LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Love of Later Years.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

They err who deem Love's brightest hour
In blooming youth is known:
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power,
In after life is shown,
When passions, chastened and subdued,
To riper years are given,
And earth, and earthly things are viewed
In light that breaks from Heaven.

It is not in the flush of youth,
Of days of cloudless mirth,
We feel the tenderness and truth,
Of Love's devoted worth:
Life then is like a tranquil stream
Which flows in sunshine bright,
And objects mirrored in it seem
To share its sparkling light.

'Tis when the howling winds arise,
And life is like the ocean,
Whose mountain billows brave the skies,
Lashed by the storm's commotion;
When lightning cleaves the murky cloud
And thunderbolts astound us,
'Tis then we feel our spirits bowed,
By loneliness around us.

Oh, then, as to the seamen's sight
The beacon's twinkling ray
Surpasses far the lustre bright
Of summer's cloudless day;
E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts
In manhood's darker years,
The gentle light true love imparts
'Mid sorrows, cares and tears.

Its beams on minds of joy bereft,
Their freshning brightness fling,
And show that life has somewhat left
To which their hopes may cling;
It steals upon the sick at heart,
The desolate in soul,
To bid their doubts and fears depart,
And point a brighter goal.

If such be Love's triumphant power,
O'er spirits touched by time,
Oh! who shall doubt its loveliest hour
Of happiness sublime?
In youth, 'tis like the meteor's gleam,
Which dazzle and sweeps by;
In after life its splendors seem
Linked with eternity!

A Chapter on Odd People.

'Yes, sir,' said Dr. Johnson once in reply to a remark of Boswell; 'every man who has brains is eccentric, because he sees and thinks for himself; and if he did not, minds would be all cut with compasses, and no rational man could endure society.'—Doubtless the leviathan of literature, as both friends and enemies called him in his day, had learned, by means of his proverbial love of 'a good talk,' how much social life is enlivened by occasional obliquities of taste, and even of judgment.

'Defend me from pattern ladies and men of rule!' was the *petition* of rather an unruly poet, in which many who are not poets will be found to concur, for there seems a natural association between dulness and uniformity. Yet the widest deviations from received ideas, as regards external matters, are not always made by the ablest thinkers. All the world has heard, and probably by this time got tired, of the eccentricities of genius. They have been largely reported, and still more largely imitated, particularly those of the discreditable kind, since it was found out that great wit was allied to madness. Numbers who could never reach the former have adopted the latter as its nearest relation, forgetful that they were affecting only what had disgraced their betters, and too frequently that which would have disgraced any grade of mind.

But the age for such affectations, even of the harmless order, is past; eccentricity is now known to be one of the liabilities, not the consequence, of genius, and has been most prominently displayed in those who had no genius at all.

These are smoothing-down days, and peculiarities appear above the surface more rarely than they did in less polishing times; but uncelebrated oddities may still be encountered in every by-way and corner of life. The upland hamlet, the rural village, or the small country town, can generally boast a Miss or Mr. Whimsy of its own, whose out-of-the-way sayings and doings will return among the pleasures of memory to some of its scattered denizens in far-off scenes and years. Even in great cities, where the perpetual though changeful currents of business and society are calculated to wear away the angularities of minds and manners, it is wonderful in what perfection they still exist.

The first Charles Mathews used to describe three meagre brothers, all men of business in New York, who always had their garments made double the fitting size, in order to save time and trouble in case their respective corporations should increase, an occurrence which appeared probable to them alone. The residents of another busy street in that same western city, about twenty years ago, may recollect an old man whose whim was still more remarkable.—He was a bachelor with a decent income; and, strange to say, no miser, though he lived utterly alone, acted as his own attendant in every department of housekeeping, and never admitted a single feminine assistant, as his special ambition was to be what he called independent of women. There were those who said the old boy had been slighted or aggrieved by some of the sex in his younger days; perhaps the story originated only in conjecture, but the advocates of woman's rights and mission would have been astonished at the legion of wrongs he could muster up when denouncing female tyranny, under which he affirmed the whole creation groaned. No misfortune, great or small, ever happened to any man within his knowledge, which he could not trace, by a most elaborate process of reasoning, to some female hand. And one of his chief doctrines was, that no man could admit one of the fair, (by courtesy) within the walls of his domicile, and escape absolute slavery. To preserve his own liberty, therefore, this original philosopher, superseded the ladies in actual service, from stitching shirts to making tea. He is said to have acquired extraordinary proficiency, particularly in the former art, and always boasted to his friends that he was one independent man.

Lingerers in the state of celibacy are popularly believed to be more addicted to eccentricity, than the wedded of mankind; on which belief a minutely ingenious philosopher once suggested the inquiry, 'Whether being single was the cause of their singularity, or *vice versa*.' Certain it is, that the special characteristics of the New York bachelor could exist in no other condition; yet it may be hoped that all the single are not singular, especially as some odd actors are occasionally found among the doubly-blessed.

I knew a married lady, whose peculiar taste in dress formed the standing topic of conversation to the fairer portion of a country parish. She had been an heiress in a small way, and could, therefore, command some of the sinews of fashion; but she said no milliner should ever dictate to her, for she had an original fancy, and would not be put in uniform. This resolution she kept with the zeal of a patriot; never was the regimentalism of costume more defied than in the cut of her garments, while the boasted originality was displayed in an arrangement of colors, and an adaptation of materials, which set at naught all toilet regulations. Her favorite winter attire was a white flannel cloak lined with scarlet. She delighted in tartan boots; and when I last heard of her, she had just horrified the ladies of the neighborhood by trimming her bonnet with broadcloth.

Perhaps the most ordinary and unobtrusive form of eccentricity is favoritism with regard to certain articles. There was a man of rank some years ago in Paris, known to his acquaintances by the *soubriquet* of 'the shoe-gatheser,' from his habit of heaping up boots and shoes, new and old, till a large room in his residence was necessarily set apart for the purpose of containing them; and he was said rarely to have passed a shop of the kind, without ordering home an additional supply.

A clergyman of my native village, took a similar delight in wigs; and a hundred and fifty 'time defiers,' as a London wit designated those articles, were sold by auction on the good man's premises after his death.—The rarest instance of this description I ever knew was that of a farmer whose enthusiasm rested on pots. He bought them, large and small, on every possible pretext, to the confusion of the kitchen-maid and the annoyance of his helpmate; till the latter having a small taste of the Tartar in her composition, at length declared war against pot metal, and eventually won the day so far, that, on her husband's occasional visits to the nearest market town, she was wont to shout after him the following adjuration. 'Mind, bring no pots home with you!' Her injunction was generally obeyed, for the lady might not be provoked with impunity. But when a supernumerary dram warmed the farmer's fancy, it would sometimes revert to the ancient channel, and he has been known to deposit a pot or two at a neighboring cottage, as the dread of probable consequences occurred with the sight of his own chimney smoke.

Some persons are eccentric in their curiosity, and a troublesome kind of oddity it is at times to their neighbors, as they are apt to ask all manner of inconvenient questions. A family dispute, a lost situation, or a failure in business, is among their chosen subjects; and by way of securing authentic information, they make a point of applying to the parties most concerned. It was a genius of this order who, when Talleyrand was dismissed from office by the Emperor, sent him a long letter explicitly detailing all the reports in circulation against him, and concluding with a polite request to be informed which of them was true. A similar character on our own side of the British Channel one day mistaking Tyrone Power for a captain of his acquaintance who had just quitted the service under equivocal circumstances, seized the comedian by the button at Charing Cross, with,

'Oh, Captain Blake, I was sorry to hear it—'pon my honor, I was—but were you actually cashiered for cowardice?'

'I have not the honor to be Captain Blake, sir,' said Power, still led along by the button; 'and when you meet that gentleman, I advise you not to press the question.'

'Why, said the blunt of brain, 'could'nt he tell me best?'

'Ah, yes, my dear fellow,' responded Power, benevolently; 'but he might kick you.'

Probably the most eccentric expression of grief recorded is that of Madame du Deffand, of Walpole notoriety, who, being informed in the midst of a large party, that one of her friends had died some hours before, ejaculated, '*Helas!* I shall not be able to take any supper!'

Eccentric prejudices are comparatively common; one occasionally meets with individuals who regard the use of animal food as the cause of all the ills that flesh is heir to; and a gentleman, formerly residing in Kent, put his confidence entirely in turnips as their universal remedy. Constitutional antipathies, or affinities, unaccountable as they are in themselves, would perhaps account for these notions, as well as for those eccentric preferences of sights, sounds, and odors, which are otherwise inexplicable.—Persons have been known to dislike the smell of roses, and rather prefer that of garlic; others have relished the rasping of a file; and the Dutch doctor who saw nothing in all Paris to admire but the shambles, has doubtless brethren in many lands.

There are, however, peculiarities of taste which have their origin in the higher ground of our nature, and belong to minds of a finer fabric. Charles Lamb confessed that he admired a squint, because a girl to whom he had been attached in early life squinted prodigiously; and a lady of my acquaintance once thought a club-foot interesting, from similar recollections. It is strange how seldom eccentricity takes an elevating or even an agreeable form; odd ways are rarely those of pleasantness, or peace either: though many of the world's notables have indulged in them, as stands recorded by better pens and ampler pages than mine. It is not always genius that makes one differ from his neighbors, but some heavy strength of character, considerable obstinacy, and, at times, right royal virtues, may be found among the oddfellows of creation.

One of the best-principled women I ever knew, was possessed with a restless anxiety to learn not only the Christian names of every person she chanced to encounter, but those of all their relations in the ascending line. Her inquiries, which were vigorously pushed forward in all companies, created most ludicrous annoyance to the parties interrogated, though I cannot recollect an instance of her getting beyond her great-grandfather.

It has been observed that singular tastes and habits are less frequently found among the working classes than in the superior ranks; the pressing necessities of life generally requiring the utmost exertions of the former in continuous labor, leave them neither time nor means for indulging in peculiarities. There is no scope for eccentricity in such circumstances; yet where the bent is strong, it will make room for itself. Some years ago a northern town of England, once famous in Border history, and now of some importance on one of our great railway lines, received an addition to its inhabitants, whose mode of conducting his pilgrimage through life, considering the path in which he journeyed, was something original. He was a man about thirty, tall, handsome, and of that sort of air generally known as genteel, on which point his singularity seemed to rest. The man avowed himself to be a native of London; his business was the sale and manufacture of muffins; and no one, so far as I heard, thought of inquiring after his name. He lived in a small cottage in the suburbs of the town, to which neither assistant, attendant, nor visitor was known to have been admitted. There he made his muffins, and thence he issued to supply his various customers as regularly as the English breakfast hour came round.—But no London exquisite, prepared for a lounge in Bond Street, or the Park, could appear with more fashionably-cut coat, faultless hat, or more stainless linen; from the polish of his boots to the whiteness of his gloves he was a perfect Brummel, always excepting the basket over his arm, which, however, was ingeniously contrived to resemble that usually carried by anglers. Out of that array he was never seen on the street. How it could be obtained or kept in order, was a daily renewed wonder. People said there was a very different dress worn at the cottage; and all the tailors of the town affirmed he made his own garments, as to the business of none had he given the smallest addition. His solitary leisure was spent in cleaning gloves, brushing up matters generally, and disciplining a couple of shirts; for that morning sally was the joy of his life, and to be occasionally mistaken for a gentleman dandy, his only aim and reward. This devoutly-wished-for consummation he attained at times, and one instance of it served to amuse the townspeople, to whose knowledge it came, for many a day. The daughter of a respectable merchant, who had just returned from a London boarding-school, with a large importation of airs, and a profound admiration for everything showy and useless, chanced to meet the incomparable recluse on the first of her morning walks. The young lady came home overflowing with what she called the romantic circumstance of a distinguished young nobleman actually coming to rusticate in such a place on pretext of angling in the celebrated salmon river.—She knew he was Frederick Beauchamp, the brother of her particular friend Lady Theresa, daughter of the Earl of——, who had introduced him to her, just before leaving school. He had looked very much at her; she would bow to him on the next occasion.

True to her resolution, she sallied forth on the following day after an hour's extra dressing, and encountered the object of her solicitude on his usual morning rounds.—Miss took the opportunity of saluting him in the crowded street before two elderly acquaintances, and her nod was most gravely returned.

'He cannot recollect me, I am so much grown!' said she in a loud whisper.

'Do you know him?' inquired one of the ladies in company.

'Oh yes!' responded miss; 'I met him frequently in London.'

'Indeed!' replied the querist; 'he has been here for two years, and they call him the Muffin-Man.'

Her neighbors averred that, after that revelation, the particular friend of Lady Theresa, was never in a hurry to recognise distinguished-looking strangers; but with the eccentric muffin-man closes my recollection of oddities.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Hurry and Haste.

'Never do anything in a hurry,' is the advice given to attorneys and solicitors by Mr. Warren. 'No one in a hurry can possibly 'have his wits about him;' and remember, that in the law there is ever an opponent watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—resolve—never to be so. Remember always that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inadvertence—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first-rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil, that it makes one's-self feel cool on a hot summer's day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry but once, and that was for an entire fortnight, at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him: he spoiled everything he touched; he was always breathless, and harassed, and miserable; but it did him good for life: he resolved never again to be in a hurry—and never was, no not once, that he could remember, during twenty-five year's practice! Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not of being in haste, for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the superiority and inferiority of different men. You may, indeed, almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced by haste. I one day observed, in a committee of the House of Commons, sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours, while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquility, and temper, conferring on him immense advantages. His suggestions to counsel were masterly, and exquisitely well-timed; and by the close of the day he had triumphed. 'How is it that one never sees you in a hurry?' said I, as we were pacing the long corridor, on our way from the committee-room. 'Because it's so expensive,' he replied with a significant smile. I shall never forget that observation, and do'nt you.'—*Warren on Attorneys and Solicitors.*

Pepys' Diary.

SAMUEL PEPYS was born February 23d, 1623. His father, a native of Cambridgeshire, had settled as a haberdasher in London. Young Pepys, after keeping terms at the Magdalen College, Cambridge (for a "college education" was not then the expensive luxury it has since become,) entered the service of Sir Edward Montague afterwards Lord Sandwich, in some seminential capacity. There he married.—Who his wife was, is to us a mystery. It is clear she was French by the mother's side, and in one place Lord Sandwich calls her "his chosen." Perhaps—(but, no, we will not dig up a hypothetical scandal which has been dead and buried these two hundred years.) Through his patron, Pepys obtained a clerk's place at the Admiralty, towards the close of the Commonwealth. There he remained, gradually rising to places of higher trust, during the reigns of Charles and James, making by means of "perquisites" and "considerations" a large sum of money, which, fortunately for us, he spent on books. He left his library to Magdalen College, the now famous "Bibliotheca Pepysiana." We would strongly advise any of our readers who may visit Cambridge to catch one of the good-natured fellows of Magdalen, and make him show this especial lion. There stand the identical bookcases which were the pride of old Pepys' heart, containing several thousand volumes, among them a collection of ballads and broadsides unique of its kind, newspapers of the day, State documents, autograph letters of kings and councilors, fine old prints, in short, "a perplexed pile of treasures, quaint and rare."

But the chief object of interest is a diary in short-hand, beautifully penned, which Pepys commenced in 1659, and continued during several succeeding years. During his lifetime, doubtless, it was seen by no eye but his own, nor did he ever dream of its being published to the world. Hence its interest and charm for us. It fills up the blanks of history. History, like a true courtier, haunts the palace, the anti-chamber, and the bureau, but, standing on its dignity (save the mark!) does not condescend to step down into the street, or peep into the citizen's parlor. But Pepys, for his own edification, sate him down every night, and recounted the little haps and mishaps of the day—nothing too trivial (God bless him!)—how the tailor had brought home his new suit, how the goose was underdone at dinner, how he went to the play and did *not* treat his wife, with the curtain lecture consequent thereupon, &c., &c. The whole man stands daguerreotyped before us. We see him conscientious and honest at bottom, yet complying with the prevalent examples of corruption, swayed to and fro by his duty to his king and his love of himself, by his resolutions of economy and his impulses of vanity, by the prejudices of his Presbyterian education, and the seductions of fashionable dissipation. Pepys and Boswell are always associated in our mind as the silly, shrewd, honest, good-natured, every-day men who have written the two most readable books in the language.

Moreover, Pepys writes history in the "dignified" sense of the word, being, in virtue of his office, a politician, and admitted behind the scenes; being, also, a personal favorite with the merry monarch, and his sour-visaged brother.

We have, also, here and there, delicious scraps of literary "*ana*," for he was the acquaintance of Dryden, and the friend of Evelyn (from whom, by the way, he *borrowed* the collection of autograph letters now in the Bibliotheca Pepysiana.)

Macaulay has been largely indebted to this library for the materials of his third chapter; though, with that rare facility peculiar to himself, he occupied only two mornings in its examination.

The diary was deciphered, some years ago, by the Rev. J. Smith, and published under the editorial care of Lord Braybrooke, who took upon him to leave out "what he did not consider interesting."—The Reviews unanimously clamored for the rest, and accordingly this third edition contains the passages omitted in the first. The noble editor has sprinkled here and there notes smacking, indeed, of dilettantism in history, but indicating as thorough a knowledge of Debrett as Major Pendennis himself could desire. The real merit belongs to the aforesaid "Rev. J. Smith," whose small name on the title-page is overshadowed by the tall capitals of Richard Lord Braybrooke.—*Manchester Examiner.*

War.

Voltaire thus expresses himself on the subject of war—"A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill or to be killed by thir fellow-mortals, covered with turbans. By this strange procedure, they want to know whether a tract of land to which none of them has any claim, should belong to a certain man whom they call Sultan, or another whom they call Czar—neither of whom ever saw, or ever will, see, the spot so furiously contended for: and very few of those creatures who thus mutually butcher each other, ever beheld the animal for whom they cut each others' throats! From time immemorial, this has been the way of mankind almost all over the earth. What an excess of madness is this; and how deservedly might a superior Being crush to atoms, this earthly ball—the bloody nest of such ridiculous murderers."

Newspapers.

I am sure that every person will be willing, as I am, to acknowledge in the most ample terms, the information, the instruction, and amusement derived from the public press.—*Lord Lyndhurst.*

The newspaper is the chronicle of civilisation. the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink; it is the newspaper which gives to liberty practical life, its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman that reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home and abroad. The newspaper informs legislation of the public opinion, and it informs people of the acts of legislation; thus keeping up that constant sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity for revolution.—*Sir E. L. Bulmer.*

Ambition.

The struggles of the ambitious man produce no ultimate good to himself. It is only while he looks for something as yet within his reach, that his happiness is increased. When he attains one object that he has long desired, it ceases to yield him pleasure. It is only "distance that lends enchantment to the view." Worse than labor lost are the troubles, the anxieties, and the severe toils of the ambitious man. Peace and happiness are natives of the heart, and are not found in extraneous acquirements.

Doing Good.

In doing good, more good is always discovered requiring to be done, and this is the reward of doing it. "Alps upon Alps arise;" and a life thus devoted becomes sublime, as it approaches *His* who went about doing good. What the expression, "God said let there be light and there was light," is, in reference to the sublime of creation, the phrase, "He went about doing good" is, in regard to the moral regeneration of mankind.—*North British Review.*

One of the most beautiful gems in oriental literature is contained in a passage from the Persian poet Sadi, quoted by Sir W. Jones, the sentiment of which is embodied in the following lines:

The sandal tree perfumes when riven,
The axe that laid it low;
Let man who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe.

Rosalind's Madrigal.

THOMAS LOGAN, 1590.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye!

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The live-long night,
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else, I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas! what thereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me!

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod;
He will repay me with annoy
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O, Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

The Regions Beyond the Euphrates.

A deep mystery hangs over Assyria, Babylonia, and Chaldea. With these names are linked great nations, and great cities dimly shadowed forth in history, mighty ruins, in the midst of deserts, defying, by their very desolation and lack of definite form, the description of the traveller: the remnants of mighty races still roving over the land; the fulfilling and fulfilment of prophecies; the plains to which the Jew and the Gentile alike look as the cradle of their race. * * * * *

Were the traveller to cross the Euphrates to seek for such ruins in Mesopotamia and Chaldea as he has left behind him in Asia Minor or Syria, his search would be vain. The graceful column rising above the thick foliage of the myrtle, the ilex, and the oleander; the gradines of the amphitheatre covering the gentle slope, and overlooking the dark blue waters, or a lake-like bay;—the richly-carved cornice or capital, half hidden by the luxuriant herbage; are replaced by the stern shapeless mound, rising like a hill from the scorched plain, the fragments of pottery, and the stupendous mass of brickwork occasionally laid bare by the winter rains. He has left the land where nature is still lovely, where, in his mind's eye, he can rebuild the temple or the theatre, half doubting whether they would have made a more grateful impression upon the senses than the ruin before him. He is now at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilisatton, or of their arts: their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures, the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating; desolation meets desolation; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thought and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec, or the theatres of Ionia.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

Visit to the Shammar Tribe.

Evening set in before we could reach the desert, and we pitched our tents for the night on a lawn near a deserted village about nine miles from the town. On the following morning we soon emerged from the low limestone hills; which, broken into a thousand rocky valleys, form a barrier between the Tigris and the plains of the Mesopotamia. We now found ourselves in the desert, or rather wilderness; for at this time of the year Nature could not disclose a more varied scene of a more luxuriant vegetation. We trod on an interminable carpet, figured by flowers of every hue. Nor was water wanting; for the abundant rains had given reservoirs to every hollow and to every ravine. Their contents, owing to the nature of the soil, were brackish but not unwholesome. Clusters of black tents were scattered, and flocks of sheep and camels wandered, over the plain. Those of our party who were well mounted urged their horses through the meadows; pursuing the herds of gazelles or the wild boar skulking in the long grass. Although such scenes as these may be described, the exhilaration caused by the air of the desert in spring and the feeling of freedom arising from the contemplation of its boundless expanse must have been experienced before they can be understood. The stranger as well as the Arab feels the intoxication of the senses which they produce.—From their effects upon the wandering son of Ishmael they might well have been included by the Prophet among those things forbidden to the true believer.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

Arab Feast.

The sheep was now boiled. The Arabs pulled the fragments out of the cauldron and laid them on wooden platters with their fingers. We helped ourselves after the same fashion. The servants succeeded to the dishes,—which afterwards passed through the hands of the camel-drivers and tent pitchers; and at last, denuded of all apparently edible portions, reached a strong party of expectant Arabs. The condition of the bones by the time they were delivered to a crowd of hungry dogs assembled on the occasion may easily be imagined.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

Sheikh Sofuk.

When Mehemet Reshid Pasha led his successful expedition into Kurdistan and Mesopotamia, Sofuk was amongst the chiefs whose power he sought to destroy. He knew that it would be useless to attempt it by force; and he consequently invited the Sheikh to his camp on pretence of investing him with the customary robe of honor. He was seized and sent a prisoner to Constantinople. Here he remained some months until, deceived by his promises, the Porte permitted him to return to his tribes. From that time his Arabs had generally been engaged in plunder; and Nejris, the son of Sofuk's uncle, having appeared as his rival, dissensions arose in the tribe which obliged Sofuk to apply to the Pasha of Mosul for aid, and accounted for the presence of the white tents of the Hytas in the midst of his encampment. * * The system of patriarchal government, faithfully described by Burckhardt, still exists as it has done for 4,000 years, in the desert. Although the Arabs for convenience recognise one man as their chief, yet any unpopular or oppressive act on his part at once dissolves their allegiance; and they seek in another a more just and trustworthy leader. The chief can only govern as long as he has the majority in his favor; when if his ascendancy is great and he can depend upon his majority he may commit acts of bloodshed and oppression, becoming an arbitrary ruler; but such things are not forgotten by the Arabs or seldom in the end go unpunished. Of this Sofuk himself was, as it will be seen hereafter, an example.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

Characteristic Exploit.

Some years ago there lived in the Island of Zakko, formed by the river Khabour, and in a castle of considerable strength, a Kurdish Bey of great power and influence. Whilst his resistance to the authority of the Porte called for the interference of Mohammed Pasha, the reports of his wealth were no mean incentive to an expedition against him. All attempts, however, to seize him and reduce his castle failed. The days of the chief were spent in war and plunder, and half the country had claims of blood against him. "Will no one deliver me from that Kurdish dog?" exclaimed Mohammed Pasha one day in his Salamlik, after an ineffectual attempt to reduce Zakko; "By God and his Prophet, the richest cloak of honor shall be for him who brings me his head." Ibrahim Agha, who was standing amongst the Pasha's courtiers, heard the offer and left the room. Assembling a few of his bravest followers, he took the road to the mountains. Concealing all his men but six or eight in the gardens outside the small town of Zakko, he entered after nightfall the castle of the Kurdish chief. He was received as a guest, and the customary dishes of meat were placed before him. After he had eaten, he rose from his seat, and advancing towards his host, fired his long pistol within a few feet of the breast of the Bey, and drawing his sabre, severed the head from the body. The Kurds, amazed at this unparalleled audacity, offered no resistance. A signal from the roof was answered by the men outside; the innermost recesses of the castle were rifled, and the Georgian returned to Mosul with the head and wealth of the Kurdish chieftain. The castle of Zakko was suffered to fall into decay; Turkish rule succeeded to Kurdish independence; and a few starving Jews are now alone found amongst the heap of ruins. But this is not the last deed of daring of Ibrahim Agha. Sofuk himself, now his host, was destined likewise to become his victim, for a year afterwards his career was brought to a close. The last days of his life may serve to illustrate the manners of the country, and the policy of those who are its owners.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

Sofuk.

In a month Sofuk found himself nearly alone. He sent his son Ferhau with a few presents, and with promises of more substantial gifts in case of success, to claim the countenance and support of Nejib Pasha of Bagdad, who promised to send a strong military force to the assistance of Ferhau, to enable him to enforce obedience among the Arabs. The measures taken by Nejib had the effect of bringing back a part of the tribe to Sofuk, who now proposed to Nejris that they should meet at his tents, forget their differences, and share equally the Sheikhship of the Shammar. Nejris would not accept the invitation: he feared the treachery of a man who had already forfeited his good name as an Arab. Sofuk prevailed upon his son to visit his rival, as he hoped through his means to induce Nejris to accept the terms he had offered, and to come to his encampment. Ferhau refused, and was only persuaded to undertake the mission after his father had pledged himself by a solemn oath to respect the laws of hospitality. He rode to the tents of Nejris, who received him with affection, but refused to trust himself in the power of Sofuk until Ferhau had given his own word that no harm should befall him. His reception showed at once that he had been betrayed. Sofuk rose not to receive his guest, but beckoned him to a place by his side. Ferhau trembled as he looked on the face of his father; but Nejris, undaunted, advanced into the circle and seated himself where he had been bidden. Sofuk at once upbraided him as a rebel to his authority, and sought the excuse of a quarrel: as Nejris answered boldly, the occasion was not long wanting. Sofuk sprang to his feet, and drawing his sword, threw himself upon his rival. In vain Ferhau appealed to his father's honor, to the laws of hospitality, so sacred to the Arab; in vain he entreated him not to disgrace his son by shedding the blood of one whom he had brought to his tents. Nejris sought protection of the uncle of Sofuk; but he was one of the most treacherous and bloodthirsty of the Shammars. Upon this man's knee was the head of the unfortunate Sheikh held down, whilst Sofuk slew him as he would have slain a sheep. The rage of the murderer was now turned against his son, who stood at the entrance of the tent, tearing his garments and calling down curses upon the head of his father. The reeking sword would have been dipped in his blood, had not those who were present interfered. The Shammar were amazed and disgusted by this act of perjury and treachery. The hospitality of an Arab tent had been violated, and disgrace had been brought upon the tribe. Sofuk having attempted to justify his treachery, Nejib Pasha pretended to be satisfied, and agreed to send out a party of irregular troops to assist him in enforcing his authority throughout the desert. The commander or the troops sent by Nejib was Ibrahim Agha. Sofuk received him with joy, and immediately marched against the tribe; but he himself was the enemy against whom the Agha was sent.—He had scarcely left his tent when he found that he had fallen into a snare which he had more than once set for others. In a few hours his head was in the palace of the Pasha of Baghdad. Such was the end of one whose name will long be remembered in the wilds of Arabia; who, from his power and wealth, enjoyed the title of 'King of the Desert,' and led the great tribe of Shammar from the banks of the Khabaur to the ruins of Babylon. The tales of the Arab will turn for many years to come on the exploits and magnificence of Sofuk.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

Spring and Summer at Nimroud.

The middle of March in Mesopotamia is the brightest epoch of Spring. A new change had come over the face of the plain at Nimroud. Its pasture lands, known as the jaif, are renowned for their rich and luxuriant herbage. The plain, as far as the eye could reach, was studded with the white pavilions of the Hytas and the black tents of the Arabs. Picketted around them were innumerable horses in gay trappings, struggling to release themselves from the bonds which restrained them from ranging over the green pasture. Flowers of every hue enamelled the meadows; not thinly scattered over the grass as in Northern climes, but in such thick and gathering clusters that the whole plain seemed a patchwork of many colors. The dogs, as they returned from hunting, issued from the grass dyed red, yellow, blue, according to the flowers through which they had last forced their way. * * * * * *

The heats of summer had now commenced, and it was no longer possible to live under a white tent. The huts were equally uninhabitable, and still swarmed with vermin. In this dilemma I ordered a recess to be cut into the bank of the river, where it rose perpendicularly from the water's edge. By screening the front with reeds and boughs of trees, and covering the whole with similar materials, a small room was formed. I was much troubled, however, with scorpions and other reptiles, which issued from the earth forming the walls of my apartment; and later in the summer by gnats and sandflies, which hovered, on a calm night, over the river. Similar rooms were made for my servants. They were the safest that could be invented, should the Arabs take to stealing after dark. My horses were picketted on the edge of the bank above, and the tents of my own workmen were pitched in a semicircle behind them. The change to summer had been as rapid as that which ushered in the spring. The verdure of the plain had perished almost in a day. Hot winds coming from the desert, had burnt up and carried away the shrubs; flights of locusts, darkening the air, had destroyed the few patches of cultivation, and had completed the havoc commenced by the sun. The Abbou-Salman Arabs, having struck their black tents, were now living in ozailis, or sheds, constructed of reeds and grass along the banks of the river. The Shemutti and Jehesh had returned to their villages, and the plain presented the same naked and desolate aspect that it wore in the month of November. The heat, however, was now almost intolerable. Violent whirlwinds occasionally swept over the face of the country. They could be seen, as they advanced from the desert, carrying along with them clouds of sand and dust. Almost utter darkness prevailed during their passage, which lasted generally about an hour, and nothing could resist their fury.—On returning home one afternoon, after a tempest of this kind, I found no traces of my dwellings; they had been completely carried away. Ponderous wooden framework had been borne over the bank, and hurried some hundred yards distant; the tents had disappeared, and my furniture was scattered over the plain. When on the mound, my only secure place of refuge was beneath the fallen lion, where I could defy the fury of the whirlwind; the Arabs ceased from their work and crouched in the trenches, almost suffocated and blinded by the dense cloud of fine dust and sand which nothing could exclude.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

The Old Melodious Lays.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours,
To breathe their marvelous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad still lips the blessings of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march, through storm and strife are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind:
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair of brighter hopes to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrows were my own.

Oh Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvel's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine.

The Saxon.

All advice is lost upon the Saxon; but *show him* a method superior to his own;—give him but a hint of the superiority existing somewhere, and nowhere on earth will be found a person so ready to adopt the new method, so admirably active and skilful in applying the discoveries of other races to his own pecuniary advantage. Inventive *genius* he has not, applicative *ability* is all his own. *Accumulative* desires haunt him everywhere: in Holland, England, America.—*Dr. Knox, [Medical Times.]*

Mutual Help.

The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The Mother and the Child.

Some mothers make it a practice to go themselves to fetch the candle when the children are in bed; and then, if wanted, they stay a few minutes, and hear any confessions, or difficulties, and receive any disclosures, of which the little mind may wish to disburden itself before the hour of sleep. Whether then or at another time, it is well worth pondering what a few minutes of serious consultation may do in enlightening and rousing and calming the conscience,—in rectifying and cherishing the moral life.—It may be owing to such moments as these that humiliation is raised into humility, apathy into moral enterprise, pride into awe, and scornful blame into Christian pity.—Happy is the mother who can use such moments as she ought.—*Miss Marti neau.*

Duties and Events.

Duties are ours: events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of the miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes.—*Cecil,*

Change of Opinion.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes, and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.—*Dr. Whichcote.*

Caution to Ladies.

"Will you never learn, my dear, the difference between real and exchangable value?" The question was put to a husband who had been lucky enough to be tied to a political economist in petticoats. "Oh, yes, my dear, I think I begin to see it." "Indeed!" responded the lady. "Yes," replied the husband. "For instance, my dear, I know your deep learning; and all your other virtues. That's your *real* value. But I know, also, that none of my married friends would swap wives with me. That's your *exchangable* value."

Incorrectness of Conversational Language.

The influence which common parlance exerts on the acquisition of correct notions on scientific subjects, has an unfortunate tendency. Thus, when we say in dull weather, 'The day is heavy'—'The air is thick and heavy,' it is not generally supposed that the air is really *lighter* than on a fine day; but the fall of the barometer indicates that this is the fact.—*Isaiah Deck.*

The First Step.

Chateaubriand says: "In new colonies, the Spaniards begin by building a church; the French a ball-room; and the English a tavern."

A Beautiful Image.

A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote—"It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon."

I hate to see a thing done by halves: if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Gilpin.*