THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

The following is one of the fluest poems we have met with for a long time:

And he barred him in the valley in the land of Mos over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his se ulchre unto this day.—[Deut. xxxiv.; 6.]

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man siw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sed,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral

That was the grander, internal That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the trainpling—
Or saw the train go forth,
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the right is done.
And the crimson streak on occan's cheek
Grows into the great sun. ?

Noiselessly as the spring time Her crown of verdure waves.

And all the trees on all the hills

Open their thousand leaves;

So, without sound of music, Or voice of them that wept, Silently down from the mountain's crown,

The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle; Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth peer's height,
Out on his rocky cyrie
Looked on the wendrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallow'd spet;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth, His comrades in the war, With arms reversed and muffled drum, Follow the funeral car. They show the banners taken,
They tell his battle won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,

And after him lead his and While peaks the minute gun. And the noblest of the land Anda the noniest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor d place
With costly marble drest.
In the great minster transent,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choic sings, and the organ rings.
Along the emblazoned wall,

This was the bravest warrior That ever buckled sword; This the most pifted past That over breathed a word;

And nover earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?

And had he not high nover.
The hill-side for his pall,
To'lle in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall.
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave.
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave! In that deep grave without a nam

Whence this uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, most wondrous thought,
Before the Judgement Day; Before the Judgement Day; And stand with glory wrapt around On the hill he never trod, And speak of the strife that won our life With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O'dark licht-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still,
God with his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell; Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of time he loved so well.

Selert Cale.

From Graham's Magazine.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS;

OR, THE HISTORY OF A VISIT TO UTOPIA.

"Have you heard the glorious news?" > upon the subject of woman's wrongs and man's

" No. said I, " what is it." The men of Utopia," she replied, " have at length acknowledged woman's right to equal social and political privileges with them-

selves." "That is, indeed, glorious news," I replied " and much as I love my native land I am resolved to emigrate to Utopia, and seek a home where I, as a woman, can be free; for . I despair of ever seeing such a change effect ed in American sentiment as will secure to me, as a woman, those political and social rights, which I hold as dear as life itself, and which I regard as essential to the real

progress of humanity." A year passed away, and true to my purpose, I found myself on board the good steamer, New Era, rapidly approaching the harbor of Utopia. ... At length I am free," said I, to myself; "my chains are severed and a glorious destiny awaits me. Here I shall find true refinement, real progress, and the genuine influence of woman." Soon our vessel touched the wharf, and our decks were crowded with a motley crew of porters, and—can it be possible ?-portresses-women! strugling, quarreling, cursing and trampling, one upon an other, in their eager strife for the privilege of carrying our baggage to the hotel. Woman, angelic woman, stooping to a life like this: surely, surely, these are the Pariahs, the out-

ism of the men of Utopia has opened to them. Lentered an omnibus, to ride to a hotel. There were but four passengers besides my self; but they monopolized all the seats: stretched at full length on the cushions, they cooly puffed their cigars, utterly regardless of the fact that a lady was standing, or vainly attempting to stand, as the omnibus rattled over the rough pavement, until they should make room for me. A sadden jolt threw me off my balance, and pitched me headlong upon one of the gentlemen. With an oath, he push-

casts of society, who have turned aside from

the higher career which the genuine patriot

ed me away; and, when T gently reminded him that ladies were entitled to more courtesy at the hand of a gentleman, he cooly replied, .. Ladies are our equals in Utopia, and must take care of themselves."

I confess I was a little startled at this fruit of woman's rights, but I concluded that my feelings were only a remnant of my antiquated na and Virginia-I spent three summers and American notion of gallantry, which, of course, was out of the question among equals.

At the hotel I enquired for the ladies' parlor. The bar-keeper stared at me, seemingly not understanding my question. I repeated it. "Where is the ladies' parlor?"

"Oh I" said he, "I understand you now. You came by the last steamer from America, I suppose. Ladies' parlor, indeed! there is no such thing in all Utopia. Ladies have no exclusive privileges here. This is the land of equal rights. You can walk into the common parlor if you choose."

I did so gladly, for I found the noise, confusion, and stench of the bar room insufferable, although I noticed that other ladies seemed to be perfectly at home there. But by the eaptain for men servants and maid sernlas! the parlor was but little better. It was filled with a motley crowd of men and women, some reading, some talking politics, and Babel seemed to have returned to earth again. As I looked around the spacious room, I was specially struck with the appearance of a noble looking and even beautiful woman, who was engaged in animated conversation with a, gentleman. I drew near, but was surprised to hear angry words passing between them; at length the lady called hercompanion a liar. Instantly he raised his hand and felled her to the floor. Shocked beyond measure, I now began to remonstrate with him, but I was cut short in my remonstrances by the ladies and gentlemen around us, rushing up and crying out, (as the lady sprang to her feet and rushed at him,) "Clear the ring !" " Fair play !" " Harrah, for Miss Lucy Barton !" " Hurrah, for Mr. Brown!"

Disgusted with such a scene, I sought the retirement of my chamber. "Surely, surely," thought I, as I reflected upon what I had witnessed, these cannot be the truits of the glorious principles of woman's rights. No.! I will seek for the genuine influence of emincipated woman in the senate chamber and the domestic circle.

According I repaired to the senate chamber ... Here, at least," thought I, "I shall perceive the refining and elevating influence of woman, softening the asperities of the sterner sex, awing men's passions, and subduing their rage by the magic power of gentle words and holy thoughts.". But even as I stepped upon the threshold, a shrill voice smote upon my ear, causing me to start back as from some frightful phantom that had suddenly thrust itself across my path. Words cannot describe the mortification that filled my soul, as I heard a political tirade of slander, foulmouthed reproach and bitter invective, falling from the lips of a woman, such as would have disgraced even a representative in an American Congress. Sick at heart, I turned away from such a scene, hoping to find in the domestic circle that realization of my bright dreams, which I had so utterly failed to meet with elsewhere.

I turned and sought the residence of a couple of valued friends, noted for their purity of character, and their conjugal affections; who had, like myself, abandoned their native land, and sought in Utopia, a home where woman might achieve the glorious destiny that God designed for her But, alas! how different was the scene, from that which imagination had depicted. The premises presented unmistakable evidences of neglect, the gate was hanging by a single hinge, the gravel walks were overgrown with weeds, and the steps were littered with filth. As I approached the door, which stood ajar, I saw that the picture within was a full counterpart of the scene without. All betokened indolence and neglect. And yet this was the home of wealth, taste, and refinement. But, hark I angry voices fall upon my ear, bearing criminations and recriminations in no gentle strains. Unwilling to act the part of listency I knocked, and, with the familiararity of an old friend, entered uninvited. My friends, indeed, were there; but alas! how changed! Clouds sat upon their brows, and scarcely had the usual complements been passed, ere husband and wife broke out at once in bitter langunge, each complaining of the other. He, of her neglect of her house, and her domestic duties. She, of his unreasonable claims, in wishing to tie her, his equal and companion, down to the drudgery of household duties; while she felt that her talents and her tastes led her rather to the senate chamber and to

the halls of justice. And thus ended my bright visions of women's rights. By the returning steamer, I resolved to seek again my native land; content to live and die where woman's sphere is the fireside and the domestic circle. As this resolution found utterance in words, I awoke, and behold, it was a dream!

Why are energetic men like emetics? In ten days thereafter they were breasting.

Because you can't keep them down:

The best catch at dice is not to play. out: "I the waves of the Atlantic Ocean; they enter-Why are energetic men like emetics?

IMPORTING A WIFF.

Grant Thornburn communicates to the Watenbury (Conn) American the following inci-

dents: "In 1847 I journeyed from New York overland to Columbia, the capital of South Carolitwo winters among those burbullans, but ne er heard the sound of the lash. On a certain day. I was invited to a ten party in Richmond, Va., - there were about twenty couple of young men and maidens, old men and matrons, with a small sprinkling of bachelors who had doubled their teens, who from appearances belonged to the upper tens. Supper being ended, we commenced conversing in groups. I was much amused and edified by the conversation of an intelligent lady who had seen eighty winters. She remarked that in her girlish days it was customary for captains of vessels to bring as part of their cargo a large company of men and women, who were styledredemptionists, who were sold on their arrival vants, to wait on the wives and children of the planters or merchants. They were often sold to serve two or three years to pay for their passage. The old lady remarked that she had heard her parents tell, that in the enrly times of the settlement, it sometimes happened that bachelors and widowers would select a bonny Scotch or Wetsh lady, buy their time, and long before the years of probation had expired, they took them for better and for worse, for bed and for board, thus forming a life co-partnership which closed the

"The old lady related, with all the sprightmusing incident:

. Says , she, my grandfather came from Scotland when in his twenty first year. He settled in Virginia, and became a merchant and planter, and grew rich. His agent in Glasgow was Alexander M'Alpin, to whom he consigned two or three cargoes of tobacco every year, and received in return cash, dry goods, &c. He had flocks and herds, menservants and maid servants, hogs, mules and donkeys. But one thing he yet lacked; he had no prettly little wife to sing for him, and beguile the time with her prattling lively Yankee tongue, when he came home at night, fatigued with counting money, and satiated with worldly pelf-for he had more of that than heart could wish. So, after a while he and the princes to a carpenter's shop, where concluded to take as soon as he could catch they hammer and saw, and turn, till they are one; but there was the rub; his time was so occupied with his business that he had not time to edurt, and, worse than all, he was a bashful man. When threadling the streets of Richmond, if he saw a sprightly maiden of eighteen advancing in his path, he would cross the street and pass away on the other side, fearful of being killed by a shot from her sparkling eyes. He had often heard his parents speak much in praise of the bonny lassies who played among the heather on the hill tops in Scotland, and a bright idea now struck him. When he was leaving the office one day, his clerk was copying a duplicate or der for sundries to be sent as part of the return cargo. Thinks he to himself, I'll, order a young lassic for a wife, as the last item of the list. The article was ordered accordingly. At the same time he wrote a private let-

ter of instruction to his agent, Mr. McAlpin, giving a minute description of the article he wanted, as to age, height, health, &c ... in summing up, he added, she must be a bonny Scotch lassie, to be sent by the return of his own ship, her name on the manifest, bill of lading, &c. On her arrival he promised to have her stored in the house of a respectable widow, whom he named, and if agreeable to the parties concerned, he would make her his wife in thirty days after her arrival. If not, and she wished to return, he would pay her

expenses, loss of time, &c. "When Sandy McAlpin had finished reading the letters of instructions, he slowly removed the spectacles from his pose, and leaning back in his huge old-fashioned, well-stuffed arm chair, and fixing his eyes on the coiling in his office, he commenced muttering to himself as follows :- The lad (his correspondent then in his thirtieth year) is daft, or crazy he tells makers than showmen; and the same number me to send him a wife, as if she was a barrel o' sa't herrings - Good kens the fash (trouble) I was at to get a wife for mysel'-but I'll see what the gude wife says. (A bright idea.)

"Next day Mrs. McAlpin sat in the council with Mrs. A, and B. Invitations were sent to ten matrons, whose daughters were in and out of their teens, to assemble at the tea board of Mrs. McAlpin on the day following. Each matron was requested to bring with her a daughter who was not o'er too young to marry yet. Alpin read the letter, and made the necessary

Bonnie Bride. "In ten days thereafter they were breasting

ed the Chesapeake Bay after a stormy passage of twelve weeks, which at that period was termed a good passage. In two days more they were ascending the shores of the James River, where Mr. Crawford, (the hero of our tale,) heard the ship had arrived. . He manned his own boat with four stout men servants. and started to meet the ship. Mary was standing on the quarter-deck, admiring nature's wildest grandeur; she had recovered from the sea sickness when four days out: the healthful breezes of the Atlantic had imprinted on her pretty face a benutiful freshness: there she stood, her cheeks tinged with the roses of Sharon, and her bonny brow as white as the lily of the valley. Crawford spring on deck, and was introduced by the Captain. He looked on Mary with love and admiration; her soft hand lay in his; he was shot. Crawford, the captain and Mary descended from the ship, and repaired to the house of the widow aforesaid. On the thirtieth day of probation, the lovers were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. The old lady remarked, she often heard her mother say a happier couple never lived. John An. aerson my Joe John, was their motto and

Queen Victoria's Children.

their song."

The Queen of England may not be a great sovereign, but she undoubtedly deserves the higher praise of being a true woman. Considering the force which is added to her example by her expited position, it can hardly be doubted that she confers a greater benefit on her subjects by the model she, exhibits of all the womanly domestic virtues than would rey humor of a lass in her teens, the following | sult from great capacity for affairs of State .-The Toronto Globe has taken pains to collect from the English papers an account of the manner the Queen brings up her children, from which we make the following extract:

"It would seem the whole household is up betimes, that the young people breakfast at eight and dine at one; which hours some people think decidedly vulgar. During the forenoon they are kept to their books .- Then the boys are drilled in military exercises. while the girls, we suppose, practice calisthen ics. After this they have an hour of music and dancing. By this time dinner is ready and when its toils are surmounted, the childron go to riding school, from which they proceed, the princesses to drawing and music, tired, after which they occasionly spend some time in the laboratory fitted up for their pecu liar use. The school is now ended, and while the girls go out to play or ride, the boys go out to walk, play, ride, or shoot, till tea time. Then comes the preparations for the lessons tomorrow, and then to bed. Such, according to the English papers, is the daily life of the Queen's children; and when we add that, morning and evening, they are trained in the truths of religion, we believe we have before us the fact that the first family in the empire is regulated in a fussion, it were well for a good many other families if they would but 'imitate."

OCCUPATIONS OF THE AMERICANS, -The census returns of the occupation of the people of the United States are curious and instructive. The number of barbers and brokers is about of myself. I see heaven, that immortal man the same, and between the two, people get sion of glory, shut against me. I see it at at well shaved. There are about eighty profess. ed doctors to one professional undertaker. Only eighty two people informed the census have ridiculed. It opens under my feet. takers that they were "authors," while no hear the horrid groans of the damned; th less than two thousand individuals assumed to be "artists." There are one hundred thousand blacksmiths, and the same number of merchants. The lawyers outnumber the bakers by ton thousand, there being twenty four thousand of the former, and fourteen thousand of the latter. The hatters and the tobac- respondent" of the Gateshead Observer wa conists are about equal in number. The car- within earshot, were leisurely employed at th penters number two hundred thousand the front door, a few days ago, within half a mil masons sixty four thousand; the tailors fifty thousand; the wheelrights thirty thousand; the saddlers twenty three thousand. There are more confectioners than watchmakers; more weavers than teachers; more vinegar of wagon makers as editors! Strange to relate that, among the returns of the trades, not a politician is enumerated; and the tables of the professions do not include a single pa- just as bad as childer."

Success prompts to exertion, and habit there's no childer, there's dogs." facilitates success. Habit also gives prompt ness and the soul of dispatch is decision .-One may write a book or paint a picture, while another is deliberating about a plant or a ti-All being present an hour before ten, Mrs. Mo the prige. The more we do, the more we can do. If we go forward with spirit and confiexplanations. They then sat down to tea; dence, we shall succeed. The best are idle supper being ended, each lass gave in her ul- half the time, and he who does nothing rentimatum; three only were willing to embark dire himself incapable of doing anything, while on the voyage of matrimonial discovery—the capacity is invigorated by occasions of necesthree agreed to draw outs. Mary Robison sity. Our expenditures of intellectual wealth drew the longest straw, and was hailed the makes us rich, and we acquire ideas by imparting them.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

In 1784, in Redruth, England, as a worthy pastor, late in the twilight, was returning fram a visit to his flock, he saw before him a strange nondescript, as large as a black ram, with eyes flashing fire, and breathing very hard, running furiously toward his shins,-Providentially he sprang aside, and, beforehe assailant could stop and turn upon him. he had run such a distance as gave hope of deliverance, when he came full butt against a man running in the opposite direction. 'Run for your life ! back !' cries the parson. "Have you seen my steamer?' asked the stranger .--'I've seen the evil spirit bimself-run! run!', 'By Jove !' exclaimed the stranger, "how far " abend is he?'

The tone of this question, and the company of a human creature, in some measure dispelled the fright of the faithful man, and admonished him that he, if any one, should have the courage to face the powers of darkness; so he turned and run after the stranger, who as e thought by mistake, had taken the wrong direction. They soon came up to the object of their pursuit, which had got into a ditch, and was roaring terrifically. The stranger to the astonishment of the parson, 'seized and dragged the fiery monster to the road.

She got away from me, sir, A was giving her a try, the bit of road being good for a

Oh, goodness! well she is yours, then " l'ray, what is she?'

'A steamer, sir, I call her. She is a little experiment of mine; got it up to try whether Dr. Watt's idea of running coaches by ateam can be carried out. Lthink it can, sir, if capital can be got for it?

'Indeed! indeed! Pray, my dear sir, who

'I am William Murdoch, at your service; a Mechanical engineer, sui erintending the erection of pumping engines for Boulton & Watt, in the mines hereabouts.'

Great was the relief and satisfaction of the worthy parson, on discovering that what he had imagined to be something broke loose from an unsafe place, was but a bit of honest mandraft-a lunatic-conceit, it might be but 'naumless, except when it ran away, and then it might frighten children, perhaps hurt them.

This miniature engine was the first embodiment of the idea of locomotion on roads by steam.

A SAD PICTURE. - O! were the tongue dipped in the gall of celestial displeasure, I might describe the case of a man expiring in the cruel agonies and uncertainties of unbelief. Ah, see! everything conspires to trouble me now. I am dying; I despair of recovering; physicians have given me over; the bighs and tears of friends are useless-the world capped oure me. Whither am I going ? What wik become of my body? My God, what a spectacle! The horrid torches, the disma! shroud. the coffin, the tolling bell, the subteranear abode! What will become of my soul? I am ignorant of its destiny; I am plunging into eternal night. My infidelity tells me my sou is nothing but subfile matter; another world. a vision; immortality, a fancy; and yet I fee! I know not what, that troubles my infidelity Annihilation, terrible as it is, would appear telerable to me, were not the ideas of heaverund hell to present themselves to me in spitimmense distance. I see it, but my crime . forbid me to enter. I see hell, hell, which . smoke of the bottomless pit chokes my word and wraps my thoughts in suffocating dark

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING .- Two York shire Abigails, unconclous that an "own cor of the Normanton railway station, and enl vening their labors with revelations of the miseries.

"'Ah !" said one to the other, "you're we off, you are with no childer in the house-or may wash and scour as one likes, one's neve clean long when there's childer."

"If we've no childer." was Mary's respons across the paling, "we've dogs-and dogs

"Ah!" exclaimed Martha again, "that just the way-there's always something;

A Good Excusit. - A juror's mame was cal ed by the clerk. The man advanced to ti judge's desk and said:

"Judge, I should like to be excused." "It is impossible said the Judge decided! "

"But Judge if you know my reasons."

Well, sir, what are they !"...

"Why, the fact is"-and the man paused "Well sir, proceed," continued the Judge. "Well, Judge, if I must say it, I've got th

tch ?"
The Judge, being a very sedate one, turne itch ?" to the clerk and said, " clerk scratch that me