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A Beautiful Poem.

THANK GOD FOR SUMMER

DY ELIZA COOK. Hoven the Winter once with all my soul, And longed for snow-storms, hall and mantle skies; And sang their praises in as gay a troll As Troubadours have poured to beauty's eyes.

I deemed the hard black frost a pleasant thing, For loga blazed high, and horses' hoofs rung out And wild birds came with tame and gentle wing

To eat the bread my young hand flung about. But I have walked into the world since then.

Where the grim Icc-King levels babes and men With bloodless spear, that pierces through and through.

I know now, there are those who sink and lie Upon a stone bed at the dead of night. I know the roofless and unfed must die, When even lips at Plenty's Feast turn white.

And now, whene'er I hear the cuckoo's song In hudding woods, I bless the Joyous comer. While my heart runs a cadence in a throng Of hopeful notes, that say-"Thank God for summer."

I've learnt that sunshine bringeth more than flowers. And fruits, and forest leaves to cheer the earth; For I have seen sad spirits, like dark bower, Light up beneath it with a grateful mirth.

The aged limbs that quiver in their task Of dragging life on, when the north wind goads-Taste once again contentment, as they bask

In the straight beams that warm their church-yard road And Childhood-poor, pinched Childhood-half forgets The starving pittance of our cottage homes: When he can leave the hearth, an I chase the nets Of gassamer that cross him as he roams,

The moping idiot seemeth less distraught When he can sit upon the grass all day, An I laugh, and clutch the blades, as though he thought

The yellow sun-rays challenged him to play. Ab! dearly now I hait the nightingale, And greet the bee—the merry going hummer— And when the lifes peep to sweet and pale,

I kiss their cheeks, and say - "Thank God for Sum Feet that limp, blue and bleeding, as they go

For dainty cresses in December's dawn, Can wade and dabble in the brooklet's flow, And woo the gurgles on a July morn. The tired pilgrim, who would shrink with dread If Winter's drowsy torpor fulled his brain,

Is free to choose his mossy Summer bed, And sleep his hour or two in some green lane. Oh! Ice-toothed King, I love I you once-but now

I never see you come without a pang Of hopele s pity shadowing my brow. To think how maked flesh must feel your fang.

My eyes watch now to see the elms unfold, And my ears listen to the callow rook, I hunt the palm-trees for their first rich gold, To pry for violets in the southern rook;

And when fair Flora sends the butterfly Painted and spangled, as her herald mummer; "Now for warm holidays," my heart will cry, "The poor will suffer less :- Thank God for Summer,"

A Romantie Lone Cale LOVE AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

п ч м. А. в. From the Message Bird. "Sleep, sleep on: forget thy pain; My hand is on thy brow, My spirit on thy brain.—Shelley.

Iv a large apartment, whose deep crimson walls and heavy draperies looked doubly gloomy by the dim light of a shaded lamp that stood on a centre-table, reclined a young man in a massive easy-chair. The full light from the lamp feel from under its shade, upon his pale and motionless features: so pale, so motionless in their marble rigidity that they might have been taken for the creation of some sculptor's hand, but for the modern habiliments and the clustering masses of dark brown hair .-By his side stood a female figure, almost as still and lifemore haughty and commanding than his; and both were covered walk, and still not a word had been spoken by so tranquil that they looked like a corpse watching a cither. corpse. The lady was the first to give any tokens of

"Do you feel better?" "Oh, much-much beiter. 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."

"Sleep on, then," she said; and his graceful head, fraid of mc." with its thickly clustering auburn curls, sank back again upon the volvet chair: she knelt beside him and gazed long and carnestly into his face.

As seen thus together, the two bore a striking resemblance to each other. Feature by feature might be scan-

"Good heavens! how beautiful he looks!" she exan attitude of adoration. "How I could love him, if he strong arm that supported her she felt more than mere was always like this? Eustace, do you know that you physical protection. By something resembling the mysare beautiful?"

"Of course I do," was the ready answer. "Should I be happy if I married you?"

"No!" he answered sadly. "The husband with whom you could live happily must possess a mind that would rustling among the dried leaves startled her. "Do not insure your respect. It is only by appealing to your be afraid," he said pressing her arm gently to his own; higher feelings that your best and truest affections can wit is only a hare, as justly alarmed at you, as you at it. be won. You regard me only as a disagreeable, imper- See yonder-down in that open glade-there are a host tment coxcomb when I am awake; but when I am mes- of them gamboling in the moonshine." merized, as now, you love me for my beauty. It is contemptible for a man to love a woman only for her personal attractions, but for a woman to love a man for his she had met only with those who had yielded to the imbeautiful face and curly hair! -it is detestable!"

"And yet I do love you. Eustace," said the maiden, drawing her companion's head upon her shoulder, as grandmother had brought her up, whose grand maxims she sat beside him. "You are so beautiful, I cannot

help loving you!" "But you do not respect me!"

"That's but too true," she responded with a deep sigh-"What a mistake it was in my good old igrand-

mother to conx me into an engagement with you." ... "She did it for the best; for she thought that if I possessed few good qualities, I had no great vices: and she heeded companion of this moonlight ramble. died happy in the belief that she had thus preserved you from the miseries of an ill-assorted marriage."

"lil-assorted!" cried the young lady; "good Heaven! what could be werse-asserted than a match between me, who worship all that is noble and intellectual in human nature-and you who worship nothing but your own

speak so sagely even to save your peerless mustache."-"My mind is now but the reflex of yours," he answered, in the quiet tone in which he had before spokeng

happiness in marrying you?"

"None! none! I can tell that. All clee is a blank." "Yet, look once again," she exclaimed eagerly; "try to discover the being, if such a one exists, who is destined by the secret affinities of nature, to satisfy my soul's yearning for something to love and reverence. Oh! is 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 endeavoring to catch some object that flitted in the distance .-Striving as earnestly to read his countenance, as he to decipher the mysterious Unknown, Constance knelt be-

"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 deep-

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

The door opened, and the slow and measured footsteps neared her, each falling upon her quivering sonses 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, unmoved; but on this occasion, as she en- that I should dream of him when absent." 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-draperied windows to a pleasant balcony, from which a flight of steps led into gathered a large rose, drenched in dew, and passed it back again.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Wilton; it is only I."

her cheek upon her hand. way, and then if the faintness should return, you will be more be satisfied without it. Is Eustace the wise counin no danger of falling."

She noticed that his hands trembled as he reverently placed her in a secure position; and again the faintness through life?" stole over her senses; but he preceived it not, and hastened into the house. On his return with a glass of wine, her foot slipped over a piece of broken ground. Was it "Pretty well, I thank you, sir," she answered to his salhe found her at a little distance from the chair, support-

xclaimed, circling her pliant waist with one of his long powerful arms, just as relinquishing her hold on the rail-

ing, she was about to fall to the ground. garden," she murmured, making a feeble effort to disengage herself.

"Drink 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- he or she forfeits his or her share of the property," scend into the garden. They walked in silence through the winding shrubbery path, walled in and roofed with

interlacing boughs and flowering 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 exhibarating, was filled with loss as himself. Her face was not less beautiful, but perfume. They emerged from the deep shadow of the

. "Did you ever walk through that wood by night?" he animation. Passing her hand caressingly over her com- asked, as they passed an ivy-clothed paling, through panion's ivory brow and blue-veined eyelids, she said in which a small gate gave access to a solem mass of foilage 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.

are not afraid are you? No-no-you could not be a-

The last words were uttored 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 by vain to frame a refusal, as he lifted her ned, and found almost precisely alike. There was the gently over the paling. He had always appeared so quisame finely chisseled nose-the same rosy mouth, with et and passive, that she had no idea of his immense its short, proud upper lip-the same classical chin-the strength, until she felt herself thus wasted from the famisame pillar-like throat, and broad white forchead. The liar garden into the shadow of the dark wood, whose penchief difference was that in his short crisp curls and dent boughs seemed to shut her in from the world as comslight mustache, might be read the outward signs of man - pletely as the encompassing spirit which hovered over hood; while in the mind beaming from her face, and hers, and was rapidly drawing it to himself. Leaning above all, the carnest gaze of her clear eye, was visible upon his arm, she walked on beneath the "high embow the mental power that is usually attributed to the strong- ed roof," through which, by fits, the moonlight poured in a rich stream, making the surrounding shades more gloomy by the contrast. The hush of nature fell upon claimed, starting up and bonding over the young man in ther soul and stilled its discontented heavings; in the tic power which had subdued her cousin to her haughty will, she felt that arm to be but a type of the intellectual strongth which could bow her to a sweet and willing thraldom. And still they walked on in silence. A sudden

> She clung closer to his side; the sonso of being protected was new and delightful to her, for from her infancy petuosity of her character. She had known no controling hand of either parent or guardian. A doting old were that "Constance was always right," and "Constance must not be thwarted." But her woman's heart yeart yearned for something to rest upon; something of strongth sufficient to support all the tender feelings which she had vainly endeavored to twine round that conceited entity-her cousin Eustage; and that something she seemed suddenly to have discovered in the hitherto un

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. Englebart leaned against a branch of the same tree, and recited to her Shelley's magnificent hymn "to Intellectual Beauty." He possessed, in a high deprotly face in a looking-glass?" and she flung him in- gree, that rareat accomplishment, the art of reading well; dignantly from her. At another time you could not and now his sonerous voice fell upon her ear, every tone

"You do indeed utter my thoughts; but can you not press that he saw in her, the temple of the divinity to go beyond? Can you not become clairvoyant? Try! which that forvent hymn was breathed! In her heart look beyond the range of my intelligence. Read, if you she contrasted this homage which acknowledged her can, the future! Say, at least, if I have any chance of equality while timidly laying at her feet the lowliest worship, with the affected adoration of her affianced husband, who only raised her from the "natural inferiority of woman" to the elevation of a godess, because he condescon-

ded to honor her with his admiration. The last words died away and with them the courage and animation of the speaker. A silence, that became there such a being on the earth? or is all this world of every moment more oppressive, ensued. Constance found no words to praise, nor Englehart to comment; and while she trembled to give too flattering a construction to his tones, his heart sank at not receiving the praises that her rapt attention had led him to expect. Frightened at the

"Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,

which agitated her breast, Constance at length started up saying harriedly, "It must be very late; we had better

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 world to recall the unintentional slight. And thou they retraced their steps side by side, but not, as before, arm-in-arm.

"She has pencirated my secret, and she scorns me," was Englehart's mournful 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 bim?"

"I think not. But is it possible you could have for otton him? "I had, indeed. He is not so agreeable when present

"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 questiondo you not love him as you used to do?"

"I never local him," she answered, with an accent of a quiet garden. There was no water at hand; so he melancholy scorn upon the word "loved." "I tried he leaned back in his chair, and daintily stirred his to do so because, by my dear grandmother's wish, we coffee, gently over her pale face, that looked yet paler in the were bethrothed; and even now, when I see his beautimoonlight. When she regained her consciousness, and ful face ander the influence of mesmerism, purified from found his tall, ungainly figure bending over the chair in his habitual coxcombry, I feel that I could love him very which he had placed her, she started up in terror; but dearly if he were to remain so always. But such love her trembling limbs refused to support her, and she fell could not bring me happiness. A pretty puppet, obeying my wishes-echeing my thoughts-bending to my will-and pleasing my eyes only with his external love-The last words were uttered in a meleanchely tone, liness (for you must confess he is beautiful-too beautiwhich she now remembered to have often heard in his ful for a man;) such is not the being whom I could revoice when addressing her. The web of Fate seemed verence as I should wish to reverence a husband. Once, to be closing around her. She turned away, and rested for a few moments." she continued, speaking hurriedly. and in an agitated voice, "I felt the sensetion of being "Can I leave you safely for a moment," he asked, protected. Self-sufficing and independent as you may while I fetch some restoratives? Lean back in this think me, this feeling was so delightful that I shall never sellor-the calm, clear-headed friend-the intellectual companion who would guide and support my steps

"Will you take my arm?" murmured Engleharte as his imagination that deceived him, or did she really press ing her tottering steps by clinging to the balcony railing | that arm gently against her side as she passed hers within it? Oh no, Mr. Englehart, a capital guide and sup-"What are you doing? Where are you going?" he port you'd be for another person's fultering steps, when your own reel about as if you had been drink pagne, "There is one impediment to my breaking off cline this marriage, on which she had so set her heart,

"Thank God!-now, then, I may speak!" exclaimed Englehart, in an ectasy; 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

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

"Is it not strange?" said Constance, as, encircled by his arm, she tred the wood-paths again, not, however, towards home-"is it not strange that Eustace foretold this to-night? When slightly claircoyant, I asked him who would be my husband; he replied, with an effort, 'the stop is on the stair.' In a moment you came in; and quite overcome by a strange feeling of terror, I faintdisappointed if you had not found me."

And so they went on-talking, talking-like two quiet streams that, when they flow together, babble continually

n 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 Eustaco Montgomery, and then at himself in a glass, and wonder how he dared, even in thought, put such a rough-hown brute in comparison with such an Adonis; and how, when she asked him to to show her the mesmeric passes, he trembled with joy to think that she might be going to ask him to mesmerize her; and how he felt ready to hang himself when he found she indended 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 pailing; and how, after that, the thraldom in which he 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 leved 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 to-

dious.

Briefly, then two hours longer did the forgetten Eustace recline in his easy chair, before the lovers slowly as-

"What's to be done with him?" said Constance; "if awake him now, he will certainly suspect something; for it is nearly three o'clock."

"Are the servants gone to bed?" inquired Englehart "Oh, yes-long ago. They know that perfect stillness requisite while Eustace is set to sleep, and so they retire 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 tranco 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 bargin. 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, nay, Constance; coxcomb, as he undoubtedly s, he is not such an egregious ass as you think him." "We shall see," she replied, confidently: "come cary, and we will tell hun together. And now-good-night -oh! I feel so happy!"

"Then what are those tears for? Foolish one! Happy are you, in giving up wealth for such an ugly fellow a

"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-takings, under these circumstances usually occupy an hour?

Early the next morning, Constance took her place at the broakfast 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.

Eustace, lounging into the room. "Oh! you went at my bidding in the trance, under

orders to awake at seven." "What now freak was that?" asked the innocent old aunt. But who could depict the look of importinent compassion which mantled on the young man's features as

"The fact was," he at length lisped forth, "that you stayed there admiring me so long, that you were ashamed to let me know what time it was. Ha!-ha!-" "The fact was," said Constance sharply, while an angry flush overspread her brow, "that I did leave you n the trance till very lale, but it was because I was

aking a walk and totally forgot you." "Taking a walk!" repeated the fop, assuming an sir fauthority; "good heavens, Miss Wilton, what do you

"Simply what I said," replied Constance: "but eat our breakfast; we'll talk about all that by-and-by." There is a step on the gravelled path-a tap at the window-and a rich voice that says, "May I come in?" Enstace had started up, "Oh! it's only Englehart," he said, and sank back ugain.

"Yes! it's only Englehart," repeated Constance meetng him, and placing both her hands within his. A few whispered words and then he advanced to the old ladv. utation: "but how did you come?"

"Through the wood and over the garden paling."-Constance tittered, and Englehart bit his lips. Brenkfast over, Miss Wiltsn announced to her aunt

consin that she had requested Mr. Englehart's preonce as a witness to an important business transaction. with Eustace," pursued Constance, summoning resolu- She then begged her aunt to produce a copy of her grand-"I want air-I want motion-I want to get into the tion to say something that was very unpleasant, but mother's will, in which was duly found the clause wherewhich her companion's unsteady steps warned her must by either of them declining to fulfill the contract was to be said, and that speedily. "by the conditions of my lose all claim to the property. Fortunately, however, a grandmother's will, it is specified, that if either should de- | codicil provided that such forfeiture should be initigated by 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 possession of the large property we were to have shared, will, I know, more than compensate you for the loss of one witom you never loved. We shall be better friends, I doubt not, when free, than we ever could be while voked together, and dragging in opposite directions. For myself, I think my freedom, and the power to give my hand where my heart is," and she put her hand into Englehart's, "would be cheaply purchased by twice the amount I resign you."

Eustace stared at her in astonishment. Then he surveyed 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

"Precisely. Furthermore, you foretold what was to happen while you were in the trance." "By Jupiter!" muttered Eustace, "I would be mes

merized again if I thought it would turn to such good account." Constance and Englehart were married soon after in a

very quier, unostentatious fushion, and settled in a beautiful little cottage on the borders of the wood which had witnessed their moonlight walk. What unttered it that she no longer owned the stately trees that composed it? Afterwards, on the balcony, I experienced a strong Their shade was hers, and their beauty; and the many desire to get down into the garden and hide mysulf from pleasant associations that hung about them were as comyou; and yet all the while I should have been very much | pletely hers as though her fixt could have consigned their noble trunks to the axe and the saw pit.

ADVICE FOR SUMMER.

Don't germandize. We hate a glutton at all times, bu especially in summer. It is monstrous to see men, when the mercury is up to 93, cram a pound of fat meat down their throats. Don't you know that animal food increases the bile? Ent sparingly, and be sure and masticate what you eat. Don't bolt your food like an anaconda .--Take exercise early in the morning. All! what fools we are to sweat in bed, when the cool breezes of the morning invite us forth, and the birds and the dew, and streams are murmuring, in their own quiet way, pleasant music which arouse 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 as for the latter, the less you quarrel about it the bet- the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of those salubriter. Religion is a good thing, but when you fight in its ous mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters name, you show yourselves ignorant of its principles, as a gift from the outstretched, though invisible, hand of and unswaved by its influence.

Bathe often-three times a week-every day. The exposure is nothing to the benefits derived. If you would enjoy health, have a clear head, a sweet stomach, a cheer ful disposition, put your carcass under the water ever 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 thanking God for having placed such a health-promoting element within our reach.

Noniz Example .- "Why did you not take the arm of a very intelligent girl, about ninteen, 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 sister, "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

Poetry and, Miscellany.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY J. G. WILLTTIER. 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 lines on her breast Just swelling with the charms it hid. And from her long and flowing dress Escaped a hare 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 bowed that slight and matchless form And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God! if souls unsoiled as these, Need daily mercy from thy throne; If she, upon her bended knees-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 far, far deeper need have we! How hardly, if she win not heaven Will our wild errors be forgiven!

THE SUPREME POWER.

"It has been as beautiful as truly said, that the undeout astronimer is mad." The same remark might with equal force and justice be spplied to the undevout goologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more ex-"How the deuce did I get to bed last night?" said travigant can be named, than that the grand and farreaching 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 immediate presence of that tremendious Power, which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, as the proofs are graven in eternal characters on the side of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that composes its surface, and which are also, day by day and hour by hour, at work, to feed the fires of the volcano, pour fourth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains, which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavans, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awo of their magnitude, mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the bowildering conceptions of their distances. Senso and science are at war. The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science in to a mighty orb-the source of light and heat, the centry of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful 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 unmixed with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solutude to behold it-is in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere—a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. 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 radient points that twinkle in the vault of night, the well instructed mind sees openof the heavans. Its planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand, become control suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them. The bands of Orion are loosed, and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavans. The conslusions which we reach are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises from which it is deducted; and

> shepard, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense. But in the province of geology, there are some subjects in which the sense seems, as it were led up into the laboratory of divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the Capitel at Washington .-He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size and form and material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium in which they are now imbedded, then a liquid sea of marble, which was hardened into the solid, ustrious and varigated mass before his eye, in the very

man, poor frail man, sinks back to the earth and sighs to

worship again, with the innocence of a child or Chaldean

Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its cruptions, and conemplate the glazy stream of molten rocks, that cozes quietly at his feet, encasing the surface of the mountain as it cools with a most black and stygian crust, or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the volcanic island, which arose a few years since in the neighborhood of Malta, spouting flames, from the depth of the se'a; or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Antartic ocean, who, finding the centre of a small island to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his fail, and at the same time its outstanding debts were not voyages, sailed through an opening in its sides, where the coan had found its way, and moored his ship in the lected by the assignees. The late Major Russell once smouldering crater of a recently extenguished volcano.-Or finally, let him survey the striking phenomenon which our author has described, and which has led us to this train of remark, a mineral fountain of salubrious qualities of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the great rage ordered him to stop his paper. "I'll be d-d." earth in the region where it is found, compounded with numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and to pay for it!" The old secondrel had read the paper for known to have been flowing from its scoret springs, as at the present day, at least for eight hundred years, unchanged, exhausted. The religious of the elder world in an early stage of civilization placed a genius of a divinity by the side of every spring which gushed from the rocks, or flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely it would be no weakness for a thoughtful man, who should resort for

THE MAN THAT KILLED THE MONKEY.

an everywhere present and benignant Power .- Edward

The Recorder's dock was yesterday filled with perons of all sorts and all classes. The drover from the West, who instead of solling his horses, got sold himself; the Bowery b'hoy,' just arrived from New York; the poor Irishman, whose only fault was that he loved liberty, potatoes and whiskey; and many others, with points of character, as an auctioneer would say, "too numerous my brother last night?" said a young lady to her friend to mention." Like a giant who had been dwindled down from his original propertions, by some process or other, Jack Lion stood up in the dock, the admired of all observers. Jack had a pair of corduroy pantaloons, red a vest, and a coarse blue blanket-coat. He had been picked up in the street for lying drunk, and was escorted to the guard-house by one of the faithful guardians of and now his sonorous voice fell upon nor 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 well did they example to exercise. And those tones, oh! how well did they example to exercise. And those tones, oh! how well did they example to exercise. And those tones, oh! how well did they example to exercise to exercise. And those tones, oh! how well did they example to exercise t ruddy, and his nose was the color of any ewl-cut beef- his situation,

steak. Jack was evidently a native of England, and had no boubt been born within the sound of the "Bow

"Jack Lion!" said the Recorder; and Jack instantly rose up, whimpering like a child, and after having wiped his eye with the sleeve of his coat, remarked, "I'm' ere

"Jack, you were brought up last night for having been found drunk in the streets-what have you to say for

"I ain't got nothin' pertickler to say for myself, sir, only that I'm a misfortunate man, and a wictim of con-

"What have you been doing, that causes you to make drunkard of yourself?"

"I've been doing nothin', your varship, but I once belonged to a carrywau!"

"A carrywan-what's that?" "A carrywan, your vurship, is a manajerry-a place in which hanimals is kept for public wiew, and for the information of the risin' generation, in order to instruct

'em into the rudiments of geology." "What did you do in the establishment that you speak of?' asked the Recorder, with a smile on his countenance. "I was an instructor and intimate friend of the beasts, and if your vurship will let me go on, I'll tell my tale."

"Go on," said the Recorder. "You see, sir, when I come from Liverpool, I arrived in New York, and got a sittiwation in Welch & Delavan's manajerry. I told 'em as 'ow I didn't know nothin' much about hannimals, but seein' that I was willin' they put me to takin' charge of the helephant. I had to wash his tusks and keep his trunk dry, 'cept when he wanted water. That heledhant was one on 'em sir; but after all tmy kindness to him, one day he broke the

bond of fellowship between us.' "How was that, Lion?" inquired the recorder. "I was givin' him a happle one mornin', which I found in the sawdust in the ring, and pokin' out his long snout, he took it with all the gracefulness in the world. I see his countenance all wreathed in smiles, and jist as as I was makin' some observations on the beautity of his fea-

tures, he give me a lick that knocked me against the cage of the kangaroo, as was located near him. At this pertickler moment, a little monkey as was a friend of mine, hopped down and lighted on the helebhant's neck. The big brute couldd't get hold of the little feller, and instead of plunging his tusks into me, he commenced runnin' round the ring. Oh; if your vurship had seen the tigers and lions lashing their tails-the zebra changin' its stripes-the bears tryin' to gnaw their iron bars-the poll-parrots screamin' all sorts of thingsthe camel raisin' his hump, and the rhinoceros elewatin' his snout, you'd a'most died with fear. There I laid. right by the cage of the long-legged kangaroo, that every now and then poked out his fore paw to grab me-an there was the helephant a trawersin' round, with poor little Jacko on his back. In a little while, sir, the helephant stopped his ramblin,' and the monkey run on to the top of his cage. I lowed the preservation of my precious life to that monkey, and yet I killed him!

Here Jack Lion burst into tears, but the Recorder, in a

peremptory tone, told him to go on. "Well, sir, the mankey and me got to be friends. I used to buy him ground-nuts and ginger-cakes, and all that sort of thing. When I used to give little Jacko anything, the leopords and hyenas would how as if hearkn and earth was coming together; the tigers would grin and gnash their teeth; the polar-bear, a werry respectable beast, in a white coat, would snarl, as much as to say, "On if Ihad you on a cake 'cice, wot a meal I'd have you!'still I didn't care; the monkey had saved my life, and agin I say I was grateful. One day the little feller took sick, and I went to the pothecary's to get some medicine. The pothicary's boy, instead of given' me magnesia, put up a paper of arsenic. Poor Jacko took the dose, and the consequence was, that in a few hours he was on his beem-hends, and Mr. Welch laid his foot on mine I was kicked out, sir, and over since I've been addicted

The Recorder told Jack that he might go, but never to come back again with the memory of the monkey on his conscience. The police officers said that the monkey spoken of by Jack was an ideal one, and that the real fact was, that he had a touch of the "red monkeys."-- N

NEWSPAPER CREDIT SYSTEM. The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, speaking of the National Intelligencer, says that the outstanding debts due to that establishment, are estimated at 400-

crallob 000 This shows the folly of the credit system in the newspaper business. The National Intelligencer is one of the oldest newspapers in the country; and we believe that its list of subscribers is on the score of respectability, wealth and mind, equal if not superior to that of any other essubstance of which he beholds a record of the convulsion | tablishment in the country. There is hardly a Whig planter in the Southern States but is a subscriber to the Intelligencer. There are hundreds of persons, men of wealth too, who have for years been receiving and reading that paper without contributing a cent to the support of its proprietors, two of the most generous hearted men in the printing business in the United States.

We doubt not that there are other subscription papers. the proprietors of which can tell as sad a story as that givon above. The loss to every paper of the kind is not less, on an average, than twenty per cent. per annum .--We know an instance which occurred in this city a few venrs ago, where an old establishment was compelled to less than \$26,900, not one quarter of which was ever colattempted to draw up his subscribers to a paying pointsome of them were indebted to him for twenty years' subscription. One of these, an old farmer, having received a lawyer's letter, called upon the Major, and in a said he, "if I will take a paper of any man who duns me over 20 years without paying a cent to its proprietor .-

IMPULSE. - Men, who are called impulsive, are much slandered. Are not the most noble, generous actions which adorn the annals of the world, referable to this agent? Reason is even exalted above impulse; but how lallible is reason! Is it not often opposed to faith, and does it not lead to the most dangerous errors? So far as the boundaries of our experience extend, warm impulso has prompted more good deeds than cold reason. We would sooner trust that man in whose breast glows the fire of enthusiasm, than him who, cool and collected at all times, seldom acts without suspicion, and often deliberates till the hour of advantage has passed. Faults. committed without reflection, are certainly not more venial than premeditated He who errs hastily repents sincerely: but the wrong done upon calculation is never willingly repaired. Would that society were more lenient to impulse! Even when productive of harm, it is unselfish, and the consequences to which it leads are hurtful to no one so much as to its possessor. Pity is no stranger to the impulsive man, and not seldem do the tears of sympathy fall from his eyes. To friendship he is faithful, and for love he would sacrifice both interest and worldly estoom. Let us be compassionate, therefore, to the errors of impulse, while we respect the calm

dictates of caution and prudence. The Lexington Budget says that "Mother Eve mar-