LINES WRITTEN IN A BOAT.

BY REV. R. PARKINSON.

Pull—pull, my boys!—the stream runs fast,
And favoring is the gale;
And see, the setting sun has cast
A shadow o'er the vale.
Our course is rough, the way is long.
The light is sinking fast;
Pull—pull, my boys!—your oars are strong,
And favoring is the blast.

How bounds the boat beneath each stroke
The laboring arm applies!
How, by the dashing oars awoke,
The air-blown bubble flies!
How sweet, as on its watery wings
The steady pinnace glides,
To listen to the stream that sings
And ripples round its sides!

Fast flies on either hand the bank,
As down the stream we bound;
How soon yon towering mountain sank
Beneath the swelling ground!
See on that hillock's verdant brow
The sun's last radiance quiver;
We turn this jutting point, and now—
The beam is gone for ever!

So floats our life down Time's rough stream—
Such is the constant motion;
And bubbles on the land will gleam
Like bubbles on the ocean.
Then pull, my boys!—the stream runs fast,
The sun's last beam is shining;
And fix your steady anchor fast
Before the days declining!

FROM THE LONDON DESPATCH.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

There's a star in the west that shall never go down
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light tho' 'tis not our own
For liberty bursts in its ray;
Shall the name of a WASHINGTON ever be heard
By a freeman and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem star of the west.

"War, war to the knife; be enthralled or ye die,"
Was the echo that waked in the land;
But it was not his voice that prompted the cry,
Nor his madness that kindled the brand;
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose
Like a long baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread;
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
And wept for the thousands that bled.
Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,
Till man's charter was fairly restored,
Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh! his laurels were pure, and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
Revile not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confessed,
That his was the glory and ours was the blood
Of the deeply stained fields of the west.

Extract from the address delivered by the Hon. John Davis, of the U. S. Senate, at the centennial anniversary of Worcester county, Massachusetts:

The connexion and intercourse of our fathers with that aboriginal race who inhabited this country before its discovery by Europeans, and whom they supplanted, did much toward forming the character and habits of life which we now denominate American. From them, savage as they were, we borrowed much that was necessary in a new country. To the almost incessant struggles with them, we may ascribe that fearless intrepidity of the New Englanders, which, in the infant condition of the country, sought objects for military enterprise in the neighboring French colonies, and afterwards successfully exerted itself against the arbitrary exercise of power by the mother country. They made the whole population soldiers, not in tactics, but in courage. This race of human beings differed widely from the white man in physical constitution and in habits of life, having little adaptation to the arts most cherished by us, but possessing a bold, fearless temper, full of courage and ferocity, desiring no change, but least of all a transition from the dark shades of the forest to the tranquillity of agricultural life.

The Indians did not at first comprehend the character and purpose of the new comers, for they were strangers to that patient toil, that laborious pursuit after happiness, and that insatiable thirst for wealth and ease and distinction, which form the leading traits of character in the white population. They were amused, and perhaps surprised at what they saw of the arts and habits of civilized life, but seem not to have coveted the knowledge of their better informed neighbors, or the comforts they drew around them. They soon perceived that the aged forests fell before the axe—that the bear, the moose, and the deer, were driven affrighted from their lairs—and that the fowls of the air fled affrighted from their ancient coverts. They saw, in the place where stood the warrior's wigwam, the peaceful cottage mingling its smoke with the serene sky—where stood the patriarchal trees, the earth teeming with luxuriant fields of grain. This, to the red man, was a scene of desolation, and excited in his mind dismay—for the wilderness was *his plantation*, and the moose, and the deer, and the beaver were *his herds* and *his flocks* that yielded *him* food and raiment. He therefore looked upon this work of civilization as a wanton, unjustifiable waste of his natural property; and viewed the advances of unwelcome neighbors with jealousy and distrust. His sagacity enabled him to comprehend the obvious truth, that the habits of the two races were so uncongenial and ill adapted to each other, the resources on which they respectively depended for subsistence were so opposite, that they could not both prosper upon the same territory—for the one relied upon the provision made for his support in the wilderness by the Great Author of all good—the other upon the more perishable fruits of industry.

The Indian could not dwell upon this alarming prospect with complacency, for he clearly saw that he must either yield his habits of life and become European, or yield his country. He therefore began to inquire into the right of aliens to take from him the territory which had descended to him through generation after generation, from a period so remote as to be lost in the lapse of ages. He viewed them as intruders, and their claim of right by discovery to the soil, as a subtle pretext to cover a defective title. He felt that intruders had no right to call on him to exchange the bow and arrow for the scythe and sickle—that a stranger had no right to prescribe rules of life for him, and to require him to yield up the exciting interest of a wandering and precarious existence, for the dull routine and quiet repose of agricultural pursuits. He felt that his cause needed no argument to support it—that the country was his, because he and his fathers possessed it, and he ought still to enjoy it. The emigrants knew this reasoning was unanswerable. They were conscious of the weakness of their title, and sought to cover the defect by purchasing the territory and taking conveyances of it. But what did the unlettered Indian understand of a contract? What did he know about conveyances? Did he understand that he was parting with his inheritance? Did he know that a piece of parchment took away his birth right forever? That his hunting grounds were to be destroyed? That his resources were to be cut off, and his race to be exterminated by the progress of civilization? If he had comprehended this, would not his proud spirit have rejected the proposal with disdain, and would not he have spilt the last drop of his blood on the graves of his fathers, before he would have suffered the plough of the white man to violate them? He beheld, at first, but a few men with slender means, plant themselves on a piece of territory too insignificant to be regarded—but he dreamed not of the capacity of Europe to people a continent. His vision into the future was too dim and imperfect at first to realize the great and alarming truths which soon began to develop themselves and to excite his fears. But time disclosed all, and he saw that the extinction of his race was inevitable, unless he could reconcile himself to sit down under the dominion of usurpers.

A POET'S CALCULATION,

Concerning the time employed in Shaving, and the use that might be made of it. From 'The Doctor,' Volume 5: London, 1838.

The poet Campbell is said to have calculated that a man who shaves himself every day, and lives to the age of three score and ten, expends during his life as much time in the act of shaving as would have sufficed for learning seven languages. * * * But I will *test*, (as an American would say, though let it be observed in passing that I do not *advocate* the use of Americanism,) I will *test* Mr. Campbell's assertion. And as the Lord President of the New Monthly Magazine has not favored the world with the calculations upon which his assertion, if his it be, is founded, I will investigate it, step by step, with which intent I have this morning, Saturday, May the 15th, 1830, minuted myself during the act of shaving.

The time employed was, within a second or two, more or less, nine minutes. I neither hurried the operation nor lingered about it.—Every thing was done in my ordinary, orderly way, steadily, and without waste of time.

A professional operator makes quicker work; but he cannot be always exactly to the time, and at the year's end as much may have been lost in waiting for the barber, as is gained by his celerity of hand.

Assuming, then, the moderate average of nine minutes—nine minutes per day amount to an hour and three minutes per week; an hour and three minutes per week are fifty hours and thirty-six minutes per year. We will suppose that our shaver begins to operate every day when he has completed his twentieth year; many, if not most men, begin earlier—they will do so if they are ambitious of obtaining whiskers; they must do so if their beards are black, or caroty, or of strong growth. There are then fifty years of daily shaving to be computed; and in that time he will have consumed two thousand seven hundred and thirty hours in the act of shaving himself.

Now let us see whether a man could in that time acquire a competent knowledge of seven languages.

I do not, of course, mean such a knowledge as Professor Porson and Dr. Elmsley had attained of Greek, or as is possessed by Bishop Bloomfield and Bishop Monk, but a passable knowledge of living languages, such as would enable a man to read them with facility and pleasure, if not critically, and to travel without needing either an interpreter—or the use of French in the countries where they are spoken.

Dividing, therefore, two thousand seven hundred and thirty, being the number of hours which might be appropriated to learning languages, by seven, the number of languages to be learnt, we have three hundred and ninety hours for each language; three hundred and ninety lessons of an hour long,—wherein, it is evident, that any person of common capacity, might, with common diligence, learn to speak, read and write sufficiently well for all ordinary purposes, any European language. The assertion, therefore, though it might seem extravagant at first, is true as far as it goes, and is only inaccurate because it is far short of the truth.

For take notice, that I did not strop the razor this morning, but only passed it, after the operation, ten or twelve times over the palm of the hand, according to my every day practice.—One minute more at least would be required for stropping. There are many men whose beards render it necessary for them to apply to the strop every day, and for a longer time; and who are obliged to try first one razor and then another. But let us allow only a minute for this—one minute a day amounts to six hours and five minutes in the year, and in fifty years to three hundred and four hours and ten minutes—time enough for an eighth language.

Observe also, that some languages are so easy, and others so nearly related to each other, they vary much less than half the number of hours allowed in the computation would suffice for learning them. It is strictly true that in the time specified, a man of good capacity might add seven more languages to the seven for which that computation was formed; and that a person who has any remarkable aptitude for such studies, might in that time acquire every language in which there are books to be procured.

See, Reader, what the value of time is when put out at simple interest. But there is no simple interest to knowledge. Whatever funds you have in that Bank go on increasing by interest upon interest,—till the Bank fails.

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.—Mr. Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happenedto be any noise in the chapel, or when any thing occured to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, about three years before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a great commotion in the gallery. For a time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed, 'What's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you!' A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill, in reply, said, 'No' sir, it arnt the devil as is doing on it; it's a lady wot's fainted, and she's a very fat un, sir, as don't seem likely to come to again in a hurry.' 'Oh, that's it, is it,' observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; 'then I beg the lady's pardon—and the *devil's* too.'

Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry e'er 'tis shown:
But where there is true friendship there needs none.
Shakspeare.

THE UNION—ABOLITIONISM.

The following extract from Mr. McDowell's address before the Alumni of Princeton College, contains a most eloquent and impressive appeal. Let the Abolitionist read, relent, and reform:

Let those amongst you, who choose, bewail the existence of slavery as a malestrom in the bosom of the southern society; but if they touch it with pragmatical, with forbidden and infatuated hand, they render it a malestrom to engulph the Union. Be adjured, therefore, by the weal of this and of coming ages—by our own and children's good—by all that we have, and all that we hope for, in the glories of our land, to leave this subject of slavery, with every accountability it may impose, every remedy it may require, every accumulation of difficulty, or of pressure it may reach—leave it all to the interest and the wisdom and the conscience of those upon whom the providence of God and the constitution of your country have cast it. Leave it to them *now and forever*, and stop, before stop is impossible, the furious headway of that destructive and mad philanthropy which is lighting up for the nation itself the fires of the stake; which is rushing on, stride after stride, to strife and a woe that may bury us all on a harder and wickeder slavery than any it would extinguish. Nothing but bitterness—nothing but aggravation of heart and of lot has been brought upon that unfortunate man whom rash and pernicious attempts, the promptings of this blinded and baleful spirit, have been put forth to benefit. They have broken down the footing he had reached, crushed the sympathies he had won, embarrassed and accursed the fortunes they were interposed to control. The generous and elevating influence of our free institutions was relaxing his bondage, bettering his condition, lifting up his character, turning upon him the public anxieties, and the public councils, as a great object of provident and public provision, was changing at all points the aspects of his fate, when a spirit, sent of heaven, as it insanely imagined, came from abroad, to scourge him with a demon visitation; to wrench him from the arms of his only true and only capable benefactors—to throw him back again upon the earth a thousand fold more suspected and more separated than before; riveting upon him every fetter it would loosen—poisoning every blessing it would bestow, and filling his own case with elements of hopelessness, explosion, and evil, which the heart sorrows whilst it shudders to think upon.

Why, then, persist? Why abet the growth or the daring or the power of a spirit which wisdom and mercy plead to you with all their tongues, to silence and to stop? Will any daughter in this assembly, the cherished and defended of a parent's love, blessed to the uttermost with the holy peace of perfect security—sheltered to the uttermost from the apprehension and approach of every wrong, with no enemy to dread—no hand to injure—no terror to affright—safe in her repose, safe in her innocence at every hour and in every place, will she do that, which all valueless for its object, will yet be all powerful to send wakefulness and watching and danger and anguish, perchance, to the days and the nights—to the summer shade as well as to the barred and bolted chamber of her southern sister? Will any mother here, as she soothes her infant to its rest, and looks upon its balmy sleep, and pressing it to her heart, bows in gratitude to God for his mercies to her child—thanking him that its life is safe—safe from harm, from the hand of violence and revenge, and that all its slumbers are guarded by a nation's power—will she, oh, can she, as the consequences of *her* acts, bear to behold the southern mother startling and shuddering, at every foot fall, and at every noise which breaks upon the silence of the night, and flying from her pillow of wakefulness and wretchedness to kneel and crouch upon the cradle, weeping and sobbing in the agony of her soul over the murder and horror that surround it? Will the father and the citizen hail us and greet us and press us to their bosoms, as better brethren and better men, when we shall come up with our hands all red and reeking with the blood they have made us shed? But, if not, then abjure the cause which involves the crime, and the disciples who support it. Friends of the slave! they are stripping him of the wretched remnant of liberty he has left. Friends of humanity! they are cruelly and recklessly staking it upon means of massacre and convulsion. Friends of the country! they are rapidly becoming its iron homicides—cleving down its institutions with murderous hand, and tearing it limb from limb. If you would see the practical working of the spirit that is spoken of—the woe and ruin it can occasion, go to the quiet and passive slave of the South, pour your insurrectionary sentiments into his ear, parade the worst of his condition in artful and in pictured horror before his eye, then trace the progress of the poison—trace it through his murmurs, his resentment, his resistance, his passions growing deeper and darker at every step, under the discipline he provokes, until anger and ulceration and agony of spirit have done their work, and revenge and murder have become the companions of his bosom; then see him leagued and banded with others as fell and furious as himself, the vulture at his heart, the dagger and the torch in his hand, stealing into the silent and midnight chamber, and standing with horrid and uplifted weapon over the parent and the child as they slumber for the blow; see him—let the shriek, the gasping struggle, the gory blade, the blazing dwelling tell out the deed that is done. For one moment, one palsied moment, a shivering and convulsive horror siezes upon the heart of millions of our people—in the next, a dreadful wrath driven on to a dreadful retribution. But if the blood of our people is ever thus to stream in our dwellings, and oose from the very bosom of the soil that feeds us, it will cry from the ground like that of Abel for vengeance, vengeance against the brother hand that shed it, and vengeance would be had, though every drop that was left should be poured out in one anguished and dying effort to obtain it. Nothing, no nothing but Heaven could prevent a people so lashed up to frenzy by rage and suffering and wrong, from pouring back upon the fields and firesides of the guilty, that visitation of calamity and death which had been sent to desolate their own. Spare us, oh, spare us the curse of a ruptured brotherhood, of a ruined, ruined country. Give up your happy and united country; give it up to the madness of some factious hour, to the frenzy of some fanatic spirit; let it sink overwhelming in some horrible struggle of brother with brother, and you will recover its liberties and its blessings again, when the sun shall "slumber in the cloud, forgetful of the voice of morning,"

"When earth's cities have no sound nor tread,
And ships are drifting with the dead,
To shores where all is dumb."

A Married woman, negligent of her person, and careless of her charms, will soon weaken the respect of her husband, and be charmless in his sight. No married woman ought ever to be seen by her husband with disarranged hair, or soiled gown, handkerchief or collar.

POPULAR LECTURES ON GEOLOGY.—*By Professor Leonhard, of the University of Heidelberg, in Germany.*—Translated by J. G. Morris, and edited by Professor F. Hall.

These Lectures—if the first number be a fair specimen of those that are to follow—will be sought for with avidity and read with equal interest and advantage. Reserving our extracts from the work itself to a future number of our paper, we quote here an ingenious, amusing note, by the learned editor on the *divining rod:*

"It is believed that very few persons, possessed of science, or of common sense, can, at the present day, be found in the United States, who have the slightest confidence in the pretendedly wonderful powers of the *divining rod.* The period of that strange delusion has vanished and gone, never, it is hoped, to return. There were, it is true, fifteen years ago, a multitude of individuals, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land—men of talents, of integrity, and even men of unquestionable piety, who were, in relation to this matter 'deceived and deceivers.' Their reasoning faculties were spell-bound by the influence of this ancient charm. Seldom, and perhaps never, did they, at that period, exercise their skill in attempting to make known, where there is 'a vein for the silver, or the place for gold,' Their labors had a different end in view. They were able, as many of them honestly thought, to determine, with absolute certainty, the location of subterranean springs, and what depth the well-digger must sink his pit, in order to reach the unfailing fountain. This wonderful agent has, we are aware, been employed, in different ages of the world, for very different purposes—not only for the discovery of underground springs of fresh and salt water—and of beds and veins of the ores of different metals—but, also for the finding of stolen property, and, particularly, for the detection and obtainment of those chests of money, buried, as report proclaims, all over the country, by that notorious gentleman, Captain Kidd. In searching for the last mentioned article, it was supposed to be essential, that the seeker should have some fellowship with spirits of the nether world—or a sort of co-partnership with his majesty of the *black art.*

But at the time to which we allude, no such pretensions were made, or entertained. Hundreds of the practitioners would have been horror-struck, at the merest intimation, that they were operated on by an unhallowed, and more especially, by any satanic influence. They did, indeed, imagine that they had, without the use of unauthorized means, unlocked Dame Nature's port-folio, and taken away from her ladyship one more of her valuable secrets. It was the persuasion of some, that, in an age when the sun of science was pouring such a flood of light on the world, man had been enabled to detect a new principle in philosophy—something similar, perhaps, to electricity or magnetism, and who knows, thought they, but it will, when fully understood, prove as important to mankind as either of those sciences.

Those, who were so fortunate as to possess hands, in which the rod would *divine*—for it would not in all hands—exercised their new talent, exclusively, we believe, in giving instruction to the uninitiated, in relation to the proper places for digging wells. Some made it their sole business—their profession—to impart information on this subject, and for their services, had as regular a compensation, as the physician has for his. Among a certain class of men, it was deemed extremely injudicious, and wasteful of property, to attempt to dig for water, without having first ascertained, by the diviner's rod, the precise spot where it could be obtained most certainly, and with the least expense. Others imparted their supposed knowledge to their neighbors and friends without charge.

A worthy clergyman, who was at my house, many years since, on a visit, told me that he was a firm believer in the efficacy of the divining rod; that he had not the shadow of a doubt, that it was an infallible indicator of water. 'You are incredulous, said he, but there is, I assure you, nothing inexplicable in this affair. It is only a new principle of electricity. The vapor from the water, impregnating the rod, causes it to incline towards the spring, in the same manner that light bodies are drawn towards a piece of rubbed amber, or that the magnetic needle turns towards soft iron. You want to dig a well,' continued the gentleman, 'and I will give you a practical lesson on the subject.' From a peach tree, he cut a forked branch, and having prepared it, *secundum artem*, he grasped a limb of it in each hand, and walked slowly over the grounds near the house. After a few minutes, the *electrical* motion commenced, and directed the carrier of the rod to the desired point. 'Here,' said the good man, 'here is water, and you will not be obliged to go down more than fifteen feet before you will reach it.' Through unbelief, the prediction was never tested.

The newspapers and magazines of the day contained numerous communications on the subject of the divining rod—some in favor and some against it—some acknowledging, with admiration, all the virtues it claimed, and some treating the little magician with great disrespect, denying all its assumed powers. At length a well written paper, calmly examining the merits of the case, made its appearance in Silliman's Journal of Science, vol. xi. in which the author explains lucidly the cause of the movements of the rod, demonstrates its total inefficiency to discover the location of subterranean springs, or ores, or hidden treasures of any description, and proves, conclusively, that its pretensions are not only unphilosophical, but, in the highest degree, absurd. The perusal of that and other similar papers, at once, opened the blind eyes of thousands, and scattering the darkness from their minds, made man again, what Aristotle defines him to be, a "reasoning biped.' From that time to the present we have not met a single advocate of the divining rod. It is, we are sure, effectually driven from all enlightened society. The artifice may still be practiced by the ignorant or knavish, among some of the least informed, and most degraded portions of the community, but nowhere else."

For my own part, I call education, not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to form a friend, a companion and a wife. I call education, not that which is made up of the shreds and patches of useless arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passion, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection, trains to self-denial, and more especially that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes and passions to the love and fear of God.—*H. More.*

Wealth commands the eye of beauty, and the ear of greatness; gives spirit to the dull, and authority to the timorous; and leaves him from whom it departs without virtue and without understanding.—*Johnson.*

GRATITUDE.—What American can read without deep emotion, the following anecdote from Stevens' "Incidents of Travel in Greece," &c.

"At Kalamaki, while walking along the shore, a Greek who spoke the lingua Franca, came from on board one of the little caiques, and when he learned that I was an American, described to me the scene that had taken place on that beach upon the arrival of provisions from America; when thousands of miserable beings who had fled from the blaze of their dwellings, and lived for months upon plants and roots; grey-headed men, mothers with their infants at their breasts, emaciated with hunger and almost frantic with dispair, came down from their mountain retreats to receive the welcome relief. He might well remember the scene, for he had been one of that starving people; and he took me to his house, and showed me his wife and four children, now nearly all grown, telling me that they had all been rescued from death by the generosity of my countrymen.

"I do not know why, but in these countries it did not seem unmanly for a bearded and whiskered man to weep; with his heart overflowing and his eyes filled with tears, he told me, when I returned home, to say to my countrymen that I had seen and talked with a recipient of their bounty; and though the Greeks might never repay us, they could never forget what we had done for them. I remembered the excitement in our country in their behalf, in colleges and schools, from the gray bearded senator to the prattling schoolboy, and reflected that, perhaps, my mite, cast carelessly upon the waters, had saved from the community of misery this grateful family. I wish that the cold-blooded prudence which would have checked our honest enthusiasm in favor of a people under calamities and horrors worse than ever fell to the lot of man struggling to be free, could have listened to the gratitude of this Greek family. With deep interest I bade them farewell."

EARLY RISING.—From March to November, a least, no cause, save sickness, or one of equal weight should retain us in bed one moment after the sun has risen—so says Dr. Granville, in his Catechism of Health, upon whose rules, however, we cannot consent to act. The following from Times Telescope, is more in accordance with our notions:

"Whosoever is found in bed after six o'clock, from May-day to Michealmas, cannot, in any conscience, expect to be free from some ailment or other, dependent on relaxed nerves, stuffed lungs, disordered bile, or impaired digestion. Nothing can be done—absolutely nothing—if you do not rise early, except drugging your draughts, a luxury which the indolent morning sleeper must prepare himself to purchase dearly. We give him joy of his choice; bid him good by, and springing out into the sunny air, we gather health from the heath, and become young again among the glittering May due and the laughing May flowers."

"What a luxury the sons of sloth lose!" says Harvey in his flowery Recollections on a Flower Garden; "little, ah little is the sluggard sensible how great a pleasure he foregoes for the poorest of all animal gratifications!" Be persuaded; make an effort to shake off the pernicious habit."

"Go forth," as King Solomon says, "to the fields; lodge in the villages; get up early to the vineyards;" mark the budding flowers, listen to the joyous birds—in a word, cultivate morning pleasures, and health and vigor must certainly follow.

THE BEDOUIN ARABS.—The last was by far the most interesting day of my journey to Mount Sinai. We were moving along a broad valley, bounded by ranges of lofty and crumbling mountains, forming an immense rocky rampart on each side of us; and rocky and barren as these mountains seemed, on their tops were gardens which produced oranges, dates, and figs in great abundance. Here, on heights almost inaccessible to any but the children of the desert, the Bedouin pitches his tent, pastures his sheep and goats, and gains the slender subsistence necessary for himself and family; and often looking up the bare side of the mountain, we could see on its summit's edge the wild figure of a half-naked Arab, with his long matchlock gun in his hand, watching the movement of our little caravan. Sometimes, too, the eye rested upon the form of a woman stealing across the valley, not a traveller or passer-by, but a dweller in the land where no smoke curled from the domestic hearth, and no sign of a habitation was perceptible. There was something very interesting to me in the greetings of my companions with the other young men of their tribe. They were just returning from a journey to Cairo, an event in the life of a young Bedoúin; and they were bringing a stranger from a land that none of them had ever heard of; yet their greeting had the coldness of frosty age and the reserve of strangers; twice they would gently touch the palms of each other's hands; mutter a few words, and in a moment the welcomers were again climbing to their seats. One, I remember, greeted us more warmly and stayed longer among us. He was by profession a beggar or robber, as occasion required, and wanted something from us, but it was not much; merely some bread and a charge of powder. Not far from the track we saw, hanging on a thornbush, the black cloth of a Bedouin's tent, with the pole, ropes, pegs, and every thing necessary to convert it into a habitation for a family. It had been there six months: the owner had gone to a new pasture-ground, and there it had hung, and there it would hang, sacred and untouched, until he returned to claim it. 'It belongs to one of our tribe, and cursed be the hand that touches it,' is the feeling of every Bedouin. Uncounted gold might be exposed in the same way; and the poorest Bedouin, though a robber by birth and profession, would pass by and touch it not.

NEW BOOKS.—The Spirit of the East, or a Journal of Travels through Roumeli during a eventful period, by D'Urquart, Esq. in 2 vols 12mo.
Sterling Penrudock or the Highminded, by the author of Tremain, De Vere, &c. in 2 vols.
Evira, the Nabob's Wife, a tale by Mrs. Monkland, 2 vols.
Conversations on Nature and Art, with plates, 1 vol.
Just received for sale at GARRET ANDERSON,
Pennsylvania Avenue, between 11th and 12th streets
mar 23.

BOYS' AND MEN'S SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.—This day received and for sale—
20 pieces black and colored summer cloths, plain and twilled
10 do striped and plain lastings
50 do plain and fancy drillings
100 do plain and striped cotton jean
50 do Georgia nankeen, genuine
36 do Marseilles silk and satin vestings
Also, 50 doz. white, brown, and mixed cotton half hose
15 do English and spun silk
Gum and cotton braces, silk handkerchiefs,
Italian cravats, kid, silk, and linen gloves, &c. &c
All of which will be offered at the lowest rates
JAMES B. CLARKE.
Opposite Centre Market, and No. 2 from 8th street.
ap 20.

WIDE SHEETINGS.—Just received—
50 pieces 10-4 and 11-4 wide sheetings, which will be sold by the piece unusually cheap.
Ap. 6. BRADLEY & CATLETT.