Orkney, and on the other those of the palace of the Bishops; whilst the masts of the vessels clustered together in the harbour, indicate the present commercial importance of Kirkwall. The

metropolis of the northern isles is situated, like that of Corinth, between two seas. Its tranquil dignity exhibits a striking contrast to the turbulence of the waves, which beat the northern and southern shores of the isthmus on which it stands.

The principal street of Kirkwall is a narrow, ill-paved lane, of about a mile in length. A square, containing the Cathedral and other of the chief buildings, opens into it. There is a respectable show of shops, and two inns afford fair accommodation.

THE PENTLAND FRITH.

The perils of the Pentland Frith are allowed by the most experienced mariners to be formidable, though much exaggerated. The length of the passage from Dunnet Head, on the west, to Pentland Skerries on the east, may amount to about fifteen miles. The tide varies in rate between nine and three miles in the hour, according to the spring or neap. The spring tide rises eight feet—on extraordinary occasions fourteen; the neap is from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 6. The flood flows from west to east, proceeding northwards along the western coast of Scotland, directing its course to the Frith, and then southward along the eastern coast. But some degree of intricacy and consequent difficulty to navigators, arises from the

counter-currents, which are as rapid as the tide itself; by the strong eddies produced by the intervention of headlands, islands, rocks, and shoals; and the whirlpools, sometimes formed by the confluence of currents, occasioned by such obstacles that, when raised by gales, are dangerous even to large vessels. The stream flows along the coasts of the Frith, in a direction opposite to that of the central and main current, and the change of tide is perceptible between two and three hours later on the shores than in the mid-channel. The encounter of such rapid tides with violent gales occasions tremendous conflicts: the awful magnificence of the sea, when the ebb-tide meets a storm from the north-west, baffles all description.

The greatest danger to be apprehended in the navigation of the Frith arises from calms, especially during a thick fog. Vessels piloted by foreigners, or persons unacquainted with the tides, have been known to drift along at the rapid rate of nine miles an hour, while those on board supposed the vessel to be stationary, and did not discover their error till on the point of striking on the coast—a disaster, under such circumstances, apparently inevitable, but often warded off by some friendly counter-current which suddenly diverts their course, and hurries them away into the mid-channel. A different result must happen when vessels are drifted into bays

or are driven upon sandy beaches. In this manner a large ship entered Dunnet Bay during a mist, and was wrecked, while the crew supposed themselves becalmed on the Frith. The back-current, seconded by the breeze, which gradually increased, bears many rapidly along, till the ebb-tide, flowing at the rate of seven miles an hour, becomes apparent by the great increase of the swell.

The coast of Caithness-shire, to the eastward of Dunnet Head, is low. Near the shore stands Mey Castle, the seat of the Earl of Caithness, in the midst of rising plantations; whilst beyond Stroma appears Duncansby Head, the N. E. promontory of Scotland. The principal headlands of Hoy, in Orkney, the farthest of which is the Head, rise in fine perspective on the left. The waves dash majestically high, and seem to form a wall, traversing the Frith from coast to coast.

The waving of the corn-fields and green pastures of the coast of Hoy, between Red Head and Cantick Head, form a cheerful contrast to the lofty and dreaded precipices of the western face of the island. Swinnie, a small island, famed for the whirlpool produced by the conflicting currents which surround it, called the Wells of Swinnie, appear in sight. This island contains seventy inhabitants. The southern approach to the main land of Orkney, the island of Pomona, is by a channel, several miles in breadth,

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interspersed with small islands, dividing Hoy from South Ronaldsha, two principal islands of the Orkney group. The southern coast of Pomona is indented by two bays, one of which supplies an excellent roadstead for large vessels, and contains the harbour of Stromness, one of the safest in the British isles. On the left of the channel opens, in its full extent, the long and deep harbour of Long Hope, affording secure anchorage for any number of vessels of the largest size,—the best in the Orkneys, being superior in one respect to Stromness, as large vessels can clear out of it more easily. The navigation between the bold and precipitous coast of Hoy, and the many islands which obstruct the passage, is intricate. The only regular communication between Caithness-shire and the Orkneys is by means of a mail-boat, which passes three times a week, when the weather permits, across the narrowest part of the Pentland Frith, where the channel does not exceed twelve miles in breadth. The men employed in this navigation are so well acquainted with the tides, that, availing themselves of the favourable moment for starting, they shoot across with little risk: and it is remarkable, that there is but one instance of the loss of a mail-boat having occurred during seventy years, so completely has skill converted that chief source of danger in the Frith, the rapidity of the currents, to its own advan-

tage; and, such is the steady bearing of the little-bark, that,—

The waves bound beneath her as a horse
That knows his rider.

Mr. Atkinson officiated at the following places in the Orkney Islands, in 1826:—Stroma Island, Swinnia Island, Flotta Island, Gramsay Island, Fara Island, Hoy Island, Walls; South Ronaldshay (Herston Widewell Sandwick), Burra Island, Stronsay and Stronsay P. Island, and North Ronaldshay Island.

CALVIN. — “Zeal, intrepidity, disinterestedness,” says Dr. Robertson, “were virtues which Calvin possessed in an eminent degree. He excelled in that species of eloquence which is calculated to rouse and to inflame. Rigid and uncomplying himself, he showed no indulgence to the infirmities of others. Those very qualities, however, which now render his character less amiable, fitted him for advancing the Reformation among a fierce people, and enabled him to face dangers and to surmount opposition, from which a person of more gentle spirit would have been apt to shrink back.” He died in 1572. The Earl of Morton, who attended his funeral, pronounced the following eulogy upon him:—“There lies he who never feared the face of man!”

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CHAPTER VIII.

MEMOIR OF

GRACE HORSLEY DARLING,

THE HEROINE OF THE FARNE ISLANDS.

Her's is warm pity's sacred glow,
From all her stores she bears a part—
And bids the stream of hope reflow,
That languished in the fainting heart.

The records of both ancient and modern times afford innumerable instances of the high-souled fortitude and generous heroism which the female sex is capable of displaying at the call of duty or affection. It may be doubted, however, whether there is any nation in ages past, or in our own times, whose history furnishes so many and such striking proofs of those qualities distinguishing the fairer portion of creation as are to be found in the public records and family muniments of our own land. And it is also worthy of remark, that such instances of female devotedness, exhibited amidst the perils of human strife and passion—or elemental war—are equally characteristic of the daughters of the humblest as of the most wealthy and dignified classes of society in Great Britain. With no desire to over-rate the merits of

our heroine, we may yet be permitted to question whether, amongst the noblest of such displays of courage and humanity which our countrywomen have shewn, there are any that are calculated to take a higher place in the estimation of mankind than that which throws a lustre around *her* memory. There are, indeed, some circumstances which, duly considered, rather tend to distinguish it amongst the class of heroic deeds to which it belongs. We may acknowledge the thrill of admiration excited by the name of England's high-souled queen—Elizabeth—whose personal intrepidity in the hour of impending danger, served to nerve afresh the army and the nation whose destinies she wielded. We may deeply sympathize with and revere the power of endurance exhibited amidst the most crushing strokes of adversity by such as “Strafford's daughter, Russell's wife”—and feel moved by the conjugal devotedness of the Countess of Nithsdale, as well as by the constancy and heroism amidst reverses which signalized the career of the ancestress of a family connected with our neighbourhood—the Lady Grizzel Baillie. But it will be found that in almost all these cases there was the excitement either of adventitious circumstances or of at least some prospect of personal advantage to nerve the adventurers. The impulse was derived either from high-strung patriotic feeling or from a degree of natural affection which disdained

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every consideration but the honour or safety of the object on whom it rested; and that impulse—also, originating in such a source, *may* have been quickened by the consciousness that high birth and lofty station would of themselves throw a lustre around the sacrifice in the world's estimation. But none of these motives of action can be traced in connection with the intrepid and generous deed which ennobles the name of Grace Darling. The only impulse which could have actuated her to the heroic conduct she displayed was that feeling of pity which is natural to a mind whose philanthropy is universal in its application, and the sole end and aim of which was to extend relief to suffering in whomsoever felt, or in whatsoever shape it presented itself. We cannot conceive that either ambition or the thirst for applause could have mingled in the slightest degree in the feelings by which she was prompted. The innate modesty and retiringness of disposition, which formed so strong a trait of her character forbid such an idea, and constrain us to believe that her only incitement must have been those feelings which the poet describes as universally characteristic of woman.

As is both customary, and appropriate to our design, we commence with a brief outline of the history of one or two of the preceding generations of the family to which the subject of our memoir belonged. The following succinct statement upon this

head cannot but prove deeply interesting to our readers generally. Robert Darling, father to the present Mr. William Darling, was a Scotchman, originally located at Dunse, and was by trade a cooper. He came to Belford, where he began business; becoming also acquainted there with his wife, who was sister to the late respected Mrs. William Brookes of that place; and there, Mr. Wm. Darling informs us, his father's family of seven children were all born. Robert Darling left Belford to keep the lighthouse upon the Brownsman (one of the Farnes), which was at that time only a coal light. With the exception of a short interval, he subsequently filled the situation of lighthouse-keeper until the time of his death. His son, William, the father of our heroine, succeeded him at his post, and has remained light-keeper ever since. He has been upon the island since his earliest childhood. Mr. Darling was united in marriage to Miss Thomason Horsley, sister to Mr. George Horsley, of Bamborough, who has been for a long time gardener to the Trustees of Bamborough Castle. He transferred his abode from the Brownsman to the now celebrated Longstone lighthouse when it was first lighted. The lamented Grace Horsley Darling was the seventh child of her parents. She was born at Bamborough, on 24th November, 1815, in a house situated within 100 yards of the spot where now rests her mortal remains.

The incidents of Grace Darling's career previous to the calamity of the shipwreck with which her name is so remarkably associated are very simple in themselves, though not without much that is striking to persons unaccustomed to contemplate the peculiar circumstances of her situation.

Grace, we believe, was habitually resident with her parents on the island, except on occasions when her duties in the management of the household, conjointly with her mother, required her to visit the mainland. The local peculiarities of their sea-girt residence will be more appropriately described in connection with the incidents of the wreck. But it may here be remarked that the monotony of that island home, amidst the waste of waters, presents by contrast a peculiar idea to the minds of those accustomed to the lively bustle of existence on the crowded shores of our own island. Living on that lonely spot in the midst of the ocean—with the horrors of the tempest familiarized to her mind, her constant lullaby the sound of the everlasting deep and the shriek of the wild sea-gull,—her only prospect that of the wide-spreading sea with the distant sail on the horizon—Grace Darling was shut out from the active scenes of life, and debarred from those innocent enjoyments of society and companionship which, as a female, must have been dear to her, unaccustomed though she was to their indulgence.

The mental characteristics of Grace Darling are considered to be strongly reflected in her features as shown in her portrait. She had nothing masculine in either her habits, her appearance, or her tone of thought and feeling, although she had so stout a heart. On the contrary, she is described by her most intimate acquaintances as having been of a reserved and retiring disposition, with a strong religious tendency of mind. In person she was about the middle size—of a comely countenance—rather fair for an islander—and with an expression of benevolence and softness most truly *feminine* in every point of view. “When we spoke of her noble and heroic conduct,” says one of her visitors, writing shortly after the wreck of the “Forfarshire,” “she slightly blushed, and appeared anxious to avoid the notice to which it exposed her; she smiled at our praise, but said nothing in reply—though her look the while indicated forcibly that the consciousness of having done so good and so generous an action had not failed to excite a thrill of pleasure in her bosom which was itself no mean reward.”

“Her conscious heart of charity was warm.”

Other visitors have expressed themselves as having been even still more strongly impressed with the graces of her personal deportment. Mr. Howitt, the celebrated Quaker poet, in his “Visits to Remarkable Places in Northumberland and Durham,” speaks

thus of her :—" She is a little, simple, modest, young woman, I should say of five or six and twenty. She is neither tall nor handsome ; but she has the most gentle, quiet, amiable look, and the sweetest smile that I ever saw in a person of her station and appearance. You see she is a thoroughly good creature ; and that, under her modest exterior, lies a spirit that is capable of the most exalted devotion," &c.

Alas ! who could have dreamed, at the period these eloquent words were written, that in the space of five short years the energy of soul which burned beneath that modest demeanour would for ever be quenched in the darkness of the grave !

The Farnes, most of our readers know, are a group of islands on the coast of Northumberland, varying in number from fifteen to about twenty-five, according to the state of the tide, a number of them being invisible at high water. The Farne or House Island (the principal in point of size) is situated about two miles and a half from the land, to which it presents a perpendicular front of about forty feet in height. The Staple Island, or Pinacles, one of the most remarkable of the group, is characterized by three striking basaltic columns of rugged aspect, which rise perpendicularly from the sea, not far from each other, at a distance from the island of about twenty yards. The islands have for centuries been celebrated for the immense numbers of water-fowl by which they are frequented.

The "Forfarshire," a beautiful steam-vessel of 450 tons burden, and 200 horse power, left Hull for Dundee, on Wednesday, the 5th of September, 1838, in company with two Leith steamers. She had a valuable cargo of miscellaneous goods, and the number of souls on board, both crew and passengers, including Captain Humble and his wife, was sixty-three. It appears that shortly after she left the Humber, her boilers began to leak, but not to such an extent as to excite any apprehensions; and she continued on her voyage. The weather, however, became very tempestuous, and on the morning of Thursday the 6th, she passed the Farnes on her way northwards, in a very high sea, which rendered it necessary for the crew to keep the pumps constantly at work. At this time they became aware of the alarming fact that the boilers were becoming more and more leaky as they proceeded. At length, when she had advanced as far as St. Abb's Head, the wind having increased to a hurricane from N. N. E., the engineer reported the appalling fact that the machinery would work no longer. Dismay seized all on board; nothing now remained but to set the sails fore and aft, and let her drift before the wind. Under these circumstances she was carried southwards till about a quarter to four o'clock on Friday morning, when the foam became distinctly visible breaking upon the fearful rock a-head. Captain Humble vainly attempted to avert

the appalling catastrophe by running her between the islands and the main-land ; she would not answer the helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. In a few minutes more, she struck with her bows foremost on the rock—(its ruggedness is such that at periods when it is dry it is scarcely possible for a person to stand erect upon it, and the edge which met the " Forfarshire's" timbers descends sheer down a hundred fathoms deep, or more.) The scene on board became heart-rending. A moment after the first shock another tremendous wave struck her on the quarter, by which she was buoyed for a moment high off the rock. Falling as this wave receded, she came down upon the sharp edge with a force so tremendous as to break her fairly in two pieces, about midships, when, dreadful to relate, the whole of the after part of the ship, containing the principal cabin filled with passengers, sinking backwards, was swept into the deep sea ; and thus was every soul on that part of the vessel instantaneously engulfed in one vast and terrible grave of waters !

Of the crew and passengers, nine escaped by a boat, which was lowered at the moment the vessel struck. After tossing about for some hours, they were picked up by the " Margaret and Isabella" of Montrose. At the same instant that the boat was lowered, a party of eight or nine betook themselves to the windlass on the fore part of the vessel, this portion of her having

been left upon the rock, owing to the specific gravity of the weight of machinery it contained having enabled it to resist the buffeting of the waves. There was one poor creature, Sarah Dawson, the wife of a weaver, whose sufferings are harrowing to the feelings. She, with her two young children, were passengers in the fore cabin, and they were left in the fore cabin when the vessel parted, the sea lashing upon them for several hours in succession. When aid at length reached them, the unfortunate woman was found with her children lying stiff dead beside her, and the vital spark all but extinct in her bosom! Her life, however, was preserved, although she was dreadfully bruised, and in a state of extreme exhaustion.

The sufferers remained in their dreadful situation till day-break—exposed to the buffeting of the waves amidst darkness, and fearful that every rising surge would sweep the fragment of wreck on which they stood into the deep. Such was their situation when, as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. A mist hovered over the island, and though the wind had somewhat abated its violence, the sea, which even in the calmest weather is never at repose amongst the gorges between these iron pinnacles, still raged fearfully. At the lighthouse there were only Mr. and Mrs. Darling and their heroic daughter. The boisterous state of the sea is

sufficiently attested by the fact that at a later period of the day a reward of £5 offered by Mr. Smeddle, the steward of Bamborough Castle, could scarcely induce a party of fishermen to venture off from the main-land.

To have braved the perils of that terrible passage, then, would have done the highest honour to the well tried nerves of even the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm! Through the dim mist, with the aid of the glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succouring them? Mr. Darling, it is said, shrank from the attempt—not so his daughter. At *her* solicitation the boat was launched, with the assistance of her mother—and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar! It is worthy of being noticed that Mr. Darling acquaints us his daughter Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the “Forfarshire,” others of the family being always at hand.

In estimating the danger which the heroic adventurers encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb tide, the boat could not have passed between the

islands; and Darling and his daughter knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength, would have been utterly insufficient to pull the boat back to the lighthouse island; so that had they not got the assistance of the survivors in rowing back again, they themselves would have been compelled to remain on the rock beside the wreck until the tide again ebbed.

It could only have been by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock; and when there, a danger--greater even than that which they had encountered in approaching it--rose from the difficulty of steadying the boat and preventing it from being destroyed on those sharp ridges by the ever restless chafing and heaving of the billows. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The deep sense which one of the poor fellows entertained of the generous conduct of Darling and his daughter was testified by his eyes filling with tears when he described it. The thrill of delight which he experienced when the boat was observed approaching the rock, was converted into a feeling of amazement, which he could not find language to express, when he became aware of the fact that one of their deliverers was a female!

The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life

are soon told. The deed she had done may be said to have wafted her name through all Europe, and to have secured its perpetuity through future ages, alongside of those of the most renowned of her sex. Immediately on the circumstance becoming known, that lonely lighthouse became the centre of attraction to curious and sympathizing thousands, including many of the wealthy and the great, who in most instances testified by substantial tokens the feelings with which they regarded the amiable young woman. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father over to Alnwick castle, and presented her with a gold watch, which she always afterwards wore when visitors came. The Humane Society sent her a most flattering vote of thanks; the president presented her with a handsome silver tea-pot; and she received almost innumerable testimonials, of greater or less value, from admiring strangers. A public subscription was raised with the view of rewarding her for her bravery and humanity, which is said to have amounted to about £700. Her name was echoed with applause amongst all ranks; portraits of her were eagerly sought for; and to such a pitch did the enthusiasm reach that a large nightly sum was offered her by the proprietors of one or more of the metropolitan theatres and other places of amusement, on condition that she would merely sit in a boat for

a brief space during the performance of a piece whose chief attraction she was to be. All such offers were, however, promptly and steadily refused. It is indeed gratifying to state, that amidst all this tumult of applause, Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials of all kinds which were showered upon her never produced in her mind any feeling but a sense of wonder and grateful pleasure. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement of her circumstances, to reside at the Longstone lighthouse with her father and mother—finding in her limited sphere of domestic duty on that sea girt islet a more honorable and more rational enjoyment than could be found in the crowded haunts of the mainland; and thus affording by her conduct the best proof that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.

It is a peculiarly melancholy reflection that one so deserving should have been struck down almost ere yet the plaudits excited by her noble deed had died away; that the grasp of death should have been fastened on her almost before enjoyment could have taught her to appreciate the estimate formed of her conduct. "Whom the gods love die young," 'twas said of old; and unquestionably the fatality which often attends deserving youth, (and of which

her fate presents so striking an instance,) originated the idea. Consumption was the disease to which she fell a victim. Having shewn symptoms of delicate health, she was removed from the Longstone lighthouse, on the recommendation of her medical attendant, to Bamborough, where she remained for a short time under the care of Mr. Fender, surgeon. Finding herself no better, she requested that she might be removed to Wooler for change of air. Her wish was complied with ; but, alas ! she found no relief, and at the request of her father she met him at Alnwick with a view to proceed to Newcastle for further medical advice. The Duchess of Northumberland having heard of the arrival of the heroine of the Longstone lighthouse at Alnwick, immediately procured for her a comfortable lodging in an airy part of the town, supplied her with everything requisite, and sent her Grace's own medical attendant to give her the benefit of his medical advice. All, however, was of no avail. Her father was anxiously desirous that she should return amongst her family, and she was accordingly removed once more to Bamborough, where she arrived only ten days before her dissolution. On the day of her removal from Alnwick, her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, without even a single attendant, and attired in a most homely manner, repaired to Miss Darling's lodgings for the purpose

of taking her last farewell, which she did with the most unaffected kindness. Shortly before her death, she expressed a wish to see as many of her relations as the peculiar nature of their employments would admit of, and with surprising fortitude and self command, she delivered to each of them some token of remembrance. This done, she calmly awaited the approach of death, and finally, on the 20th of October, resigned her spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, without a murmur. The funeral took place at Bamborough on the following Monday, and was very numerously attended. The pall was borne by William Barnfather, Esq., from Alnwick Castle, Robert Smeddle, Esq., of Bamborough Castle, the Rev. Mr. Mitford Taylor, of North Sunderland, and Mr. Fender, surgeon, of Bamborough. Ten of the immediate relatives of the deceased, including her respected father and brother William, as mourners, followed by Mr. Evans, officer of Customs, Bamborough, formed the funeral procession, which was accompanied by an immense concourse of persons of all ages and grades in society, many of whom seemed deeply affected.

The idea of commemorating Grace Darling's exploit by the erection of a chapel on the largest of the Farne Islands, has been for some time before the public. Whatever may be the merits of this

design, its appropriateness is peculiarly striking. The deed proposed to be commemorated was one originating in those feelings of mercy and benevolence which are most pleasing in the sight of the Supreme Being, as reflecting the Divine attributes; and how could it be more fitly commemorated than by the erection of a fane which, while it would promote the glory of His name, would also do honour to the memory of the humble instrument by whom such characteristics were so strikingly manifested.

HEBREW WOMEN.—Wherever the women of the Hebrews are to be found, (and where are they not?) they still exhibit the type of that intellectual beauty which subdued Egypt and reformed the penal statutes of Persia; and their fine heads are cited by science as models of the highest moral confirmation. Bright thoughts flash from their bright eyes, quick perceptions animate their noble lineaments; and if the force of circumstances is no longer directed to elicit the high qualities of an Esther or a Judith, the original of the picture, drawn by the prophet king, of the virtuous woman “whose price is above rubies,” may be found among the Jewish women of modern as of ancient times; for “they eat not the bread of idleness,” and “the hearts of their husbands trust in them.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE MUTUAL DEPENDANCE OF MANKIND.

Human nature is evidently endowed with a variety of appetites and desires, adapted to the various objects which are capable of supplying its wants, or of furnishing it with pleasures. The body stands in need of constant support, which is not to be procured without considerable art and labour. This art and labour must be greatly increased, if not only the necessaries, but also the conveniences and elegancies of life are desired, and the refinements of sense considered as objects of pursuit. The senses are not only inlets of pleasures merely corporeal, but of others, also, of a more refined and delicate kind, of which the mind, under the influence of fancy, is the chief percipient. Hence they open a very extensive field of human enjoyment, and claim the whole compass of nature to administer materials for the fine arts. The mind of man is eagerly desirous of knowledge, and wishes to discover the relations, the causes, and the effects, of the various objects that are presented to it. Not only corporeal wants and appetites, the senses of beauty, of harmony, and of magnificence, and the love of knowledge, subject men to necessities

which must be supplied, or offer to him pleasures which he cannot but desire; he is also actuated by various affections, some selfish, and some benevolent, which serve as constant spurs to action, and impel him into various tracks, according to the different complexions of their objects.

Such is the nature of man; and from what has been said above, as well as from other considerations on which I shall slightly touch, it is evident, that each individual is insufficient, not only for his own perfection, but even for the supply of his most urgent necessities. The other animals are, by nature, provided with defence and covering, with subsistence and shelter. They soon attain full vigour and the complete exercise of their powers, and, without instruction or succour, can apply them with certainty to their respective ends. But man, as he enters into the world naked, defenceless, and unprovided with subsistence, so, without the assistance and co-operation of his species, he must ever remain in the most abject and comfortless condition. The inclemency of the seasons, the sterility of the earth, the ferocity of savage animals, his natural imbecility, oppose to his comfortable existence so many and so powerful obstacles, as he could never expect, of himself, to surmount. He is assailed by evils which he cannot repel, subject to wants which he cannot supply, and surrounded by objects, which he cannot, by his own

strength, convert to his use. Destined for society, he is immediately thrown on its care, and bound, by his own weakness, to contribute to its strength. Designed to form the most intimate union with his fellow-men, he is constituted miserable and destitute without them; but, constrained by this circumstance, to join his efforts to theirs, he derives the most astonishing acquired power from his natural imbecility. Furnished with capacities greatly superior to instinct, he at first exercises them in a manner greatly below it; and, formed for infinite improvement, he proceeds from the smallest beginnings; but can neither begin nor proceed, without the co-operation of his fellow-men.

What multiplication of ingenuity, what combination of industry, what concurrence of different abilities, are requisite not only to carry to perfection, but even to invent and exercise, with any tolerable degree of dexterity, those mechanical arts and employments, which exalt the citizen above the savage, which sweeten and embellish social life, which furnish all that variety of convenience and pleasure we daily behold and enjoy, and which, from the most helpless of the animal creation, render man the lord of the world. Will the forest be felled and moulded into furniture, the quarry be dug and polished into materials for building, the marsh drained and converted into arable land, the overflowing river confined to its

proper channel, the inferior creatures constrained to succour human weakness by their superior strength, or their spoils be manufactured into clothing? will the superfluities of one country supply the deficiencies of another, and navigation unite the most distant regions by the mutual and permanent ties of beneficial commerce? will all this, and much more, which I forbear to enumerate, be accomplished without the united and justly regulated efforts of the human species, and the equal application of the talents of each to the common interest? Will the secret springs be explored, and the laws which she observes through all her different provinces be investigated, unless time and opportunity are furnished to the acute and the ingenious, by means of a commodious subsistence provided for them, by the labour and industry of those whose faculties are less refined and exalted.

Thus, it appears that, as each individual is totally insufficient for his own happiness, so he must depend, in a great measure, on the assistance of others for its attainment; and that, however much any one may contribute to the benefit of his fellow-men, by the excellence and splendour of his abilities, whether natural or acquired, he derives from them as much as he can bestow, and frequently much more than he gives.

If the union of all be necessary for the sustenance,

the convenience, and the happiness of each individual, and each individual can, in his turn, contribute considerably to the common welfare, it follows, as a necessary consequence of this determination of nature, that order and subordination must be introduced, by which the different members of the community may have their proper tasks allotted to them, the talents of each be directed to their proper objects, injustice and violence be restrained, and as great a sum of common felicity be produced, as the condition of man will permit. Hence, new channels are cut out for abilities, namely, those which are exercised in offices of power and authority. As reason, however, loudly dictates the institution of these for the common good of the human race, so she requires that they fall to the lot of those who are qualified to discharge them. When this actually takes place, the order of nature is observed, and all its happy consequences ensue. When this order is overturned, and the different departments of society, but especially those of the highest dignity and use, are committed to such as are incapable of discharging the duties of them, all the dismal effects of folly, injustice, and confusion are spread through the whole of the social frame, and the evils of that inequality, which the corruption and blindness of mankind have introduced, are severely felt. When the talents and merits of men are allowed their free course, are permitted a fair field for their

exercise, and are not deprived of those rewards which are by nature annexed to them, there can never be any ground to complain of inequality among men. For, however unequal their abilities and opportunities may be in themselves, the most perfect equality exists in the distribution of the rewards and advantages annexed to each by the constitution of nature. The good effects of universal industry, and the proper application of the powers of every individual, so as to produce the greatest good upon the whole, are then felt through all the social body. Every person possesses that degree of wealth, of consideration, and of honour, to which he is entitled by his honest industry, or by his services to the public. The active and the noble minded exert all their powers for the common welfare, in the most efficacious and illustrious manner. The indolent and selfish are constrained, by the indigence and contempt into which they must otherwise fall, to contribute their share to it. But, when power and riches are employed to frustrate virtue of the respect which is its due, abilities of the distinction and influence which they justly claim, and honest industry of its natural fruits, a most shocking inequality takes place, which can only subsist in conjunction with the most odious tyranny. In proportion as this oppression prevails, which throws the principal advantages of society into the hands of a few,—by no means the most respectable of its members,—and

renders it a patrimony and inheritance, of which they may dispose at pleasure, society is corrupted and miserable. In proportion as that equality is maintained, which the Creator has established, and which consists, not in all the members of the social body being placed on a level, but in mutual dependance and parity of obligation among all, amidst a variety of distinctions, conditions, and ranks, society is happy, free, and flourishing, securing to each individual the full enjoyment of all his natural advantages, insuring to the public the complete product of the efforts of all, well-directed and justly-combined; uniting all the members of the social body by the ties of mutual interest and benevolence, and preserving as much liberty as is consistent with civil union.

RELIGION—NATURAL AND REVEALED.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist among mankind as to the value and abstract nature of religious principles and observances, one conclusion cannot fail to be admitted, even by that class of persons who vauntingly boast of being beyond the reach of any religious influence, namely, that if the general doctrines of religion be supported by such a degree of rational proof as their advocates allege, then theology must be confessed to be by far the most important

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inquiry that can occupy the mind of a human being.

In the short space which the limits of this work can allot to the consideration of this vital subject, it cannot be expected that we should even be able to give a bare enumeration of the principles of natural and revealed religion in all their ramifications and bearings. What is intended here, is merely to make a few general remarks which may guide the judgment of the reader when examining theological topics, and prevent him from entertaining false and erroneous notions in reference to the nature and degree of evidence by which they are supported.

Religion, with us, obviously divides itself into two kinds, natural religion and revealed religion. It is not our province to enter into nice and intricate discussions as to the boundaries of each, or to ascertain the point at which one begins and the other ends. The division now made is agreeable to common usage; and, like all usages of a similar kind, must have had its origin in clear and well-defined distinctions in the nature of things.

Natural religion includes our primary notions as to the existence and attributes of a superior intelligent power; our impressions of another state of existence after death; and the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. The more circumstantial and minute our inquiries on this subject, the more clearly do we perceive that man comes into the world possessed of

the elementary principles of religion, adoration and fear. To whatever spot of earth we direct our attention, we there see the emblems of a firm belief in some all-powerful and intelligent cause. We meet with priests and temples, rites and ceremonies, and a regularly established and organized system for the purpose of keeping up a religious intercourse with that being who is feared and adored; and so common are these signs of religious worship in the different nations of the earth, that it may safely be affirmed that there is not one well-authenticated exception to the universality of the practice. It is perfectly true that the objects of religious veneration have been in all ages, and are at the present day, among heathen nations, exceedingly diversified and uniformly absurd; but still the vast importance which every country attaches to its own deity and its own peculiar mode of worship, fully warrant us in drawing the conclusion, that religion must have its foundation in the nature of man.

Revealed religion may be regarded as including the doctrines and precepts of the Old and New Testaments. The fundamental principles of natural religion are here more fully illustrated and established; and the faint intimations of nature become invested with all the powerful vividness of reality. But in addition to the most complete confirmation of natural theology, the scriptures contain some peculiar doctrines

and precepts of which the constitution of our nature gives us no intimation; or, at least, if there be any such intimation, it is of such a weak and evanescent kind, as not to exercise any practical influence over our opinions and conduct. The evidences for the truth of natural and revealed religion are of the most conclusive description. The writer intended to follow the general and popular division of them in two kinds; namely, the external and internal evidences, but space will not allow it.

EZEKIEL'S VISION OF THE WHEELS.

1ST CHAPTER, VERSES 15—21.

Nothing in these visions is more obscure than these wheels, as regard either their visible appearance or their symbolical meaning. The position in which they lie and move, namely, on their sides, it seems impossible to apply to the creatures themselves which appeared to be standing and in a row. Yet if the horizontal position here belong to the wheels, it would seem to change directly after. This, however, involving neither contradiction nor impossibility in a vision where nothing appears in a natural order, we adopt that view as involving the least difficulty. But

besides their horizontal position and their not revolving, they work as a wheel within a wheel, or as it may perhaps be rendered, a circle in a circle. To facilitate the conception of this, we may consider the concentric circles produced on the surface of water by a stone thrown into it—for these lie horizontally and do not revolve; yet they expand and die off in succession, making room for others which rise up within them and follow the same course; thus working as a wheel within a wheel. This may perhaps afford some idea of what might be the visible appearance, but the symbolical meaning remains to be sought. These circles within circles, rising up and dying off in succession, afford an apt symbol of the generations of men, and the progress of intellectual advancement; each succeeding circle being fainter than its predecessor, or less strongly imbued with the prejudices of the age, and therefore leaving the medium in a fitter state to receive a new impression. But such an exposition would be but vague and general, unless we can apply the symbol to some particular generation.

The wheel within a wheel suggests the idea of an "imperium in imperio," an object mostly aimed at, and often obtained by the priesthood. Is there any ground then for applying this symbol to them? It is in the furniture of the temple that we must seek for the prototype as well as the meaning of these wheels. And here we find them not only in connexion with the

ark of the covenant, the emblem of true religion, but bearing up the ark, thus performing the most important office of the priesthood ; or, emblematically supporting true religion. The cherubim, along with the ark, were originally borne on the shoulders of the Levites, till Solomon built the temple, when he made a chariot for them, 1st Chron., c. xxviii., v. 18 ;—the wheels of which thenceforward performed the office of the priesthood. Further intimation of this transfer of the ark from the shoulders of the Levites occurs in the 2nd Chron., c. xxxv., v. 3. Thus it appears in the days of Josiah, long after Solomon, that the ark was still some times carried on the shoulders of the Levites, and as the wheels were then probably taken off and laid aside, this would accord with their occasional change of position ; while we see at the same time how such a symbol came to be introduced into the vision. Ver. 18. Though the wheels before appeared to lie on their sides, yet they are seen now raised up, and rising to a fearful height, expanding as it were in dimension like the circle on the water, though not in the same direction, but heavenward ; as if to indicate their aspiring pretensions. The word rendered ring can only mean their rim or fellow.

The spiritual import of these wheels, as denoting the priesthood, becomes still more evident from their being full of eyes all over. These may be regarded either as the inlets of intellectual light, or as the organs

of watchfulness; both which would well accord with their symbolizing the priesthood, who were the spiritual instructors of Israel, as well as the guardians of their spiritual welfare; 2nd Chron., c. xxxv. v. 3, 19, 20, and 21 v. Surely the influence of the priesthood over the laity, and their unity of spirit are clearly and strongly expressed in this reiterated assertion; which it seems impossible to apply otherwise. Should it be objected, that wheels do not so evidently lead the way as might be expected, yet history will bear out the affirmation, that the priesthood have not always been foremost in promoting spiritual advancement. Witness the priesthood in our Saviour's time, who were his most virulent opponents; witness the Romish priesthood, who long withheld the Scriptures; witness the charge brought against the spiritual guides and prophets of Israel—a charge to which the Pagan priesthood were surely not less obnoxious than the Jewish.

It is a strange thing, but so it is, that very brilliant spirits are always the result of mental suffering, like the fever produced by the wound. I sometimes doubt tears and often lamentations, but never the existence of that misery which flushes the cheek and kindles the eye, and makes the lip mock, with sparkling words, the dark and hidden world within.

CHAPTER X.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

This magnificent edifice was built on Mount Moriah, at Jerusalem. The foundations were laid in the fourth year of Solomon's reign, which was the second after David's death, the 480th after the Exodus, and 1011 B. C. David had made great preparations for building the temple, and had collected a vast quantity of gold and silver, and other metals and materials, before his death. On Solomon's accession to the throne, he immediately made contracts with foreign princes to furnish materials to carry on the stupendous work. He caused a census to be taken of all the Canaanitish and other slaves in Israel, that he might arrange his labours and send abroad for the most skilful artificers and the richest materials. He found 153,600 slaves; 70,000 of whom he appointed to carry burthens, 80,000 to hew timber and stone in the mountains, and the remaining 3,600 as overseers. He also levied 30,000 men out of Israel, and directed them to work in Lebanon one month in every three; 10,000 every month under the inspection of Adoniram. These it seems were mere rough hewers of stone and timber; for afterwards the materials passed through the hands of the

Tyrian artificers, and were conveyed to Joppa on floats, whence Solomon had them conveyed to Jerusalem. Every piece was finished before it was taken to Jerusalem. The temple was completed in seven years. It cost near one thousand millions sterling.

THE TABLE OF SHEWBREAD.

At the time of the conquest of Spain by the Arabs, the Moslem general, Taric, found Toledo, a rich precious table, adorned with hyacinths and emeralds. Gelief Aledris, in his description of Spain, calls this remarkable piece of antiquity, "The Table of Solomon, Son of David." This table is supposed to have been saved by the Jews, with other precious and sacred vessels from the pillage of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar, and brought with those fugitives who found their way into Spain. Indeed some writers do not hesitate to assert that there is little doubt of this having been the original "Table of Shewbread" made by Solomon, spoken of in the Book of Kings and Josephus, and which, with the candlestick and altar of incense, constituted the three wonders of the temple. That table which Titus brought with him on his triumphal return to Rome was clearly not the same; for when the city and temple, after the destruction, were rebuilt by the order of Cyrus, the sacred vessels were made anew; similar indeed to the old, but of inferior excellence.

HABAKKUK, 2ND CHAPTER, 4TH VERSE.

“ But the just shall live by faith.”

Hebrew—Ve tzaddig, be-emunah, jich jeh.

Greek—Ho de, dikaios ecjustos mozeastj.

Latin—Justus autem ex fide suavi.

Arabic—Vaaile minal aj manj jaccay.

Chaldee—Vet zaddi kaiaa ekuske thonjith kai jer mum.

French—Maisle juste vivra de safor.

Garlic—Ach mair-iaham fireanbeo leachreid eam'.

Irish—Dee yow e-en feerian flaw haumusle creddif.

Welsh—Y cy fivion af ydd b jus tony fy is.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUALITY.

Method is the very hinge of Business; and there is no Method without Punctuality.

Punctuality is important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family; the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of Punctuality. A disorderly man is always in a hurry; he has no time to speak to you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there, he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. Punctuality gives weight to character. “ Such a

man has made an appointment—then I know he will keep it.” And this generates Punctuality in you; for, like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual where their Leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts. — I owe you Punctuality; I have made an appointment with you, and have no right to throw away your time if I do my own.

AN IMPORTANT TRUTH.

He that is before all things is not a thing;
 And he that is not a thing is not a creature;
 For every creature is a thing:
 And he that is not a creature must be the Creator;
 And that this Creator is God.

FLOWERS.

Flowers, of all created things the most innocently simple, and most superbly complex—playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave, and companions of the cold corpse! Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep-thinking man of science! Flowers that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks—partners of human joy; soothers of human sorrow; fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, and of the

young bride's blushes ; welcome to the crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves ! Flowers are in the volume of nature what the expression " God is love " is in the volume of revelation. What a desolate place would be a world without a flower ! It would be a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth ! and are not our stars the flowers of heaven ? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are the emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures : for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and good. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty ; for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from, and superior to all selfishness ; so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread alone, but that he hath another than animal life.

THE RESTING PLACE.

" So man lieth down, and riseth not till the heavens be no more ; they shall not wake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

However dark and disconsolate the path of life may

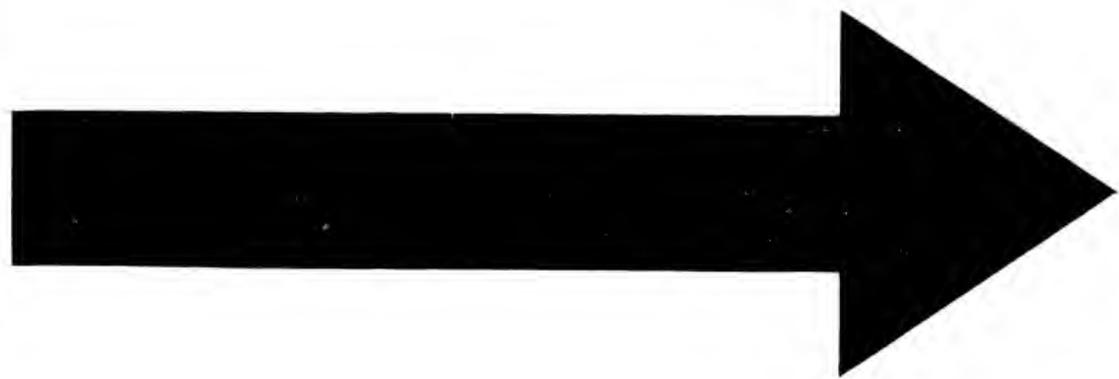
seem to any man, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, when the body may sink into dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting-place, instead of the bed of down shall be the bed of gravel, or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the remains of wearied man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed—the sorrowful bosom heaves no more; the tears are dried up in their fountains; the aching head is at rest; and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the very bosoms of the pale nation of the dead—not one of the sleepers heed the spirit-stirring triumph or respond to the rending shouts of victory. How quiet these countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not waken them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquakes, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chambers of death. They shall rest and pass away! the last great battle shall be fought; and then a silver voice at first just heard, shall rise to the tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave.—For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.

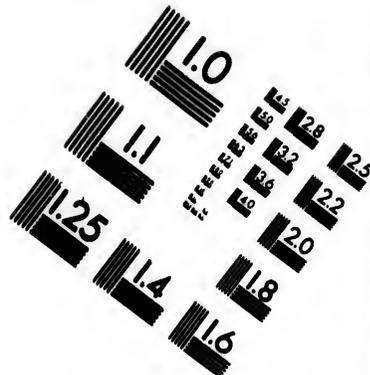
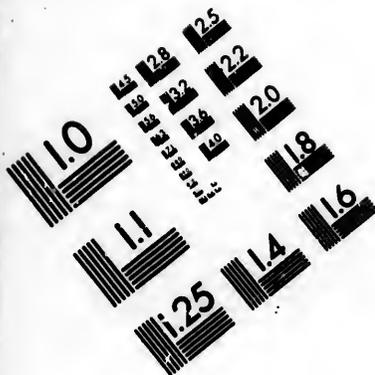
Circumstances form the character, but like petrifying waters, they harden while they form.

EMBLAMATIC PROPERTIES OF FLOWERS.

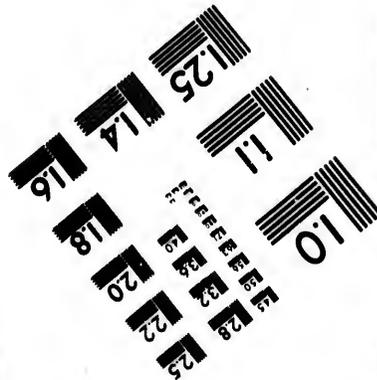
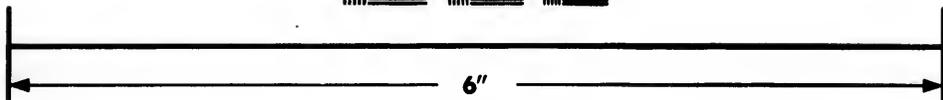
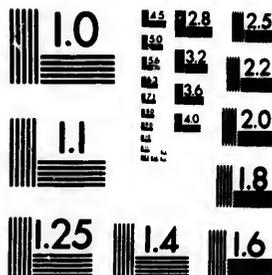
The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purpled rose a figure of heartfelt love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen; peace from the olive branch; immortality from the immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; modesty by the blue fragrant violet; compassion by the pansy; friendship by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle, affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not; German honesty and fidelity by the oak leaf; unassumingness by the corn-flower (the cyane), and the auriculas: "how friendly they look upon us with child-like eyes." Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus silent grief is pourtrayed by the weeping willow; sadness by the angelica; shuddering by the aspen; melancholy by the cypress; desire of meeting again by the starwort; the night-smelling rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus, nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us; and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men were able to do?

Conversation derives its greatest charm, not from the multitude of ideas, but from their application,





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A SYRIAN BISHOP.

The metropolitan with whom I lodged (Mutran Isai) was a man of middle age, with a face full of good nature, and an agreeable disposition. He lived in the most unostentatious and temperate manner, as became, in the eyes of his people, the sanctity of his office. Some of his priests apologized repeatedly for my humble accommodations, and reminded me that I must not expect more in the house of a bishop. The house itself, which he held rent free, had but three rooms. In one of them the bishop lodged, another was occupied by a servant, and the third assigned to me. Mutran Isai suggested immediately upon my arrival that I should procure my food, and have it cooked without, as he had not the means of providing for me within. His domestic establishment was indeed of the most humble order. A few metallic plates, a fork, a spoon, a drinking-glass and a napkin, constituted the entire furniture of his table. He spent the day in his room, excepting the hours of morning and evening prayers. When these approached he put on a neatly arranged turban, with an ample cloak, and taking the crozier (simple silver tipped staff) in his hand, walked slowly to the church, and commenced the services. His room was open to all, and I seldom found him alone. The poorest of his flock came and knelt before him, and kissed his hand; and the aggrieved brought their complaints.

HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE.

ROLL on, thou Sun ! for ever roll,
 Thou giant, rushing through the heaven,
 Creation's wonder, nature's soul !
 Thy golden wheels by angels driven ;
 The planets die without thy blaze,
 And cherubim with star-dropt wing
 Float in thy diamond-sparkling rays,
 Thou brightest emblem of their King !

Roll, lovely earth ! and still roll on,
 With ocean's azure beauty bound ;
 While one sweet star, the pearly moon,
 Pursues thee through the blue profound ;
 And angels with delighted eyes
 Behold thy tints of mount and stream,
 From the high walls of paradise ;
 Swift whirling like a glorious dream.
 Roll, planets ! on your dazzling road,
 For ever sweeping round the sun ;
 What eye beheld when first ye glowed ;
 What eye shall see your courses done ?
 Roll in your solemn majesty,
 Ye deathless splendour of the skies ;
 High altars from which angels see
 The incense of creation rise.

Roll comets ! and ye million stars ;
 Ye that through boundless nature roam ;
 Ye monarchs on your flame winged cars !
 Tell us in what more glorious dome,
 What orb to which your pomps are dim,
 What kingdom but by angels trod—
 Tell us where swells the eternal hymn
 Around His throne—where dwells your God.

THE SUN.

Eye of thy maker, which hath never slept
 Since the Eternal Voice from chaos said
 "Let there be light!"—great monarch of the day,
 How shall our dark, cold strain, fit welcome speak,
 Fit praise?—Lo ! the poor pagan kneeling, views
 Thy burning chariot, to the highest sky
 Roll on resistless, and with awe exclaim [creed,
 "The god!—The god!"—And shall we blame his
 For whom no heaven hath open'd, to reveal
 A better faith ? Where else could he descry
 Such image of the Deity ?—such power
 With goodness blending ?—From the reedy grass,
 Wiry and sparse, that in the marshes springs,
 To the most tremulous and tender shoot
 Of the Mimosa—from the shrinking bud,

Nursed in the green-house, to the knarl'd oak,
 Notching a thousand winters on its trunk—
 All are the children of thy love, oh! Sun!—
 And by thy smile sustained.

— Unresting orb!—

Pursu'st thou, 'mid the labyrinth of suns
 Some pathway of thine own?—say, dost thou sweep
 With all the marshall'd planets in thy train,
 In grand procession on, thro' boundless space,
 Age after age, toward some mysterious point
 Mark'd by His finger, who doth write thy date,
 Thy "mene—mene—tekel," on the walls
 Of the blue vault that spans our universe—
 —But thou, who rul'st the Sun—the astonished soul
 Faints, as it takes thy name. Almost it fears
 To be forgotten, 'mid the myriad worlds
 Which thou hast made.

And yet the sickliest leaf,
 The feeblest efflorescence of the moss,
 That drinks thy dew, reproves our unbelief,
 The frail field lily, which no florist's eye
 Regards, doth win a garniture from Thee,
 To kings denied. So, while to dust we bow,
 Needy and poor—oh! bid us learn the lore
 Grav'd on the lily's leaf, as fair and clear
 As on yon disk of fire—to trust in Thee.

THE DEITY.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters; and thy footsteps are not known."
 "Why hidest thou thy face from me?"—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

Tell me, ye seas that boundless roll,

Ye ocean caves profound;

Hold ye creation's mighty soul

A captive, prison-bound?

Are ye the dread abode

Of him the present God?

Hoarse murmured Ocean's heaving breast,—

"He dwells not in our crystal caves—

He walks not in our pathless waves:

For him they flow, for him they rest:

His they are, and are to be,

Till Time o'ertake Eternity!"

Tell me, thou fiercely-rushing wind,

Ye cloudy halls on high;

Hold ye creation's Sovereign Mind

A captive in the sky?

Sits he in your dark abode,

The thunder-crowned God?

Loud spoke the voices of the storm,—

"No home hath here creation's King!"

He rides the wind on fiery wing:
 The thunders free his dread right arm:
 For him they speak—for him are still;
 They own and work the Godhead's will!"

Answer me, thou life-teeming earth,
 And ye bright worlds above,
 Who sang creation's dawning birth—
 Hold ye the Lord of Light and Love?
 And are your burning rays
 His glory's shadowed blaze?
 Forth shouted earth—forth sang each star,—
 "Not here the great Jehovah's throne—
 Not here abides the Mighty One!
 We sing his praise from pole to pole,
 But hold not here creation's soul!"

Mysterious power! unconfined
 By earth or heaven's decree:
 Ah! how many mortals, frail and blind,
 Uplift their hope to thee?
 Thick darkness robes thee round:
 Where may'st thou, Lord, be found?

Then answered He, the Unseen Mind,—
 "Go, mortal!" span infinitude,
 Or grasp the sunbeam's blazing flood:
 Go! stay the seas, or chain the wind;
 They own, they work their Maker's will:
 Repent, adore, and be thou still!"

STANZAS.

There is a home of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wand'ers given ;
 There is a tear for souls distrest,
 A balm for every wounded breast,
 'Tis found above in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'Tis fair as breath of even ;
 A couch for every mortal spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weeping souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 When storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
 The heart with anguish riven ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom,
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

BRIGHT CHRYSAL WATER.

Bright crystal water breaking
 From mossy rock or hill,
 Like spirit whispers waking
 The murmurs of the rill!
 Thy clouds and dews nurse flowers,
 Deck'd like an eastern queen,
 And give the woods and bowers
 Their robes of smiling green.

Thou mak'st the bloom of roses
 Rest on the healthy cheek ;
 The laughing eye discloses
 The joys that need not speak—
 Friends thou hast never parted,
 Pure product of the sky,
 Nor left the broken-hearted
 To pine away and die.

Come, sweet as morning breezes,
 Refresh the lowly laid ;
 Come, cool the heat that seizes
 Their lips and fever'd head—
 Go, banish the distresses
 Of wand'ers faint with thirst ;
 Where Afric's sun oppresses,
 Let streams and fountains burst.

'Mid Arab deserts weary,
 The drooping camels stand ;
 No tents nor palm trees cheery
 Bespot the burning sand.
 O, worse than death by slaughter,
 The pilgrims on the plain :
 There is no living water,
 To bring to life again !

Roll on, thou mighty ocean,
 Thy treasure makes us blest ;
 A thousand ships in motion
 Are sailing on thy breast.
 Ye lofty rocks and mountains,
 Send waters to the plain ;
 O swell, ye clouds, the fountains,
 And rivers to the main !

The wine that tunes the sweetness
 Of wild birds in their song,
 And gives the deer its fleetness
 That bounds its plains along—
 We drink, and feel no madness
 Steal wildly o'er the brain ;
 And without pain or sadness,
 We drink, and drink again !

