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A Beautiful Poem.

THANK GOD FOR SUMMER.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Haven't the winter come with all my woes,
And longed for snow-storm, hail and mantle
And sung their praises in a gay refrain
As Troubadours have poured to beauty's eyes.

I deemed the hard black frost a pleasant thing,
For 'twas the herald of the winter's reign,
And with its coming I had learned to sing,
To eat the bread my young lord flung about.

But I have walked into the world since then,
And seek the better way that leads to heaven,
Where the grim Ice-King levies taxes
With hollow spear, that pierces through and through.

I know now, there are those who sink and die
Upon a stone bed at the dead of night,
I know the rattle and the rattle
When even life is a Pleury's Feast turns white.

And now, whenever I hear the cuckoo's song
In hollow woods, I bless the joyous summer,
While my heart runs a cadence in a song
Of hopeful notes, that say—"Thank God for summer."

I've heard that sunshine brings more than flowers,
And fruits, and fresh leaves to cheer the earth,
For I have seen and spirit-like dark hovers,
Light up beneath it with a grateful sigh.

The aged limbs that quaver in their task
Of dragging life on, when the north wind goes,
Tear once again contentment, as they lack
The straight beams that warm their church-yard road.

And Childhood—poor, pinched Childhood—half forgot
The starting terrors of four cottage hours,
When he can leave the north, and I chase the nets
Of gambler that cross him as he roams.

The morning light is worth more than daylight,
When he can sit upon the grass all day,
And laugh, and cluck the blades, as though he thought
The yellow sun-rays challenged him to play.

Oh! I've seen the moon in the twilight,
And greet the feeble morning sun
And greet the feeble morning sun
I miss their cheeks, and say—"Thank God for summer."

For that tiny, blue, and breathing, as they go
The dainty crescent in Decem's dawn,
Can wade and dabble in the frothy foam,
And woo the gurgles on a July morn.

The tired pilgrim, who would shrink from death
If winter's drowsy roar should find his head,
I've seen him choose his summer bed
And sleep for hours or two in some green lane.

Oh! I've seen a King, I don't you one—but now
I never see you come without my joy,
Of hoping a pny shawking my brow,
To think how naked flesh met your fair form.

My eyes watch now to see the clear and full,
And my ear listen to the cawing ruck,
I hunt the palm-trees for their first rich pod,
To pry for violets in the southern rock.

And when a fair Flora sends the butterfly
Painted and spotted, as he heralds summer,
Now for warm holidays, as he will cry,
"The poor will say to me—"Thank God for summer."

A Romantic Love Tale.

LOVE AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

BY N. A. B.

From the "Message Bird."

It was a large apartment, whose deep crimson walls
And heavy drapery looked doubly gloomy by the dim light
Of a shaded lamp that stood on a central table,
Reclined a young man in a massive easy-chair. The fall light from
the lamp fell from under his shade, upon his pale and
motionless features, so pale, so motionless in their marble
rigidity that they might have been taken for the crea-
tion of some sculptor's hand, but for the modern habili-
ments and the clustering masses of dark brown hair.

By his side stood a female figure, almost as still and life-
less as himself. Her face was not less beautiful, but
more haughty and commanding than his; and both were
so tranquil that they looked like a corpse watching a
corpse. The lady was the first to give any tokens of
animation. Passing her hand caressingly over her com-
panion's ivory brow and blue-veined eyelids, she said in
low, sweet accents—

"Do you feel better?"
"Oh, much—much better. I have no pain now,"
answered the youth, in tones almost as dulcet as those to
which he replied—"I feel so calm—so happy."
"Now for warm holidays," as he will cry,
"The poor will say to me—"Thank God for summer."

"Sleep on, then," she said; and his graceful head,
with its thickly clustering Auburn curls, sank back upon
the velvet chair; she knelt beside him and gazed
long and earnestly into his face.

As seen thus together, the two bore a striking resem-
blance to each other. Features by features might be scanned,
and also strove in vain to frame a refusal, as he lifted her
gently over the railing. He had always appeared so quiet
and passive, that she had no idea of his immense
strength, until she felt herself thus wafted from the fami-
liar garden into the shadow of the dark wood, whose pen-
dant boughs seemed to shut her in from the world as com-
pletely as the encompassing spirit which hovered over
hers, and was rapidly drawing it to himself. Leaning
upon his arm, she walked on beneath the "high embow-
ed roof," through which, by fits, the moonlight poured
in a rich stream, making the surrounding shades more
black by the contrast. The hush of nature fell upon
her soul, and stilled its disconnected heaving; in the
strong arm that supported her she felt more than mere
physical protection. By something resembling the myre-
tic power which had subdued her cousin to her languish-
ing will, she felt that arm to be but a type of the intellect-
ual strength which could bow her to a sweet and willing her-
ald. And still they walked on in silence. A sudden
rustling among the dried leaves startled her. "Do not
be afraid," he said, pressing his arm gently to his own;
"it is only a hare, as justly alarmed at you, as you at it.
See yonder—down in that open glade—there are a host
of them gamboling in the moonshine."
She clung closer to his side; the sense of being pro-
tected was new and delightful to her, for from her infancy
she had met only with those who had yielded to the im-
potency of her character. She had known no control-
ling hand of either parent or guardian. A dotting old
grandmother had brought her up, whose grand maxims
were that "Constance was always right," and "Con-
stance must not be thwarted." But her woman's heart
yearned for something to rest upon; something of
strength sufficient to support all the tender feelings which
she had vainly endeavored to twin round that conceited
only—her cousin Eustace; and that something she
suddenly discovered in the hitherto un-
heeded companion of this moonlight ramble.

She sat to rest herself upon the trunk of a felled tree,
in a space where the wood was cleared. The glorious
light lay upon her white brow and rich hair, and cast a
halo around her. Eustace leaned against a branch of the
same tree, and recited to her Shelley's magnificent hymn
"to Intellectual Beauty." He possessed, in a high de-
gree, that rarest accomplishment, the art of reading well,
and now his sonorous voice fell upon her ear, every tone
modulated by the most exquisite feeling, she felt herself
moved by a power that the finest singer would have failed
to exercise. And those tones, oh! how would they ex-

"You do indeed utter my thoughts; but can you not
go beyond? Can you not become clairvoyant? Try!
Look beyond the range of my intelligence. Read, if you
can, the future! Say, at least, if I have any chance of
happiness in marrying you?"
"None! none! I can tell that. All else is a blank."
"You, look once again," she exclaimed eagerly; "try
to discover the being, if such a one exists, who is des-
tined by the secret affinities of nature, to satisfy my soul's
yearning for something to love and reverence. Oh! is
there such a being on the earth? or is all this world of
love that heaves within me, to fall back upon my own
sickening heart, or bloom only for the amusement of such
an effeminate puppy as my cousin Eustace?"

He leaned forward in his chair; his eyes opened wide,
and were fixed intently upon vacancy, as though endeavor-
ing to catch some object that flitted in the distance—
Striving earnestly to read his countenance, as he to
decipher the mysterious Unknown, Constance knelt be-
fore him.

"I see—I feel," muttered the entranced, and then
he stopped. Every feature, every sense, appeared to be
in a state of the most acute tension. Suddenly his limbs,
his features relaxed, and distinctly uttering the words—
"The step is on the stair," he fell back into the deepest
coma.

Constance was appalled. Her heart stopped in its
wild throbbings, when she heard a heavy tread ascend-
ing and approaching the door. She covered her eyes,
dreading to meet the coming fate.

The door opened, and the slow and measured foot-
steps neared her, each falling upon her quivering senses
like a death-knell.

"How is your patient to-night?" asked a kind and
familiar voice.

She raised her eyes to those of the speaker. He was
a neighbor and frequent visitor. She had often met his
eyes before, unmet; and on this occasion, as she en-
countered them, some strange charm was wrought—
Her breath came fast, her nerves failed her, and she
sank on the ground insensible.

The new comer raised her gently, and carried her
through one of the large, heavily-draped windows to
a pleasant balcony, from which a flight of steps led into
a quiet garden. There was no water at hand; so he
gathered a large rose, drenched in dew, and passed it
gently over her pale face, that looked yet paler in the
moonlight. When she regained her consciousness, and
found his tall, ungainly figure bending over the chair in
which he had placed her, she started up in terror; but
her trembling limbs refused to support her, and she fell
back again.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Wilton; it is only I."
The last words were uttered in a melancholy tone,
which she now remembered to have often heard in his
voice when addressing her. The web of Fate seemed to
be closing around her. She turned away, and rested
her cheek upon her hand.

"Can I leave you safely for a moment," he asked,
"while I fetch some restoratives? Lean back in this
way, and then if the faintness should return, you will be
in no danger of falling."

She noticed that his hands trembled as he reverently
placed her in a secure position; and again the faintness
stole over her senses; but he perceived it not, and ha-
stened into the house. On his return with a glass of wine,
he found her at a little distance from the chair, support-
ing her tottering steps by clinging to the balcony railing
as she crept along.

"What are you doing? Where are you going?" he
exclaimed, circling her pliant waist with one of his long
powerful arms, just as she was about to fall from the rail-
ing. She was about to fall to the ground.

"I've had a bad motion—I want to get into the
garden," she murmured, making a feeble effort to dis-
engage herself.

"Think this first, and then you shall go."
She drank the wine, which invigorated her so much
that she was able, with the assistance of his arm, to de-
scend into the garden. They walked in silence through
the winding shrubby path, walked in and roamed with
interlacing boughs and flowing shrubs; it was just
"That lovely time when spring and summer meet—
Delightful May, or the young days of June;"
and the air, though fresh and exhilarating, was filled with
perfume. They emerged from the deep shadow of the
covered walk, and still not a word had been spoken by
either.

"Do you ever walk through that wood by night?" he
asked, as they passed an ivy-clothed paling, through
which a small gate gave access to a solemn mass of fol-
iage beyond. "No." "Then let us go now."

"No, no," she said, hanging back timidly, "the gate
is locked, we cannot get in."
"That is easily managed; I will lift you over. You
are not afraid are you? No—you could not be so afraid
of me."

The last words were uttered in the tones of the deepest
melancholy, and so softly, that nothing but the dead still-
ness of the air around enabled her to catch them. The
meshes of the web of fate were drawing close around her,
and she strove in vain to frame a refusal, as he lifted her
gently over the railing. He had always appeared so quiet
and passive, that she had no idea of his immense
strength, until she felt herself thus wafted from the fami-
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press that he saw in her, the temple of the divinity to
which fervent hymns were breathed! In her heart
she contrasted this homage which acknowledged her
equality with the lowly laying at her feet the lowest wor-
ship, with the affected adoration of her affianced husband,
who only raised her to the "natural inferiority of woman"
to the elevation of a goddess, because he condescended
to honor her with his adoration.

The last words died away and with them the courage
and animation of the speaker. A silence, that became
every moment more oppressive, ensued. Constance
found no words to praise, nor Eustace to comment;
and while she trembled to give too flattering a construc-
tion to his tones, his heart sank at not receiving the praises
that he had hoped to receive, and he stood silent and
frightened at the

"Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An indistinguishable throng,
which agitated her breast, Constance at length started up
saying hurriedly, "It must be very late; we had better
return."

He hesitatingly offered his arm, which she, fearing to
take it when offered so equivocally, feigned not to see.
His arm dropped to his side, and then she would have
given the word to recall the unintentional slight. And
then they retraced their steps side by side, but not, as be-
fore, arm-in-arm.

"She has penetrated my secret, and she seems now
to be engaged in a painful reflection; but this terrible
silence must be broken, Mr. Montgomery has derived
considerable benefit from mesmerism, has he not, Miss
Wilton?"

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, stopping short. "I
had totally forgotten him; and I left him in a trance!
Will it hurt him?"

"I think not. But is it possible you could have for-
gotten him?"

"I had, indeed. He is not so agreeable when present
as I should dream of him when absent."
"Have you quarrelled with him?"

"He is not worth a quarrel."
"You astonish me! Do you not, then—oh, pray let
our long friendship be my excuse for asking this question—
do you not love him as you used to do?"

"I never loved him," she answered, with an accent of
melancholy scorn upon the word "loved." "I tried to
do so because, by my dear grandmother's wish, we
were betrothed; and even now, when I see his beauti-
ful face and the influence of mesmerism, purified from
his habitual coxcombry, I feel that I could love him very
dearly if he were to remain so always. But such love
could not bring me happiness. A pretty puppet, obey-
ing my wishes—echoing my thoughts—bending to my
will—and pleasing my eyes only with his external lov-
eliness (for you must confess he is beautiful)—too beau-
tiful for a man; such is not the being whom I could re-
ference as should wish to reverence a husband. Once,
for a few moments," she continued, speaking hurriedly,
and in an agitated voice, "I felt the sensation of being
protected. Self-sufficing and independent as you may
think me, this feeling was so delightful that I shall never
be satisfied without it. Is Eustace the wise coun-
sellor—the calm, clear-headed friend—the intellectual
companion who would guide and support my steps
through life?"

"Will you take my arm?" murmured Eustace, as he
found her still after a piece of broad ground. Was it
his imagination that deceived him, or did she really press
that arm gently against her side as she passed her with-
in it? Oh, no, Mr. Eustace, a capital guide and
support you'd be for another person's faltering steps,
when your own feet are as if you had been drinking cham-
pagne. "There is one impediment to my breaking off
with Eustace," pursued Constance, summoning resolu-
tion to say something that was very unpleasant, but
which her companion's unsteady steps warned her must
be said, and that speedily. "By the conditions of my
grandmother's will, if specified, that if either should de-
scend this marriage, on which she had set her heart,
he or she forfeits his or her share of the property."

"Thank God!—now then, I may speak!" exclaimed
Eustace, in an ecstasy; because I am poor, the idea of
your wealth has been hanging round your neck for these
two years, and prevented my seeking that intimate
friendship which I felt sure you would have accorded to
me. But what you have said this evening with regard
to your feelings towards your cousin, and some strange
sympathies that seem to have been awakened since we
came into this wood together, and also what you have
just told me about the will, embolden me to speak freely.
But is there need of speech? Constance! let me see
your eyes!"

He stepped in a gleam of moonlight. She looked up
into his face, and in another minute she was folded in
his breast, and his first impassioned kiss was printed on
her lips. And was this the same scientific book-worm,
who came and went so complacently that Constance
scarcely noticed his presence unless she was in want of
some information, in which case she had recourse to him
as a cyclopaedia!

"Is it not strange?" said Constance, as, encircled by
his arm, she strode the wood-paths again, not, however,
towards home—"is it not strange that Eustace should
tell this to-night? When slightly clairvoyant, I asked him
who would be my husband; he replied, with an effort,
"the step is on the stair." In a moment you came in,
and quite overcome by a strange feeling of terror, I faint-
ed; afterwards, on the balcony, I experienced a faint
desire to get into the garden and hide myself from
you; and yet all the while I should have been very much
disappointed if you had not found me."

And so they went on—talking, talking—like two quiet
streams that, when they flow together, babble continually
in their crossing currents.

What a glorious moonlight walk that was! How many
confessions were made! How often had he sat in her
library, apparently absorbed in a book, while every
sense was lost in the single consciousness of her presence!
And once, when she required an explanation of some
scientific terms, he had stooped so low to look at the
book she held that his face touched her hair; and how
for months afterwards he lived in hopes that she would
come to another difficulty in her reading; and how he
used to look at Eustace Montgomery, and then at him-
self in a glass, and wonder how he dared, even in
thought, put such a rough-hewn brute in comparison
with such an Adonis; and how, when she asked him to
show her the mesmeric passing, he trembled with joy
to think that she might be going to ask him to mesme-
ricize her; and how he felt ready to hang himself when
he found she intended to practice it herself to cure Eustace
of his headaches; and how Constance had tried to frame
objections to going into the wood, but could not utter
them; and how she felt as though a fine net-work had
been cast over her which she could not shake off and how
she had felt a strange dislike to him until the moment
when he lifted her over the paling; and how, after that,
the thrallism in which she seemed to hold her had been
pleasanter than perfect liberty; and how she had felt his
eyes were fixed on her when he was reciting; and how
she had been conscious that he loved her, but feared, she
knew not why, to give him a chance of saying so. But
wherefore repeat all this? Everybody who has taken a
moonlight walk, or anything equivalent, can imagine it;
and any one who has not, would only find the details di-
tasteful.

Briefly, then two hours longer did the forgotten Eus-
tace recline in his easy chair, before the lovers slowly as-
cended to the balcony, still deep in talk, as though they
had been parted for years, and had many an important
adventure to relate.

"What's to be done with him?" said Constance, "if
I awake him now, he will certainly suspect something;
for it is nearly three o'clock."
"Are the servants gone to bed?" inquired Eustace.
"Oh, yes—long ago. They know that perfect stillness
is requisite while Eustace is set to sleep, and so they re-
turn without disturbing us."

"Then we can easily dispose of Adonis. Tell him
to go to bed, and awake at seven. He'll know nothing
about it in the morning. Poor fellow!" he added with a
sigh as Eustace, still in the mesmeric trance walked off
to bed—"poor fellow! it would be cruel to wake him now
and tell him of the sad reverse that has taken place in
his prospects."

"Reverse!" cried Constance, with a merry laugh;
"he'll think he has by far the best of the bargain. Why
he will have all the property, without the incumbrance
of my fastidious self; and so I shall lose that crowning
of human perfection, Eustace Montgomery!"

"Nay, my Constance; exclaim; as he undoubtedly is,
he is not such an egregious ass as you think him."
"We shall see," she replied, confidently; "come early,
and we will tell him together. And now—good-night—
—ah! I feel so happy!"

"Then what are these tears for? Foolish one! Happy
are you, in giving up wealth for such an ugly fellow as
I am?"

"You are all that my eyes desire to rest upon—all that
my arms long to encircle—and what could I wish for
more? I would not have you altered for the world, &c.
Query: Do leave-taking, under these circumstances,
usually occupy an hour?"

Early the next morning, Constance took her place at
the breakfast table. Her placid old aunt, who lived in
the house and personified propriety, looked at her through
her spectacles, and marvelled at the bright glow on her
cheek and the brilliancy of her eyes.

"How the deuce did I get to bed last night?" said
Eustace, lounging into the room.
"Oh! you went at my bidding in the trance, under
orders to awake at seven."

"What new freak was that?" asked the innocent old
aunt. But who could depict the look of impatient com-
passion, which manifested on the young man's features as
he leaned back in his chair, and daintily stirred his
coffee.

"The fact was," he at length lisped forth, "that you
stayed there admiring me so long, that you were aston-
ished to let me know what time it was. Ha—ha—ha—"
"The fact was," said Constance sharply, while an
angry flush overspread her brow, "that I did leave you
in the trance till very late, but it was because I was
talking a walk and totally forgot you."
"Talking a walk!" repeated she, assuming an air
of authority; "good heavens, Miss Wilton, what do you
mean?"

"Simply what I said," replied Constance, "but let
your breakfast; we'll talk about all that by-and-by."
There is a stop on the gravelled path—a tap at the
window—and a rich voice says, "My I come in!"
Eustace had started up. "Oh! it's only Englehart,"
he said, and sank back again.

"Yes! it's only Englehart," repeated Constance meet-
ing him, and placing both her hands within his. A few
whispered words that led to advanced to the old lady.
"Pretty well, I thank you, sir," she answered to his salu-
tation; "but how did you come?"

"Through the wood and over the garden paling,"—
Constance intoned, and Englehart bit his lips.
Breakfast over, Miss Wilton announced to her aunt
and cousin that she had requested Mr. Englehart's pro-
fession as a witness to an important business transaction.
She then begged her aunt to produce a copy of her grand-
mother's will, in which was duly found the clause heretofore
mentioned, by which the property was to be divided into
two equal shares, the one to be held in fee, the other to be
held for an annuity of two hundred pounds a year.

"And now, Eustace; I must tell you that you are free
from your engagement to me. The undivided portion
of the large property we were to have shared, will,
I know, more than compensate you for the loss of an-
other who never loved. We shall be better friends,
I doubt not, when free, than we ever could be while yoked
together, and dragging in opposite directions. For my-
self, I think my freedom, and the power to give my hand
whom my heart is, and she put her hand into Englehart's,
"would be cheaply purchased by twice the amount
I resign you."

Eustace started at her astonishment. Then he sur-
veyed himself from head to foot in a mirror; looked at
Englehart, and burst into a loud laugh.
"Laugh away—I can afford your ridicule," said his rival,
good humoredly.

"And this is the result of your last night's walk, is it
Constance?"
"Precisely. Furthermore, your foretold what was to
happen while you were in the trance."
"By Jupiter!" muttered Eustace, "I would be mesme-
ricized again if I thought it would turn to such good
account."

Constance and Englehart were married soon after in a
very quiet, unostentatious fashion, and settled in a beauti-
ful little cottage on the borders of the wood which had
witnessed their moonlight walk. What mattered it that
she no longer owned the stately terrace that composed it?
Their shades were hers, and their beauty; and the many
pleasant associations that hung about them were as com-
pletely hers as though her first could have consigned their
noble trunks to the axe and the saw-pit.

ADVICE FOR SUMMER.
Don't gorge yourself. We hate a glut on all times, but
especially in summer. It is monstrous to see men, when
the mercury is up to 93, eat a pound of fat meat down
their throats. Don't you know that animal food increases
the bile? Eat sparingly, and be sure and masticate
what you eat. Don't boot your food like an anconada.
"Take exercise early in the morning. Ah! what fools
we are to sweat in bed, when the cool breezes of the morn-
ing invite us forth, and the birds and the dew, and
streams are murmuring in their own quiet way, pleasant
music which arouses a kindred melody in the soul."

Be good natured. Don't get into any angry discussion
on politics or religion. There will be time enough to
talk the former over when the weather becomes cooler,
and for the latter, the less you quarrel about it the bet-
ter. Religion is a good thing, but when you fight in its
name, you show yourselves ignorant of its principles,
and unworthy by its influence.

Bathe often—three times a week—every day. The
exposure is nothing to the benefit derived. If you would
enjoy health, have a clear head, a sweet stomach, a cheer-
ful disposition, put your carcass under the water every
day, and when you emerge use the brush vigorously for
five minutes. There is nothing like the pure bracing
water. We never dip beneath its surface without thank-
ing God for having placed such a health-promoting ele-
ment within our reach.

Non-Resistance—"Why did you not take the arm
of my brother last night?" said a young lady to her friend
a very intelligent girl, about nineteen, in a large town
near Lake Ontario. She replied, "Because I knew him to be a
licentious young man." "Nonsense," was the answer of
the latter, "if you refuse the attentions of all licentious
men, you will have none at all, I can assure you."
"Very well," said her friend, "then I can dispense with
them altogether—for I tell you that my resolution on the
point is unalterably and immovably fixed." How long
do you think it would take to revolutionize society, were
all young ladies to adopt this resolution?

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY J. G. WHITTELL.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft, brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's soft whisper, breathed a prayer.

Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sweltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelled with the charms it hid,
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a hair and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like snow-flake, white and mute;

And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She looked that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God! I souls unsoiled as these,
Need daily mercy from thy throne;
Ere, upon her benediction—
Our holiest and our purest one—
She with a face so pure and bright,
We deem her some stray child of night;
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What fair, far deeper need have we?

How hardy, if she win not heaven
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

THE SUPREME POWER.

"It has been as beautiful as truly said, that the un-
wieldy astronomer is mad." The same remark might with
equal force and justice be applied to the undevout geo-
logist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more ex-
traneous can be named, than that the grand and far-
reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile
to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very
contrary, to lead the inquirer, step by step, into the im-
mediate presence of that tremendous Power, which could
alone produce and can alone account for the primitive
convulsions of the globe, as the profane gravities in eter-
nal characters on the side of its base and cloud-piercing
mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the
strata that compose its surface, and which are also, day
by day and night by hour, at work, to feed the fire of the
volcano, pour forth its molten dross, or to compound the
salubrious elements of the mineral fountain, which
spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry
heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe
of their magnitude, mystery of their secret and reciprocal
influences, the bewildering conceptions of their distance.
Sense and science are at war. The sparkling gem that
glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into
a mighty orb—the source of light and heat, the contrary of
illumination, the sun of a system like our own. The beau-
tiful planet which lingers in the western sky, when the
sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning
—whose mild and lovely beam seems to shed a spirit of
tranquility, not unmingled with sadness, nor far removed
from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders
forth in solitude to behold it—in the contemplation of
science, a cloud-wrapt sphere—a world of rugged moun-
tains and stormy deserts. We study, we reason, we
calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to
the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest
analysis and flee to the uppermost parts of creation, and
then shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle
in the vault of night, the well instructed mind sees open-
ing before it in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism
of the heavens. In planets swirl into worlds. Its crowd-
ing stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we
hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them.
The bands of Orion are loosed, and the sparkling rays