Benühlican Banner. Stal

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."-SHARS

ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

СЭТТТЭЭРХСЛ, РА., МОЭРДДУ, БОРВМВВВ 14, 1886.

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THE CABLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd, From various gardens cull'd with care."

The following highly creditable production is from the pen of MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON, of Liberty, Tinga county, Pa. the writer of those very pretty articles recently copied into our paper over the signature of "LYDIA JANE." FROM THE TIOGA COUNTY PHEINIX.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN. BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

It is her right to love, to hope for bliss; To give her heart in all its warm fresh beauty Into a mortal s power-(Alas! Alas! For the young holy heart, that knows no guile, Whose utterance is all truth and which expects Like truth from others. O how rich its offering! faith is like the pure deep arch of Heaven, Reflected in a calm bright world of Meaven, Reflected in a calm bright world of waters; It gilds, it occupies, it fills the whole.) 'Tis woman's right to give such holy heart, With such engrossing love and faith, to man; It is here view to heave for full automatic It is her right to hope for full returns. Which in fruition would be perfect bliss.

If she sees Her bright hopes blighted, her deep trust deceiv'd, Wrecked like the blue arch's shadow in the deep, When the fierce storm God drives across its breast;

When she feels Her fond love met with coldness or contempt,

Whon cruel scorn or bitter jealousy Are knawing on her life strings, and her heart But late so fresh and joyous, feels the blight, The withering blight of hope's last struggling sigh. That breaks life's tuneful chords, and wounds the

While the poor fragments of her broken heart, And withered hopes, and wreck'd and broken joys, Still cling around the lov'd, the carcless one-

Then 'tis her right Then 'is her right With meek endurance and a patient smile To bear her lot in silence--silence? Aye, To whom should she complain? if he for whom She left her father's hearth, and watchful care, Her methy? scotting pains and scatter are Her mother's soothing voice, and gentle eye, Her brothers frolick love-and the sweet smile, And food endearments of that cherub band, Of young and joyous sisters, and the haunts Of laughing childhood, and unblemish'd youth; Scenes and companions, which no after joy Can e'er supplant, and which the ills of life Can e'er supplant, and which the ills o Bind closer to the spirit's memories -

Ave if he

For whom her young heart made with cheerfulness So great a sacrifice, has piere'd that heart, And smitten that confiding spirit through With many sorrows--Oh to whom on earth Shall she reveal her pain, and deep despair? If he has broken up her trust in him, Who can she confide in? Then 'tis hers To lock her grief in silence in her breast To book her griet in silence in her breast The while it drinks lick's flowing fountain dry, Her heart is broken, yet its shreds are his, Her cyces are humid—yet they court his smile, Her feet are weary of the load of life, And yet she follows with his destinies The strange and cold world over—'Tis her right When wrong, or scorn, or injury cloud his brow To soothe him, or endure his cold repulse Without a bittse word. As ouch his reas Without a bitter word -to seek his case, To labor for his confort-to deny Horself, and seek his happiness alooo, Making its emanations all her bliss.

'Tis her right To be his friend when all the world forsakes, To soothe the wound that treachery has made, To vindicate his name and speak his praise. Tis hers to watch with soft and stealing tread. Pale check, neglected dress, and hollow ever.

07- The New York "KNICKERBOCKER ' we con-Copy in the New York "KNICKERDOCKER We con-ceive to be one of the best periodicals extant. We are never disappointed when we open it—but always find its pages filled with interesting and amusing articles The productions of one of its contributors alone (OL-LAPOD) are worth ten times more than the subscrip-

tion price of the work. To give our readers a sample of Ollapod's writings, we copy from the Knickerbocker for October the foll wing account of the author's visit to, and description of, the

THE BEPOSIE OBY.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

AT the distance of five miles from Niagara Falls, you catch the first distinct view. Is it su- surged upward from my vision, and before me No-for distance so softens and deceives. blime? that you cannot appreciate it. You strain your onward-looking eyes, till the retina aches with gazing. What do you see! A cloud of apparent smoke, along the northern border, the nil mad waters, rushing to the abyss, with a noise ultra of the lake you are ploughing; and on either side all is apparently a wide shore of rocks and woods-and beyond, a terrible gulf, of which you see nothing but the ceaseless cloud that rises at its dim and dismal edge.

"And that is Niagara !" said I, as the mountanious spray, volume after volume, swelled upward in the sun. . Well I seem disappointed.' "Do you?' said my friend, the legislator, with a triumphant accent on the first branch of the inter-

just put your hand to your ear, guarding from the tumult of the machinery, and tell me if you lo not hear something?

ense of awe, the voice of the cataract swelled in never did lover, howsoever deeply skilled in tholy ny car.

ould scarcely stand still. Before me, like the pillar of fire to the host of the Israelites, rose that eternal column of snowy mist, tinct and garnished by the sunbeam-and I had caught the sound of Ningara!

I scarcely know how I left Chippewa. I am When you approach within ten fect or so of aware that all my travelling movements and precautions were executed with habitual discretion; that tremendous launch of waters, then is the time but I cannot explain to any one the new sensations I experienced on our way to the Falls.-When at the distance of some two or three miles from the entaract, there seemed to be an increasing shadow, like that of an eclipse, in the atmosphere. The dimness increased; and on passing a lapse of woods, and emerging again in sight of the river, I God! It is a place for the silent adoration of the felt assured that a storm was coming on. I or. heart for Him

dered our postillion to stop. 'Is there no house,' I enquired, between this and Niagara? There is a thunder shower coming on; I hear it growling."

It would have done your heart good, to have heard the laugh of that driver. It was loud and long; it bubbled up from his heart, as if *i*hat he had just heard was the best joke he had listened to for years. Bless your soul, friend, it's not going to rain.

What you see, is the cloudy mist, and what you hear, is the roar of them Falls, yonder. Just wait a minute-and then---'Stop!' said I, rising in our barouche, while gilded by the westering sun, I caught, as we wheeled around a clump of trees, the first view of

the vast green gulf and circle of the Horse-Shoe Fall

graciously, like some good-natured Charon, ready to transport his customers across the River of Death. He announced himself as the conductor of gentlemen under the Falls. Taking his hand,

approached them. At a certain point, as we drew nigh, I begged him to stop. The mist had broke down, as it were, the Atlantic, from a height. so dizzy that it made the eye shrink from gazing; the distant side of the vast semicircle hid from view by a rainbow, and the awful mass of green,

fail. You must describe itself. I know not how it was, but such a sense of awe and majesty descended at that momentation

my spirit, that I burst into tears, and shivered through every norve. What an awful hum and moaning pierced the hearing sense! Above me,

shelves, wet with the eternal tempest around them; rogation. You see the cataract is as yet afar off and at every moment a stormy gust would drive a deluge of water in my face, taking my breath, and chilling me, as it were in the depth of the

I did so; and sonorous, full, and replete with a most shrank from the desperate undertaking; and

palmistry,' press the jewelled hand of his mistress All now was expectancy and enthusiasm. with such affection as that wherewith Ollapod grasped the suble fingers of his African conductor. His splay feet, and amphibious-looking heels, scemed to stamp him some creature of the ele-

some supernatural master.

to pause for a moment, to steep and saturate your soul with one preeminent and grand remembrance. For me, if millions of human beings had been around me, I should have felt alone-and as one who, having passed beyond the dominions of mortality, stood presented before the marvels of his

> "Who made the world, and heaped the waters far Above its lofticst mountain.

Whence came those ceaseless and resounding floods? From the "hollow hand" of Omnipotence! Fancy stretches and plumes her adventurous pinions from this point: she goes onward to the Upper Lakes, and their peopled shores; she pursues her voyage to the dark streams and inland seas

of the west; and returning, finds her delegated down that dizzy steep! Thought, proying upon in the stale terms of business! Ye tell a man awo-cf recollection-of prospect. I may change

one word from Byron, to express my meaning; "By those that deepest feel, is ill exprest The indistinctness of the laboring breast: Where thousand thoughts begin, to end in one, Which seek from all the refuge found in none "

From the spot of which I speak, you can easily

to burden the air; look up, and the dark rocks,

their fall; where you stand, the whirlwind which

bears upon its pinions drops heavier than those of

the most dismal tempest that ever rent the wilder-

ness on land, or wrecked an armament at sea, is

moaning and howling. Casting a glance at the

upper verge of the Falls, you see the turbulent ra-

pids, thick, green, and high, shrinking back, as it

were, from their perilous descent, until a mass of

waves behind urges them, resistless, onward; to

speak in thunder, and to rise in mist and foam

the children of strife, yet parents of the rainbow.

I once asked an elderly friend, in whose domici

that emblem of peace.

the south, the Falls, diuly seen, boomed and scene of sublimity on earth comparable to this,--thundered with a noise so stumning, that I was You stand beneath the rushing tributes from a almost distracted. At my feet, there rolled on- hundred lakes; you seem to hear the wailings of ward what seemed a lake of milk-having about imprisoned spirits, until, fraught and filled with it nothing dark-not even a glimpee of water-co- the spirit of the scone, you oxclaim-THERE IS lor. I saw, near by, a tall black figure, smiling A Gon!-and this vast cataract, awful, overpow ering as it is, is but a play-thing of his hand.!" There is one dreadful illusion to which the untrained eye is subject, under this water-avalanche. You know, travelled reader, that when you journey swiftly in a rail-road car, the landscape seems moving past you with the speed of lightning .--

compliment to the Iscomotive, wheeling off obséquiously to the right and left. Every grove seems engaged in a rigadoon. This illuso visus is particularly discernible on the face of Niagara, when

scene? It is itself alone; to depict it, comparisons | ward with the swiftness of thought. Turning your eye to the rocky wall which bounds you, for

not a portion of the rock above-some massy mountain of stone-then fall! No-it was only the thunder of commingled rapids, which united hideous rocks rose for hundreds of feet; dark at the edge of the precipice, and rushed impetu-

ously into the abyss together. It is this which the distant voice of Niagara. A most thorough bath-such an one as I never

dark ledges which extended under the sheet, I al- proper probation, a superior appetite for joining a supper party at the Pavilion. I gemeniber the pleasure I once enjoyed, during a summer sojourn at West Point, among congenial spirits. Every rid oath, stakes ALL. day, at dinner, in the large mirrors which bedeck the dining saloon at Cozzen's capital establishment, what time we discussed viands and wines, I

could see the reflected Hudson and its shoresments; a Caliban, schooled to generous offices by the distant mountains towering into the sky-and steam-craft moving; while

"from town to town, The snowy sails went gleaming down."

You seem to think, if you are any thing of an economist, at Niagara, that you are likely to get from your host the worth of your money. He ments of a good supper, and he flings in a view of any extra expense! Its music shakes your hand as you lift your coffee to your lip; its bounding and

of the Moca berry-yet you never find it i' the bill. If you wish to be fleeced, however, employ a guide to tell you when is the time to say "Good gracious! how sublime!" and to show you the thousand little nothings in the vicinity of the Falls, which, compared with them, are, as it might be, to pit a flea in fight against a lion or an elephant. Ye blind guides!---door-keepers of the gates of subwaters pouring heavily and with eternal thunder limity, which you cannot speak of or describe, save

itself, is lost in one deep and profound sense of | whose heart and mind are overflowing with awe and wonder when to use his eves! 'Ye are variets all; akin to that enterprising man, mentioned, if I mistake not, by Goldsmith, who issued proposals to bite off his own nose by subscription!---or rather, to that builder of chapeaux, who exclaimed, in goodness. I have enjoyed numberless blessings

THE MOBALIEP.

The Gambler.

What a miserable being is the gambler! How rncked and torn his heart! How uncertain in all his ways! The increasing avarice for more of that which is not his, gives him no peace. The regularity of business and the acquisition of wealth in the usual way, are too monotinous. His family presents no pleasure for him. The smiles of his wife-the prattle of his children-the bright, You see distant trees and fields, apparently out of peaceful fireside at home-are exchanged for the society of blasphemers, drunkards, revilers, extortioners and murderers.

Watch him a moment in the course of his mad and ruinous carreer. The night is rude and gusty | ageous soldier and the laborious erseat of draft, you are beneath the Falls. Look at the sheet but without-but not more so than his bosom. He has like the breaking up of chaos! What is like that for one moment, and you find yourself rising up- left his home. He winds his way-not through for ever from conflict and hom to be a set of the public street-but gropes along some dark and noisesome lane. How loathsome a passage to a ing the spirit of that world on which that art phone a moment you give a side-long glance at its dizzy pit. And the voice of rioting-the horrid curseextent. Heavens!-what was that noise? Did the exulting laugh-the noisome smell-affect his senses and a momentary feeling of disgust runs clouds and dark shades; but a metica hericante through his frame, yet onward he rushes, and is in their midst, a gambler.

The implements of ruin are well aranged. Around the room are seated the high and low, the makes such heavy music-such solemn tones-in | rich and poor-men of every clime, of every agehere there is no distinction. The wheel of Fortune acts well its part. He stakes and with the rest forsake me not when my strength faileth." solstice, even to the bone. As we should red the took before-gave me, after my changed dress, and waits anxiously the result. "Tis gone! He stakes me penitent and humble; thankful and the took before-gave me, after my changed dress, and again, 'tis won, again, 'tis lost. How exciting! enable me to spend the residue of life to thy story. Each moment adds new impulse to go on. Again and to the good of fellow-creatures; through adds he looses, and is more excited, and then with hor- Christ our only Saviour, Amen.

> A wandering thought of home-wife-children flics across his brain: a pang of sorrow-but O, how quickly drowned in the intoxicationg out Drink, drink, drink!

The wheel is turned-the die is cast. the casiare counted, and, as with heavy load by presses his burning-beating brow, crics lost, instalast;

He is out in the cooling breeze. The moon shines brightly out. And here and Gore a little twinkling star, peers its way through the gives you "green or black toa," and all the appoint- cloud. One moment, and his wife, his children, his fireside flit by. But no, he has ruined them---Niagara from the dining-room windows, without they are houseless, friendless, how can he meet them? Never: the last, the infatuated resolve of him, who thus forsakes the honorable and manly agitated lapse smites your eye, as you sip the juice | walks of life is made. • • He is a suicide.

Review of Life.

What a variety of pleasing and painful thoughts and feelings does the recollection of past years excite in the mind! I have seen days of prosperity and gladness, and days of adversity and sorrow. I have enjoyed the love of relatives and friends and conversed with the wise and good. But ma ny of those who were the nearest and dearest to me, are gone down to the grave; and I stand like an aged tree, surrounded by a new generation .-The spring is past; the summer is ended; the autumn is almost closing, and winter is at hand. Shall I indulge in sadness and grief! No: I would most thankfully acknowledge the divine

paroxysm of delight, as he stood at the foot of and I now put my severest trials among them.

faith prevail and let thy language be gratitude and praise. "My lip tohull greatly relative, when i sing unto Thee; and my soul, which is The an inot Pedeom. ed. My tong ac also shell talk of by rigid parisarsa all the day long."

Thou art now, Ot my Band star Sing, a St were, . upon an entirence. from which then mayest sos the past and the future. Behind they is a world with which thou hast been for a long time fundition, and in which thy pilgrinage is coming to a cluse. Before they is the remanant of thy days, an I finn a world without limits and walcat clanger a north that is evenlasting.

Value, O my boult the remaint of thy life on earth. Use a greater diligence out fideEty, and Let. thy last days bathy best days. Re Short Br Mint even till the sun descends, and they are distributed world which thou art ataur to log a tail brith. to enter, the conclusion of thy meetal course steat be like a fine autumnal evening: it may have be shall shine forth; and then thou show de gree in faith, hope, and peace.

Most merciful and gracious Lord, I thankfy", acknowledge thy goodness to me during all kee days. Mercy and goodness have hitherto Ed wat me. "Cast me not off in the time of states

VARIETY.

A FEALTH.

BY JOON H. HEWITT. A hadf willing thou lovely one! My lip is ou the got let's wight Hur ere the markling draft i. wear With melting eyes raturn the pholeo-A ruby gem each drop doth sector, Deight glittering in the costal well, Our why roll drink the smiling beam, The while I pledge to Rosabel !

The last drop now is on my lips, It hangs there trembling with delay; Each transt sigh the linger sigs. Ald king the lenely gem usay: Or blend it with the distanced war That glistens while I breathe farewell; I'll arink the two to memory dear,

In heart-felt pledge to Rosabel. A health to thee-it is the last, " Pve dish'd Him anguterglass away! See north the rock- maint a blat the adarts The small but shiring think mo Tay. So with the minstrel's hear -- tho' reit, Each broken part still owns one swell-One silent memory is all that's left For thou and him, fair Rosabel

ADVANTAGES OF WEDLOCK .- There is a great deal of truth and feeling in the subjoined ployant description of the discomforts of the bachelor .---May the married be thereby reminded to appreciite their comforts, and the ascetic to experience What blessings in Providence have I to recount practically, how the cares of life and the inished, and its joys increased by the presence of a soother of the former, and an enhancer of the latter. "None but the married man has a home in his old age; none has friends, then, but he; none but he knows and feels, the schoo of the domestic heart, none but he lives and freshens in blagreen old age, amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the old bachelor; there is no kind hand and ready heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips ho can receive the unfailing assurances of care and love. No. The old bachelor may be courted for his money. He may cat. and drink, and revel, as such things do; and he may sicken and die in a hotel or garret, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey .---But he will never know what it is to be loved-and to live and to die amid a loved circle. He can never know the comforts of the domestic fireside." DINNER ANECDOTE .- The capabilities of a boiled edgebone of beef, may be estimated from what happened to Pope the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art. He received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the intended farcsmall turbot, and a boiled edgebone of beef..... "The very things of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope; "I will come with the greatest pleasure;" and come he did, and cat he did, till he could literally cat no longer: when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in, fit to be made the subject of a new poetical epistle. -"For finor or fatter. and I chido myself for my former indolence and Never ranged in a forest or smoked on a platter, perverseness. How much of life has been wasted The haunch was a picture for painters to study. in doing nothing! How much of it has been spent The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy." Poor Pope divined at a glance the nature of the and inefficient resolve! How small a portion of trap that had been laid for him, but he was fairly caught, and after a puny effort at trifling with a slice of fat, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to a hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming, and forbearance of God; I would magnify his "A friend of twenty years standing, and to be ser-LOGIC CLASS .- Chip of the old Block .- As a specimen of the past utility of Logic Class in the University of Edinburgh, an anecdote is current, in which the son of a factious baronet, whose residence is not five miles from town, acted a part worthy of his descent. He was called up by the worthy professor of the time, and asked the notawas the prompt answer. "How, sir?" cried the amazed professor, "can a man see without eves?" "Pray, sir, how do you make that out?" "He can geo with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth: and the whole class shouled with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.-London paper.

By tears and watching faded, round his b-d When pain and fever prey upon his life; To soothe his anguish, to assuage his pangs, To cool his burning brow, and calm his soul Performing cheerfully each irksom ta-k, And meekly bearing all his prevision tash, While one kind word, or glance of gratitude, "Makes her heart throb, and brings the thrilling blass "Of by gone days, thro' her poor blighted br ast; Ah! momentary flash of joyousness It leaves a spirit sadder than before

'Tis hers to prove

What 'tis to be a mother- all the pangs. The hopes, the fears, the anguish, the delight, The cares the watchings, the solicitudes, Experienced by maternity alone.

Oft 'tis hers To see the couns bud blighted, to behold Her cherish'd infant prec and waste away, While all her cares are xeroised in vain, Her pravers unbe-ded, and her bitter tears Her prayers unbe-ded, and her bitter tears Shed utterly in vain her child must die! With swimming brain she puts its wither'd To her full breast, it cannot sip the balm That fed its little life; feeble it moans, And lift its heavy eye with wistful look, To her who cannet save or soothe death's p And then she feels the *bitterness of death*! Again² (is hers. (O Fatherl from my lip Withfield the brim of this most bitter emp) (To ace a dear young daughter, beautiful, Add of as morning, e'er one stealing foot ither'd line "To see a dear young daughter, beautiful, "Tand pure as morning, e'er one stealing foot "Tan pass'd amongst its dew drops; e'er one breath "Tan innoceat but too confuling girl, "An innoceat but too confuling girl, Deceived, undone, and lost for ever more! Then 'tis her lot to sorrow o'er a son Beguiled of young life's innocence, and hope "Whelm'd in the vortex of licentiousness, Bhund by the guiltess, pitted by the good, Hated, and aimed at, by self-rightcous men; And feared, and ditied, by the innocent-And this is he upon whose boylsh days She looked with joy, with pride, and ardent hope, For whom she watched and prayed, and who at last Brings her no meed but shame, and prayers and

tears— These complicated ills 'tis hers to bear And smile beneath their pressure when the heart is swollen almost to bursting, and the tear Lies in the eye lid ready to gush forth; Lies in the eye lid ready to gush forth; And the deep spirit feels the venemed wound That is of all ills hardest to be borne— Still she endures—Ah blessed be His name Who has accorded even to her a right In Christ our consolation—when she sees The hopes of this world blighted, and the joys On which her young heart doated fall away, And all her brilliant expectations change, As the bright vapors of a summer more Change to dark clouds, that reader night more Change to dark clouds, that render night more dres Oh then how precious is the right divine Oh then how precious is the right divine That makes the christian's consolation hers, Amidst the wars of life's mad elements, Aminest the wars of life's mad elements, She proves the peace that passes understanding, And feels that 'tis a blessed right to die, To sleep in Jesus, and awake in Heaven— These, these are woman's rights, assured by God Aid man accords no other!

LOVE THEE. DEAREST ! Love the denres!' Hear me-never Will my food yows be forgot! May I perish, and forever, When, dear maid, I love thee not! Then turn not from me, dearest!- Listen! Banish all thy doubts and fears! And let thine eyes with transport glisten! What hast thou to do with tears?

Dry them, dearest!-Ah, believe me, Love's bright flame is burning still! Though the hollow world deceive thee, Here's a heart that never will! Dost thou smile'— A cloud of sorrow Breaks before Joy's rising sun' Will thou give thy hand-...To-morrow Hymen, dearest, makes us one!

of the cataract.

Wonder.

AUTUMNAL EVENING. When day, with fearful beam delays Among the opening clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze Through golden visits into Heaven: Those bues that make the sún declue, Se soft, so radiant, Loan, art thine!

My good reader you must excuse my enthusism. It has been said that Niagara cannot be described. I think it can be. Cannot one record on paper the thoughts provoked by the objects of like the confines of legethon, seem tottering to grandeur and magnificence that have met his evel Verily, I trow so; and I will try. The first mitake corrected by an approach to Niagara, is as to width. You have supposed it an outlet from me lake to another, pressed into narrow boundaries and urged on by irresistable impulses. You were deceived by fancy. The river is like some bay of an ocean; as if indeed the Atlantic and Pathe, one far below the other, should meet, by the former being narrowed to the width of one or two

miles, and falling to the depth of more than two hundred feet, with rocks and islands on the edge of the vast gulf, frowning and waving between. Very soon we reached the Pavilion. The se-

was a favored inmate, and who suffered much ection of an apartment, visitation to the barber, from the gout, whether there might be any pain and the donning of a cool summer dress, were all known to myself, which would compare with it. speedily accomplished. The ceaseless hum of "No!" he replied: "I never met any thing of the the Falls was in my hearing-it shook the winsort in my life: there is nothing on earth like it dows of the Pavilion, from which I gazed. Below, and I am destitute of any descriptive comparison. at a few rods distance, the mighty Niagara plung-I am not dead at present; I hav'n't been as yet to ed into its misty abyss: above, to the south, i Tuphet: and therefore can't tell whether gout is eemed as if an ocean, fierce as that tide which like that, or purgatory; but I believe it to be as keeps due on to the Propontic and the Helles near that as any thing." It is thus with Niagara. pont,' was rushing madly down to some undis-There is no emblem: it has no rival-it is like no covered cavern, where its fury was lost and susrival. Its multitudinous waves have a glory and pended forever. a grandeur of their own, to which nothing can be Descending through the garden and the open

added, and from which nothing can be taken common which intervene between the Pavilion away. and the distant river to the eastward, we struck It has been said, that the tremors or presenti-

the road, and observed the sign which pointed ments of those who march to battle, are dissipated TO THE FALLS.' Here let me say a word, by the bustling of caparisoned horses, the rolling which I think will give the idea of Niagara of the war-drum, the clangour of the trumpet, the vividly to one who has never seen it. It seemed clink and fall of swords-"the noise of the captains to me, as I looked from the window of the Pavil. and the shouting." Some such kind of inspiration ion that the river was very nearly on a level with | is given to the thoughtful and observant man, who the house. Well, I passed over the places I have goes under the Great Fall of Niagara. As I moved along behind my sable guide, holding on to his but be not afraid. You are soon at the foot of mentioned; and at the guide-post aforesaid, we began to make a most precipitous descent, over dexter,

rude stair-cases, bedded in miry clay. In a few "Even as a child, when scaring sounds molest, moments we were nearly on a level with the river. Clings close and closer to its mother's breast;" while the waters dashed fiercer and more fiercely

which was in full view, and close at hand. At that instant, the first impression of the vast power around about me, methought I had, in an evil of Niagara struck my mind; but it was faint and hour, surrendered myself to perdition, and was feeble, compared with those that succeeded. For now being dragged thither by the ebon paw of miles, looking upward at the stream, it resembled Satan. Shortly, however, the stormy music of a foaming ocean, vexed by the storms of the equi- Niagara took possession of my soul; and had nox. We proceeded to the house which heads Abaddon himself been there, I could have followed the perpendicular descent to the bed of the river, him home. For one moment, only, I faltered .--at the foot of the Falls. Those who dress for The edge of the sheet nearest the Canada side, deeds of aquatic daring with more deliberation from its rude and fretting contact with the shore than myself, would have changed their ordinary above, comes down with a stain of reddish brown. attire for those simple and coarse habliments usu- Near Termination Rock, you pass by that dim ally adopted by those adventurous spirits who get border of the Fall, and exchanging recent darktheir drenched certificate for going under the ness for the green and spectral light struggling sheet-but for my part, I had not the patience.- | through the thick water, you are enabled to dis-Endowing myself with an oil-cloth surtout, I bc. | cern where you are. My God! It is enough to gan to descend the stair-case leading to the base make an earth-tried angel shudder, familiar though he may be with the wonder-workings of the Eter-

The descent seemed interminable. I thought I nal. Look upward! There, forming a dismal had travelled an hour, still moving round and curve over your head, and looming in the decepround-in darkness, and alone. It was a solemn tive and uncarthly light, to a seeming distance of probation, during which I had time to nervo my many hundred feet, meaning with that ceaseless spirit for the grandeur and the awe with which it anthem which trembles at their base, the rocks was soon to be impressed. At last, I made my arise toward Heaven-covered with the green coze egress from the stair-case into the presence of the of centuries-hanging in horrid shelves, and apparently on the very point of breaking with the

My first iden-was, that a tremendous storm weight of that accumulated see which tumbles brewed since I began to descend. Several rods to and howls over their upper verge! There is no

ic Canada Fall, "By the Lord imagine that there has come upon you the deluge place for washing hats!" or the day of doom. The voices of eternity seem

THE AMEBICAN STAIR-CASE.

sweep of the Falls-Canadian, American and all

-is seen at once; apparently one unbroken waste

of stormy and tumultuous waters. You must be

a demi-god, if you can stand on that hallowed

ground, shaking with the accents of a God, span-

ned with his bow, resounding with his strength,

indescribable wonder. Thus, with a trembling

Nor, with his vain aspirings, hither come;

For ages here his painted bow has smiled:

Eternal-beautiful-serene-sublimet

Mocking the changes and the chance of time-

And with its presence shakes the distant woods;

ji je Litika

nexpressive scrawl:

God has preserved me, provided for me, guided Here let me play the counsellor to the visitor me, and "done all things well." I have had friends at Niagara. I offer my opinion with confident and benefactors. The evil which I feared did not diffidence. Doubtless you desire to receive at the befall me; and good things which I never expect-Falls, and to carry away with you, the strongest ed, have been granted me. Truly, it becomes me impression. Do not therefore go down to the to be thankful.

foot of the cataract on the Canada side. Take When I look to spiritual blessings, how shall I your coup d'ail as you drive in your carriage to express my gratitute! I might have been left to the Pavilion. Take your supper there, as did the spend my years in ignorance, pride, and folly; but goodly company of your adviser, Ollapod. Sup- in the tender mercy of the Most High, I have been posing you are an American-which I trust you made acquainted with the way of life, and peace, are-you will of course feel a sort of pride in be- and everlasting blessedness. I might have been lieving that the best view is on the American at this moment a carcless, presuming, miserable side. And so it is: yet to look at the United triffer on the borders of eternity: but "by the grace States' part of the cataract, you would say it was a of God, I am what I am." mere mill-dam. It is thus that distance deceives.

But what shall I say, on the review of my conduct? What have I rendered to the Lord for all You cannot see the movement of that far-off water, or hear distinctly the horrid sound with which his benefits? What have I done for his glory, it plunges from its cloud-kissing elevation to the and for the good of men? When I look on the depth below. But if you would obtain the deep- talents committed to my care, what shall I say est and strongest thoughts of Niagara, do as I say. respecting my use or abuse of them? Have I faith-Observe the semicircular cataract on the Can- fully improved my spiritual blessings, and lived as ada side from the esplanade of the Pavilion-but a true follower of Christ?

do not go down to the base of the Fall. Let the Alas! I have not fully and rightly improved any view remain upon your mind as a beautiful pictalent; and mercy; any portion of the divine bounture; keep the music in your car, for it is a stern ty. "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, and many-toned music, that you cannot choose but O Lord; for in thy sight shall no man living be hear. Order the coachman to transport your lugjustified."

gage to the ferry below the Falls-some mile or But I trust that, through divine grace, I have so. There embark: you will be frightened, not been altogether faithless, inactive, and uscless. doubtless, as you gaze to the south, and see the I have reason to be ashamed and penitent; but I awful torrent pouring down upon you; but you have reason also to be thankful and rejoice. I have may take the word of the ferry-man that for some not wholly forgotten God, and his word, and the dozen or twenty years he has nover met with an duty of the true Christian. accident: you may believe him, for the air of truth I now find it an easy thing to discover how I

breathes through his large grim whiskers. You should have acted; what I ought to have done; will see the waves curling their tubrulent tops, and dark rocks emerging from their milky current and seething foam, within a yard of your prowin fine speculations, airy fancics, specious purposes good for niyself, and in doing good for the benefit And here, after all, kind reader, is the place for a of others! view. Do not look about you much. Be content

What reason have I to admire the goodness with the thunder in your cars, and wait until some practiced and tasteful observer, kindly acting as grace, by which I am what I am: by which only ved in this manner."-Quarterly Review. your cicerone, bids you stop just at that point on I have been enabled to order my conversation in the stair-case where the plunging river, on the any measure aright. I would magnify that grace American side, dashes downward in its propulsive which has done great things for me; but I would journey. There, by the onward plunge of the take shame and confusion to myself, when I concataract, which bounds in a ridge over the abyss. sider how little I have done for my divine Bencdescribing as it were a circular fall, the view of factor. Goat Island is completely cut off, and the whole

I acknowledge my. numberless transgressions and my unprofitableness: and I extel the divine goodness, by which, I trust, I have been redeemed | ble question, "Can a man see without eyes?" 'Yes," from ignorance, sin, and death: and I cannot refuse to cherish the hope, that He who has been good to me will yet continue his goodness to me, and laughing in his smile, without emotions of and that I shall praise Him for ever-Jehovah-Father, Son, and Spirit-the Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.

hand, and a spirit saturated with the grandeur of O my Soul! thou hast been made to take the the scone, Ollapod pencilled his hasty, weak, and Bible for thy teacher and guide. Thou hast been enabled to receive, in some measure, the offered HERE speaks the voice of God! Let man be dumb, blessings, and to rejoice in the consolutions, of the gospel of Christ. Thou knowest spiritual things That voice impels these hollow-sounding floods, in a spiritual manner. Be humble and penitent. as thou considerest thy past misconduct; and grate-These groaning rocks the Almighty's finger piled fully acknowledge the divine goodness. While bull dog, and you a tin kettle tied to my tail." the outward man totters and decays, while this world is receding and fading from thy view, let

DR. JOHNSON.-A pedantic young man who indeavored to imitate the superior writings of Dr. Johnson, and had even considered himself in some respects, his equal, one day said to the Dr., e "what do you suppose the world thinks of us?" "Why," says the Dr., "I suppose they think me a

The truly virtuous are always happy.