A Vision of old Fames.

"I had a vision in the yore gone by—
A vision of a vast sepulchral hall,
Reared on gigantic columns, black and grim,
And lit with torches of undying fame.
Around the wallsstood pedestals, whereon
Were statues numberless, the marble shapes
Of warriors, dauntless chieftains, stalwart knights,
That in the stormy battle days of old
Had won their right to that proud eminence;
And stood there crown'd. Majestic shapes, in sooth.
Strong limbed, stern visaged, and with life like eyes,
That seem'd for ever glaring at gaunt Death
With a fierce mockery;—all mighty men,
Men of renown were they, foremost in fight,
Whose names were blazoned in the scrolls of fame
For the world's worship. In their hands they held
Great swords, or keen edged axes, and each foot
Was planted firmly on its granite base
With an immutable will, as who should say
"We take our stand here till the eternal years
Bring us renewal of our glorious prime!"
Above them hung old banners, that had waved
On many a stricken field, and with brief pause,
A trumpet blast reverberate, awoke
The hollow echoes of the vaulted aisles
With its victorious clangour;—whereupon
Those banners rustled, waving to and fro
As in the rush of battle, and a strange
And ghostly murmur seemed to thrill around,
As if the marble lips of those dead men
Were striving to give utterance anew
To their old war cries. And whenever thus
The trumpet sounded, then methought I saw
The spaces of the hall on a sudden filled
With a dense multitude, all kneeling low,
All pouring forth the tide of their heart's love
And reverential homage at the feet
Of those crowned knights of war.

Musing, I gazed,
Compassed with saddest phantasies of thought,
Till slowly waned the vision from my sight,
Chased by the dawn, and to my waking ear,
With the first matin song of happy birds,
Came rumors of great battles, won afar,
Harvests of slaughter, garner'd in by death,
And honors, by a world's acclaim bestow'd
On our victorious generals.

Time rolled on,
And once again, in dream, I seem'd to stand
Within the portals of that hall of Fame.
Lo! change was busy there—*change*—ay the grand
Calm fixedness that reigned supreme before
Had vanished wholly: in its place was seen
Working its pitiless ravage, fell Decay.
Still burnt the torches, though with fading fires—
Still on their pedestals were ranged the shapes,
The effigies of those stern men of old.
But all the jewels in their crowns were dim,
And from the drooping brows of some the crowns
Themselves had fallen: phantom like they looked,
An unsubstantial, ghastly, wan array,
Impalpable, unreal—their glowing eyes
Grow meaningless and void, their stately bulk
Shrunken and withdawy—all their grandeur gone,
All their proud bearing—scarce their meagre hands
Could clutch the deadly symbols of their sway.
Anew rusted swords and axes—tottering,
As if o'ermasted by a fate sublime,
They stood in act to fall;—and when the trump
Broke the drear silence, not as erst it did,
In notes of exultation loud and long,
But with a feeble and ancholy moan,
It woke no recognition, and so died
Into a silence dreamier than before.
Wide open stood the portals, but in vain—
No throng of worshippers sought entrance there;
No knees were bent; no vows were paid: pale Death,
And Desolation, and Decay alone
Stalk'd like avengers through the lone dim aisles.
So pass'd the hours, till one by one the flames
Of the wasted torches flicker'd and went out,
And pitchy darkness hover'd over all.
Then suddenly, a mighty thunder peal
Shook the huge fabric—the tall columns rocked,
The solid pavements trembled, and in the midst,
What time the trumpet breathed its final blast,
A wail of lamentation and despair,—
Most like the cry of a lost spirit's woe,—
Down, heaving from their granite pedestals
Fell those false idols, while amid the din,
Methought I heard a solemn voice proclaim,
The voice as of an angel, clear and strong,—
"*These shedders of man's blood, for evermore*
Their glory hath departed:—God hath said,
Even God, the Lord Omnipotent, hath said,
There shall be no more war!"

Oh blessed dream!
I look through the long vista of the years—
I see the forms of the meek men of peace,
The men with thoughtful eyes, and broad calm brows,
That in their patient lowliness of heart
Have been uplifted to the seats of power,
And from the eminence have scatter'd down
New light and wider blessings on mankind.
I see them wear the crowns of the world's love.
Its earnest homage, its enduring faith—
Wear them, not darkly in sepulchral halls,
But in the open sunshine, 'neath the smile
Of the sweet heaven. I look abroad and scan
The rich plains of the populous earth, its vales,
Its mighty cities; o'er the seas I look,
Lit up with white sails of the merchant ships,
And in the length and breadth of the fair world,
I see no lingering token of the reign
Of the destroyer, War. But to my ear
Instead, the burden of a solemn hymn
Steals, floating upward from the souls of men,
Upward and onward still, from star to star,
Through all the spaces of the Universe,
"*There shall be no more war!*"—Oh! blessed dream!

T. Westwood."

"L'Amour Sans Alles.

"Another year is dying yet,
A eloquent year of joy and woe,
And dark and light alike are past
The rose and thorn at once laid low.
All things are changed—and I am changed
Even in the love I knew before,
Not that my heart can be estranged,
But I have learned to love the more.

"Yes, to mine ear thine accents all
Have grown more welcome and more glad,
Thy coming step more musical,
And thy departing tread more sad.
They say the first bright dawn of love
Hath bliss no other time can show;
But I have lived to learn and prove
How dearer far its future glow.

"Stern disappointments we have proved,
Dark clouds across our path have been,
Yet better, through them all, we loved,
As dark and drearier grew the scene.
Oh! would this truth could bring relief
To thee when earthly cares annoy,
That *I would rather share thy grief*
Than revel in another's joy."

Tombs of the Chinese.

In the south of China, the natives form no regular cemeteries or churchyards, but the tombs of the dead are scattered all over the sides of the hills, generally in most pleasant situations. The more wealthy generally convey their dead to a considerable distance, and employ a kind of fortune teller, whose duty it is to find out the most proper resting place. This individual goes with the corpse to the place appointed, and of course pretends to be very wise in the selection of the spot, as well as the choice of the soil in which the ashes of the dead are to mingle in after years; and upon trial, should the particular earth appear unsuitable he immediately orders the procession off to some other place in the neighborhood, where he expects to be more successful in the choice of soil. I believe many of the Chinese have all these points settled before they die; for one day, when one of our principal merchants in China went to call on old Howqua, the late Hong merchant at Canton, a tray was brought in with several kinds of earth upon it, which the old man examined with great care, and then fixed on one to accompany his remains in the grave. A particular kind of situation on the hill side is also considered of great importance. A view of a beautiful bay or lake, or perhaps what is better, a winding stream, which in its course passes and almost returns again to the foot of the hill where the grove is to be made, is considered as a most eligible situation, and always chosen when it can be found. The director of the ceremonies above alluded to, with a compass in his hand, settles the direction in which the body is to lie, which is another point of great importance. An intelligent Chinese, with whom I was acquainted, informed me that this individual is often very eloquent in his descriptions of the future happiness of those who obey his directions; he informs them that they, or their children, or some one in whom they are much interested, will enjoy riches and honors in after life, as a reward for the attention and respect they have paid to the remains of their fathers; that as the stream which they then behold when standing around their father's grave flows and returns again in its windings, so shall honors, and riches, and everything which they can desire, flow into their possession. These fellows are generally great rogues, and play upon the prejudices of the people. It frequently happens that after interment has taken place for some time, they call upon the relatives, and inform them that for some cause, it is absolutely necessary to remove and re-inter the body. Should the relations object to this, the answer is, "Very well, I don't care; but your children and relations will also be regardless of you when you die, and you will be miserable in your graves."—The feelings of the poor deluded Chinese are thus wrought upon, and a further sum of money is extracted in the finding of a more suitable grave for the relative in question.

In my travels in the south of China, I often came upon graves in the most retired places amongst the hills; they were all less or more of the same form, namely, a half circle cut out of the hill side, having the body interred behind it. Sometimes, indeed generally, there were several of these half circles with a succession of terraces in front of the grave; and in the cases of the more wealthy, the semi-circles were built of brick or stone, and on rather a more extensive scale. In the centre of the semi-circle, and of course close to the body, the gravestone is placed, with its inscription. M. Callery, who is an excellent Chinese scholar, informed me that these inscriptions are of the most simple kind, merely stating the name of the deceased, that he died in such a dynasty, in such a year. This is the plain and unflattering tale which the Chinese tombstone tells, and might, perhaps, be a useful lesson to those who are so fond of flattering on tombstones in our own country. In some instances, I cannot tell if in all, after the body has decayed, the bones are dug up, and carefully put into earthen ware cans and placed on the hill side above ground. These, as well as the graves, are visited at stated times by the relatives; they go first to the patriarch, or father of a tribe, and then to the others in rotation; there they perform their devotions, offer incense, and dine together after the ceremonies are over.

As the traveller proceeds northward, the circular form of constructing the tombs is less common, and they become more varied in their appearance. In Chusan, Ningpoo, and various other places in that district, a great proportion of the coffins are placed on the surface of the ground, and merely thatched over with straw. You meet these coffins in all sorts of places, on the sides of the public highway, on the banks of rivers and canals, in woods and other retired parts of the country. Sometimes the thatch is completely off, the wood rotton, and the remains of the Chinamen of former days exposed to view. On one hill side on the island of Chusan, skulls and bones of different kinds are lying about in all directions, and more than once, when wandering through the long brushwood, I have found myself with my legs through the lid of a coffin, amongst the bones of a poor Chinaman, before I was aware of the circumstance.

The wealthy in these districts I believe, generally bury their dead, and some of them build very chaste and beautiful tombs.—There are three or four very fine ones in the island of Chusan, where the paving in front of the mound which contains the body is really beautiful, and the carving elaborate and superb, the whole of the stone work being square, instead of circular, as in the tombs in the south of China. Here, as at home, and I believe in almost every part of the world, the pine tribe are great favorites, and harmonize well with the last resting places of the dead. The Chinese frequently plant them in half circles around their tombs.

In the Shanghae district I have frequently visited large houses which seem to have been built by the rich to hold their bodies when they die. In these houses I generally found a coffin in one of the principal rooms, and an altar with all the trappings of idolatry, where incense on high days is burned to the memory of the deceased, and various other ceremonies are gone through by the relatives. These houses are generally in a pine wood, and sometimes the body is buried out of doors, the altar and the records being kept in the house, where a Chinese with his family is always placed to look after them.

But the most curious tomb of all, was one I met with during a journey in the interior, near the town of Lun-kiang-foo. It was placed on the side of a hill, and evidently belonged to some very wealthy or important personage in that city. From the base of the hill to where the tomb was, which was about half way up, the visitor ascends by a broad flight of steps, on each side of which a number of figures carved out of stone were placed. As far as I can recollect, the following was the order in which the figures were placed: first a pair of goats or sheep, one on each side, second two dogs, third two cats, fourth two horses saddled and bridled, and fifth two most gigantic priests, the whole presenting a most strange and striking picture to the view.—I have since seen another or two of the same kind near Ningpoo, but on a much smaller scale.

The poor, as well as the rich, often keep their dead in their dwelling houses for a long time after they die: I should imagine from the numerous coffins which I met with in such circumstances, that many are thus kept for years. The coffins are remarkably thick and strong, and the joints carefully cemented, in order to prevent any unpleasant smell from being emitted during the decay of the body. Much of this respect which is paid by the Chinese to the memory of their deceased relatives, is doubtless a mere matter of form, sanctioned and rendered necessary by the customs of ages; but in charity we must suppose that a considerable portion springs from a higher and purer source, and I have no doubt that when the Chinese periodically visit the tombs of their fathers to worship and pay respect to their memory, they indulge in the pleasing reflection that when they themselves are no more, their graves will not be neglected and forgotten, but will also be visited by their children and grandchildren, in whose hearts and affections they will live for many, many years after their bodies have mouldered into dust.—*Athenæum.*

Compensation for Unacted Plays.—The King of the French has just made a present of some rich sevres porcelain to M. M. Louis Lafine and C. Guenot, the authors of two dramatic pieces, written for the Opera and the Opera Comique on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke de Montpensier, but the representation of which, from motives of state policy, did not take place.

Counsels to the Young.

BY HORACE GREELY.

Three millions of youth, between the ages of six and twenty-one, are now rapidly coming forward, to take rank as the future husbands and fathers, legislators and divines, instructors and governors, politicians and voters, capitalists and laborers, artizans and cultivators, of this vast country, whose destinies are even yet so faintly imagined, much less developed. Not one is so humble that he will not certainly exert an influence—it may be an immense and imperishable influence—on the happiness and elevation of his country and his race. The humblest cottage maiden, now toiling thankfully as the household servant of some proud family, by whom she is regarded as nobody, may yet be the mother of a future president; or, nobler still, of some unaspiring but God-directed man, who, as a teacher of righteousness, an ameliorator of human suffering, a successful reprover of wrong, sensuality or selfishness, may leave his impress on the annals of the world as a lover and server of his race. Nearly all our now eminent men, politically—Jackson, Clay, Van Buren, etc., were not merely of poor and humble parentage, but left orphans in early life, and thus deprived of the support and counsel which seems most eminently necessary to success in the world's rugged ways.

In the higher walks of genuine usefulness, the proportion of those enjoying no advantages of family influence or hereditary wealth, who attain the loftiest eminence, is very great. Call to mind the first twenty names that occur to you of men distinguished for ability, energy, philanthropy, or lofty achievement, and generally three-fourths of them will be those of men born in obscurity and dependence.

All literature is full of anecdotes illustrative of these encouraging truths; a single fact now occurs to me which I have never seen recorded. I have often worshipped in a Baptist meeting house in Vermont, whereon, at its construction, some thirty years since, a studious and exemplary young man was for some time employed as a carpenter, who afterwards qualified himself and entered upon the responsibilities of the Christian ministry. That young man was Jared Sparks, since editor of the North American Review, of Washington's voluminous writings, &c., and now recognized as one of the foremost scholars, historians and critics in America.

I propose here to set forth a few important maxims for the guidance and encouragement of those youth who will hearken to me—maxims based on my own immature experience and observation, but which have doubtless in substance been propounded and enforced by older and wiser men long ago and often. Still, as they do not yet appear to have exerted their full and proper effect on the ripening intellect of the country—as thousands on thousands are toilsomely, painfully struggling forward in the race for position and knowledge, in palpable defiance of their scope and spirit—I will hope that their presentation at this time cannot be without some effect on at least a few expanding minds. They are as follows:—

I. Avoid the common error of esteeming a college education necessary to usefulness or eminence in life. Such an education may be desirable and beneficial—to many it doubtless is so. But Greek and Latin are not real knowledge; they are only the means of acquiring such knowledge; there have been great, and wise, and surpassing useful men, in all ages, who knew no language but their mother tongue. Besides, in our day the treasures of ancient and contemporary foreign literature are brought home to every man's door by translation, which embody the substance if they do not exhibit all the beauties of the originals. If your circumstances in life enable you to enjoy the advantages of a college education, do not neglect them—above all, do not misimprove them. But if your lot be different, waste no time in idle repining, in humiliating beggary. The stern, self respecting independence of your own soul is worth whole shelves of classics. All men cannot and need not be college bred—not even those who are born to instruct and improve their kind. You can never be justly deemed ignorant, or your acquirements contemptible, if you embrace and fully improve the opportunities which are fairly offered you.

II. Avoid likewise the kindred and pernicious error that you must have a profession—must be a clergyman, lawyer, doctor, or something of the sort—in order to be influential, useful, respected—or, to state the case in its best aspect, that you may lead an intellectual life. Nothing of the kind is necessary—very far from it. If your tendencies are intellectual—if you love knowledge, wisdom, virtue, for themselves—you will grow in them, whether you earn your bread by a profession, a trade, or by tilling the ground. Nay, it may be doubted whether the farmer or mechanic who devotes his leisure hours to intellectual pursuits from a pure love of them has not some advantages therein over the professional man. *He* comes to his book at evening with his head clear and his mental appetite sharpened by the manual labors, taxing lightly the spirit or brain; while the lawyer, who has been running over dry old books for precedents, the doctor, who has been racking his wits for a remedy adapted to some new modification of disease, or the divine who, immured in his closet, has been busy preparing his next sermon, may well approach the evening volume with senses jaded and palled. There are few men, and perhaps fewer women, who do not spend uselessly in sleep, or play, or frivolous employments, more time than would be required to render them at thirty well versed in history, philosophy, ethics, as well as physical sciences, &c.

III. Neither is an advantageous *location* essential to the prosecution of ennobling studies, or to an intellectual life; on this point misapprehension is very prevalent and very pernicious. A youth born in some rural or but thinly settled district, where books are few and unfit, and the means of intellectual culture apparently scanty, feels within him the spirit of inquiry, a craving to acquire and to know aspirations for an intellectual condition above the dead level around him. At once he jumps to the conclusion that a change of place is necessary to the satisfaction of his desires—that he must resort, if not to the university or the seminary, at least to the city or village.—He fancies he must alter his whole manner of life—that persistance in manuel labor is unsuited to, if not absolutely inconsistent with the aspirations awakened within him—that he must become, if not an author, a professor, a lawyer, at least a merchant, or follower of some calling unlike that of his fathers.

Wrapped in this delusion he betakes himself to the city's dusty ways, where sooner or later the nature and extent of his mistake breaks upon him. If he finds satisfactory employment and is prospered in the way of life which he prefers, the cares and demands of business almost constrain him to relinquish those pursuits for which he abandoned his more quiet and natural life. If he is less fortunate, anxieties for the morrow, a constant and difficult struggle for the means of creditable subsistence, and to avoid becoming a burthen or a detriment to others who have trusted or endeavored to sustain him, these crowd out of being the thought or the hope of mental culture and advancement. Nay, more, and worse—in the tumultuous strife of business and money-getting, whether successful or otherwise, the very *desire* of intellectual elevation is too stifled or greatly enfeebled, and that death of the soul ensues in which satisfaction of the physical appetite becomes the aim of life—the man is sunk in the capitalist or trader, and the gathering of shining dust made the great end of his being.

But what shall the youth do who finds his means of intellectual culture inadequate to his wants? I hesitate not to say that he should CREATE more and better just where he is. Not that I would have him reject any *real* opportunity or proffer of increased facilities which may open before him. I will not say that he should not accept a university education, the means for studying for a profession, if such should come fairly in his way, and be seconded by his own inclination. But I do insist that nothing of this sort is ESSENTIAL to the great end he has or should have in view—namely, self culture. To this end it is only needful that he should put forth fully the powers within him, and rightly mould the circumstances by which he is surrounded. Are the books within reach few and faulty? let him purchase a few of the very best, and study them intently and thoroughly. He who is acquainted with the writings of a very few of the world's master spirits can never after be deemed ignorant or undeveloped. To know intimately the Bible and Shakespeare, and the elements of history and the physical sciences, is to have imbibed the substance of all human knowledge. That knowledge may be presented in a thousand varied, graceful, and attractive forms, and the variations may be highly agreeable and useful—nay, they are so.—But, though they may improve, refine and fertalize, (so to speak,) they do not MAKE the MAN. If he has the elements within him, no future hour of solitude can be lonesome, or tiresome, or profitless. The mild moon and the calm high stars are companionship and instruction, eloquent, of deep significance, and more impressive than the profoundest volumes.

But grant that greater or more varied means of culture than the individual's narrow means can supply are desirable, has he not still modes of procuring them? Is he a solitary, and our good land his Isle of Juan Fernandez? Are there not others all around him, if not of kindred tastes and aspirations, at least in whom kindred aspirations may be awakened? May he not gather around him in the rudest township or vicinity some dozen or more of young men in whom the celestial spark, if not already growing, may be kindled to warmth and radiance. And by the union of these, may not all their mutual mental wants be abundantly supplied?

And herein is found one of the pervading advantages of the cause I would commend. The awakened youth who has withdrawn to the seminary or the city may have secured his own advancement; but he who has remained constant to his childhood's home, its duties and associates, will probably have attracted others to enter with him on the true pathway of life. The good thus accomplished time may not measure. Doubtless many a village lyceum, many a township library, owes its existence to the impulse given by some poor and humble youth, inspired by the love of knowledge and of wisdom.

IV. The great central truth which I would impress on the minds of my readers is this—premising a genuine energy and singleness of purpose—the circumstances are nothing, the MAN is all. We may be the slaves or toys of circumstance if we will; most men, perhaps, are so; and to these all circumstances are alike evil—that is, rendered so, if not by rugged difficulty, then by soft temptation. But that man who truly ruleth his own spirit—and such there is, even among us—readily defies all material influences, or bends them to his will. Be hopeful, be confident, then, O friend! if thou hast achieved this great conquest, and believe that all else shall follow in due season.

Picture of an Eastern Sunset.

There is no spectable which nature can offer to us more beautiful than the sunset of an Eastern clime. It is beautiful; yet how unlike the not less lovely perishing of the day in our own land, when the sunbeams linger on the green fields and gushing streams, as though they mourned to leave the sweet earth they had gladdened with their smiles, long after the pale, timid stars have come stealing forth, one by one, from the depths of the unfathomable. In the East, it is a magnificent sight to see the sun going down to his rest, like an unconquered warrior still fierce and terrible! Throughout the whole day, he has rolled glaring and flaming along the burning vault, drinking up the mists from the parched earth, and destroying every fleeting cloud; and now, when his hour is come, with unabated strength, and with redoubled swiftness, he rushes down the etherial height, and perishes, as he has lived, in a blaze of glory!—Then, swift and sudden from his gorgeous death-bed, night arises to claim the inheritance he has left; she flings her veil of darkness over the world, now dull and rayless, like one who casts a shroud on the cold limbs of the dead, and ascending to the cloudless heavens, she rolls back the dazzling sheet of light that curtained them, and unfolds the portals of infinity, that all may see at once the glorious ranks of the interminable worlds within. When her dominion is thus established, there never fails to steal through the air, like the last sigh of nature for her departed sunshine, a gentle breeze, which is named the "Imbat," and beneath whose cool, soft breath the drooping earth revives at last.

Eloquence.—The best style, as Coleridge has remarked, is that which forces us to think of the subject without paying attention to the particular phrases in which it is clothed. The true excellence of style is to make us feel that words are absorbed in things, and to leave upon the mind a strong impression of the sense and the tenor of reasoning, rather than a broken and piecemeal recollection of particular expressions and images; the result, on the contrary, if not the intention, of too much pulpit oratory, is to fill the ear with a multitude of grand terms, and bewilder the fancy with a crowd of tropes while it is comparatively inaffectual in stamping the general argument or exhortation upon the understanding.

British Critic.

Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the mitmer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.—*W. S. Landor.*

☞ The solemn scene of the profession of a nun in Rome is thus described in a letter from a Baltimorean in the Eternal City, which we find in the Baltimore American:

At the appointed hour I attended at the church, and was surprised at the small number the exciting scene had assembled. Various were the stories of the past life and fortune of the fair being who was this day to take the veil, which were told in whispers by those assembled. All, however, accorded that hers had been a life marked by events so full of sorrow, that her history was not listened to without deep emotion. By his own hand, or by casuality, he had passed away, and she, weary of a life which he could not share, now sought shelter in a sanctuary, where the afflicted may weep in silence, and where, if sorrow be not assuaged, in tears are hidden. All awaited the moment of her entrance with anxious impatience; every eye was directed towards her with an expression of the deepest interest. Splendidly adorned and attended by the Princess Barberini, she slowly advanced to the seat assigned her near the altar. Her fine form rose above the middle stature; a gentle bend marked her contour, and her full black eyes, which were occasionally in pious awe raised to heaven, and her long dark eyelashes gave life to a countenance on which resignation seemed portrayed.—The places allotted to us as strangers, whom the Italians never fail to distinguish by the most courteous manners, were such as not only to enable us to view the whole ceremony, but to contemplate the features and expression of this interesting being. The ceremony now began, and, conducted by a Cardinal, he first pronounced rather a long discourse—after which she passed out of the Church and into the adjoining Convent, which was to be her future home. She now appeared in a small chapel of the nunnery, divided from the church by a large open widow, covered with an iron grating, and the ceremony proceeded. In the back ground, in a blazing focus of light, stood an altar, from which, in a divided line, the nuns of the community were seen, each holding a large burning wax taper. The observances were numerous and imposing. At length the solemn moment approached which was to bind her vows to Heaven.—She rose and stood a few moments before the altar, when suddenly, yet with a noiseless action, she sank upon her knees, and the deep silence was broken by the low tones of the organ, accompanied by soft and beautiful female voices, singing the doleful requium. Tears were the slight expression of the emotion which thrilled through every heart. This solemn music continued long and fell mournfully on the ear, until, receding as it were into the distance, it gently sank into silence. The young novice was then raised, and, advancing towards the Cardinal, she bent down, kneeling at his feet, while he cut a lock of her hair, which she cast from her, as a type of the ceremony that was to deprive her of this, to her, no longer valued ornament. Her attendant then despoiled her of the rich jewels with which she was adorned; her splendid upper vestures were thrown off, and replaced by a loose robe of white, the nun's garb—her long tresses bound up, her temples covered with fair linen, the white crown, emblem of innocence, fixed on her head, and the crucifix placed in her hands. Then kneeling low once more before the altar, she breathed her last vow to Heaven, at which moment the organ and choristers burst forth in loud shouts of triumph. She was then received and embraced by the Lady Abbess, and by each of the nuns in turn, whilst their eyes sparkled, and a smile seemed struggling with the solemnity of the moment, in expression of their innocent delight in beholding the approach of her who had offered up her vows and became one of their community. It might have been the solemn light shed on the surrounding objects, or the momentary charm lent by enthusiasm, deceiving the eye and the heart, which gave this fair being a fascination more than real; but such were my feelings, so fixed my attention, that when the curtain again was drawn and their forms faded from my view, and I turned again towards the busy throng and crowded street, I felt a heaviness of heart even to pain weigh upon me. She shortly after appeared at the entrance of the convent, and, apparently with a happy spirit, took a final adieu of her friends from whom she was to be forever separated—severally offering her hand to her male friends, while she returned the lingering embraces of those dear to her of her own sex, with that happy resignation which piety inspires, while yielding to a sacrifice made to Heaven. I will not weary you with a detail of the sad reflections which impressed me as I left that threshold, which she could not again repass; but such is the illusion, such the sensation inspired by the solemn scene, which I believe he whose faith allows, or he whom a different persuasion leads to deplore the sacrifice, will yet, for the moment, behold with equal emotion.

Never Grow old.—The best men, says a profound writer, are those who preserve the boy in them as long as they live. Age should not destroy the child. The child is the original, and man is merely a superstructure upon the boy. It is an unfortunate sign for a man's happiness, when he has forgotten his boyish feelings. And yet, how rarely we find it otherwise? Parents, in exercising authority over their children, forget that they were young. They expect those whose hearts throb with the warmth and disinterestedness of youth, to think and act with the same cold, calculating, and selfish feelings which predominate in their breasts. And these feelings are the result of experience, they say! Verily, it is dearly bought, at the sacrifice of all the finer sensibilities and generous impulses of the human heart.

Truth Most Solemn.—The London Court Journal makes the following remarks on Tom Thumb, the Dwarf: Strange are the honors accorded to this little being whose only recommendation is that nature has treated him so ill. We can conceive that idlers should repair to the place where this little deformity is exhibited to while away an half hour in satisfaction of a frivolous curiosity; but when we hear the tales related by the man who gains his livelihood by exhibiting this libel on humanity, of the receptions given to General Tom Thumb by great European potentates, we are struck with astonishment at reflecting on this strange freak of fortune. How many men, gifted with nature's choicest bounties, genius, worth and bravery, languish in the shade, while this unfortunate child, sold by his parents for public exhibition, is loaded with favors and caresses by the great.

Inconstancy of the Mails.—An old lady, hearing somebody observe "The mails are very irregular," said, "It was just so in my young days! *no trusting any of 'em.*"

Gateshead Obs.

A Sudorific.—The celebrated Abernethy, having asked a candidate at his examination what means he would use to promote perspiration in a particular disease, the student exhausted all the resources of his memory and imagination, and still the pertinacious old man continued to bore him with—"Well, sir, and if that failed, what would you do?" The lad, driven to his wit's end, at last exclaimed—"Then, sir, I would send him to you to be examined; and if that did not make him sweat, it is my opinion his case would be hopeless."

'How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?' asked an amiable caresposa of her living husband. "'Till he got a wife," answered the husband calmly.

It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, struck down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this was told by Lord Strongford, observed—"Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page."

Rousseau's advice to the Poles was—"If you could not prevent your neighbors from swallowing you, manage at least that they may not digest you."

Apothegms.—*Temper*—It is easier to submit to the bad temper of others, than to control one's own. *Independence*—No man can be independent of God and his neighbor. *Courage*—It needs more courage to confess a fault than to defend it. *Politeness*—Like poetry, it knows no medium; it is either gold or brass. *Generosity*—It is less generous to give than to forgive. *Madness*—The mind, like a shattered mirror, yielding only disjointed reflections. *Cowardice*—The high road to danger; prudence off the box, the lights of reason extinguished, and fear running away with the horses.—*Resignation*—The art of bearing our own misfortunes as well as those of our neighbors. *Reason*—Subduing instinct, and guiding imagination. *Truth*—The shrine at which the good of every age have worshipped. *Repentance*—Can never begin too soon, nor end too late. *Civilization*—To prove that there is nothing to learn from the savages.

Never trust with a secret a married man who loves his wife, or he will tell her—she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell everybody.

Dr. Johnson, when in the fullness of years and knowledge, said, "I never take up a newspaper without finding something I should have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

Saphir, the metaphysician of Vienna, cites the following as the height of avarice: "Francois Biquet, the notorious miser of Avignon, upon being told that it would cost one hundred francs at least to be buried, complained bitterly that it should cost more to die than to live, and left his body to a hospital, in order to save money."—*Almanack of the month.*

Indian Humanity to Animals.—The Banian Hospital, at Sarat, is thus described by Forbes. "It consists of a large plot of ground, enclosed with high walls, divided into several courts or wards, for the accommodation of animals in sickness. They are attended with the tenderest care, and find a peaceful asylum for the infirmities of age. When an animal lacks a limb, or if otherwise disabled from serving his masters he carries him to the hospital where the patient is never refused admittance. If he recovers, he cannot be reclaimed, but must remain in the hospital for life, subject to the duty of drawing for the pensioners, disabled by age or disease from procuring it for themselves. At my visit the hospital contained horses, mules, oxen, goats monkeys, poultry, and a variety of birds, with an aged tortoise, that had been there for seventy-five years. The hospital has several endowments within the walls of the city, for such invalids and convalescents to whom pasturage and country air may be recommended, and especially for the maintaining the goats purchased for slaughter on the anniversary of the Mahommedan festival."

Veterinary scene in its infancy.—In a very scarce work entitled, "On the Government of Cattle, gathered by Leonard Miscall, chief farrier to King James, printed in 1662, we find the following sagacious remedy "For a horse that is swollen with much wind in his body;"—"Some horses, with eating certain windy meats, or such herbs, will be swollen therewith, as though his belly would burst; and then will eat no meat, but stand hanging down his head, ready to fall, and so die, if he have not speedy help. When you shall see any horse so, the next remedy, as I can learn, ye shall take a sharp-pointed knife, or bodkin, and arm it so with some stay that it go not too deep for piercing his guts. Then strike him therewith through the skin into the body below the hollow place of the haunch bone, half a foot beneath the backbone, and the wind will come out thereat. Then, if you put a hollow quill therein, (or some feather to keep it open awhile,) the wind will void the better and so heal again. When a horse is so, some do rake him, and some do ride him, to make him void wind, but this hath been proved the best remedy to save your horse or ox."—page 187.—In a subsequent part Master Miscall recommends the following recipe:—"If your horse chance to tire on the way—if spur and wand will not profit, you shall put three or four round pebble stones in one of his ears; and so knit fast his ear, that the stones shall not fall out, and they will so rattle within his ear that he will then go faster, if he have any spirit or power.—Some do thrust a bodkin through the midst or flap of his ear, and put therein a pin of wood; and ever when he slacks his pace the rider shall strike on that ear with his wand, and so he will mend his pace thereby."—Master Miscall, we think, ought to have had his own ears nailed to the manger for such brutal invention.

Peculiarities of the Hare.—To few of her creatures has nature been more bountiful than the hare. Its ears are so constructed that they catch the most remote sounds, and thus enable the animal to avoid the danger whilst yet at a considerable distance. This nicety of acoustic power is of wonderful service to the hare when being pursued, as it enables it to hear all sounds from behind, which proves of more service to it in its attempts to escape from the hunt-men than its power of running, that being but a secondary talent. The eyes of the hare are ever open, whether awake or asleep; for they portrude so greatly that the lids are not of a sufficient length to cover them completely when asleep. These organs of sight are so situated that the hare can when seated, take in almost a whole circle, and see objects in all quarters. Being always lean, and its hind legs remarkably long, the hare possesses a great superiority over its pursuers in ascending rising ground, for which it generally makes when first started.

Snipes.—This bird is to met with most every quarter of the glope. It is in the icy regions of Siberia, and is common at the Cape of Good Hope, may also be found in the islands of C and Japan. It swarms in South Ch and, in fact, may be abundantly met in all parts of America. The three ties pommonly known in this countr the common, the jack, and the great The great snipe is in many places "solitary snipe," from always being alone. This variety is not very co in this country. These birds are wary tiful in Ireland, and are also to be m in considerable numbers in the so south of Wales. They are dispersed greater or less degree, over every pa England, and around the lochs and mosses of Scotland, they may be met in considerable numbers.

Diseases of the Horse.

Worms in the intestines productive of much mischief exist in very great quantities. S of emetic tartar, with a little g given to the horse half an hou first meal, in order to expel the worm; and injections of linseed will usually remove the ascarid worms.

The respiratory passages are the mucus membrane. Catar flammation of the upper air p never be long neglected. A a little medicine will usually r it is neglected, and occasionally of all treatment, it will degenerat er diseases. The larynx may be principal seat of inflammation. L will be shown by extreme diffi breathing, accompained by a strid ing noise, and an evident enlargement great tenderness of the larnyx when externally. The windpipe must be ope in such cases and the best advice will necessary. Sometimes the subdivisions the trachea, before or when it first e the lungs, will be the part affected, and have bronchitis. This is characterized quick and hard breathing, and a wheezing sound, with the coughing mucus. Here, too, decisive me be adopted, and a skilful practitio ployed. His assistance is equally in distemper, influenza, and epidemic ca names indicating varieties of the disease, and the product of atmosp influence, differing to a certain degre every season, but in all characterized intense inflammation of the mucus surfa and rapid and utter prostration of stren and in all demanding the abatement of inflammation, and yet little expenditure vital power.

Cough may degenerate into inflamma of the lungs; or this fearful malady be developed without a single premoni symptom, and prove fatal in twenty-fo and even in twelve hours. It is mos characterized by deathly coldness of th extremities, expansion of the nostril, ness of its lining membrane, singular anxious countenance, constant gazing at th flank, and an unwillingness to move. successful treatment of such a case can be found only on the most prompt and fearle and decisive measures. The lancet should be freely used. Counter-irritants should follow as soon as the violence of the disease is in the slightest degree abated; sed tives must succeed to them, and fortuna will be he who often saves his patient after all the decisive symptoms of pneumonia ar once developed.

Among the consequences of these severe affections of the lungs are chronic coughs not always much diminishing the usefulness of the horse, but strongly aggravated at times by any fresh accession of catarrh, and too often degenerating into thick wind, which always materially interferes with the speed of the hoorse, and in a great proportion of cases terminates in broken wind. It is rare, indeed, that either of these cases admits of cure. That obstruction in some part of the respiratory canal, which varies in almost every horse, and produces the peculiar sound termed roaring, is also rarely removed.

Feeding of Hogs with Corn and Charcoal.—It has a bad appearance, and beside that there is not a little loss in feeding hogs on the ground, and no man can well afford to do it. To every one who has not a good frame pen for his hogs, with a good floor to feed them on, and does not wish to be at the expense of such, I will earnestly recommend to procure oak plank 1½ thick, and make one. This may vary in size according to the design of fattening more or fewer hogs. A good number may be fed upon a floor 12 by 20 feet, having the plank well laid upon sleepers, and the outside ones either secured by pins in the sleepers or stakes in the ground. You may bear in mind, I am more particular about having a good floor, not only for the saving of much corn, but for the chance of feeding hogs on this floor with the charcoal.—You may be assured that this charcoal will do much to aid in fattening your pork.—They should have it freely; they will not eat any more than they want, and it is never known to hurt them, but keeps them in good heart and free from disease. You will find a good floor beneficial to feed out raw materials, as potatoes, turnips, pig weeds, &c.

S. L.

THE CORAL INSECT.

Mr. Darwin, on visiting the Coral Islands in the Pacific, and witnessing the immense results of the labors of the myriads, of submarine architects, thus tells his impressions of the scene:

"I can hardly explain the cause, but there is to my mind a considerable degree of grandeur in the view of the outer shores of those lagoon islands. There is a simplicity in the barrier-like beach, the margin of green bushes and tall cocoanuts, the solid flat of coral rock, strewed here and there with great fragments, and the line of furious breakers, all rounding away towards either hand. The ocean, throwing its waters over the broad reef, appears an invincible, all powerful enemy, yet we see it resisted and even conquered by means which at first seem most weak and inefficient. It is not that the ocean spares the rock of coral; the great fragments scattered over the reef, and accumulated on the beach, whence the tall cocoanut springs plainly bespeak the unrelenting power of its waves. Nor are there any periods of repose granted. The long swell caused by the gentle but steady action of the trade wind always blowing in one direction over the wide area, causes breakers, which even exceed in violence those of our temperate regions, and which never cease to rage. It is impossible to behold these waves without feeling a conviction that an island, though built of the hardest rock, let it be porphyry, granite or quartz, would ultimately yield and be demolished by such irresistible forces. Yet these low, insignificant coral islets, stand and are victorious; for here another power as antagonist to the former, takes part in the contest. The organic forces separate the atoms of carbonate of lime one by one from the foaming breakers, and unite them into a symetrical structure. Let the hurricane rear up its thousand huge fragments; yet what will this tell against the accumulated labors of myriads of architects at work night and day, month after month? Thus do we see the soft and gelatinous body of a podlypus, through the agency of the vital laws, conquering the great mechanical power of the wave of an ocean, which neither the art of man, nor