THE LYRE.

'He touched his harp and nations heard, entranced."

THE MUSES WEEP.

HENRY RUSSELL, the vocalist, is yet giving Concerts in the city of New York. He is shortly to embark for Europe. The Express, of the 9th April compliments him in the following high terms:

"Mr. RUSSELL, who may be pronounced, all in all, the most popular and successful vocalist in the country, will give a Concert to-morrow evening at the City Hotel. The selections will embrace some of the choicest of Mr. Russell's favorite songs. He will also sing by request a monody upon the death of General Harrison, written expressly for the occasion. Mr. Russell was among the first to sing to the praise of the departed Patriot while living, and is the first to invoke the solemn but soothing power of music in memory of the good man now that he is dead. The words are subjoined:

REQUIEM ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL HARRISON.

THE WORDS BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

Weep—for a spirit fled!—
The solemn word is spoken!
Weep—for the silver thread
And golden bowl are broken!
A warrior lived—a christian died!—
Sorrow should slumber in our pride!

Go—bring his battle blade!
His helmet and his plume!
And lie his trophies laid
Beside him in the tomb!
Where files of time-marked veterans come,
With martial tramp and muffled drum.

Give to the earth his frame!
"Twas born but to decay:—
Not so his deathless name!
That cannot pass away!
In youth, in manhood, and in age,
He dignified his country's page.

Green be the willow-bough
Above the swelling mound
Where sleeps the hero now
In consecrated ground,
His monument his fame endears—
His epitaph—A NATION'S TEARS.

A BRIGHTER WORLD THAN THIS.

BY MRS. ABBY.

Oh! when I trod life's early ways,
Hope winged my fleeting hours,
I saw no shadow of her rays,
No serpent in her flowers;
I thought on days of present joy,
And years of future bliss,
Nor deemed that sorrow could alloy
So bright a world as this.

Alas! the fairy dreams I wove
Soon from my fancy fled,
The friends who owned my tender love
Were numbered with the dead;
Upon their pallid lips I pressed
Affection's parting kiss,
They left me for a world of rest,
A brighter world than this.

Nor did the spacious world supply
Those ties of opening life;
False was its mocking flattery,
Keen was its bitter strife;
And then I first began to look
For purer truer bliss,
And loved to trace, in God's own book,
A brighter world than this.

My wounded heart desired relief,
I found the good I sought;
And now, in trial and in grief,
I feel the soothing thought—
That, though the worldling may despair
When robbed of earthly bliss,
The Christian humbly hopes to share
A brighter world than this.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

BY "DOW, JR."

I have selected the following words as a text for my present discourse:—

Sweet age of blest delusion! blooming boys,
Ah! revel long in childhood thoughtless joys!
Alas! the day will come, when sports like these,
Must loose their magic, and their power to please.

My hearers—all that is bright, bewitching and lovely in this world is a mere delusion: and all that is saddening, sorrowful and gloomy, contains more or less of the substance of reality. The first belongs to childhood and youth—the latter, to manhood and age.

If man could only travel to his grave, and always be blest with the ideal visions of childhood, the dread demons of doubt and despair might lash their tails, and howl in their anger, but he would heed them not. If the green plants of youth did not wither and fade in the autumnal frosts of age, the sepulchre of the centennarian would be surrounded with the budding flowrets of joy, and no dubios fogs would ever enshroud the bright Elysium of the future. He would scamper, as a merry cricket, towards the precipice of death, and leap into the lap of heaven, like an affectionate monkey into the arms of his master.

My dear friends—the age of blest delusion is certainly that of childhood. During that delightful season, the thorn tree is covered with silvery blossoms, the briar bush bends with its burthen of berries; daises and dandelions overtop the young venemous nettles and the bramble blooms beauty. Every departing shower wears a rainbow upon its bosom; and the streaks of sunshine that intervene in youth's cloudiest day are wider than those of age, by about seventeen feet and a half at the least calculation. To the child all things are wrapped in the gauzy veil of delusion. The morning mists that sleep upon the mountain seem as though the spider spirits of heaven had woven there their webs to entangle the sylphs on their journey to the flowery vale below. The rusty hours that roll heavily by the aged, flit past the careless young, scoured as bright as a brass kettle. Sorrow never hovers long over their happy bowers. She only drops in her flight an occasional feather from her raven pinions and that is soon wafted by the zephyrs into the dead lake of forgetfulness. Ills hasten by them in an instant and disappear forever like the shadows of wind driven clouds that scud over the landscape, and return no more. O, my friends! I know when I was a child I was as happy as a, coon in a corn field; because life was new, the world was new, and I was new to myself. I ran, frisked and frolicked over the sunny lawns like a lamb let loose from its fold, and never thought of the trials and vexations that were to come down upon me, in after years, like a sack of salt tumbling from a garret. Then the smiling face of creation was without a wrinkle, and not a grease spot nor tobacco spit blemished the gay carpet of earth. I gathered posies in abundance, and wove lovely wreaths, where new the thistle rears its mocking head, and the burdock frowns upon the toad plantain below. The fingers of Fancy were ever busy in fabricating fairy castles of delight. Even the scatterred fragments of Hope's broken pitcher flew together at the magic touch of her wand, and a new vessel, brighter than the golden goblet o Mammon, appeared before me. Imagination, then, was a mere fledgling. She seldom tried her unpractised wings beyond the hill tops of her home; nor did she venture to explore the dark mazes of the future, where the embryos of man's miseries lie hatching in the moonlight of sin. No, she staid more at home, cultivated my little garden of comfort, and fed me with apples gathred from ideal orchards near at hand. These, my friends, were some of the joys which childhood furnished; but they were all a delusion, a humbug, a hoax, a decided take-in

My dear friends—it cannot be expected that I should address boys who have barely shed their petticoats, so as to be well understood by them; therefore I shall apostrophise:—Blooming boys! it almost causes black hairs to shoot again from my winter-killed caput to see you thus revel in the sweets of enjoyment; to behold with what emotions of delight you spin your tops, fly your kites and roll your hoops; and I grieve to think how soon all your precious toys will be wrested from your grasp by the iron clutches of Time; how soon the day will come when your large slices of boyish bliss, which are now buttered on both sides, will not be buttered at all. Every dog has his day, says the proverb, and I can assure you, my dear juvenals, that every puppy also has his day. As soon as you put on the boots, trowsers and surtout of manhood, you will feel as though you had been driven out of Paradise into a world of woe; for then you can no longer brood under the sheltering wings of ignorance, and the thorns of knowledge will goad you upon every side. Then the veil of delusion will be drawn aside, and the mournful realms of reality appear. Then shall the fires of love, ambition, envy, jealousy and revenge be kindled upon the altars of your hearts; and Peace, affrighted, shall wing her way to her native heaven, with her tail-feathers scorched, while memory sits and sighs over the mouldering relics of youth.

My hearers—the dark days of evil are upon us, and we must now light up the lamps of morality and brotherly love. We have been borne upon the chariot of years far away from our early joys, and landed in this gloomy wild, where the toadstools of trouble spring up in night, and cares grow spontaneously: but socialism and friendship can also flourish there if properly cultivated. They put forth blessoms of gold to him whose childish sports are past—whose youthful anticipations are over; and the blighting blasts of the tomb cannot rob them of their fragrance. So mote it be!—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

THE TEMPTER.

A HEBREW TALE.

It was fast approaching the eleventh hour; the busy hum of the Holy City had sunk into comparative stillness, and, save some straggling wayfarer and field-laborers returning from their daily toil, few passengers were to be seen in the streets of Jerusalem. One middle-aged man alone kept his seat in the Watergate looking with placed smile along the rugged road which led down to the valley of Jehoshaphat. A silver gerah was held between his figers, as in the act of giving alms; but for some minutes no object appeared on whom it might properly be bestowed. He rose from his seat, and gathering his flowing robe around him, was preparing to depart, when the figure of an aged man, tottering slowly up the steep, arrested his attention. The old man was meanly clad, and as he leant feebly on his staff to take breath, after his toil-some ascent, his glance rested upon the person of the sage Rabbi Abimelech—for it was he who sat in the gate distributing his alms to the poor, the hungry, and the wayfarer.

"The lord direct thy goins-out and thy comings-in," said the rabbi, with a self-satisfied smile, dropping the coin into the extended palm of the stranger. "Lo! I have tarried from the ninth hour, until the towers and pinnacles of the temple have thrown their dark shadows across the brook of Cedron, even unto the base of the Mount of Olives, to bestow this last of forty gerah in an alms, according to a vow which I made last Pentecost; and behold, thou art here to receive it."

"Precious is the gift which cometh from the heart! more precious than the Arabian frankincense, and sweeter than the rich honey of Hebron. If I might know my lord's name my heart would not forget it when I lift up my voice in prayer to the Ruler of Israel," said the stranger respectfully.

"I am called the Rabbi Abimelech."

"He whom men term the sinless—whose voice is as the neighing of a war-horse in the temple; whose works are the works of righteousness; who clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, and gives alms of the tenth part of his substance?" asked the stranger.

"The same," answered the self-glorified rabbi; "and now let me pray of thee thy name; and in what city art thou a dweller?"

"Alas!" answered the stranger, "I am a reproach to my kindred, and my name is a defilement to the lips of an Israelite."

"Unfortunate man, in what hast thou offended against the law?"

"In this thing have I offended. Behold, I went forth at the last vintage season into the vineyards, and the vintagers were pressing the grapes in the wine-presses; and the red wine ran into the vats, even the red wine of Lebanon; and being weary with the toil and heat of the day, I was tempted, and, in my foolishness, I did drink of the wine which should have been an abomination unto me, seeing that I am a Nazarite from my youth."

The scrupulous rabbi shrunk from the degraded Israelite as from a tainted leper, and elevating his brow, said, with a sanctimonious air, "The way of the wise man is pleasant, but the feet of the fool-treadeth in the mire."

"Stop," said the stranger, as the rabbi was departing. "It is not also said that the vain-glorious man shall fall in the snares of his own proud heart? Rabbi Abimelech, thy life has been righteous; but fire hath not yet tried thee, nor the water purified thee. *See that thou stand fast when the time cometh.*"

At these words the stranger, with more alertness than his seeming feebleness indicated, turned into an obscure street, while Abimelech, pondering on the warning of the strange man, took his way toward his own dwelling. Upon reaching his house, Abimelech retired to his private chamber. It was a small closet, or oratorio, on the house-top, furnished in a style of simplicity approaching to rudeness, and cold, its cheerless appearance being increased by the dim twilight. There was still, however, sufficient light for Abimelech to distinguish a female figure standing in a thoughtful position in the centre of the apartment. A rich, mellow ray fell upon her figure, which exceeded in height the usual standard of her sex, but yet so exquisitely proportioned, as to convey only an idea of graceful dignity in the beholder. Her eye, as she turned it upon Abimelech, seemed dark and lustrous, and her smile was as the sunbeam on the bosom of the still waters. The rabbi stood thunder-struck, for he never before had beheld so much beauty; a new pulse stirred in his bosom, and an unusual fire burned in his veins. At length he found words to express his admiration and astonishment.

"Fair damsel," he cried, "thy visit is unforeseen; but thou art more welcome to my chamber than the pleasant odor of the young vines in the spring season. In what can I do thee a service?"

"I am," said the abashed intruder, while a roseate blush overspread the marble whiteness of her soft cheek and lofty brow, "I am, as you may perceive, a stranger and a Gentile, unworthy to come beneath the roof of the far-famed Rabbi Abimelech, the words of whose lips are wisdom, and whose precepts are as pearls of great price; nevertheless, let thy handmaiden find favor in thy sight, and turn aside, I pray thee, unto my lodgings, which are nigh at hand, and let thy handmaiden rejoice in the light of thy countenance, and in the sweet sound of thy voice."

The rabbi, though surprised at this more than novel address, felt a strange sensation thrill though his frame. Gazing upon the lovely speaker, his resolution began to waver, and almost unconsciously he permitted himself to be led out by his unknown visitor. Proceeding at a rapid pace toward the western quarter of the city, they, at length, sopped before a house of handsome exterior, but which Abimelech could not remember having seen before. A single tap at the door caused it to open, and the rabbi, still following his mysterious conductor, entered a hall feebly lighted by a single lamp. Here she motioned him to remain for a short time, and disappearing through a passage, the rabbi was left alone to meditate on the strange advanture in which he was engaged. But he had not much time allowed him, for the partial withdrawal of the heavy folds of a curtain, which overhung a small door, attracted his notice, and a fair hand and sweet, soft voice invited him to enter. He approached, lifted up the curtain, and beheld a superbly-furnished chamber, lighted with silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil of Samaria: mirrors of polished metal hung around the room, while on a low couch sat, or rather inclined, the beautiful stranger, whose charms now shone with a splendor far surpassing any thing the rabbi could imagine of mortal mould. He essayed to speak, but the words dwelt upon his lips. She beckoned him to take a seat beside her. He obeyed tremblingly; but the gentle, assuring smile, which she cast upon him, at once banished his timidity, and his eyes wandered in unrestrained freedom over those voluptuous beauties, till the sight became painful from extreme delight. A female attendant spread before them a light but luxurious repast of fresh and dried fruits, grapes, figs, apricots, olives, pomegranates, and dates, interspersed with pots of pure honey, rose cakes of Damascus, and bananas of Rossetta, Egyptian siruy, and crystal vases in which the rich wine of Heloon sparkled with tempting brilliancy.

"Fairest of the daughters of men, may I crave thy name and that of thy father's house?" said the rabbi, addressing his unknown companion.

"My name is Zorah," replied the damsel; "my father is of the children of Ishmael, an abider in the desert; the fame of the sage Abimelech has reached to the further borders of the wilderness; and behold, the heart of thine handmaiden was moved to see the man of whose wisdom all nations spoke."

"Lovely Zorah, my wisdom is become as withered grass before thy beauty, and the strength of my heart as dew in the consuming light of thine eyes. Suffer me, therefore to be unto thee even as Boaz was unto Ruth, and to love thee with the love wherewith Jacob loved Rachel."

Zorah smiled at the earnestness with which these words were uttered, and filling the cup, presented it to the delighted rabbi, who instinctively shrunk from the dangerous libation; but Zorah would not be denied.

"Urge me not, fair damsel," said he; "I have a vow against the juice of the vine until next new moon."

Zorah's countenance fell, and the big tear hung trembling on the dark, sullen lash. Abimelech, torn with conflicting passions, passed, his arm round her waist, and drew her unresistingly to his bosom; he felt the quick pulses of her heart throb against his; her warm sighs were upon his cheek, and the perfumed wine-cup at his lips: human strength could resist no longer: he seized the cup with desperate hands, and, at a single draught, quaffed it to the bottom. *His vow was broken*; and, having nothing further to hope or to fear, draught followed draught in quick succession, till his flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes bore evidence that he was no longer under the dominion of sober reason.

"Zorah, my beautiful Zorah," cried he, "my love for thee is as the love which floods cannot quench, nor many waters drown—thou art the light of my eyes—I cannot part from thee—let us, therefore, flee unto thy father's tents, even unto the Wilderness, as unto a city of refuge."

"Ah! my lord, but thy servant hath neither gold nor silver to bear the charge—could we live like the raven or the stork of the desert?"

This objection had not struck Abimelech before; he was rich himself, but he could not immediately convert his possessions into money, and his passion was too violent to admit delay. He seemed perplexed, and spoke not, till Zorah inquired, in a careless manner, if his next door neighbor was not the rich publican, Aaron Ben Rabiat.

"It is even so," replied the rabbi, still musing.

"And he hath, I am told, coffers filled with shekles of pure silver."

"It is said so."

"And shekles of gold, and pots of double Maccabees, and of precious stones, pearls, and sardonyx, and carbuncles, more costly than the jewels in the high priest's breast-plate——"

"Ha!" exclaimed Abimelech, as if a sudden ray of light had darted on his mind; "speak on."

"Aaron Ben Rabiat is well stricken in years, and liveth alone—riches to him are as the dust of the earth—there is a private way from thy house to his——"

"Stop, stop," cried the agitated man, grasping the arm of the tempter, convulsively; "what wouldst thou? Shall *I* peril my soul in this thing? Zorah, Zorah! thy words are pleasant to my ears as the murmur of falling waters in the desert, but the bitterness of death is in their taste—nevertheless, in this also will I obey thee."

"About it then instantly," said Zorah, rising; "thou knowest the private passages into the old miser's chamber; take this dagger; thou mayst need it; and when thou hast secured the treasure, return quickly hither, and all things shall be ready for our flight.

Abimelech, whose scruples had, by this time, completely vanished, was no less eager than his impetuous mistress to accomplish the deed—he darted, with incredible speed, through the now silent streets, and quickly reached his own dwelling. Lighting a small lamp, he entered a private passage, which, in time of danger, had been contrived between the two houses, and in a few moments he found himself in the strong chamber of of Aaron Ben Rabiat.

Around him lay coffers of gold and silver coin, and caskets charged with precious stones, that trembled with varied but incessant lustre in the sickly beams of the lamp which he bore. He had raised one jewel-box to his eyes to examine it more closely, when, slipping from his fingers, it fell on the floor with a loud crash: and the next moment the alarmed miser rushed into the apartment. Seeing a stranger, at such an hour, in the sanctuary of the god of his idolatry, he uttered a piercing scream, and throwing himself upon the robber, grappled him with an almost supernatural strength. Vainly did Abimelech endeavor to escape from the old man's grasp, or to still his screams—every moment increased his danger—he heard the steps of persons ascending the stairs—not an instant was to be lost—the dagger which Zorah had given him was in his girdle—he drew it, and plunged it to the heart of the old man. A piercing shriek rang through the chamber, and the unfortunate Aaron Ben Rabiat fell lifeless on the floor. Instead of providing for his safety, the guilty rabbi stood petrified over the quivering body of his victim, watching the life-stream swelling from his side in a bubbling tide. When the persons attracted by the publican's screams entered the room, he made no attempt to escape, but surrendered himself quietly into their hands. He was instantly hurried away to prison, and, amid the revilings of the crowd, was plunged into a noisome dungeon, to await the public ignominy of a trial on the following day, in the sight of that people before whom he had set himself up as an example of righteousness. Dashing himself recklessly on the earth, he lay writhing in bitter agony, cursing the hour of his birth and the fatal madness which led his steps from the paths of virtue; when, suddenly, a ray of light illuminated his prison—it was Zorah her eyes' dark orbs still shone with undiminished lustre, but there was in the proud smile which curled her elevated lip, an expression of demoniac triumph, which chilled the rabbi's blood. Hiding his face in his hands, he exclaimed:

"False tempter, begone. I have done thy bidding, and, lo! innocent blood is upon my hands. I am broken and trodden under foot like a defiled thing. The cup of my pride has been filled with gall. Depart, therefore, I pray thee, lest, in the bitterness of my pride has been filled with gall. Depart, therefore, I pray thee, lest, in the bitterness of my wrath, I curse thee also——"

"Rabbi Abimelech, it is said the vainglorious man shall fall in the snares of his own heart. *The time is come, and thou couldst not stand fast.*"

"Racca! art *thou* there?" shouted Abimelech, as he recognized in the speaker the voice of the mendicant to whom he had given alms at the Watergate on the previous evening.

Burning with rage, he seized the prophet of evil by the throat; but the strength of the old man far exceeded his own, and he flung him to the earth with a violence that shook his frame. Starting up, he beheld not the old beggar of the Watergate nor the tempter Zorah. He was alone—not in the dungeon of a prison, but seated in his little chamber, with a yellow harvest moon streaming through the lattice. Several minutes elapsed before he could convince himself that the horrors he had undergone were but the airy painting of a dream; and then, prostrating himself on the ground, he exclaimed, in the fulness of his heart:

"It is a lesson from the Lord; I was proud of my own strength, and when the tempter came, I was delivered to the evil one."

From that day forward, the Rabdi Abimelech walked in the paths of humility. He had experienced the dangers of self-confidence, and he learned to pity rather than condemn those, who, like himself, had fallen in the struggle with THE TEMPTER.

VESUVIUS, HERCULANŒUM and POMPEII, 1840.

Whoever sojourns at Naples, were it only but a day, experencies the irresistible desire of going to see what is passing at the bottom of that crater which perpetually smokes.—It is, especially toward evening, when the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon, that the vapors of Vesuvius assume a denser tint, and deck its summit with a boquet of brighter whiteness. At Resina you find horse, donkeys, and conductors who convey travelers half way up the mountain to a spot called the "hertimage." This first tide is not an uninteresting one. Here nature is not yet dead.—You pass through vineyards planted in ashes, which yield the celebrated Lacryma Christa wine, two sorts of which are much inferior to their fame; then some nameless trees, the foremost sentinels of vegetation, which the next eruption will devour; and lastly you reach the "hermitage," surrounded on all sides, save one, by the lava of 1794, 1810, 1822. Here you alight and enter a region of chaos. No more trees, vegetation, birds or insects are to be seen. Every thing is dark, bristling with points, rent into deep and rugged fractures, covered with scoria, of a sulphurus smell, which tear your feet before they burn them. You are now at the foot of the cone; and all that remains to be done is to ascend vertically along the external sides of the volcano, halting on your way to cast a glance at a plateau, called La Somma, which was, no doubt, at one time, the main focus of Vesuvius.

If your heart has not failed you along this ladder of dried alva, you will reach the top of the volcano in three quarters of an hour. Here the sight begins—a terrible, original, and unexpected one, notwithstanding all the descriptions given of it. Imagine a funnel five hundred *metres* deep, whose upper edges present innumerable crevices while from the lowar part rise of sulphurous vapor, which escape by numberless apertures, bordered with dust of a lively orange color. If you stop to admire in the distance the city of Naples, softly spreading round the gulf, and at your feet the ever-smoking crater, you feel the fire penetrating your boots, and the guide will urge you to walk to avoid accidents.—The ground, when strongly struck, yields a certain metallic sound, and as you go round the mountain you meet with gaping apertures, at the bottom of which burns a red and fattish flame. I have plunged into one of these pits a long chestnut tree stick, fresh cut and coverad with its still moist bark, and it has instantly caught fire. As you kneel before these infernal gates to ascertain their depth, you distinctly perceive within handreach the flame bending upon itself, dense, quiet, and almost limpid; it discharges clouds of sulphurous acid gas, which excite a cough, and soon compel the observer to quit the spot. The ground, if such name can be given to the dangerous floor which covers the orifice of the volcano, is strewed with grey lava, ashes, melting sulphur and pyrite substances, whence escapes at intervels a white smoke which affects your eyes and lungs, and yet you cannot retire without reluctance from that awful scene. One can scarcely conceive how that crater, so narrow in its lower part, has vomited heaps of lava large enough to form a mountain four times as large as the Vesuvius itself, without mentioning the ashes, which the wind has carried to enormous distances.

Notwithstanding its fearful aspect, the Vesuvius may be easily approached, even when its eruptions take place. The lava itself, whose progress is so formidable and inflexible, advances with extreme slowness.—One has time to avoid or fly before it. The slightest obstacle stops it; it turns round objects, burns them if combustible, and envelopes and petrifies them as it cools, if they be not so. Thus it is that the city of Herculanœum has been sealed into a semi-metallic mass, and as it were, cast in the lava which now covers it.—Pompeii has disappeared under a discharge from Vesuvius—under a shower of ashes and little stones, which have gradually though rapidly covered it, just as certain Alpine villages disappear beneath the snow in our severe winters. Such is the reason why so much money is expend ed in uncovering but a few small parts of Herculanœum, namely, its theatre, which continues hid in utter darkness; while a third part of Pompeii has been cleared, exhibits itself to the open sky, and renders us contemporary with its inhabitants. Let us, therefore, hasten down the Vesuvius, and view its ravages, which have miraculously preserved for us in its whole splender, a city of thirty thousand souls, buried for eighteen hundred years past.

Herculanœum and Pompeii seem both very distant from the focus of Vesuvius.—They are now separated from it by inhabitants, and cultivated spaces have been conquered from the lava, and recovered from the volcano. The village of Portici is built UPON THE ROOFS of the first of those two cities, which were petrified on the day of its death, and into the tomb of which one decends as into a mine, by a sort of shaft, ending at the theatre, where it is conjectured, the inhabitants were assembled when the eruption surprised them. It was in 1689 that the ruins of the city made their appearance for the first time in an excavation made at random, which was resumed in 1720, and finally organized in 1738, with admirable success. The discovery of the theatre and of every thing else has taken place since that period. The theatre is of Greek architecture; it is ornamented with a fine front and with marble colums standing on the stage itself; the spectators occupied 21 rows of steps, with a gallery above, embelished with bronze statues. One can distinguish the places allotted to the magistrates, the scene behind which the actors withdrew, and a number of objects which excite in the traveler mingled astonishment and emotion. There are also at Herculanœum, a forum, surrounded with porticos and temples, which are almost all of them damaged, and a jail with old rusty iron bars, to which the prisioners were chained—a melancholy feature of all times and places, and a monotonous emblem of society at all peiods. As you leave these excavations, which have as yet made little progress, and cannot be much extended without endangering the safety of Portici, you distinctly perceive several strata of lava, proving beyond doubt that Herculanœum was drowned in repeated eruptions of Vesuvins.

The difficulty of carrying on the excavations at so great a depth and under the very foundations of a new town, has caused the ruins of Herculanœum to be almost abandoned for those of Pompeii, which present a far more striking interest.—At Herculanœum there are only catacombs. At Pompeii the Romans entirely revive; the houses stand, and are furnished and ornamented with picturesque paintings; the cellers are stocked as well as the tables; in more than one dwelling the dinner has been found on the table, and the skelatons of the guests around it, and then you enter every where on the same floor; and as the ashes, which lie but a few *meires* thick upon the ancient buildings, are cleared, the town appears, as ours come to light again when the snow melts in mountainous countries. You arrive by a suburb wholly lined with Roman tombs; and walk over a Roman pavement, worn out by Roman vehicles; you may enter therein, there are the stables, with rings to fasten the horses; close by it the farrier with his sign over the door. If you penetrate into one of these tombs, you will find urns containing ashes, air, and fragments of calcined bones.—Every where are displayed inscriptions, uneffaced, dignified and touching, such as the epitaph dedicated by a woman to her husband: "*Servilla, to the friend of her soul.*" Let us advance; we are in town. To the right of the gate you behold the guardian's sentry box cut into the stone. Take the footway, for there are footways at Pompeii, Roman footways, with posts at intervals on both sides; footways wherein one ceases not to gaze on wheelruts, made eigteen hundred years ago!

Whom do you wish to be taken to? You have but to speak—the name are written on the door of every House, in large red letters. Here is an apothecary's shop, with his drugs in phials, with surgical instruments, and balsams still yielding a smell. Here are far different things, by my faith! Enter, you have nothing to fear: but I dare not tell you where you are, unless you perceive the sign over the door. What think you of it? and yet facing one of those houses stands a temple of Vesta!

Let us then pay a few visits; we are in a baker's shop, and here is the flour grind-stone; suppose a stone sugar-loaf, covered with an extinguisher also of stone—rub the one against the other, after throwing some corn between them, and you have a Roman mill. This wretched piece of machinery was entrusted to the hands of slaves. But I have reserved a surprise for you; here is some bread—do you read the baker's name hollowed out of the carbonized pancake! take and break it. Open that cupboerd, you will find there preserved olives, dried figs, lintels, and eatables of every description. A sauce-pan has been carried to the Naples Museum, containing a piece of meat as well preserved as by Mr. Appert's process. What a number of meals Vesuvius interrupted on that woful day!

I, nevertheless, do not think that the Romans were great eaters. I have carefully explored a number of kitchens and dining rooms at Pompeii, and I have found, even in the richest houses but very trifling cooking apparatus, and miniature table utensils. Their plates were real saucers, and the tables upon which the dinner was served up, but little stands, in general of stone or marble, which could hold but one fish at a time. The guests lay down around as soldiers round their mess. What is admirable, delightful, charming, and overwhelming to us barbarians of the nineteenth centary, is the exquisite pureness and delicacy of shape of all the utensils which served in Roman demestic life. One must see those charming little bronze calefactors, (for every thing was bronze) those tripods, scales, beds, chairs, those graceful and so ingeniously wrought shields, which fill up whole rooms at the Naples Museum. One must, above all, see the toilet arsenal of the Roman ladies, their combs, tooth-picks, curling-irons, and the pots of vegetable or mineral rouge found in a boudoir. Thus the Roman ladies used rouge and deceived people, just as is practised now-a-days; they wore, like our ladies, those necklaces, rings and ridiculous ear-rings, which and nothing to beauty and assist not ugliness. How times resemble one another, in spite of the space that separates them.

Above thirty streets of Pompeii are now restored to light; it is a third part of the town. The walls which formed its ancient inclosure have been recognized; a magnificent amphitheatre, a theatre, a forum, a temple Isis, that of Venus, and a number of other buildings, have been cleared. The secret stairs by which the priests of those times slily crept to prompt the oracles, have been detected. On beholding so many monuments which display in so lively a manner the importance of public, and the independence of private life among the Romans, it is impossible to resist a feeling of sadness and melancholy. Behold, along that fall of earth, the breast of a woman who was buried alive, and stiffened by death—behold the stones of that wall, worn by the rubbing of the ropes—examine that guard house covered with caricatures of soldiers—one might suppose that the Roman people still existed, and that we were strangers in one of their towns. Who knows what future discoveries may be made in those august ruins! Murat employed upon them two thousand men every year. Only sixty men and £1000 are now employed upon them. The excavations proceed, in consequence, with dismal slowness, however great may be the interest which his Sicilian Majesty takes in their success. It is not in Rome—devastated and disfigured Rome, that one must go to study the Romans; it is to Pompeii. Pompeii, as regards antiquities, is worth all Italy together.

THE FARM.

From the Albany Cultivator.

PEAS.—Next to corn for making Pork, in our estimation, ranks the pea; and in clean soils a crop of them may precede a wheat crop with advantage. Peas may be sown early; it matters little how early, as they are rarely injured by spring frosts, & they are the sooner fit to remove from the field where Wheat is to be sown. Some important experiments made by Dr. Plummer last year, seemed to prove that peas might be subjected to the action of boiling water 1 minute without injury, but with the effect of destroying the larvæ of the pea bug, which in the fall or at the time of gathering is but just below the surface of the pea, and is killed by the heat. We hope this experiment will be repeated, and should it prove successful, it will add much to the value of the pea crop in this country.

HINTS.—Sow garden crops in drills, where practicable, in order that the weeds may be cleared with a hoe.

Different varieties of melons and squashes should be placed at the greatest possible distance, in order to prevent intermixing and crossing.

Loosen the soil with a spade around fruit trees growing in grass land.

Examine the roots of peach trees and remove all the grubs. Their presence is shown by the gum oziing out.

Take every opportunity of setting an ornamental shrub or tree around your house or door-yard—now is the time—if you have any taste, you will never regret it.

BONE MANURE.—In the Farmer's Register is a record of a series of experiments made by T. A. C. Jones, to test the value of Bone manure in comparison with stable manures, and he arrives at the following conclusions:

1. That when applied at the rate of from fifty to eighty bushels per acre on the exhausted lands of Virginia, one bushel of crushed bones is more than equal to one cart load (25 bushels,) good farm-yard manure, in its effect on the crop.

2. That the effect of bone manure is more durable than that of any putrescent manure usually procured on a farm.

3. That when applied to land which is in good heart, the effect is much more powerful than it is on very poor land.

4. That when combined with manure and applied in the form of compost, (eight per cent of bone dust with the produce of the farm-yards,) the effect both instant and remote, far exceeds that of any other application with which I am acquainted.

And lastly, if stable manure has to be purchesed, or even hauled more than half a mile from your own stables, bone manure at 50 cents per bushel, the price it cost me, delivered on my farm, is the cheaper manure of the two.

FLAX.—This is one of the plants, the cultivation of which is too much neglected, and which is deserving the attention of all farmers. We are aware that cotton, costs less than linens, but is it worth as much? And beside, is it certain the farmer's sons and daughters will be earning any thing to buy cottons with, if there is no pulling, and dressing, and spinning flax? We would not be thought insensible to the charms of music—but we have a dim recollection of a kind that sounded much more like health, thrift and economy, than that of the harp or piano and that was the music of the spinning wheel. Flax grows best in a cool, moist climate, and hence with us requires to be sown early, and on ground moist, but not wet. Where flax can be dressed by machinery, as it can in many parts of our country, the Flax crop, taken in connection with the seed, may be considered a valuable one for the farmer. There is no use, however, in attempting its growth in poor, exhausted soils, as it will succeed in none but those in good condition.

FENCES.—Never consider any thing has been properly done on the farm, or its business commenced, until every fence has been fully repaired, fallen rails replaced, walls that have been injured by the frost restored, and every precaution to prevent making unruly cattle and trouble among neighbors has been taken. Do what you do, well—be very careful not to undertake too much, and you can hardly fail of success.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Our correspondent, Gen. C. in Iowa, attributes the Gapes in Chickens, to breeding from too old cocks, and says:

"Whether the age of the male would cause that disease or not, I know not: but I can well remember the time, when cocks were allowed to grow old for the purpose of cock-fighting, that three-fourths of the chickens died with the Gapes; and I have since noticed that where none but young cocks are kept on a farm, the disease is almost unknown, I do not remember having seen a dozen chickens affected with it in the last 30 years."

GREAT YIELD OF CARROTS.—Mr. Edgerton, of Mount Moriah, N. Y. says:

"In 1839, I planted eight rods of ground with carrots, in drills twenty inches apart; (they should be two feet when the ground is suitably prepared:) the produce was 88 bushels, or at the rate of 1,900 bushels to the acre. I measured one that was 18 inches in diameter, and the same in length. I also raised a considerable quantity of Swedish Turnips, and Mangel Wurtzel. From the latter, I could have selected 100 roots that would have weighed half a ton. I am convinced there is no crop that better repays a little extra labor than carrots, or that is more deserving of general cultivation by farmers."

OLD'S CORN PLANTER.—Mr. Calvin Olds, of Marlborough, Vermont, has sent us a notice of a new "Corn Planter and Seed Sower," which is highly spoken of as acting on simple and effective principles, "dipping up the seed and dropping it at given points with great exactness. We are always pleased to notice improved implements of this or other kinds. Mr. Old's 'Planter' received the premium of twenty dollars from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.

EXPORTATION OF BONES.—We learn that Mr. S. Titcomb, of Waterford, Saratoga county, in 1839, sold to an Englishman for exportation twenty tons of bones at eight dollars per ton—and that the same person has lately written to Mr. Titcomb, asking whether he could obtained a further supply, and offering at the rate of ten dollars per ton. That a profit is realized by the exportation, we have no doubt—but we would ask whether it would not be better to grind and use these bones at home, than to send this invaluable article abroad, and import wheat and potatoes in return.

BREEDING CATTLE.—In the interesting reports of the agricultural meetings at Boston, furnished for the Boston Courier, by Mr. Coleman, is a notice of the "Crampot breed of Cattle," produced by Colonel Jacques, of Charleston, and an account of their qualities, &c. by that gentleman. In the course of his remarks, he said, "He had now 28 cows and heifers of this stock—and at his pleasure he could breed his stock with orange color or yellow around the eye—of a mahogany color, white bags and black teats, as might be desired." With a view to test his principles, (of breeding) he had gone largely into the breeding of rabbits; and it had required the ninth generation, and four hundred to reach the point he aimed at."

WHITE CARROT.—From some experiments that have been made with this root, it appears that it will produce nearly or quite double as much on the same soils and with the same treatment as the common orange. Whether it will be as valuable for feeding, remains to be seen. Should it prove so, the Flemish carrot will be a great acquisition.

GREAT EGG.—Mr. Buckminster says: 'A gentleman from Medford, showed us last week the largest hen's egg we ever turned eyes on: its girth was seven and three-quarters of an inch, by six and a half—the fowl was quite young, and had laid several eggs nearly as large as this—she laid three in four days, last week."

ANOTHER.—We have just measured an egg, taken from a basket received from our friend of the "Three Hills Farm," and find its girth to be five and three-fourths by seven and three-fourths inches.

"A LADY AGRICULTURIST."—We learn from the Maine Cultivator, that at the last meeting of the Kennebec Agricultural Society, Mrs. Content W. Allins claimed and received the premiums for the best crops of Indian corn and wheat. The yield of corn was 132 bushels of ears to the acre, and of wheat to 29 bushels. There were a number of competitors, but they were fairly distanced by the lady.

CURE FOR BLIND STAGGERS.—The remedy for this disease is simple, and has been used with great success. I once had seventeen shoats taken down in day with the blind staggers. My family supposed that they had been poisoned I secured each one with a rope around his upper jaw, so as to keep his head still, and with a sharp knife made an incision in the forehead about two inches in length. I then loosened up the skin on each side of the cut, and filled the place full of fine salt—nothing more. Fourteen of the the seventeen were well the next day. I have tried it repeatedly, and always with success, when taken in season. Care should be taken to cut *only* the skin, and not let the knife touch the bone. Charcoal is cleansing and a good preventive, but I apprehend not a powerful remedy.

Respectfully yours, WM. THURBER.
Crampton, R. I. March 17, 1841.

TO RAISE GOOD RADISHES.—Take pure sand, some depth from the surface, or pure earth, below where it has been tilled or moved, or sea sand, washed by the waves, make a bed in the garden, six or eight inches deep and as big as you please; in this sow your radish seed, and they will grow well without manure, and be free from worms: we have tried it frequently, and never failed.

Radishes that are grown very early in the season, are of slow growth, and inferior to grown after the weather is warm enough to hasten them, as the faster they grow, the more tender, and the finer the flavor.

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FOR FARMERS.—It is stated in a foreign paper, that M. Zeile, director of the Agricultural Society of Darmstead, in 1839, planted two lots of ground of the same size with potatoes. When the plants had flowered, the blossoms were removed from those in one field, while those in the other were left untouched. The former produced four hundred and seventy-six pounds, and the latter only four hundred and thirty-seven pounds.

RECIPT FOR THE LADIES.—Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then placing the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.