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### THE SAILOR'S WIFE--A FACT.

BY C. BURDETT.

**I**N the month of June, 1834, the line ship *Fame* arrived in this port from Liverpool, and was moored at one of the North River docks. Her Commander Captain George Jones, whom I shall pass over with few remarks, was an Englishman, rough, boorish in his manners, but withal a thorough bred seaman, and as far as qualifications went, perfectly competent to command any vessel that ever floated.

The first officer, Charles Best, was the only and cherished son of a wealthy southern planter, (then deceased,) and as such, no pains or expense had been spared to afford him every possible advantage in acquiring an education, and his progress was, in every thing rapid and satisfactory. While at college, he acquired a passion for the sea, which

grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and finding all applications to his father for permission to indulge it, vain, he determined to go to sea, *coule qui coule*. He was of a noble, high spirited nature, very handsome, brave and generous to a fault, and withal, his whole existence seemed to be made up of romance. He was never so happy, never so contented, as when engaged in some enterprise which called forth all his energies.

He disappeared suddenly from college and after roving about the world for three or four years, (his parents mourning him as dead,) he returned home in time to receive his father's forgiveness and blessing, and take possession of the estate, thus disappointing many hungry expectants. His passion for the sea, however, clung to him, and having been offered the berth of chief mate of the *Fame*, then lying at Charles-

ton, he placed proper guardians over his property, and joined her, and I now find him here in New York in that capacity.

The Fame had been in three or four days, and was discharging cargo. It was a sultry day, and the crew, who had been hard at work all the morning, were eating their dinner in the fore-castle. Capt. Jones was walking backward and forward on the quarter deck, smoking, and Charles Best was seated on the quarter deck, with his jacket off, his eyes fixed intently upon the deck, and evidently in a deep study.

"Is the Captain on board?" inquired a soft and melodious voice at the gangway, which caused Charles to start from his seat and turning to gaze upon the querist, for a moment he was utterly paralyzed.

The person who had propounded this question was a young lady apparently about twenty years of age, handsomely attired, and possessed of charms that defy description. Her small straw hat, but half concealed the finest head of glossy black hair in the world, which played in many ringlets over a neck and shoulders of surpassing form and whiteness. Her forehead was high, white and smooth as the Parian marble, her eyes were large and dark, and they darted forth an expression perfectly undefinable. Her voice was so wild and singular, yet so beseeching, that no one could hear it unmoved.

"Is the Captain on board?" she repeated, and the gruff Captain and his young officer passed their eyes over her surpassing charms, (but with very different emotions.)

"Yes, madam," bluntly responded

Captain Jones, walking towards the fair querist, puffing his cigar, "they call me captain, for the want of a better," and he started at her with a low, loose air, that tempted Charles to knock him down.

"Will you marry me sir?" she added, without changing her voice.

"Well I'm shot if that aint a good one! Marry you? Why, my dear, I've got a wife in London, now, but I don't mind marrying you as long as I stay in port."

The proud, beautiful lip of the lovely girl curled with prouder scorn, her bright eye flashed with redoubled brilliancy as she gazed for one single instant on the boor, who could not withstand that glance, but shrunk abashed at his own impudence, puffing his cigar with an ardor that seemed to draw his cheeks almost together, he retired to his cabin.

The beauty turned to Charles, who had drawn close to the parties, while the above brief colloquy was held, with his bright intelligent eyes fixed upon her face, while she was speaking. One look sufficed to convince her that he was no second Captain Jones, and she at once propounded that ominous question, "Will you marry me?" at the same time casting down her eyes and trembling violently. Charles gazed upon the lovely being who thus boldly preferred this singular request, but his lips refused to utter one word.

"Must I go farther, sir, or will you marry me? Oh, God is there no hope!" and the fair creature buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. Charles felt his spirit of romance rising strong within him, and fast getting the advan-

tage of reason and judgment. A thousand ill-defined thoughts rushed through his brain. A lovely young maiden was before him—perhaps—before he had time to form another conjecture, the lady had half turned to leave the vessel.

"Stop, lady, stop—your request is very, very singular. Let me ask you one question: are you in distress?"

"Oh, God! do not deem me crazy. Distress! if you knew but half—but no more. Will you marry me?"

"I know not who you are, or what you are. Can I not serve you in some other way? I have money, plenty, if——"

"Out upon that—I want no money. I am not what I seem—indeed, indeed I am not."

"I believe it, indeed—but surely, you should not be so rash. You may repent a resolution formed so——"

"Talk not to me of repenting, sir, and do not waste my time, but answer—Will you marry me? I would not dally thus with any other but yourself,——"

"I will?" exclaimed Charles passionately. "There is that about you that tells me you are not what I had first deemed you—and that I at least will never rue my part of the adventure.—Wait a moment, and I will be with you."

He retired into the cabin, and in a few moments he re-appeared dressed in his best *sailor clothes* a round jacket and blue trowsers.

"Come lady, whoever you are I will abide the event."

Having called a coach, and placed her in it, they drove to the house of a friend of Charles's, where they were

shown into a room, and the moment they were alone, the lady threw herself upon a sofa, but she neither sobbed nor wept, nor appeared in the least affected by the extraordinary novelty of her situation. Charles said not a word, but seated himself beside her, awaiting her motions.

"Sir," said she, rising, "whoever you are, I am sure I may now trust you. I know you are no common sailor—and, if I am not much deceived, neither of us will ever have cause to deplore this hasty step. I am not what I seem. Trust me now, and in a few hours I will explain all. Believe me, serve me now, and you will never repent it. Suffice it now, for me to say my name is Ellen Chiffney; and sir, as soon as you are ready, let us have the ceremony performed. We must be married at once, for if I am discovered, he would force me——"

"No no, Ellen, not so. I have the charge of you now, and I intend no one shall use, or even speak of force towards you, so rest easy on that score."

Ellen thanked him with a look so full of gratitude and regard, that he could not forbear, and feeling that he was rapidly getting in love, he snatched one kiss from her ruby lips, and stood off again, mute and downcast, as though sorry for the trespass.

She made no remark upon this, but tendering him with a large roll of bills, said:—

"Here, sir, go and provide yourself with all you require, and hast, oh haste, for I am in terror every moment until I have a legal protector."

"Thank you, Ellen," said Charles,

gaily, "I want none of your money. I have enough of my own. Wait here and I will return in a few moments—I will lock you in and you will be secure from intrusion."

He left her and proceeding directly to Broadway, fitted himself in clothes that became his real station and rank in life, setting his fine figure off to advantage, and returning as speedily as possible, he found Ellen waiting patiently for his return. She gazed upon him with looks of admiration, and taking his arm, they were soon *en route* for the Mayor's house, and that functionary being fortunately at home, made the twain one flesh.

On leaving the house, Ellen hung more heavily upon her handsome husband's arm and trembled excessively, but as the rubicon was now passed; she knew there was no retreating, and with a violent effort, she composed herself. She gave the orders to the coachman in a low tone of voice, and Charles did not hear whither she had directed him as they were again about to start.

"Will you return to my friend's?" asked Charles, as they seated themselves in the coach.

"No sir, we are going to your house, where your presence will be required."

Mr. Best looked steadily at his young wife as she uttered these words, and for the first time he actually did think that she was out of trim in her upper story, and he was almost convinced that he had placed himself in a very awkward predicament. He was, indeed, rather uncomfortable, and was inwardly devising some plan of escape, when the door banged too, and in a mo-


ment they were off, and the coach rattling over the rough pavements. Another glance at his lovely blushing bride, settled him, and he determined to see the end of it, as he had begun.

The coach stopped at a large and elegant house in one of the most fashionable streets, and Charles having alighted, handed out his wife, and they ascended the stately steps. In answer to the bell, which she rung violently, a servant in handsome livery appeared, whom she rapidly asked "Is my uncle yet at home?"

"No Miss Ellen," responded the menial respectfully.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### A SUNDAY ON THE DEAD SEA.

 WE take the following vivid sketch of the heat and desolation of the Dead Sea, and of its effects upon the human frame, from Lieut. Lynch's forthcoming "Narrative of the U. S. Expedition to the River Jordan and Dead Sea." We understand that the work will form a very handsome octavo volume, with maps and numerous plates. We have rarely read a more eloquent and thrilling passage. This work will become very popular:

"A light air from the south induced me to abandon the awning and set the sail, to spare the men from laboring at the oars. A light tapping of the ripples at the bow, and a faint line of foam and bubbles at her side, were the only indications that the boat was in motion.

"The Fanny Skinner was a mile astern, and all around partook of the stillness of death. The weather was


intensely hot, and even the light air that urged us almost intensely onward had something oppressive in its flaws of heat. The sky was unclouded, save by a few faint cirri in the north, sweeping plume-like, as if the sun had consumed the clouds, and the light wind had drifted their ashes. The glitter from the water, with its multitude of reflectors, for each ripple as a mirror, contributed much to our discomfort; yet the water was not transparent, but of the color of diluted absinthe, or the prevailing tint of a Persian opal. The sun, we felt was glaring upon us, but the eye dared not to take cognizance, for the fierce blaze would have blighted the powers of vision, as Semele was consumed by the unveiled divinity of Jove.

"The black chasms and rough peaks, embossed with grimness, were around and above us, veiled in a transparent mist, like visible air, that made them seem unreal,—and, 1300 feet below, our sounding lead had struck upon the buried plain of Siddim, shrouded in slime and salt.

"While busied with such thoughts, companions had yielded to the oppressive drowsiness, and now lay before me in every attitude of a sleep that had more of stupor in it than repose. In the awful aspect which this sea presented, when we first beheld it, I seemed to read the inscription over the gates of Dante's Inferno:—'ye who enter here, leave hope behind.' Since then, habituated to mysterious appearances, in a journey so replete with them, and accustomed to scenes of deep and thrilling interest at every step of our progress, those feelings of awe had been insensibly

lessened or hushed by deep interest in the investigations we had pursued.

"But now, I sat alone in my wakefulness, the feeling of awe returned, and as I looked upon the sleepers, I felt the hair of my flesh stand up; as Job's did when a spirit passed before his face, for to my disturbed imagination, there was something fearful in the expression of their inflamed and swollen visages.—The fierce angel of disease seemed hovering over them, and I read the forerunner of his presence in their flushed and feverish sleep. Some with their bodies bent and arms dangling over the abandoned oars, their hands excoriated with the acrid water, slept profoundly; others with heads thrown back, and lips cracked and sore, with a scarlet flush on either cheek, seemed overpowered by weariness even in sleep; while some, upon whose faces shone the reflected light from the water, looked ghostly, and dozed with a nervous twitching of the limbs, and now and then starting from their sleep, drank deeply from a breaker and then sank back again to lethargy. The solitude, the scene, my own thoughts, were too much: I felt, as I sat thus, steering the drowsily-moving boat, as if I were a Charon, ferrying not the souls, but the bodies, of the departed and the damned, over some infernal lake, and could endure it no longer: but breaking from my listlessness, ordered the sails to be furled and the oars resumed—action seemed better than such unnatural stupor."

——

"The chamber of the dying mortal is the best school for those students who would know themselves."

Original  
LINES.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

I hate the world—I hate its empty show,  
Its mincing coquette and her brainless beau  
Whose beggar soul, that never learned to soar  
Beyond the limits of the coat he wore,  
Lies fest'ring in a fashionable clod.

If there be one degraded work of God,  
'Tis that which animates "a nice young man"  
Whose sphere of thought is shrivel'd to a span,  
One of the sweetly scented dying things  
That soar upon a pair of broadcloth wings,  
And only flourish in a drawing room.

Altho' the lamp of life be tinged with gloom,  
This "airy nothing," this poor worthless moat,  
Still through its latest ray, will gaily float  
In all the hollowness of human pride;  
Content because 'twas thus his father died,  
Who left him all that charmed, save wit and  
worth.

Then, what is all that sounding thing call'd  
"Birth,"

The "leather and prunello's" all it gives  
'Tis not its pageant, 'tis the soul that lives;  
The proudest title that it ever gave,  
Must rot in the republic of the grave  
Where there's homage for the mighty dead.

The mis'ry of being fashionably bred;  
Obliged to sit, to move, to breathe by note,  
Half strangled in the latest style of coat,  
The hair bedaubed with precious foreign fat,  
Surmounted by a certain sort of hat  
That might be called a three cock'd butter boat.

Let's see—I need not put it to the vote—  
This thing that flutters round a lady's fan,  
Cannot be in reality a man:  
We know that instinct partially refin'd,  
Becomes a specious counterfeit of mind;  
Thus he may be, from countless ills released,  
That soulless link that binds us to the beast.

RECIPES.—For drunkenness, drink cold  
water; for health, rise early; to please  
all, mind your own business.

OLD PANAMA.

**T**HE public has become surfeited with  
the descriptions that California emi-  
grants have written home of the  
modern city of Panama. The follow-  
ing account, copied from the correspon-  
dence of the *Journal of Commerce*, of old  
Panama, once so famous in Spanish and  
buccaneering annals, will be found in-  
teresting:

The city covered a large plain, about  
12 feet above high water mark, and was  
built mostly of stone and brick. But  
you had best search for some historical  
description of the city, as it was in its  
palmy days, and I will tell you what  
it now is. A forest now covers the  
whole plain, a heavy growth of timber,  
something like a maple forest in Maine,  
and a thick underbrush, so that walls  
now standing, say 30 to 70 feet high,  
cannot be seen more than 100 feet, in  
many instances 50 feet. Immense blocks  
of buildings, half fallen down, and sec-  
tions of walls, peering up among the  
trunks of trees, form a striking picture  
to the eye of the traveller. One im-  
mense cathedral is standing, except one  
end which has tumbled in. Within its  
walls stands a cotton wood tree, mea-  
suring 18 feet in circumference, of great  
height; and on one of the arches, about  
30 feet high, grows a tree, some 30 feet.  
One wall 30 feet high, is supported by a  
large tree which has grown exactly on  
the top of it, and sent down its roots on  
either side into the ground, forming a  
perfect Van Burenite; and this stone  
wall stands *per force*, with a heavy tree  
astride of it. Old cisterns and wells half  
caved in, are scattered around. The

only tower standing is 100 feet by 40 square at the base, and 30 at the top, the walls 7 feet thick, of solid brick and stone masonry, evidently a watch tower, as there are loop holes, out of which to fire upon an enemy. There was a stone winding staircase up the inside of the tower, but it has felt the hand of time and tumbled down, except about 12 feet. Small trees are growing on top of the tower, and vines running round and up its sides, so as to make it look like a growing mass. This city, once so wealthy and populous, is now the abode of wild beasts, which have driven man from its vicinity. We saw tigers, alligators, deer, wild boar, monkeys, snakes, iguanos, squirrels, cormorants, owls, pigeons, doves, parrots, bats, and any quantity of *brick bats*. In our ramble among the ruins, a tiger sprang from a tree within 50 feet of me, and ran as though Barnum was after him. Other tracks, we discovered, where they pass through the deserted arches unmolested. Is it not strange, that such a city, within 7 miles of the present Panama, should so soon have been so completely destroyed and overgrown, so as to make it impossible to discover where the streets were, or to what use the buildings were appropriated, and to be the fixed abode of wild beasts of prey? I was surprised to find how ignorant the natives are in regard to the history and localities of the old city. I had great difficulty in finding a man to go as guide. We pitched our tent near the arch crossing the river, on the road to Gorgona and Cruces. The arch is nearly perfect.

Some of the party amused themselves with shooting. The hogs appear to

have afforded the best sport. They are the descendants of the common hog introduced by the Spaniards, but, having been suffered to run wild, have become quite savage. One of the party, in an excursion after birds, fell in with two hogs and their pigs:

He blazed away, with a charge of No. 8 shot, and killed the pig aimed at, when the old boar made a grab at him, and he barely escaped a serious encounter, by turning, not only his thoughts upwards, but his corporation after them, in double quick time, up the nearest tree, gun in hand; but before he could charge his piece with buck shot, the animals took to their heels, gnashing their teeth in an interesting manner. That same pig made the best dinner I ever sat down to. I picked up a Terrapin without an owner, and friend Fry killed several pigeons and squirrels; and on our return to the tent, our boy had a six foot alligator tied up to a stick of wood. This we considered a great days work; and Mr. Brinsmade fortunately arrived on a visit, just in time to help us discuss the merits of the plunder, bringing with him Mr. Eigenbrot; and such a dinner is not often laid before a keen appetite, as we then and there enjoyed. The next morning Mr. Vandervort fired at a tiger, and missed him, within a hundred rods of our tent; but Mr. Bell made up for it by shooting a 9 foot snake, much like a whip snake, but without fangs. At least we could not discover any, though our guide went half way into convulsions with fear that we should be bitten and killed by examining his jaws. In following up old Panama river, I found

some fine specimens of agate blood stone, and chalcedony, which I send you by the bearer.

Yesterday, Mr. Bell killed a large boar, and brought him in without accident. They are a curious animal, with ferocious tusks and teeth, no tail, rather a fox color, having a musk bag, or teat, on the top of the rump, which it is unpleasant to disturb. This is used as a means of defence, the same as a certain other little animal we wot of would do. That nuisance removed, the flesh of the young boar is delicious; the older ones rather strong in flavor. We brought the large one in, last night, and our landlord is to give us a Sunday dinner off from it to-day. It is about half grown, and we think will cook up well. We remained from Tuesday morning to Saturday evening, and a more pleasant, exciting week, I never passed. Perhaps I shall try it again next week, if no steamer arrives, which we fear will be the case. I have become deeply interested in the past history of Panama, but cannot find a man or book here, that can give me any information of the time the city was founded, or when and how destroyed. There are no such records here. I believe it was sacked, and destroyed by the Buccaneers, and the inhabitants put to the sword.

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“Never change your plan until circumstances warrant; disappointment makes us peevish, and alters our opinion, but it changes not the arrangement of things.”

From Neal's Gazette.

### THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.

THE controversy respecting the existence of a sea serpent, arising from the discovery of a curious marine animal by the officers of a British frigate, is still continued with animation in London. The arguments on both sides are summed up in a masterly article, which appears in the Westminster Review.

The writer in the Review proceeds to the examination of his subject in the true Baconian method. He first enquires what are the facts testified to, and then what is the credibility of the witnesses. He cites the deposition of numerous individuals in Norway, and in other places, to prove that a strange animal has frequently been seen in the fords, and sometimes on the open sea, chiefly in calm weather; and that this marine monster is generally described in the same terms, as having a flat head, a long neck covered with a mane, a smooth body not unlike that of a snake, and a tapering tail. The witnesses who testify to these things are shown to be mostly sailors, accustomed to observing objects at sea, and therefore the most competent persons to give evidence in the case. The writer concludes by saying in almost the very words we use ourselves, that on any other question the testimony of half the number of equally credible witnesses would be considered conclusive.

The argument against the existence of the sea serpent is conducted altogether by scientific men, who contend that such an animal could not exist



without having been seen continually. Any creature of this species, they say, dies without fresh air. Consequently, the monster would be almost continually visible on the surface of the sea. In case of death, the body would float at least until the skin burst from the escape of the gasses, and in this floating condition, it would not only have been seen, but a specimen secured. It is also reasoned that, in the course of the historic period, if not since the revival of letters, the body of a dead sea serpent, if the monster exists, would have been cast on shore somewhere by the tides. On those grounds it is asserted that no such animal exists. Professor Owen, who takes a prominent part in the controversy, contends, that the monster seen by the officers of the British frigate was a gigantic phoca or seal, which, having been floated on a cake of ice far out of its latitude until its frail support melted beneath it, was making the best of its way back to its antarctic home. The Professor dwells strenuously on the fact that no skeleton, or vertebra of the alleged animal has ever been seen; and ridicules the idea that any of the saurian monsters have survived to modern times. In a word, he will not admit that there is anything in heaven or earth not "dreamt of in his philosophy."

In reply to the Professor, the Captain of the frigate avers that the animal he and his officers and crew saw, was not a phoca, nor any other known sea animal, but a creature entirely new to them; and insinuates pretty pointedly that men accustomed to the ocean all their lives, and having no theory pro or con to maintain, are better judges of

subjects seen at sea than the most learned professors, who though they might know the bones of a phoca in a museum, would not be able to recognize the animal in the water. The men of science who believe in the animal, reply to the Professor, that they do not assert it to belong to the serpent species, that this is only its popular name, applied in consequence of some fancied resemblance, and that they incline to think it belongs to the saurian type. The witnesses generally give to it a flat head, a long thin neck, a body propelled by fins placed almost under it, and a tapering tail—a description that nearly tallies with that of some of the exhumed monsters of the geological epoch.—They support this view by referring to the fact that congeners of some land animals, which lived in that era of the world's history, live now, and instance the tapir, the elephant, the tortoise; and therefore concluded it is not improbable that congeners of marine animals, known to have existed then, may exist now. They further say that this view is supported by the rarity of the appearance of the sea serpent, saurian, or whatever else it may be, since this would argue the scarcity of the species; an analagous fact which we see in reference to the tapir.

On the whole, the concurrent evidence of hundreds of witnesses, from officers high in rank in our own and in the British navy, down to the meanest sailor is not to be rejected with impunity; and sufficient proof has been adduced to render it probable, if not certain, that some strange sea monster, not described in books of natural history, exists. But

whether it is a serpent, or a saurian, remains in doubt. The evidence is in favor of the latter.

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**KNOWLEDGE OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE AUXILIARY TO AN APPRECIATION OF THE BEAUTIES OF NATURAL OBJECTS.**

INTRODUCTORY to an Address delivered before a Literary Society in the Wilson, (Niagara Co.) Collegiate Institute.

**T**HE Earth, to which I invite your attention, is a very old volume.—

No new edition of it has been issued, certainly within nearly six thousand years. It has not, indeed, been completely re-bound in that period, though the original cover has been slightly changed in its appearance.— But, although this volume is aged, it is not musty: neither is its language dead, nor its ancient, its primal version obsolete. To no one who can read it at all is it an "unknown tongue." Nature, says BAYLES, a quaint old writer, "Nature has no provincialism. The lark carols the same song in the same key, as when ADAM turned his delighted ear to catch the strain; the owl still hoots in *b* flat, yet loves the note and screams through no other octave; the stormy petrel as much delighted to sport among the first waves the Indian ocean ever raised, as it does now. Birds that lived on flies, laid blue eggs when ISAAC went out to meditate at eventide, as they will two thousand years hence, if the world does not break her harness from the orb of day. The sun is as bright as when LOR entered the little city of Zoar.— The diamond, and the onyx, and the tope of Ethiopia, are still as splendid, and the vulture's eye is as fierce, as

when JOB took up his parable. In short, "Nature's pendulum has never altered its strokes."

The present appearance of such a specimen of divine workmanship, and its connection with physical science affords a subject worthy of investigation. It must be a delightful, if not a fascinating exercise, of the mental powers—one that is absolutely necessary in order to the slightest appreciation of the true beauties and the inspired language of mute but eloquent Nature.

The uneducated man sees but little, comparatively, in the objects and scenes that surround him, to call forth an expression of admiration. He may journey from one end of his country to the other without making scarcely an observation, save as it regards the condition of the roads, the character of the public houses, and, possibly, the prospects of crops or the quality of the land. The rivers he may cross have no music in their flow; the broad savannas over which he may pass, all beautified with flowers and redolent of the richest perfume, have no marked attraction; and the tall and rugged mountains, with their bald heads, their beetling cliffs and their marshaled hosts of Titan forest trees, can arouse his soul only to the faintest idea of the sublimity of his "mother Earth." It is indeed only here and there, and at rare intervals that his eye is arrested in its idle and vacant wanderings—only the few most salient points of Nature's wonderfully diversified charms that receive the meagre installment of his admiration. "Of the discoveries which have been made in the physical sciences in ages past, of

the wonders of creation which they have unfolded to the view, of the instruments which have been invented for exploring the universe, and of the improvements which are now going forward in every department of science and art, and the prospects they are opening to view, he is almost as ignorant as if he had been fixed under the frozen pole or chained to the surface of a distant planet."

From what I have already said, it will be inferred that it requires a thorough investigation of the several fields of physical science in order to a full appreciation of the loveliness and grandeur which the dear old Earth possesses. It is certain that the wider the research in her broad dominions, the more of her jewelry is discovered and the more precious she becomes. Having once struck a vein of her scientific wealth, we give her a place in our hearts: and once rooted there, she has a home until we are called home to her bosom. LINNEUS, early delighted with the study of flowers—which are both the "poetry" and the "scriptures of earth"—devoted his life to their classification. M. CUVIER gave the larger part of his days, and his last and best, to the development of paleontology or the science of organic remains. M. ROBINEAU rightly thought it no waste of time or perversion of mental power, to devote himself for years to a single department of one of the branches of natural history—that of the *yenne* of the *genus musca*: nor did he slacken his labors until he had gathered 1800 species. Another scientific gentleman of Europe, whose name I am unable to mention, but whose indefatigable and

peculiar labors show his attachment to the study of natural history, has won the proud title of the "illustrious arachnologist," on account of his perseverance and wonderful success in hunting and collecting spiders. Baron Von HUMBOLDT, who is known as the father of physical geography, and who is one of the true noblemen in the republic of modern letters, has spent an ordinary life time in rearing and perfecting—if I may so call it—his sublime science; and as the crowning glory of his Herculean toil, he has given to the world, as a dying legacy, his *Kosmos*,—a work which will last as long as the "everlasting hills" which it describes. I might also refer to our own AUDUBON, the prince of ornithologists, and to multitudes of other sons of Genius, but it is needless to illustrate this point further.

Viewed in the light of science, every particle of matter which forms a constituent part of the great globe, is an object of interest and investigation. This truth applies equally to organic and inorganic substances. The mountain that braces the sky with its broad shoulders, whose capacious bosom is filled with precious stones, inexhaustible mines of silver and gold and the elements of chemical wealth and wonder, and on whose scarred forehead are the wrinkles by the aid of which cosmographers are enabled to read with almost unaccountable correctness the age and history of the earth, is no more the receptacle of truth—though it may be the receptacle of more truth—than the abraded particle, which, snatched from its rocky summit by the passing breeze, flouts unseen by mortals, glis-

tens, in the sun, and is clothed, in the eye of the all seeing, with the effulgence of divinity. No wonder, then, that he who once learns the alphabet of physical science becomes enamored of the Earth, treads her inner sanctuaries with reverence and filial awe, and having offered at her shrine the dew of Youth, there pours the sweat of Manhood's sunburnt brow, and the scanty but unstinted oblation of decrepit and sap-consumed Age.—*Lit. Messenger.*

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MUSIC.

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**T**HERE is no language, refined or barbarous, without something synonymous to the term music. It is something common to all tribes, nations, classes, and conditions of men; though but few understand its full import.

What, then, is music? I answer, it is a practical improvement of a faculty common to man; a principal of his immortal nature, a mysterious influence, which reaches every heart, a celestial and all pervading charm which unites heaven and earth in one grand chorus of praise to God. Music pervades all nature, it sighs in the winds, warbles in the groves, breaths in the tenderest emotions of pity and love, and rises in the loftiest acclamations of delight; whether in the balmy breezes of Italy, or the fierce blasts of Greenland, the spicy groves of India, or the lofty forests of the west, the pillared domes of polished life, or the rude wigwam of the savage.

The most ancient notices of music are to be found in the Bible. It is there mentioned as constituting an important part of the religious services of the He-

brews, and as being used at all their festivals. During the reigns of David and Solomon, the most splendid period in the Jewish history, this art seems to have been at its height among the people. King David himself was a musician, and his inspired lyrics were set to music and performed by the band and orchestra under his direction. Hundreds of singing men and singing women were then heard uniting in songs of praise to the God of their fathers, who had delivered them from Egyptian bondage. The Greeks are supposed to have excelled all others in the cultivation of music. Their authors were disposed to exalt it to heaven, by assuring us that it was the principal amusement of the Gods, and the reward of the blessed. They attributed to it the most wonderful effects. According to Greek mythology, Orpheus rendered the Argonauts great service by his skill in this science. The enchanting notes of his lyre made the Argo move in the waters, delivered the heroes from many difficulties during their voyage, and mainly contributed to their success in obtaining the golden fleece. It is stated that he entered the realms of Hades in search of Eurydice, his wife, and by the music of his lyre, gained an easy admittance to the palace of Pluto. At the charming notes of his golden skill the wheel of Ixion stopped. Tantalus forgot the thirst that tormented him, the vulture ceased to prey on the vitals of Tityos, and Pluto and Proserpina lent a favoring ear to his prayer. Polibius says that the inhabitants of Cynthia who neglected the cultivation of music, surpassed all the Greeks in the ferocity of

their dispositions, and that its powerful influence was necessary to soften the manners of the Arcadians who lived in a cold and hospitable region. So profoundly impressed was Plato with the influence of music upon the virtue of the people, that he affirms that no important change could be made in its cultivation without effecting a moral revolution in the very elements of society.— It constituted a branch of the Pathegorian study, and they were taught by their philosophers to believe that it inspired the heart with laudible ambition, and influenced to acts of love and virtue.— The invention of musical instruments is ascribed to Jubal, who is mentioned in the first book of Moses as the father of such as handle the harp and organ. Tarponder, a poet, who flourished 670 years before Christ, is said to have invented musical characters. But the first principles of music are unalterably fixed in nature. As light is composed of seven primary colors, so there are seven primary sounds in music; and as each ray of light is composed of three prismatic colors, so every sound of nature is a combination of three tones.— From observing these effects the musical scale has been formed, which may be regarded as the prism of the science by means of which all combinations of sounds may be divided into their constituent parts.

Some authors suppose that color is an attribute of sound, and have fancifully designated the tones of musical instruments by the colors of the rainbow.— Even the cries of animals and the songs of birds, are listened to by the musician with peculiar interest. From their na-

tural exclamations of joy and grief, he draws the vivifying strokes of his art, and from these fragments of rhyme and melody forms the most delightful and amusing compositions. Singing conduces greatly to health. Dr. Rush, the father of American medicine, insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. That, besides its being an important accomplishment, and having a most salutary influence in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and necessary effect in preserving health. There is nothing in all nature that arrests the attention or impresses our feelings more readily than sound, whether it be the tone of sorrow, the note of joy, the voice of the multitude, the roar of waters, or the soft whispers of the breeze, we are awakened by the sense of terror, pleasure, or pain by sounds.

"Have you not felt it, when the tuneful rill  
Casts off its icy chains, and leaps away?  
In thunders echoing loud from hill to hill?  
In songs of birds, at break of summer's day?  
Or in the ocean's everlasting roar;  
Battling the old gray rocks, that sternly guard  
his shore?"

The influence of music on the general character of man was observed in the earliest ages of the world; its tranquilizing delights, as well as its animating powers were acknowledged by all nations, in all countries. Its language is felt and understood by the whole human race, whether in the crowded assembly, the social circle, or around the domestic fireside; harmony of sound produces harmony of feeling. Enemies are made friends, partisans lay aside

their weapons, and bosoms which harbored vindictive hatred, over which time itself had no control, are softened into kindness by the genial influence of music. It charms all nature, civilizes the savage, and humanizes the civilized.— It calms the mind when ruffled, and elevates it when depressed. It kindles the flame of love in the youthful bosom, alleviates the pains of the aged, touches the finest feelings of our nature, and lifts the soul to heaven—


“Who ne'er has felt her hand assuasive steal  
Along his heart—that heart will never feel,  
'Tis hers to chain the passions, sooth the soul,  
To snatch the dagger, and to dash the bowl  
From murder's hand; to smooth the couch of  
care;

Extract the thorns, and scatter roses there,  
And when religion's mild and genial ray,  
Around the frozen heart begins to play,  
Music's soft breath falls on the quivering  
light;

The fire is kindled and the flame made bright.”

Who, then, would not be a devotee at music's shrine, and aid in cultivating and promoting the most delightful and heavenly science known among men? A science which was cultivated ere the foundations of the earth were laid; when “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”— A science which is cultivated by the highest orders of intelligence; and though the heavens pass away, and the earth with all its works be destroyed, the music of their voices shall be heard as the voice of the great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thundering, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

#### SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

 IN the accession of James to the throne, Sir Walter was not only treated with coolness and neglect, but became the victim of a conspiracy; was tried for treason against the crown, found guilty, and condemned to death. Having been warned to prepare for execution, he sent a manly and affecting letter to his wife, from which the following is an extract:—

“When I am gone, no doubt you shall be sought to by many, for the world thinks I was very rich. But take heed of the pretences of men, and their affections; for they last not but in honest and worthy men, and no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey, and afterward to be despised. I speak not this, God knows, to dissuade you from marriage; for it will be best for you, both in respect of the world and of God. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine. Death has cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose you and loved you in his happiest time. Get those letters, if it be possible, which I writ to the lords, wherein I sued for my life. God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life. But it is true that I disdain myself for begging it; for I know it, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who, in his own respect, despiseth death in all his misshapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much. God he knoweth how hardly I steal this time while others sleep; and it is also high

time that I should separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which, living, was denied thee, and either leave it at Sherborne, if the land continue, or in Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can say no more, time and death call me away.

"The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, the true life and true light, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell! Bless my poor boy; pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms! Written with the dying hand of some time thy husband, but now, alas! overthrown. Yours that was, but not now my own,

"RALEIGH."

Sir Walter, however, was relieved at this time, but was confined in the tower for many years after, during which his History of the World was composed. On regaining his liberty, in 1615, a new expedition to Guiana was projected, of which Raleigh took command, but it was unsuccessful; and on his return to England, he was again arrested, imprisoned, and executed. His conduct, while on the scaffold, was extremely firm. The morning being sharp, the sheriff offered to bring him down off the scaffold to warm himself by the fire before he should say his prayers; "No, good Mr. Sheriff," said he, "let us despatch, for within this quarter of an hour my ague will come upon me, and if I be not dead before, that, mine enemies will say I quake for fear; He then, to use the words of a

contemporary and eyewitness, made a most divine and admirable prayer; after which, rising up, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "Now I am going to God!" The scaffold was soon cleared; and having thrown off his gown and doublet, he bid the executioner show him the axe, which not being done immediately, he was urgent in his request. "I prithee," said he, "let me see it. Dost thou think I am afraid of it?" Taking it in his hand, he kissed the blade, and passing his finger slightly along the edge, observed to the sheriff, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." He then walked to the corner of the scaffold and kneeling down, requested the people to pray for him, and for a considerable time remained on his knees in silent devotion; after which he rose, and carefully examined the block, laying himself down to fit it to his neck, and to choose the easiest and most decent attitude. In all this he would receive no assistance; and having satisfied himself, he rose and declared he was ready. The executioner now came forward, and kneeling asked his forgiveness, upon which Raleigh laid his hand smilingly on his shoulder, and bade him be satisfied, for he most cheerfully forgave him, only entreating him not to strike till he himself gave the signal, and then strike home. Saying this, he lay down on the block, and on being directed to place himself so that his face should look to the east, he answered, "It mattered little how the head lay, provided the heart was right." After a little while, during which it was observed, by the motion of his lips and

hands, that he was occupied in prayer, he gave the signal; but whether from awkwardness or agitation, the executioner delayed; upon which, after waiting for a short time, he partially raised his head, and said aloud, "What dost thou fear? strike, man!" The axe descended, and at two strokes the head was severed from the body, which never shrunk or altered its position, while the extraordinary effusion of blood evinced an unusual strength and vigor of constitution, though when he suffered, Sir Walter was in his sixty-sixth year. The head, after being, as usual, held up to the view of the people on either side of the scaffold, was put into a red bag, over which his velvet night-gown was thrown, and the whole immediately carried to a mourning coach which was waiting, and conveyed to Lady Raleigh. This faithful and affectionate woman, who never married again, though she survived him twenty-nine years, had it embalmed and preserved in a case, which she kept with pious solicitude till her death.

The body was buried privately near the high altar of St. Margaret's church in Westminster, but no stone marks the spot.

O! THERE is beauty in the morn's first ray,  
When the sun rises from its eastern bed—  
And in the farewell gleam of closing day,  
When in the west he drops his wearied  
head.

And there is beauty, when the silent night,  
Wearing her starry coronet, comes forth  
Upon her polished car of silver light,  
And sways her sceptre o'er the sleeping  
earth.

### THE JEWISH RULER.

BY MISS LOUISE M. BRAWNER.

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews—the same came to Jesus by night,—*St. John*, c. iii.

**D**ARKNESS encircled the land called Holy—night, with her train of shadows, mantled mountain and hill and valley, and deep sea and placid lake and gurgling rivulet. There were no stars visible; the sweet sparkling things were hidden behind dense clouds that had been clustering in the heavens since the decline of day, and the fair, pale, moon ventured not to glance from beneath her vapory mantle, lest she should behold some devastation on earth, for a rude and terrible storm was portending. All nature appeared conscious of the approaching battle of the elements, and hushed their murmurings. Men, women, and children, birds, beasts, and insects remained quiet and expectant. Soon the artillery of heaven disturbed the calm, and flash after flash of lurid flame illumined the vast concave and revealed the sea beneath—the cities, towns, and villages, the hill sides and pleasant vales of blessed Palestine.—Proudest among its proud places stood Jerusalem, her costly palaces, her stately towers, her splendid domes and spires and temples brightening under each successive gleam shot from the electric heavens. The reverberating thunder and the long streams of brilliant lightning were accompanied by thick and fast-falling rain drops, as though an ocean above gave vent to its superfluous waves.

In an apartment of a rich and sumptuous dwelling of that Eastern climate,



sat one of its loveliest daughters, now ministering tenderly to a tall and stately man who tossed upon a couch in all the restlessness of a troubled spirit, and anon gazing on the conflict without.—The chamber was supplied with every luxury, and lighted by lamps emitting a sweet and pleasant odor, while upon the forms of its occupants shone jewels of rare beauty and value, and robes from the most famed looms of the age. The storm continued an hour, and then the dark drapery fell from the blue vault, and the beautiful stars were disclosed to view one by one, like glittering gems, and the moon, gentle and smiling, scattered her rays until the expansive sky was flooded with mellow light, softening and beautifying every object. The breath of countless flowers—such flowers as bloom but in Eastern lands—floated up and filled the atmosphere with delicious fragrance, while everything seemed to whisper—

There's light to follow darkness e'er—  
 There's joy for those who doubt and fear  
 There's calm when threaten'g storms are done—  
 There's peace for all beneath the sun.

“Look up, my lord, the elements have stayed their contention—look up, I pray, and gladden the heart of thy handmaiden,” murmured the lute-like tones of Serah, the wife of Nicodemus. “The gloomy clouds obscure the celestial orb no longer—all is brightness.”

The ruler pressed his hand upon the heart that throbbed wildly beneath his costly robe of purple and fine linen, and sighing, replied, “There is no brightness in my soul, Serah; there is naught but darkness and gloom always. In

halls of state, in synagogues or temple, at home by thy side, my adored, tranquility eludes me, and doubts of a future kingdom, thoughts of another life disturb my bosom.”

“Hast thou heard the Nazarene?” questioned his beautiful listener, while to her face there sprang an expression of awe and reverence. “Hast thou hearkened to the great teacher whose fame has extended all over our lovely land, the ambassador of God, whose voice has been heard on Olivet's mount, in the garden, by the stream so dear to my heart, and elsewhere?” And there was that in the light of the speaker's beaming countenance, that told a Christian woman's undying faith in Him, who had gathered around him so many of her fair sisters.

#### MEDICAMENTIS COMPOSSETAD.



MEDICINE by which sin may, be cured, a medicine useful to the soul, taken from a description of mount Athos, and translated from Greek into English.

A certain brother went to a Physician, and asked him whether he knew of any medicine by which sin could be cured, the Physician answered him and said, “Yes, brother I know and hear that one of a miraculous power may be found: go and take the root of spiritual poverty, the flowers of humility, the leaves of patience, and the branches of prayer, mix them together, and pound them in the mortar of obedience, add to them the blood of Christ, a spoonful of holy thoughts, afterwards put them in the saucepan of holy conscience, and

water them with the drops of flowing tears, then kindle under it the fire of divine love, and when it has boiled sufficiently pour it out into the dish of discretion, and mix it up with thanksgiving, then sup it with the spoon of compunction, and with the hand of faith wipe thy mouth with the towel of confession; thus shalt thou wipe away and evacuate the multitude of thy sins."

Capiat tere Die.

Original.  
Lines on Spring.

BY MONTGOMERY WEST.

Stern winter begone rather long is thy reign,  
Give place to the beauties of Spring,  
Away thou stern monarch whose ice binding chain,

To captivity nature did bring;  
O may'st thou begone ere the dawn of to-morrow  
And may heart thrilling pleasure dispel all  
our sorrow

When from the beauties of Spring we shall  
borrow

A theme for the praise of our King.

In freedom we soon shall see all bursting forth,  
Rejoicing the rivers shall flow;  
And the sun's glorious beams in the cold frigid  
north,

Be reflected from mountains of snow:  
Then all hail to the Spring for its beauty in-  
spiring,

Which enliven our clime as the winter's ex-  
piring,

And spreads forth her charms as if fondly de-  
siring,

The mourner to banish his woe.

Thou art welcome, sweet Spring, I now fondly  
exclaim,

For joy thou wilt bring to my heart,  
When I view the fair landscape and hear the  
soft strain,

Which outvies the productions of art.  
When the forests are robed in their mantles of  
green,

When the eye is delighted with all that is seen,  
Oh! this unparalleled pleasure I ween;  
But this like all things must depart.

The streamlets unshackled shall roam through  
the plain,

Mighty rivers no longer be bound,  
For Spring soon shall open the frost king's  
cold chain,

And all nature with joy shall abound:  
How delightful 'twill be to walk by the stream  
Meditating on nature, a heart thrilling theme,  
At twilight serene when Sol's last fading beam  
Spreads his undazzling splendour around.

Then all hail lovely Spring, is my welcome  
to thee,

Bright season, much joy may'st thou bring  
To all ranks and grades of whatever degree,  
Not forgetting the sweet social ring;  
May thy verdure and foliage augment their  
delight,

Whenever they gaze on the beautiful sight,  
Of nature disrobed of her mantle of white,  
And clothed with the verdure of Spring.

Original.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY A. G.

"Land of fond hopes—of many a poignant tear!  
The El Dorado of the passing year,  
What crowds are rushing to thy wave-worn  
shore,

Like Israel's hosts unto the promised land:  
What hopes are blasted—what new hopes be-  
gun

With every setting every rising sun."

THE WEST.

IN the busy tide of emigration which  
flows rapidly towards the far and fer-  
tile "West," many incidents occur—  
many trials and hardships are endured, of  
which the pampered sons and daughters  
of wealth can form no idea. Scenes of  
thrilling and stern reality are enacted,  
which would exceed even the fictitious  
narratives of the novelist. The bride

leaves a comfortable home, for the dense wilderness—following with patient endurance and bright-eyed hope and un-failing constancy the husband of her love—through evil and good report, cheers him when the hard hand of poverty presses him to the earth, and forsakes him not in the solemn hour of death—ties holy and sacred are rent asunder, and unions are severed in the far off land of the stranger, which cannot be reunited on the tear-worn shores of time. These thoughts were forcibly impressed upon my mind by an incident that occurred during a journey through Vermont in the autumn of 1845.

The stage left Burlington at three o'clock on a clear frosty morning, for Montpelier the capital of the State of Vermont. We were hurrying into the coach, for the transition from a warm bed to the keen biting air was anything but pleasant; when the attention of our party was arrested by a low plaintive voice from the back seat of the vehicle—"Mother let me lie here—I am cold and my head aches so." The waiter held up his lamp and a single glance revealed a picture which I shall not soon forget. A pale sick boy five or six years old lay upon the seat, his head resting upon the lap of his mother, a noble-looking woman, but whose eyes wet with tears and sorrowful countenance, told in language not to be misunderstood that adversity with heavy and unrelenting hand had crushed her to the earth. A little girl older than the boy sat at his feet and her eyes filled with tears of thankfulness when my fellow-traveller wrapped the suffering child in his cloak. The mother spoke not, but by her tears

acknowledged the courtesy of the stranger. At Montpelier the stage stopped for two or three hours when the woman related her history. It was a tale of sorrow.

"My father's name is Edmund Allen,—He fought under general Stark the leader of the 'Green Mountain Boys,' at the battle of Bennington, and he was present at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He subsequently settled a few miles from this place, the stage will pass his door and if he yet lives I will, I trust, receive his blessing. Ten years ago I married, much against my father's will, a young man from a neighboring state to whom I had been long attached. My father was a man of strong feelings, and his pride was wounded by what he termed the undutiful conduct of his youngest and best beloved child. We emigrated to the West—My father's parting was solemn and impressive. He spoke not of my disobeying his commands, but, he spoke of the trials and hardships of our intended western home, for he had been a pioneer of the wilderness, and he remembered the privations and the toil.

"The months and years of want and pain,  
And all the long attendant train,  
Of warring hopes, of vivid fear,  
That must attend the pioneer."

With tears in his eyes he bid me adieu, and we soon beheld, as we supposed, for the last time, the green mountains of Vermont. Our journey was safe and prosperous and we settled on the verge of one of the vast prairies of the West.

Time fruitful in events rolled onward with unabated diligence. Our first efforts were crowned with success; and

we thanked Providence in the enjoyment of a happy home.

But sickness came at last—Charles was attacked by the fever incident to the Western country. From incessant care and watching I became sick, a few weeks after, of the same fever. Our children, the boy and girl that you saw, and one other bright eyed boy, the image of his father, were taken ill a day or two afterwards. It was a scene of desolation—Oh! then did I remember my father's words. Our neighbors were few, and far between; but they watched us day and night with unremitting faithfulness. Edgar, our first born died, and they carried him away and laid him in the still cold grave with no parent to follow the lowly bier, and no minister of the gospel to pronounce the benediction. We were both delirious, and it was not until two days afterwards that we awoke to consciousness, to helplessness and to misery.—Our friends had sent fifty miles for a physician, and when we slowly recovered we found ourselves in debt and enjoying precarious health. There was no alternative but to sell our farm and go back farther into the wilderness. We did so. One year of want, and of privation, and of toil, rolled away—we had erected a cabin and planted a little spot—we were in the midst of a prairie with a single family two miles distant; my husband's health again failed. We could no longer close our eyes to the truth that he was wasting within the grasp of quick consumption. There was no hope left—the hour must soon arrive that would leave me a widow, and my children orphans.

When the long grass becomes dry on those prairies it is sometimes set on fire, and the destructive element sweeps over the prairies with the speed of the wind; frequently destroying the houses of the settlers in its course. It is scarce six weeks since I watched by the bedside of my dying Charles—it was his last night upon earth! At intervals, when his cough would permit, he spoke to me of early love, and then prospective happiness:—

“When all above was sunshine—  
And all beneath was pleasure.”

And he spoke, too, of another world where happiness can never be clouded:

“Where faithful souls will never part;  
Nor sorrow ever come.”

And then he would speak of the desolate condition in which he would soon leave me: I knelt by the lowly couch and we mingled our tears and prayed together. He asked the Father of all to be kind unto me, and to support me in this dark hour of affliction and trial. I rose, I will not say comforted, but I was very calm and resigned. Casting my eyes toward the window, I beheld with terror a red glare upon the clouds far to the south-west. The wind was blowing from that quarter, and the terrible thought at once struck me that the prairie was on fire: onward it came with the speed of the whirlwind. There was no time to be lost; I carried my dying husband into the little field that had been planted, where there was no grass, awoke my children and carried the few moveables I could to the spot where my husband lay. Oh, the agony of that night! a dying husband in my arms, and my little ones weeping at

my feet. Charles died before the break of day; and the sun rose on the surrounding ruins of our house. Our neighbor came just as my husband died, his house was burned, but he had saved his furniture and stock of provisions.— He dug a grave in the wide prairie and laid my Charles there. Sad and broken-hearted I said with the Prodigal of old, "I will arise and go to my father." My kind friends gave me a few dollars, all they had, and I am now near my journey's end."

The stage was soon again in motion, and after travelling about twenty miles we stopped in front of a neat cottage: the sun was just setting, and the evidences of plenty and contentment were every where visible. An old man with snow-white hair sat in the porch, and as the wanderer approached, with feeble steps, we saw him clasp her in his arms, and heard him exclaim, "My daughter, Oh, my daughter."

Sophiasburgh, June, 1849.

#### THE BIBLE.

O for a word, a god-like word,  
Which could express our thanks to thee,  
Our Father, God, our Saviour, Lord,  
For teaching us what we can be.

Here are thy holy words, inscribed  
By inspirations truthful pen;  
And here are laws thou hast supplied  
Of truth and love to govern men.

Here is the light of wisdom's star,  
To quiet and cheer the pilgrims way  
And here the fount, whose waters are,  
To those who taste, e'en life for aye.

But man, poor fool! too proud to own  
That God best knows the soul's high worth

Turns coldly from the prize here shown,  
And lives a groveling worm of earth.

Yet some souls thy words has treasured,  
As sacred gems of living light,  
And thy love their faith hath measured,  
For which thou dost Hope's joys requite.

Hope's joys, alas! to few are known,  
What are they, and to whom are given?  
They're flowers, which God's own hand  
hath strown,  
To grace his children's path to heaven.

#### What is Eternity?

What is eternity? I asked;  
And he who boasts himself the friend  
Of true philosophy replied:  
" 'Tis being without end."

What is eternity? I asked;  
A voice from yonder world of light,  
Informed me in a pleasing mood;  
" 'Tis day without a night."

What is Eternity? I asked;  
Despair replied; "Not length of years—  
But 'tis where never morn shall dawn—  
A starless night of tears."

What is eternity? I asked;  
"That interview without an end,  
Which I shall have," a mourner said,  
"With my departed friend."

What is eternity? I asked;  
A dying saint, with beaming eye,  
Whispered: "A place I soon shall reach,  
Where loved ones never die."

What is eternity? I asked;  
A child who spake not, with his rod,  
Wrote in the sand this sweet reply:  
"The long lifetime of God."

"Let it be your chief object in life to  
acquire a sincere friend: friendly sym-  
thy heightens every joy, and softens  
every pain."

## IDLE DAUGHTERS.

IT is a most painful spectacle in females, where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, and their reading—beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibility; but as necessary consequence of a neglect of duty, growing weary their useless lives, lay hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals often tell you, with an air of affected compassion, (for who can believe it real?) that dear mama is working herself to death; yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she never would be happy if she had half so much to do.

TRUE BRAVERY.—If thou desire to be truly valiant, fear to do an injury. He that fears not to do evil, is always afraid to suffer evil; he that never fears is desperate; he that always fears is a coward. He is the truly valiant man that dares nothing but what he may, and fears nothing but what he ought.

St. Augustine, in the spirit of a generous philosophy, observes, not an act, but a habit, justifies a name: though Peter blasphemed, yet he was not a blasphemer.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## CRITICISM.

FOR some hundreds of years the learned world has had its critics and reviewers. In some instances learning and knowledge have been served by them, but not in every case. True criticism is always lawful, and cannot be otherwise than profitable, and will be courted by the intelligent author. Many persons, however, set up as judges in criticism, who possess but few of the qualifications requisite for so important a work.

They differ in their judgement and decisions, and come at conclusions by opposite rules; and yet every one thinks his own decisions correct. Some are immethodical and unintelligible; some dull and insipid; others, sensorial and piquant; and, many are puzzled and lost amid the intricacies of their own errors and blunders; but *all are right* in their own superior judgement.—Famous reviewers these! Endeavoring to signalize, they disgrace themselves; and give conclusive evidence, by the terms and phrases they use, that they are ignorant of the first principles of science and literature.

Criticism may be defined to be the art of judging with correctness, respecting a literary performance. Its province does not consist in minifying nor magnifying verbal and grammatical, and typographical mistakes, but aims at the more exalted purpose of pointing out defects in the style and sentiment, where they really exist; and lauding the sentiment and the arrangement when founded in truth and propriety. Opin-

ions: at variance with the critics, instead of being treated with insolence, and rejected as dispicable, are considered with deference and candor. There is none of that sudden burst of passion—that stormy vehemence, and that vulgar sarcasm—which ever characterize the first and final judgement of the arrogant and presumptuous. Nor does true criticism descend to satire for material, nor point out those little defects, by which the reputation of a writer may be tarnished; nor delight in the circulation of calumnies and slander. This is left for the would-be critic.

A critic should understand how to write; and he should be thoroughly and familiarly acquainted with his subject. He should be well acquainted with the philosophy of the human mind, and able to trace the virious and endless motives by which it is governed; that is, to a considerable extent. He must possess discernment, must be free from prejudice, and must have a heart in him susceptible of the warmest and tenderest emotion. With these qualities added to sound and correct learning and knowledge, a man may be a critic; but without them no one should attempt the work of criticism.

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#### ERRATUM.

**I**N concluding the story of the "Jeweler," an omission was made, in our absence from the office, which we will here correct. Our readers will recollect that the "Jeweler" commences in the number for March, is continued in the number for April, and is concluded in the number for May. In con-

cluding the article, instead of commencing where it leaves off in the previous number, the Printer has omitted about a page; which, of course, makes the account appear very imperfect. The following is the part of this story left out, which, the reader will perceive, precedes what is inserted in the number for May.

"After awhile, Stanwood sought and obtained employment as a journeyman, in the service of a jeweler in the city. We use the word "city" as it is ordinarily used in London, to distinguish the mercantile quarter from the West-End, or court and aristocratic part of the metropolis. Some years passed over his head whilst gaining a mere livelihood by skill in repairing jewelry and setting stones. Use is second nature, and Charles became, in some degree, reconciled—if not contented—with his humble situation. In the city, he was removed from casual contact either with former customers or rivals in trade—was known merely as an artisan who had—to use the common expression—seen better days, and was appreciated by his employer, as an excellent workman.

Memory of former station held him solitary in his amusements. He would not consort with members of his class—was fond, when holy and leisure days permitted, (he worked at home, as it is technically called, by the piece, not day-work,) to stroll by himself into the country. Though abandoned by former equals—without relish for society of a lower grade—nature had not lost her charms. Though even hope had fled—that kindly aspiration which dwells

in the ruined tenement when every other glorious guest has departed—yet he felt a melancholy pleasure in the woods, and by the silent stream; elsewhere he was frowned on by the aristocratic spirit of man; in solitude, which was not solitude to him, he experienced in the glorious sunlight, and beneath the chequered shade of the grove, a buoyant upspringing of mind, which was, at times, more than consolation—a positive delight.

Fed by such high thoughts and aspirations, he was sustained in poverty, without falling into the coarse habits and associations which poverty breeds. It chanced, on one occasion, that loitering through a lane, a few miles from London, he leaned over a paddock-fence, attracted by the beauty of the verdure. A carriage drove by, and, turning his head, he beheld a face changed, though unrecognised. He could not be mistaken—it must be Clara Benson! The carriage was fortunately detained at the entrance of the paddock sufficient time to allow Stanwood to confirm his conjecture of the lady's identity; yet the aged gentleman at her side was certainly not her father. Perhaps he was her husband—some old, wealthy nabob, whom an unfeeling parent had forced on her choice. The thought conveyed a bitter pang, which he would gladly have deemed himself insensible of, at such a lapse of time. Both occupants of the carriage stared at the lingering intruder—but it was the idle glance cast on a stranger. The gate was opened and the equipage passed on.

This unexpected rencontre was food of bitter thought for many a day. Oft

memory recurred to his lone walk to the close-shaven paddock, the equipage which bore her who was once the load-star of his affections. Oft was he prompted to pay a second visit to the spot, but reason sternly asked to what purpose, but to embitter his peace? If Clara had left the protection of her father, it was exchanged only for guardianship of a husband. No! no! there are incidents in some men's lives which they do well to tear from memory.

As the most efficient and skillful workman, Stanwood was one morning sent for, to receive instructions to reset some jewelry. His employer informed him he had gained a new customer, a lady of fashion and distinction, and as it was not usual for people of quality to resort to city tradesmen, he was anxious to show her ladyship that the work entrusted to his care could be as well executed as in Bond street or St. James'. A diamond necklace (old fashioned style) was to be changed into ear-rings and bracelets, after a particular pattern produced. The master jeweler told his workman, that although he had full confidence in his honesty, yet the stones being of great value, he should require him to bring his work every evening, to be placed in the vault, to prevent chance of loss by fire, house-robbery or other casualty—indeed, in the case of any other artificer than Stanwood, he would have had the work performed under his own personal inspection. Perhaps the confidence reposed was not so very great, as gems of great value are not easily disposable by workmen, and would be stopped by pawnbrokers and money-lenders on suspicion."