

THE PARLOR VISITOR.

Devoted to the various interests of the Females of the South and West.

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BEAUTY AND GLORY OF THE HOUSE OF GOD.

NOTHING perhaps, strikes the mind of one travelling through the rural districts of this country with more surprise, than the almost universal want of taste displayed in the location and structure of houses of worship. Instead of selecting situations rendered interesting and attractive by the uninterrupted operations of Nature—instead of occupying points suggestive of the wisdom, power and goodness of God—those environed by the blending beauties of creation—congregations, seem more frequently than otherwise, to have chosen the margin of old fields, or other abandoned grounds, utterly despoiled of primitive loveliness.—Back to the Bible let us go, and learn wisdom upon the subject

It was in the wilderness, near a beautiful stream that repentance was preached in the days of Christ, and it was there that the Son and Spirit of God bore testimony to the divinity of the mission of the first Baptist; and we confess a decided preference for such localities now, and especially in view of the fact, that these natural scenes of loveliness prompt congregations to add new beauties in the way of trees, shrubbery, vines and flowers, and in this way the poorest church we have ever known might soon have one of the most inviting places of religious worship.

As costly piles, and elegant specimens of architecture are reared to attract large congregations in cities, so rural beauties will attract them in the country. Almost any community by a few days' labor may build a house sufficiently fine, if it be judiciously

located, and surrounded by the beautiful.—The beauty of a *meeting house* consists not in the massive walls of brick and mortar, or the lavish expenditure of money, but in tasteful *elegance*. "The glory of a sacred edifice lies not in its vaulted roof and lofty spire, and pealing organ, but in the glory that fills the house—the divine presence; not in its fabric of goodly stones, but in its living stones, polished by the hand of the spirit; not in its painted windows, but in its gospel light; not in its choir of singing men and of singing women, but in the music of well-tuned hearts; not in its sacred priesthood, but in the great high Priest.—If every stone were a diamond, and every beam of cedar, every window a crystal, and every door a pearl; if the roof were studded with sapphire, and the floor tassellated with all manner of precious stones; and yet if Christ and the spirit be not there, and if the sacrifice of the heart be not there, the building has no glory. The house of God must have a glory beyond what Solomon's cunning workmen can give it, even the Lord God, who is "the glory thereof." But a dilapidated house, in an "out of the way place," having rafters and but little roof—windows, but no shutters—sash, but requiring the hats of a whole congregation to exclude the wind or snow. Such a house dishonors God and disgraces any community. Instead of being beautiful, and therefore inviting to the youth of a neighborhood, it is referred to as an apparition den to frighten children with.

EDITOR.

[SELECTED]

A SABBATH MORNING TALE.

THE TOLLING BELL.

Nor many months ago, in one of my summer rambles, I found myself on a beautiful Sabbath morning the guest of a worthy and intelligent family, in a quiet country village.

The early breakfast was over, parents and children had joined in reading a chapter in the Bible; Mr. Sedgwick, the head of the family, had then offered up a fervent prayer at the conclusion of which we all rose from our knees, when our ears were greeted by the clear, deep peals of the ringing church bell.

"So late!" exclaimed Mrs. Sedgwick, looking at the clock. "Our time-piece must be slow."

"That is not the first bell for church," replied her husband solemnly. "There has been a death in the village. The bell is tolling for Martin Lord."

"Such, then, is his unhappy end," mused his wife. "Well, it will be wrong to mourn his death. If death was ever a merciful providence it is so in this case."

"Is it a person who had long been sick?" I asked.

Instead of answering my question directly, Mr. Sedgwick said:

"There is a melancholy history connected with that young man. It is now some time since the excitement occasioned by this strange tragedy died away; but the tolling of the bell this morning must bring it back forcibly to every heart. Perhaps you would be interested to hear the story?"

I expressed my desire to listen to the narration, upon which my friend gave me the details of the following story, which I relate with only a slight deviation from the original:

Martin Lord was once the flower and the hope of one of the most respectable families in the village. His amiable disposition

and superior intellect procured for him universal love and esteem.

Although of a slight figure and pale features, which indicated a constitution by no means robust, Martin was remarkable for his uncommon beauty; and indeed, his fine noble forehead, shaded by locks of soft brown hair, his large, expressive blue eyes, straight nose, with thin Grecian nostrils, and voluptuous mouth, entitled him in some measure to that consideration.

Martin was a great favorite with the ladies old and young, but he never showed any marked partiality toward any one, until he became intimate with Isabella Ashton, the daughter of our late clergyman, who died of grief about a year ago.

No two beings could be more different.—Isabella was the youngest and most thoughtless girl in our village. She could have little sympathy with a person of such deep feelings and elevated intellect as Martin; and beautiful as she was, it seemed strange that he should have given his love to her. There is no doubt but that she was attached to him; perhaps she loved him as well as she was capable of loving any one, but in this instance as in all others, her affections were secondary to her love of sarcasm and mischief.

Martin and Isabella had been pointed out as lovers by village gossips, for several months; he was now nineteen, and she was the same when the tragedy occurred, which the tolling of the bell has recalled to my memory.

It was on an autumn evening, near five years ago, that Isabella took advantage of the absence of her father to have a social gathering of young people at her house. Martin, of course, was present, with the fairest youths and maidens; and being under no restraint from the gravity of the clergy-

man, who was not expected home till late, the company enjoyed themselves freely with jests, songs and social games.

The hour at which such parties usually broke up had already passed, and there was no relaxation in the gaiety of the young people, when some one foolishly mentioned the subject of ghosts, something of that description having been reported as having been seen in the vicinity of the churchyard.

"It is a silly report," said Martin.—"Nobody can believe that a ghost has really been seen there; and I doubt if a person here believes at all in the existence of ghosts."

"You do, yourself—you know you do, Martin, although you are ashamed to own it," cried Isabella. But Martin only laughed. "Come now," continued the thoughtless girl, "I can prove that you have some idea that such things may exist. Go to the churchyard alone, in the dark, and then declare, if you can, that you have felt no fear."

"And what would that prove?"

"Why you will be frightened, though you see nothing. Your fears would put your belief to the test. How could you be afraid, if you did not feel that there was something to be afraid of?"

"I do not think your logic is the best in the world," replied Martin, laughing.—"Men are often troubled with fear, when their reason tells them there is no cause to fear. But I deny in the first place that a journey to the churchyard, even at midnight, would frighten me in the least."

"How bravely you can talk!" said Isabella, indulging in her customary tone of sarcasm. "But nobody here believes you. I don't at any rate. Why you hadn't courage enough, the other day, to help kill a rabbit; your mother told me so."

"I never like to cause or witness pain, if it can be avoided," answered Martin, blushing.

"Ha! ha! ha! what an excellent excuse! You are brave enough to be sure, but tender-hearted! Come now; you dare not go to the churchyard alone. You are not half so courageous as you would have us believe. Whether you think there are ghosts or not, you are afraid of them."

Martin was extremely sensitive, but the sarcasm of nobody except Isabella, could have stung him to the quick. But scorning the imputation of cowardice, he was ready to do almost any desperate act to prove his courage.

"But said he, 'although I have no more fear of churchyards and ghosts than I have of orchards and apple trees, I am not going to walk half a mile merely to be laughed at.'"

"Ha! ha! but you shall not escape so!" laughed Isabella. "Here, before these, our friends, I promise that this ring shall be yours," she continued, displaying one, given by an old lover, which Martin had often desired her to part with, "provided you go to the churchyard alone, in the dark, and declare on your honor, when you return, that you were not in the least afraid."

"Agreed," said Martin, buttoning his coat, for the night was chilly.

"As an evidence that you go the entire distance, you can bring with you the iron bar, which you will find close by the gate," said Isabella.

Thus driven by taunts to the commission of a folly, Martin took leave of the company, full of courage and spirit and set out on his errand.

It was near a quarter of a mile to the churchyard which was approached by a lonely, dreary path, seldom traveled except by mourners.

It is impossible to relate precisely what happened to Martin on that gloomy road.—I judge from the circumstances which afterwards came to light, his adventure must have been as I am about to relate it.

Slight as he was in frame, and tender in his feelings, he was not destitute of courage. I do not think he was frightened by the sighing of the wind, and the rustling of the dry autumnal leaves, as many stronger men might have been. He marched steadily to the graveyard, stopped a moment, perhaps to gaze sadly but not fearfully, at the white tombstones gleaming faintly in the dark and desolate ground, for the stars shone brilliantly in the clear, cold sky; then shouldering the iron bar, of which Isabella had spoken, he set out to return.

He had proceeded about half way, when

in the gloomiest part of the road, he saw a white figure emerge from a clump of willows and come toward him. It looked like a walking corpse in a winding sheet, which trailed upon the ground. All Martin's strength of nerve was gone in an instant.—Courage gave place to desperation, his hair standing erect and his blood running chill with horror, still he stood his ground; the spectre drew nearer seeming to grow whiter and larger as it approached. We cannot tell what frenzy seized upon the brain of the unhappy youth at that moment.

The guests at the clergyman's house heard terrific screams. Dreading some tragic termination to the farce, they rushed to the spot, one of the company carrying a lantern. They found Martin kneeling on a prostrate figure; his fingers clutching convulsively its throat while he still uttered frantic screams for help. His wild features exhibited the very extremity of terror.

Only two of the most courageous young men dared approach him. One of them

forced Martin to relax his hold on the throat of the figure, whilst the other tore away the folds of the sheet. At that moment the bearer of the lantern came up.—The light fell upon the blood-stained, distorted Isabella. Martin uttered one more unearthly shriek and fell lifeless upon the corpse. He never spoke again but lived—an idiot.

A frightful contusion on Isabella's temple bore evidence that in his frenzy he had struck the supposed spectre with the iron bar. The blow was probably the cause of her death; although such a grasp with his hands as he must have given her throat, might alone have deprived her of breath.—He never knew afterwards what he had done, for never a gleam of reason illuminated the darkness of his soul; and now the tolling bell has told us that Heaven in its mercy has finally freed the spirit from its shackles of clay, and given it light and life in a better world.

BONAPARTE'S EARLY POVERTY.

M. THEIRS, in his history of the Consulate, recites some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte.

It appears that after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived some time in Paris, in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty, that he was often without the means of paying ten sous (ten cents) for his dinner, and frequently went without any at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums and even worn out clothes, from his acquaintance! He and his brother Louis, afterward King of Holland, had at one time only a coat between them, so that the brothers could only go out alternately, time and time about. At this crisis, the chief benefactor of the future Emperor and conqueror, "at whose mighty name the world grew pale,"

was the actor Talma, who often gave him food and money. Napoleon's face, afterwards so famed for its classical mould, was during that period of starvation, harsh and angular in its lineaments, with projecting cheek bones. His meagre fare brought on an unpleasant and unsightly cutaneous disease, of type so virulent and malignant, that it took all the skill and assiduity of his accomplished physician, Corvisart, to expel it, after a duration of more than ten years.

The squalid beggar then, the splendid Emperor afterwards—the threadbare habitments and imperial mantle—the hovel and the palace—the meagre food and the gorgeous banquet—the friendship of a poor actor, the homage and terror of the world—an exile and a prisoner. Such are the ups and downs of this changeful life, such are the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.

For the Parlor Visitor.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

BY HARVEY BALL.

THE Periodical Press marks the progress and extent of modern civilization. Where its agency is unemployed, or where restrained by public authority, we have proof of a degraded and barbarian state of society, or of what is closely allied to this, the reign of despotism. In the United States, the press is unrestricted: every one may disseminate his thoughts as freely as he may breathe the vital air. The consequence is, that periodical literature assumes almost every conceivable variety, is adapted to every shade of opinion, to every phase in politics or religion, to all sorts of speculation on all subjects, to every taste and capacity, whether of the debased and vicious, or of the refined, crude and pure. Every degree of success, also, is observable, the regular issues of respective periodicals ranging from a few hundreds to a hundred thousand and more. We have our dailies and bi-dailies, our weeklies semi-weeklies and tri-weeklies, our monthlies and bi-monthlies, our quarterlies and yearlies, presenting every diversity in size, form and contents.—What a stupendous view is opened of the apparatus at work, to move & sway the American people! How wonderfully awakened must be the universal mind of our country, to encourage the wide-spread employment of a machinery so vastly multiplied! Our citizens are emphatically a reading and inquiring class. Almost every house-holder sustains the press of his partialities. The common political newspaper is more widely diffused than any other, is eagerly read, and exerts more power than any other over the public sentiment: hence, in truth, we may be said to be a nation of politicians. Even in enlightened Europe, the press is nowhere free, except in the British Isles; and there, through the pecuniary inability of the masses, periodical intelligence is spread to a limited extent. A journal of St. Petersburg,

in all its columns, contains no more information than can be placed on a page of an ordinary American newspaper, the details being brief, with no opinions or discussions: the whole Russian empire is shrouded in political night. "The Turkish newspaper can only be understood or appreciated by comparatively a few persons. Extracts from foreign papers are introduced, and a variety is presented in the topics; but there is no mind to grasp ideas. Indolence, bigotry, hatred of Christians, and a hearty contempt of all the rest of the world, stand amazingly in the way of intellectual advancement." In France, in the German and Italian States, in all papal lands, although the blessings of the public press are more or less extended, yet odious restrictions are imposed, at war with all independent discussion, especially on questions of political learning, or interfering with any dogma or usage of the Church. In countries the most thoroughly papal, the press is the least free. Nothing can be printed at Rome without permission from the Pope, and as far as the mind can be manacled, it is bound in the city of Rome more strongly than any other place on earth. The master of the palace is the censor, and must examine all that is to be printed before publication is allowed. The predecessor of Pio Nono, in 1832, wrote, "Hither tends that worst and never to be sufficiently execrated and detested liberty of the press, for the diffusion of all manner of writings, which some so loudly contend for"—and he adds, "From this same fountain of indifference flows that absurd and erroneous doctrine, or rather raving, in favor, and in defence of liberty of conscience, for which most pestilential error the course is open by that entire and wild liberty of opinion." How grinding is Romish despotism! How heavy the thral-

dom its tyranny imposes on human thought and liberty! And beyond the pale of Christian civilization, scarce a ray of light gleams from the press throughout the whole world. In contrast with our own happy and enlightened condition, how broad, how deep the gloom! How profound the ignorance, which can not know the blessings of political, intellectual or religious freedom! How crushing is despotism political or ecclesiastical, to every noble aspiration of the human soul! How intensely distressing is the consideration that the intellect of full three fourths of our race is enslaved; that this immense aggregate of intelligent existence, immortal and accountable in nature, capable of infinite progression in knowledge and happiness, is cut off from literary and christian culture, and from the blessings which follow the unfettered march of truth and of rational discussion.

As it is impossible to enumerate or adequately prize the multiplied favors poured upon us by the freedom of the press, so it is impossible to place too high a value on the source whence these unspeakable benefits flow. To the teachings of christianity we are indebted for all. The principles of inspired truth incorporated in our national institutions, give us the enjoyment of our civil and religious rights, the liberty of the press in its varied modes of utility to all classes, as well as constitute the basis of our greatness as a people. In exact proportion as the spirit of the Gospel prevails in any land, so are the rights of man respected, and the freedom of expressing opinion established. In our own prosperous republic, information has free course among the people; every man, woman, and child have facilities for instruction, in every desirable department of intelligence. Tidings from all parts of the world are steadily spread before them. Every variety of topic is discussed, whether pertaining to affairs of common life or those of national importance, to the progress of art, science, literature, or the Redeemer's kingdom. Controversy, though sometimes conducted with acrimony, and leading to partyism and strife, is still a grand instrumentality in eliciting and establishing truth. The abettors of error, the authors of misrepresentation, can be readily refuted and corrected in a community where opposing ideas may freely circulate: nor can demagogism and jesuitism stealthily spread their snares without eminent liability to exposure and shame through the vigilant defenders of justice and honor. Heresy in religion or fallacy in principle and argument, may be permitted to assail the public mind with the less alarm, "when reason is left free to combat it." Unrestricted discussion, animated by the precepts of Divine revelation, is the safeguard of our political and religious liberties. May we not hope that the destinies of our race will be more and more happily effected by the intelligent and faithful periodical press of our land, wielded as it is so encouragingly to arouse, enlighten, and ennoble the opinions of a wide-spread and progressive people?

But some drawbacks exist amidst our accumulated privileges; some cautions are desirable in the use of our most valued blessings. Even liberty itself, without the guidance of right principle, may degenerate into licentiousness. It is not so much our aim to laud the excellencies and utilities of a well conducted and enlightened public press, as to call attention to some perversions attendant on the employment of this instrument of immeasurable benefit. If the press is independent, all readers are not so. Opinions are sometimes formed hastily, and from listening to a discussion in one of its aspects only. Many questions admit of argument, and are open to controversy; a dispassionate judgment should be based on an examination of a subject in its different bearings. Multitudes of readers neglect this reasonable precaution: thousands trust implicitly to their favorite leader, and form their opinions in accordance with his, without any special investigation. This remark applies both to the religious and the secular press—the dicta of an editor, whether founded in justice or its opposite, exert an influence positive and controlling; in manifold instances a sufficient guarantee is found for the correctness of a sentiment, if it is established on the authority of the newspaper. Questions of a partisan character, and of religious doctrine, are by no means always decided on their true merits. Hence

almost exclusively through periodicals, distinct religious sects have been created; heresies have been broached, defended and propagated, to the strife, unhappiness, and ruin of churches. By similar methods, also, unscrupulous politicians find facilities for misleading the "dear people," and opening the way to places of honor, power, and emolument.

It is conceded that the secular press of our country is conducted, to great extent, by high-minded, intelligent, and enterprising men: and from the universal spread of the common newspaper, no class of citizens is exerting a more direct and decisive influence in forming the opinion of the masses, and shaping the destinies of our country:—yet this influence is too often prejudicial to the interests of vital godliness. The amusements of the theatre, the sports of the turf, and the fashionable follies of life, are commonly encouraged. The attitude of hostility to the Gospel is rarely manifested, except by the professed abettors of infidelity and irreligion. Indifferentism is the general characteristic; consequently, much of the tendencies must be unfavorable to true piety. A public journal of very extensive circulation, conducted with great ability, a strenuous advocate of temperance and good morals, and a leader in many important questions of the day, is yet decidedly inimical to evangelical religion. A rival journal, boasting a still wider circulation, if not the largest of its class in the union, is accounted by contemporaries, no doubt justly, as subject to the reproach of dishonorable acts, of wilful perversions of truth, and as unworthy of confidence. Still, unparalleled prosperity attends these journals: they must necessarily exert an unparalleled power in influencing the public mind. For good or harm, the sway of the secular periodical press throughout our land, is incalculable.

There is another class of publications, consisting in newspapers and magazines, intended principally for family reading, that of the youthful portion especially. Many of these have secured patronage of wonderful extent. How immeasurably in the public welcomes, do they outstrip the religious press, and all the weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies devoted to the advance of sound

and useful knowledge! They find congenial feelings in the breasts of the light-hearted throng-every where. Many of these periodicals are conducted with much talent, learning, and refinement of taste, and contain information of sterling value. Yet their attractions do not lie here; their success depends on no such excellence: as much that is really valuable is found in journals of more limited circulation. Their real attractions are founded on their fictions—these constitute their charm, and furnish their passport to public favor. Every taste and fancy can be gratified with novels, novellettes, *et id omne genus*. This is not all nor the worst. Many, if not all of this class, seem to take special pleasure in showing their views of religion and religious people. The lessons inculcated are often mournful in the extreme. For example, some antiquated female, who respects "her minister," delights in "the prayer meeting" or "the protracted meeting," rebukes "the follies of the world," is held up to ridicule for her fastidiousness and bigotry; while the hilarious young lady, amiable withal, who yet loves dress, the gay party, and the ball-room, is presented as the model of propriety, "the paragon of excellence," the exemplary Christian! This is not ideal, but the veritable expression of sentiment as commonly portrayed in these "light literature" periodicals, whose teachings are thus so palpably at war with the teachings of inspired truth, to all we hold dear in religion, and to all our hopes of heaven. A gifted author of numerous moral tales, many of whose pieces are worthy of high praise, is not backward to let us know, as opportunity offers, that his views of religion are not of the puritanic sort, austere, exclusive, and fanatical, but liberalized by conformity with the "dance," and other modes of "rational pleasure" in vogue among the fashionable circles. Would that the taint of virtual irreligion did not attach itself to productions, which otherwise might, in morals, supply much savory, wholesome admonition. This commingling of the corrupt with the pure vitiates the whole. The commendable traits win admiration but to beguile and to destroy. Poison cannot be taken with the healthful nutriment without

injury, disease, and death to the whole system.

The conductors of the periodical press should be eminently wise, cultivated, God-fearing men. They assume elevated responsibilities among their fellow-citizens. Their power over human thought and action is beyond computation. They should be standards of pure taste, sound morals, and finished writing—models of correct and lucid thinking—leaders in all that pertains to the improvement of society. It becomes them to look well to their principles, and guard against pernicious influences. Their final account will be a tremendous one. How can they stand the test, if their course is dictated by avarice or ambition, at the expense of truth, morals, and piety, and tends to undermine the welfare, to overthrow the substantial well-being of multitudes of immortal minds, effected essentially through their instrumentality?

The duties incumbent on patrons and readers, seem to be plain: they should shun the corrupt and unscrupulous in literature, politics, or religion:—purity, and candor, and truth should alone be upheld by every true-minded citizen, and well-wisher of his family and of his country—he fails in his obligations who countenances any thing else. The superior success of periodicals devoted mainly to fiction, seems to be a demonstration of public preferences—and, necessarily, of perverted sentiment in the

community at large. The class of editors and publishers laboring chiefly in the field of imagination, apparently far surpass in zeal that of the pure-minded and religious portion, who would strive for the substantial welfare of their fellow-men, in this world and the world to come. A sufficient reason for the greater activity of the former, may be found in the fact, that they will be more surely remunerated and enriched by their efforts; while for the latter, there is much uncertainty of prospect—often-times, great sacrifice of toil and pecuniary resources. Now, what are professing Christians doing, and what ought they to do in this matter? Are they not widely encouraging periodicals of hurtful tendency, to the neglect and refusal of such as are of an opposite character, the aim of which is to impart solid instruction, to lead in paths of righteousness, and of everlasting safety; and which may be struggling for very life because of this apathy? Were christian patronage withheld from all periodicals of deleterious influence, or of doubtful utility, their circulation would be incalculably diminished, and their power for harm diminished in proportion. Then might patronage flow in new and appropriate channels, and abundantly multiply the facilities for diffusing the blessings of a trust-worthy and sanctified periodical literature.

(C H A R I T Y .

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see;
And should a man blame, let's remind him,
That from faults we are none of us free.
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
Whom we're loading with high honors now.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say;
If he's frail, then a kind word would bind him,
Where coldness would turn him away;
For the heart must be barren, indeed,
Where no bud of repentance can bloom:
Then pause, ere you censure with speed—
On a frown or a smile hangs his doom.

GETTING ALONG.

There are two ways of getting through the world. Some men have a knack of "getting along," while others "work their way." The man who "gets along" is always devising some expedient to shrink the primal curse—or rather blessing of—labor. He starts a "gift lottery," or exhibits a fat hog to the gazing populace at twelve and a half cents per head. He invents a quack medicine, warranted to cure "all the ills flesh is heir to," and gets a minister to endorse it; he advertises "five hundred receipts for making a fortune in less than no time," offering them to the public for the extraordinary price of one dollar, post paid; or he turns politician and is rewarded with the consulship in the Feejee Islands. He is always changing the object of his pursuit, now ruining in one direction, and now another, and this he calls "getting along."

The man who "works his way in the world," choses the business of life with careful reference to his tastes and capacities, and then steadily sticks to it. He becomes master of one string and draws from it such melody as soothes him in the darkest hours. If he does not grow rich he becomes respected and honored. His perseverance is counted to him as a virtue, and men say he is one of the "old standards." He sticks to his business and his business sticks to him. What it brings him he knows how to value and enjoy, for he has earned it. He has his "ups and downs," but they are

only the undulations which carry him steadily over the waves of life's ocean. With continued practice comes skill,—and that is always in demand. So he "works his way" and is known as a rising man. But he does "not go up like a rocket to come down like its stick." His progress is gradual, but sure, for he "works his way," he lays a good foundation for every upward step—developes his powers and is happy in their exercise. He is truly a devout man, for he "works his way," and all his labor is worship in an inferior degree. He fulfills the object of his being, in accordance with the laws of the Creator, for all things in nature "work their way."

The man who "gets along" may get rich, but his life is a failure—a mere make-shift. His riches may be admired, but he is seldom respected. Most often he does retain wealth, and sometimes he "gets along" to the work house. He who would not work for himself is at last obliged to work for others.

There is a knack of "getting along" but the true art of life consists of "working your way." Young man, concentrate your powers. Diffusion is the great evil of life. Become master of your business, and you are master of other men. For he who by application and perseverance acquires facility and aptitude, is always in demand, and is bound to succeed.

THE BIBLE PATTERN FOR YOUNG MEN.

"Be sober-minded. In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works; in doctrine, showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that can not be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you. Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man."

Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceit. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good, Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another; not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

For the Parlor Visitor.

“T R I P S O U T H .”

BY MARY D—.

I started from Columbus, Thursday 17th of January, on the fine new steamer “Ingomar,”—built for the Memphis and N. O. trade, her first trip. The boat was very handsomely furnished, chaste, and neat throughout, without the gaudy, superfluous appendages of some of our first class boats. The ladies’ cabin was everything the most refined and fastidious taste could desire, the beds were new and clean; a perfect luxury to any one whose flesh and delicate nerves have been tortured by bugs and mosquitoes on a dirty boat in low water.

The parlor was furnished with an elegant Piano, and we had some four or five ladies on board, who “sat gracefully” and drew forth from its unsullied keys the strange sweet melody of music.

We had also a splendid brass band, composed entirely of Germans, only one of the number being able to speak a word of English. The Germans are certainly the finest musicians in the world; the more I see and hear their performances the more thoroughly I am convinced that they study music as a science beyond any other nation on the globe. I have been informed by several intelligent ladies and gentlemen of that country, that they commence music with their literary education and often protract it to a much longer period, and yet I am really at a loss to discover whether they have as fine an appreciation of their favorite science as some of their more untutored auditors, for while an American cannot help evincing the varied influences which music exerts upon his soul by a sad, serious, gay or animated expression of countenance, the stolid face of the German exhibits nothing but indifference.

When by request they played a solemn impressive national air of their country, I watched with curious interest to see the ef-

fect it produced, and wondered that no tear of sadness fell on the rubicund cheek of these wanderers from home; and that no emotion of joy kindled the eye as they listened to the well known strain, blended and woven, as it must have been, with sweet comforts, and early attachments of their native country. But perhaps I do wrong to judge by the same criterion, two nations differing so widely in their temperaments; for although an American in Europe, while listening to “Hail Columbia” or “The Star Spangled Banner,” could not conceal the heart-sirring emotions they produce, yet I dare say beneath the cold impassive exterior of the German there kindles in his heart a similar feeling, as he hears the sweet strains of his Father-land. I have noticed one thing however, that when a discord in music is sounded, they exhibit a variety of very vehement emotions; and it may be that the poetry of feeling connected with music, which in many minds is elicited by pleasing associations, is entirely unawakened, or at least lost sight of in their better knowledge and higher appreciation of scientific rules.

We had also on the boat two guitars, and as the bright sun sank behind the western horizon, its last lingering rays reflecting a “flood of golden light” upon the rippling waves of the Mississippi, the sweet melody of this twi-light instrument, attuned to voices of exquisite sweetness, fell upon our hearts. “Like some mild air of distant music, when we know not how or whence the sounds are brought from.”

We can sometimes find words to express our appreciation of a fine painting touched by a noble hand, or our admiration of a beautiful landscape from nature’s works; but music comes upon us with such an irresistible power, that it binds our physical energies, and addresses itself to our hearts in

language that cannot be portrayed ;—then we rise above the depressing cares of life,—and the soul, softened and purified, expands her folded wings and soars to the ethereal fields of unbought happiness.

But to return to earth again and our trip : The boat stopped at Memphis, and as she passed below the city to show her full velocity and returned with a graceful sweep, she was greeted by more than a thousand people with waving hats and hands. It was then almost sun-down, and as soon as the tea tables were removed a gay party came down to "storm" the captain. They commenced dancing soon after their arrival and continued without cessation, until half past eleven. I say without cessation ; I mean to except about two minutes between the sets to gather breath. Poor frail looking creatures, (the ladies I mean) surely needed it, for when the sable knight of the middle tapped a "truce" upon his instrument, they looked "*awful tired*." I was about to give my opinion upon modern dancing, but for want of time I will just refer my kind readers to the sermon of the redoubtable Dow, Jr., upon that subject. I can say most heartily, in his own emphatic language, "*them are my sentiments*."

The polite and courteous Captain ordered a table of refreshments, of which they seemed to partake with zest ; after eating, they had "A few days," "Jordan is a hard road to travel," with the piano, and pretty soon they departed, much to the comfort of sleepy passengers.

The next day we started again on our trip, and then came a few of the stern realities incident to steamboat travelling. Immediately after breakfast, Monday morning, the cry of fire was heard below, and the panic spread from breast to breast like electricity ; some of the ladies, pale with consternation, stood petrified, whilst others were screaming, and some who had children, with no gentleman whom they could claim as protector, were calling on all for help ; right here I must not omit mentioning the magnanimity of two young gentlemen from Hernando, Miss., who came up, and took the children of terrified mothers from their hands, hurried out, deposited

them safely on shore, and returned for their anxious mothers. One lady who had three beautiful, interesting children, remarked to me that Mr. Jones had an everlasting remembrance in her heart, and was quite enthusiastic in her admiration of Mississippi gallantry, which certainly bore a beautiful contrast with some who were observed with carpet-sack in hand, running and jamming in "unmentionables" as they went.

Notwithstanding the Captain's assurances of "no danger" the excitement could not be quelled among the ladies ; the great panic created, therefore must be accredited to them, as it proved nothing very dangerous, happening as it did in the night, and even if it had been ten times worse, the officers assured us the boat could have been saved uninjured by throwing over-board the ignited cotton. To allay the apprehensions of the ladies however, the kind, generous-hearted Captain, redoubled his vigilance ;—sat up all night himself, and kept out twelve "spark-finders."

To be awakened by the heavy tread of the watchmen, pacing backwards and forwards on the hurricane deck, and hear, in the silent watches of the night, the deep-toned watchword, "*all safe*," was enough to fill the most careless mind with serious thoughts. It forced upon my mind the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of keeping ourselves in a constant state of preparation for death. Never did the solemn admonition of St. Mark : "To take heed, for ye know not when the time is ;" seem so full of meaning. When we arrived at Vicksburg we found the Grand Lodge of the State of Mississippi in session, and the hotels so crowded we could scarcely get a room. The day following our arrival at this "*City of Hills*" we started up Yazoo river and got to Yazoo City about four o'clock in the morning. We ate breakfast on the boat and went out into the city.

It was a clear, bright, beautiful morning, the air was pure and invigorating ; the birds were singing as if it was spring time in Kentucky ; and the dear little violets were pressing their blue eyes above the ground and breathing upon our stupified senses the incense of their fragrant breath.

"The Sunny South,
Oh! the sunny South for me."

My "bachelor brother" peeping over my shoulder says, "wait 'till 'mosquito time' comes."

We spent only a short time in Yazoo city, being worn out, tired of everything, and longing for a good warm bath, and quiet room started early Saturday morning for my brother's residence in Madison coun-

ty; found all the family expecting us; glad to see us, &c. And now we again find ourselves in a quiet country home, with no excitement in the prospective, except a contemplated discussion of baptism in Canton by two distinguished ministers of the Baptist and Pedo-baptist denomination, which my brother says is quite acceptable in the "piping times of peace."

MADISON COUNTY, Jan. 1856.

L I N E S

Written upon the death of Miss Rebecca Virginia Ridley, as she was about to return to her home Graduate of the Georgia Female College.

BY MRS. ADELIA GRAVES, OF WINCHESTER.

Come to the bridal chamber Death;
Come to the mother when she feels,
For the first time, her first born's breath.

* * * * *

And thou art terrible!

* * * * *

But to the hero, when his sword
Hath gained the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The Thanks of millions yet to be.

HALLECK.

So poets sing, so have all ages claimed,
Proud history writes it on her glowing page,
And deathless heroes gloriously are named
By each succeeding and admiring age;
The gory field, the charging marshalled tread,
The whizzing bullet and the furious steed,
The glittering sword and spear, the ghastly dead,
The eager school-boy, as he runs may read;
But ah! the bloody sight—I shut my eyes
On peaceful streams by crimson currents dyed;
Where the foul vulture o'er the carnage flies;
Of heaps of brothers, butchered side by side.
It may be glorious for liberty
To die. It is; and yet the severed limb,
The trampled breast, hath much of agony,
Before the glazing eye in death grows dim.
He feels it not, the hero, as he falls,
Whose sword hath gained the battle for the free;
Hears not the shriek of pain, the whizzing balls;
Hath but one thought, and that is—victory!
Yet hath earth conquests sword hath never won,
Death beds of quiet, rapturous welcoming,
E'en when the insatiate monster comes alone,

Life's tenderest heart-strings, rudely severing
A good old man with coronal of snow
Above his furrowed cheek and sunken eye,
Lifts up his hands in readiness to go;
His rest's before him, and 'tis gain to die.
A chillness gathered o'er that ancient frame,
But glorious visions charm the enraptured sight
For to earth's pleasant prospects long grown dim
Heaven breaks upon it with more brilliant light.
Death hath no sting, no fearful agony,
A life so pure, the fight of faith well fought,
The hero-saint can only glorify,
Whose warfare's finished, and whose victory
wrought.
The trembling mother on her couch of pain,
Looks on the dear ones that her bosom bore,
"Those tender nurslings, shall she meet again?"
Faith comes to aid her in that trying hour.
"Leave them to me," she faintly murmureth,
"I will protect them," aye, "Thus saith
the Lord,"
And so she treads the gloomy vale of death,
Her steps supported by his written word.

O! to die from friends afar, alone,
 In the first flush of youth, and health, and joy,
 When bright stars light life's lengthening horizon
 And busy fancy hath such sweet employ,
 To paint the gloomy future brighter yet,
 And all the coming years stand beck'ning
 With fond affection, wealth, and pleasure met,
 Their gathered treasures on one's path to fling,
 And when dear ones at home are languishing,
 Anxious and care worn, each slow-passing day,
 For the blest hour that shall reunion bring,
 With the loved wanderer tarrying still away;
 And, when that absent heart with joy is beating,
 As every day brings the sweet hour more nigh,
 For that transporting, blissful, rapturous meeting,
 That with excess of pleasure dims the eye,
 O! then to turn the lingering feet far thence,
 To bid "sweet home," and friends unvisited,
 Farewell,
 With the calm smile of truthful confidence
 And love for him, "who doeth all things well."
 O! say, hath battle-field such victory?
 Hath musket shot and steed such conquest
 Gained?
 Hath hero perished more triumphantly,
 Among all th' illustrious dead that war hath slain,
 Than that fair girl, so quietly resigning
 Her glad, young life, when summoned to depart,
 Without one murmuring plaint, one sad repining?
 Or one dim sorrow shadowing her heart?
 Yet would her strong affection closely told
 Her dearly loved ones in a last embrace,

One hour of sweet communion gladly hold,
 And look once more on each familiar face.
 It may not be—the dreaded hour draws nigh,
 That dims the love-light of that gentle eye.
 "Tell them to meet me in my heavenly home,"
 The faint lips utter, and the failing tongue;
 Earth claims the cast off clay, yet heaven hath
 room
 For one more blest one, 'mid its surrounded
 throng.

O! for that loved one, mother, grieve no more,
 But rather joy that she is spared thy pain,
 Her steps have trod the golden sands before,
 A link for thee in that eternal chain:
 Life's but a weary, toilsome pilgrimage.
 A warp of trial with temptation's woof,
 A blotted book, a soiled and tear-worn page,
 A tangled maze, where order stands aloof:
 Her tender feet turned from the troublous way
 While leaf-buds burst, and flowers were blooming,
 Life's preface read, the volume cast away,
 Looked up to heaven and plumed a seraph's
 wing,
 With pinions folded on th' eternal shore,
 Ere her young hopes had suffered grief or blight
 She waits thyself, and all she loved before,
 To share her crown of gold, her robes of light!
 Dost weep, fond mother, for that glorious child?
 O! could an angel weep, she'd weep for thee!
 Be that sad heart of grief for her, beguiled,
 Thou'rt still a captive, but thy daughter's free.

[SELECTED.]

THE RULE OF FASHION.

Nothing can in our day be done according to the old usages. Styles of dress are not alone the patterns of endless change. Were we imitators only of the noble and the good—copyists simply of the chaste and the beautiful—each fluctuation of taste might be regarded as a step in human improvement. But we have elevated fashion into a god, and its mandates must be obeyed in whatever folly they may lead. Fashion rules not simply at the toilet of beauty, and in the assembly of the gay: the gravest duties, the holiest places, show its encroachments.

Time was when poverty and want enlisted the personal attention of the benevolent and charitable. The personal visit and the prompt supply of necessities for comfort, kept up a link of sympathy between the unfortunate and favored classes of society. But in the distress which now is felt in our northern cities, relief is obtained by the most novel means—the invention of fashions gay votaries. Poverty is to be supplied with food and clothing by magnificent balls.

"A few influential ladies," so says a New York paper, "alive to the claims of humanity, designed a plan in view of present

need and the distress of destitute thousands in our midst, for giving a practical direction and expression to the invariably-felt sympathy for this miserable class. And these influential ladies could conceive of no way to help the destitute except by a "Mammoth Ball for the relief of the Poor." Music and dancing, and bright lights and fair women, and the pleasant dalliance of illuminated conversation and flirtations by gas-light, were means designed by Providence to melt the heart and touch the pocket.

One hundred managers, solid men, men of high standing in church and bank, festooned the windows and chalked the floors; fifty old odd pieces of music, harps and trombones, and drums and trumpets, diligently got themselves up to concert pitch. Perhaps more than fifty pastry-cooks rolled up their sleeves in the great charity, and maidens and young men, and pappas and mammas prepared by regular diet and exercise for the delightful measures of heaven-attempted mercy. Oh! wonderful charity that doth not behave unseemly; and pleasant grace of mercy that relieves starvation with the fiddle, and flings a hornpipe to comfort the widow and the orphan.

Tickets were, we suppose, printed on gilt with double flourishes and a picture, perhaps, of the Good Samaritan—illustrating some appropriate Biblical reference. The cotillions and waltzes were such as were calculated to inspire the tender emotions of pity; the solemn minute probably tempered the gaiety of the polka; and those who tried the pigeon wing executed it in that dignified manner which was alone suited to the benevolent occasion.

Ah! the newspaper continues—"No object of charity here at home is more worthy the concern and active benevolence of our citizens than the forlorn poor among us."—This is very true. The pinch of want and the groan of suffering; the hollow cheek and the wasted form are in every street, and the great question is, how shall this poverty be raised to comfort, and this wretchedness relieved? There are old fashioned ways of doing good. There is a way of seeking out the houses of the destitute; visiting the poor widow in her affliction; comforting the sorrows of the orphan; and lighting up

homes that are dark and dreary by the presence of a bountiful hand and a sympathizing heart. But this is an old fashioned way, and is moreover troublesome and unpleasant. It is better far to strew the path of duty with flowers, and as many persons seem to have but little confidence in a "reward in heaven," it is better to allure them to the sweet offices of charity by the promise of a "recompense on earth." Give two dollars for soup, and you shall eat calf foot jelly all night long. "Come," cries the great charity, "will you not waltz an hour for those who are dying of starvation? Come to our ball to-night—we will all be pleasant and merry. No smell of poverty shall assault your nostrils; no soil of beggary shall injure your broadcloths and your silks; the harmonies of music shall drown the discord of despair, and the magic of champagne banish every image of sadness from the heart."

And then as the fair almoners go around to dispense the crumbs of this noble festival—how delightful! "Ah! Mrs. Wilson, how we pity you; you have been sick a long time. We heard you 'cry,' so we got up a 'ball.' It was a splendid affair—everything so nice, even to the chicken salad—and here are fifty cents for these poor dear children; and when you buy your porterhouse steaks and your roasting pieces, don't forget those who 'managed' this 'great charity' all for your sake." What consolation, too, for a head-ache on the morrow to think that it is the fruit of pious benevolence. How much better, too, than "bitters" for the sleeplessness of dyspepsia, the sweet recollection that you ate and drank to feed the poor. And if any young lady should die of thin slippers and bare shoulders, how comforting to her friends the obituary that records that her last efforts in life were given to the "great charity."

The invention of the age is remarkable to make benevolence and intense self-interest join hands; to do good without self-sacrifice; to occupy opposing positions without a breach of propriety.

IMPRINT the beauties of authors upon your imagination and their morals upon your heart.

For the Parlor Visitor.

FEMALES OF CHINA.

BY I. J. ROBERTS.

DEAR BRO. JONES:

Permit me to address a short communication to your lady readers on the subject here proposed—The Females of China.

Classes.—There are three classes of females in China, high, low, and middle.—The low are very low, working the boats on the rivers, cutting grass on shore, and doing much drudgery, such as we call here coleys work. These are dark and sunburnt, big-footed and but poorly clad. These in the main are considered virtuous. There is however a nameless class lower than this, and rather numerous, which I shall not describe.

The Middle are the most numerous housewives of poor men. The larger majority of these are the upper class in crippling their feet and making them small; yet they have generally to work for a living, and some of them to do their own house-work and drudgery, but if able to hire a servant they do so, and work themselves upon lighter needle work. These you pass and repass along the street where they live. They will converse with a stranger somewhat and receive a book for their husband, in his absence, from a Missionary, observing his civil deportment; but this is a violation of the rules laid down by the sages. These generally raise the children, as the husbands are constantly out on business. These principally attend to family worship also, night and morning, burning incense sticks.

The Higher Class are fine looking ladies, some beauties, well featured, fair almost as ourselves, black eyes and black hair, fresh and of a bright countenance, frequently fleshy, always with very small feet; great pains taken with the hair and generally a borrowed piece added on to the natural coat. They dress very fine, in silks and other beautiful dressing, and, indeed, few could see them without admiring their appearance and dress, and would feel sure

they were civilized, whether christianized or not. And the more pity they are not.—These are seldom seen out, make themselves scarce when a stranger comes to the house, and are said to do little in the way of labor, but pay much attention to their toilet.—These are more careful to observe the ceremonies of the nation, are perhaps its only fair and true representatives so far as the females are concerned.

Their Education.—The females of all classes are generally destitute of literary acquirements. There are some exceptions, the chief of which I presume will be found among the higher classes. Still they are educated by their mothers in Chinese etiquette, Chinese morality, and Chinese Idolatry, as she learned these from her mother, and thus from generation to generation they go the same round in these things. Hence the great importance of educating the females of the nation in true science, sound morality and the true religion. One female well educated may afterwards teach a thousand!

Their Souls.—When we look upon the numerous members of all these classes, and think of each having an immortal soul, a precious jewel that will shine with the lustre of the Sun forever, or be shrouded in the thick darkness of everlasting despair—this is what is most important concerning these females, for which Christ suffered, bled and died, and for which I wish to bespeak the prayers and earnest solicitude of their sister females among all the readers of the Parlor Visitor. My dear sisters, your lot has fallen in pleasant places, you have a goodly heritage. But does not this bespeak your sympathy for the Chinese ladies who have not been so much favored? Moreover, at present they are greatly suffering from civil war and internal commotions, and these fall heavily upon the helpless and innocent females. Privations, robbery and

even worse come down upon them with a heavy hand; sometimes by accident, but more frequently of wicked purpose. One female was shot right through her breast with a large cannon ball not more than two hundred yards from our house not long since. But Miss Jones has a flourishing female school on one side of us, and Mrs. Bridman on the other, who are daily taught to read, and other useful lessons, with Scriptural morality, and attend preaching every Sunday. Miss Aldersy is doing likewise at Ningpo. And now my young sisters, who are going to school, and those of riper age, what will you do? Remember this is an age of doing, none are to live unto themselves but for the glory of God, and the improvement and good of her generation!

While we cannot say to you, come now and begin to teach them until we get a place prepared for you in Nanking, and until the war passes a little over, yet we persuade you to pray for the females of China, and remember that alms accompany prayer contribute what you can, and pray what you can, and make the best preparation you can to come and take part in the work

whenever opportunity offers, which I trust will not be long first. This short communication I send beforehand, but hope to see and speak to many of you in the early part of next year, 1855, as I must come and place my family in a comfortable situation in Kentucky, while I procure the requisite means and men for the establishment of our "*Committee of Co operation*," and Missionary commencement at Nanking. Nor do I look for a small amount of aid from my own native State, Tennessee; and I hope the ladies will be among my warmest aiders and abettors in getting me up a good contribution throughout Tennessee for the promotion of this great work. Remember, dear sisters, that I am a strong advocate for your usefulness as well as happiness. And now if you will do your best for me in getting me up a liberal contribution, and persuading some brother or friend to accompany me as a volunteer Missionary to Nanking, we will do our best in preparing for your reception, most extensive usefulness and happiness in China! And may not the results yet be glorious? Let us try.

SHANGHAI, Aug. 24th, 1854.

[SELECTED.]

THE OLD MAN.

"I AM weary—let me rest," said an old man, as he turned from the beaten path, slowly seating himself upon a rock by the road side. The dust of travel was thick upon his shoes, and the sweat stood in beaded drops on his wrinkled brow. The wind came kindly as he wiped his forehead, and lifted the scattering hairs of grey. His eye was dim as he turned it to the descending sun, and his hand trembled as he shaded his gaze from the bright beams.

The old man was weary. He had threaded a long pilgrimage. One by one his kin had turned away and left him to tread the path. We leaned upon our scythe and watched him, with a tear on our lip. And

his frame was once as full of lusty life as ours—his brow as unwrinkled, and his heart as young and full of hopes. His had been a long history, and he had seen sorrow.—The world needed him no longer. A long hour he sat upon the rock, and then slowly got upon his feet and went up the hill.—His bent frame stood clearly out against the evening sky as the sun set beyond him. We saw not the old traveller again; but in the church-yard, down among the stranger poor, he had a deed of six feet of soil. He was at rest upon his pillow of earth. He had turned away from the highway of life and gone down into the dark valley.—*Cayuga Chief*.

For the Parlor Visitor.

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY MRS. N. M. L.

ALL nature looked most beautiful,
That lovely Sabbath evening,
And proudly rolled the harvest moon,
Through the deep azure heaven.
Earth all unconscious of the woes
That rent the human bosom,
Had thrown her softest smiles abroad
In many a moon-lit blossom.

The air was laden with perfume
Of indian summer's flowers,
And flying minstrels sweetly sang
From clinging vine clad bowers.
The trees were clothed in silver sheen,
And through the casement streaming
The yellow light fell all around,
In softened radiance gleaming.

And lovingly it glanced upon
A little couch, where lying
With quivering breath, and stifled sigh,
A lovely child was dying.
In dull and torpid state he lay,
And painful was he sleeping,
And fondly hovering round him there,
Were anxious watchers weeping.

Throughout the lingering hours of night
That fatal sleep unbroken,
No longer could that sweet voice sound,
Nor words by him be spoken.
Unclose thine eyes my darling boy!
Exclaimed his mother wildly—
The dying infant seemed to hear,
And gazed upon her mildly.

Then with a quick, convulsive start—
A moan, a sigh, a quiver,
Those dark-fringed lids again were closed,
Upon those eyes forever.
When daylight dawned upon the earth,
No joy by it was given,
For he, the beautiful and bright,
Had winged his way to heaven.

His joyful spirit freed from pain,
Through crystal regions soaring;
Unfettered from its thralldom here,
In bliss and love adoring.
His beauteous form is resting 'neath
The trees where birds are singing,
And where the wild flowers bloom around,
Their balmy fragrance flinging.
STATION, THOMAS CO., GA.

[SELECTED.]

COWPER'S MOTHER.

THE influence of Cowper's mother upon his character, may be learned from the following expression of filial affection, which he wrote to Lady Hesketh on the receipt of his mother's picture: "I had rather possess my mother's picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty years ago, has not in the least abated." And

he penned the following lines on that occasion:

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead.
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's sorrow just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile; it answers, 'Yes!'"

REFORMATION OF WILLIAM WIRT.

A TRUE INCIDENT IN HIS HISTORY.

THE distinguished W. Wirt, within six or seven months after his first marriage, became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated strongly on the mind and health of his wife, and in a few months more she was numbered with the dead. Her death led him to leave the country where he resided, and he removed to Richmond. But his habits hung about him, and occasionally he was found with jolly, frolicksome spirits in Bacchanalian revelry. His true friends expostulated with him to convince him of the injury he was doing to himself. But he still persisted. His practice began to fall off, and many looked on him, as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do, if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to Miss Gamble. After some months attention, he asked her hand in marriage. She replied:

"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your attentions some time back, and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection which you evinced towards me. But I cannot yield my assent until you make me a pledge never to taste, touch or handle any intoxicating drinks."

This reply to Wirt was as unexpected as it was novel. His reply was, that he regarded that proposition as a bar to all further consideration of the subject, and he left her. Her course towards him was the same as ever—his resentment and neglect.

In the course of a few weeks, he went again and solicited her hand. But her reply was that her mind was made up. He became indignant, and regarded the terms she proposed as insulting to his honor, and avowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse and worse, and seemed to run headlong to ruin.

One day, while lying in the outskirts of the city, near a little grocery or grog shop, drunk, a young lady, whom it is not necessary to name, was passing that way to her house not far off, and beheld him with his face upwards to the rays of the scorching sun. She took her handkerchief, with her own name marked upon it, and placed it over his face.

After he had remained in that way for some hours, he was awakened, and his thirst being so great, he went into the little grocery and grog shop to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, at which he looked, and the name that was on it. After pausing he exclaimed:

"Great God! who left this with me? Who placed this on my face?"

No one knew. He dropped the glass, and claiming:

"Enough! enough!"

He retired instantly from the store, forgetting his thirst, but not his debauch, and the handkerchief, or the lady, vowing, that God gave him strength, never to touch or taste or handle any intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss Gamble was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in her carriage, or on foot, he popped around the nearest corner.

She at last addressed him a note under her own hand, inviting him to her home, which he finally gathered courage enough to accept. He told her if she still bore affection to him he would agree to her own terms. Her reply was:

"My conditions are the same now that they ever have been."

"Then," said Wirt, "I accept them."

They soon married; from that day he kept his word, and his affairs brightened while honors and glory gathered thick upon his brow.

His name has been enrolled high in the temples of fame; while patriotism and now live after him with imperishable glory.

For the Parlor Visitor.

“ M E M O R I E S . ”

“BY WILL WATTS.”

How strange, and yet how often 'tis sweet to have thoughts we have no power to banish. 'Tis night, that blessed time for thought, when nature rests from toil—and dreams; how sweet is life. I sit in lonely solitude, and while I ponder, busy thought travels back through the dim picture-gallery of memory, and in my wanderings round the corridor I see many half forgotten faces. But here is a picture that looks strangely familiar; ah! it is the old home of my youth—the place where I passed in boyish glee the first sunny days of youthful recollection. It stands upon the hill-side as of yore, and running back there is a garden spot, where hand in hand I oft have wandered with a cherub sister to gather currants from the tangled bushes by the fence. Ah! those were sweet hours, and as memory slowly recalls them, their holy pleasure seems more lasting. * * * *

But the next picture. Ah! this is too painful to gaze longer upon, for it brings up the memory of voices long since hushed in death, and forms long since laid to rest. Did I say the next—oh! what an exchange—that face, that face.

“It haunts me still, though many a year has fled, like some wild melody”; so pure, so innocent, it is almost angelic in its loveliness: Oh! Emma, I cannot believe that thou art gone—forever gone—yet I saw thee. Light fade out of thy young eyes, and then my heart knew its first grief. Ah! well do I remember when thou first fell sick, and how earnestly I begged our mother to let me go for the doctor; for in him I had all confidence, and as our father was away, I was fearful lest a Mother's love might prove unwilling to own the danger thou wert in. Thy struggle, dear sister, was a short one, ere the tyrant claimed thy angel form and I was forced to see thee robed and gently resting in the cold coffin, with thy

tiny hands so sweetly crossed upon thy breast they seemed unconscious of the sky-blue ribbon that confined them there. Reader, that was a sad scene to gaze upon, and tears came fast, as if resistlessly blotting from memory every recollection, until called upon to gaze on one more mournful still. But to the next—ah! that's the darkest leaf in memory's tablet. I am standing by the bed side of my dying Mother: I can see as plainly as though I were gazing once again on that same sad scene—how pale she looked, when she was told that I was present. Turning her dying eyes upon me, she said: “My son, be a good boy—love God—and obey your father;” then kissing me, bade me farewell. With a heart too full for utterance I left the room, never again to gaze upon her breathing form. Next morning was bright and cloudless as if in mockery of my feelings, and as I rose and dressed myself, it seemed that life to me could give no charms. Even now, though long years have passed, methinks I see the calm, peaceful smile upon that cold brow, an emblem of the spirit's flight.

On the brow of yonder hill, within the village church-yard, there side by side repose the forms of mother and daughter, whose peaceful rest within the grave's cool shade, no care disturbs. Many a weary day—week and month have passed since last I gazed upon that sacred spot whose holy memory guards my wayward feet. How strange, yet sweet is memory! how it runs back to our earlier days and hurriedly paints the brightest colors of our childish hours: then, while meditating, we wonder where are those joys.—Gone! forever gone! The mournful recesses of an aching heart again reverberate the answer—gone.—Oft have I wandered round the hall of memory and passed over many a fadeless thought, whose early impressions were as painful as

these present recollections are sacred. To youth and joy I have long since bid farewell, and though I mourn their loss, yet I trust the future may prove sufficient for whatever trials accompany it.

NASHVILLE, 1855.

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR.—The nearest fixed star to the earth, is two hundred and six thousand times the distance of the sun from the earth.—Light, which travels 192,000 miles a second, requires more than three years to reach us from the nearest star.

[SELECTED.]

LOCKS OF HAIR.

You've often heard me promise, Fred,
One day to tell you where
And from what treasured heads I shred
These treasured locks of hair.
Well, now the time has come at last,
Your birth-day festival,
Has blithely come and swiftly pass'd,
And you shall know them all.

Twelve years have fled since I bow'd,
In tearless grief, my knee
Beside our dying sire, and vow'd
A parent's care for thee;
And I remember how you tried,
Till e'en the menials wept,
To wake our father when he died,
And said, "he only slept."

This short curl'd lock, half dark, half grey,
I clipt it from his brow:
I've kept it sacred till to-day—
We will divide it now;
And when you look upon it, Fred,
Still think you hear the voice
That with its dying accents said,
"My Father, bless my boy!"

This raven braid belong'd to one
You never knew, my brother;
She only bless'd her new-born son—
And died—our sainted mother!
She left us, but with us she left
A fairer, tenderer
*But like a plant of sun-bee,
She withered from that hour,

Spring's buds, around a mother's tomb,
Came just in time to wave;
We saw the flowers of autumn bloom
Upon our sister's grave.
My boy, your tears are falling fast
On yonder golden tress,
It is a relic, and the last,
Of her lost loveliness.

And this long waving silken curl—
Ah! that you must not share;
You never knew the angel girl
Who gave that auburn hair.
My beautiful! my blessed one!
And she, too, pass'd away!
I strove to breathe "Thy will be done,"
But it was hard to say.

O! by how weak and frail a thing
May the heart's depths be stirred;
How close and long will memory cling
To one light look or word;
And are not these slight looks with more
Of spirit meaning fraught
(Than all the mystic, lettered lore
That sages ever taught!

Well! they are happy now, dear boy,
Their ransom'd souls are free;
They feel no more earth's hollow joy,
And real misery.
Our bark are struggling slow to shore,
By storm and tempest driven;
But they have pass'd life's ocean o'er,
And anchor'd safe in heaven.

For the Parlor Visitor.

W I L L I A M M O S S .

(A true story illustrative of the evil of drinking at tippling houses.)

BY POOR ROBERT.

DEAR EDITOR :

My mind was called to the subject of drinking at retail dram shops, by an article written by Miss Emily S. Mann, and published last week, in the *Eastern Clarion*; and while thinking on the subject, the story of my once much loved companion in early life, occurred to me, and I concluded to write and send it to you, for publication in your excellent monthly periodical.

William Moss was the son of a respectable and highly esteemed citizen of one of the Green river counties of Kentucky. At an early age he was placed at school and succeeded so well that when only fourteen years old, he became one of my class mates, and we read Virgil and Horace together.—He was four years my junior.

While at school he made many friends, and being unusually kind and good natured, he soon became the idol of the whole fraternity of pupils, and I often heard our tutor say William was one of the most promising and best youths he had ever known.—But who can foretell the future? Little was it believed the amiable, good natured and much respected youth would ever fill the grave of drunken suicide!

At sixteen years of age Moss came to the village in which I lived, and began the business of a salesman in the extensive dry goods store of Mr. Munroe, of which I was then book-keeper, and he soon made himself very useful in the store. William's conduct had been so satisfactory to Mr. Munroe during his first year that when he was about leaving home for New York, he told me to tell him his salary would be doubled the ensuing year.

He continued several years in Mr. Munroe's employment, and conducted himself with such propriety that he became the favorite clerk in the concern, and about the time he was twenty-one years old, he took

charge of the counting room as book-keeper of Mr. Munroe's extensive establishment.

I had commenced business on my own account and occupied a store a short distance from Munroe's. William often called at my counting room of evenings to set, with me.

Not long after I had quit Mr. Munroe's business a retail dram shop was opened in a house near to Mr. Munroe's store, and directly on the way from his to mine, and I noticed that William generally called there, on his way to my store.

As I had never known him to taste ardent spirits, my curiosity was excited to know what interested him in a house of such character, and I watched him, and to my sad mortification saw him drink drams with some of the lowest characters in the place—black-leg gamblers, and red-nosed drunkards—in whose company he would have been ashamed to be seen by his every day associates.

One morning he called at my counting-room and when we were alone, I remonstrated with him, admonished and pictured to him the evil consequences of calling at dram shops and indulging in dram drinking. He told me he drank very moderately, and promised to refrain from it altogether.

Soon after, I left that village and commenced business in a neighbor State, and had been there about nine months, when I received the following letter:

—, Aug. 10th, 18—.

MY DEAR ——— :

I have no pleasant intelligence to communicate. I am truly sorry your worst predictions about our old companion, Moss, are being realized. He is now a confirmed drunkard, and has been discharged from Mr. Munroe's counting house, and it is whispered about that he has not been very particular; rumor says he has been using

what did not belong to him. Poor fellow, how I pity him. I learn that his mother and amiable sisters are all in tears and grieved almost to insanity on his account. His father, worthy man, is here to-day, and offers to set William up in business, if he will reform. But he refuses all inducements to reformation and says he cannot possibly live here. On to-morrow he leaves as a common hand on a flat boat, bound for N. Orleans. Poor unfortunate young man! he will be in that hod bed of inebriety, and rascality, without one single friend to advise him. Adieu. W. CREEL.

All I could learn of Moss for several years was that he was in New Orleans doing no good.

Twenty-five years after I had seen Moss last, I was passing along Anthony street, New York, when I met a half-famished looking man, who begged me for a few cents, for, said he, "I am on the eve of dying of starvation." I handed him a dollar, and told him to go and buy something to eat.—On looking at him, I noticed something about his eyes which reminded me of some one I had before seen, and after walking a short distance, I met an acquaintance and inquired if he knew the man I had just passed. "Yes," said he "his name is Moss; he is generally called 'drunken Bill,' and it is said, he is reputably connected in Kentucky."

In an instant the truth flashed across my mind. I remembered those dark eyes, they were those of my early classmate and companion, but alas! how he had fallen! The youth, once loved by all who knew him, was now cared for by none. I turned my steps and endeavored to find him, but he had disappeared and I could learn no trace of him.

I went to my boarding house, but was continually haunted in mind about poor William. If I could find him, who knew but I could induce him to be temperate, return to Kentucky and dry up the tears of his relations, which he had caused to fall in showers. I was unhappy and dissatisfied. Night came, but its darkness could not hide William's image from me. I threw myself on a bed and thought I would re-

lieve myself by sleep, but I could not sleep. I spent the whole night in unpleasant dreams.

Morning came and I hastened towards Anthony street, hoping I might find him.

What is that I see far down Anthony street? Several men appear to be carrying a heavy box. They move this way; I will wait till they come; perhaps he whom I seek may be among them. They come near to me—it is a coarse coffin they are carrying.

Gentlemen, said I, is Mr. Moss among you? "Yes sir," said one of them, "he is nailed up in this coffin and we are carrying him off to bury him. Bill blew his own brains out last night, in a spree, with a pistol."

I immediately sent for a horse and had him taken to his last earthly home in a respectable manner. He was buried that morning at eleven o'clock, and next day I had a marble slab placed at the head of his grave, with this inscription:

WILLIAM MOSS

LIES HERE, AGED 45 YEARS.

Thus did indulgence in dram drinking ruin one of the best hearted young men I ever knew.

Young men, and old ones too, beware of the grog shop, and remember William Moss.

INDUSTRY ESSENTIAL.

If you are not possessed of brilliant talents, you can at least be industrious; and this, with perseverance, will compensate for lack of intellectual gifts. The history of almost every really eminent man, no matter in what pursuit he has signalized himself, and served mankind, abounds with proofs that to industry, full as much as to genius, have all really great human achievements been attributable. Great scholars, for instance, have always been not merely laborious, but they have studied both methodically and regularly: they have had for every portion of the day its proper and allotted study, and in no wise would allow any one portion of time to be encroached on by the study to which another portion was especially devoted in their fixed plan of action.

[SELECTED.]

THE LADY PHILANTHROPIST.

Mrs. AMES was sitting in her front room when she saw approaching Mrs. Armstrong, a very public-spirited young lady, who took a wonderful interest in all the reforms and benevolent enterprises, especially those undertaken for people at a distance.

"My dear Mrs. Ames," she commenced, "I am agent of a sewing circle just established, the object of which is to provide suitable clothing for the children in patagonia. I am told that they are in the habit of going about in a state of nature, which you know is dreadful to contemplate."

"Perhaps they are used to it."

"But that is no reason why we shouldn't improve their condition. So we have agreed to hold a meeting two evenings in a week, with this object in view. Will you join?"

"I'm afraid I can't. I should be obliged to neglect my own children, as I presume will be the case with some of those who at-

tend. Look, for example, at that boy in the street. He has a hole in each elbow, and his clothes are covered with mud. I presume his mother belongs to some of those benevolent associations, and hasn't time to attend to her own children."

"Mrs. Ames!" asked her visitor, rising with indignation, "do you mean to insult me?"

"Insult you!" was the astonished reply; "of course not. What makes you think so?"

"Do you know who that boy is, of whom you speak?"

"No I don't, but should like to."

"You would? Well ma'am, your curiosity shall be gratified. He is my son—George Washington Jackson Armstrong? What have you to say to that?"

"Say! why, nothing. Only it is unfortunate for the poor boy that he wasn't a Patagonian."

[SELECTED.]

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Why is it that the rain-bow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festivals around their midnight thrones, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart! We are born for a higher destiny than the earth. There is a realm

where the stars will set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, where the beautiful being that now passes before us like the meteor will stay in our presence forever.

SPORT IN KENTUCKY.—*Young Sportsman*.—"I say, friend, is there any thing to shoot about here?"

Farmer.—"Wal, I don't know, stranger, but you can go down the cross-roads and take a pop at the school-master, just to keep your hand in."

For the Parlor Visitor.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

BY MERTON.

THE spirit of enterprise with which our beloved union at present seems infused, is one of such character and tone as virtually demands the harmonious and responsive echo of co-operation from the most noble aspirations of genius. That this is an age of great and rapid improvement, none will for a moment deny or doubt. As a national republic, what is the position which America now occupies? and how does this position compare with that which she occupied during the past century? Bound in the chains of superstition and ignorance—manacled by the influence of tyrannical oppression, and tendering to the devotees of that influence an homage, to which they had no just claim whatever. What is she now? A proud—a noble—a brave—a free—an independent, virtuous and enterprising body; awake to, and actively engaged in those high demands and general interests, which constitutes a nation happy and free. To what mighty influence is she, as an American nation, indebted for this delectable change? It was the magic influence of those blessed words *liberty* and *freedom*. They were the beacon lights, which by their illuminations discovered to her noble sons, the darkness in which they were grovelling. Not long did they remain contented. The influence of that spirit, which, to them had been transmitted by patriotic ancestry, began to bestir itself to proper action within their hearts. For their motto, "*liberty or death*," their valor won for them laurels unfading as they were noble; achieved a victory which you and I live to enjoy; but it was purchased by surrendering the last drop of the life current, from many a noble—many a dear, devoted heart. Who does not feel grateful for American privileges? for American liberty? that awards to every honest freeman the right of aspiring to any attainment, how enterprising soever that

attainment may be, if for its foundation and construction it bears this inscription:—*Proper motive, actuated by proper principles.* Callous indeed, must that heart be which cannot be aroused by the influence and spirit of such emulation!

Look at our social circles; compare them with those of society during the ages preceding ours, and you see an improved system of intercourse; there is a refinement, a sensibility with which past ages were wholly unacquainted. Yet there is an honest, primitive simplicity of manners associated with our ancestral relationship, which is indeed amiable. What is the state of political society, compared with the past? The time is now, that you may select from poverty's most obscure vale the *num skull*, as perhaps he may be entitled by his associates; give that noble but unfortunate boy, a chance to prove the extent and ability of his talents. dress him neatly, surround him with the blessed influences of social affection; cultivate those natural talents which his God hath given him, improve rightly that noble mind that bears upon it the stamp of immortality, and you will rear a man who will reflect honor upon his nation. whilst, perhaps, solving her deepest interests as representative and counselor. *Merit* can now, by proper application, attain to its true appreciation.

Give me ever a home on Columbia's shores, and allow my last resting place o'er-shadowed by a stone, bearing the word, *American*.

Bring the mercantile world as it is now, in contrast with the past, and tell me, is there no improvement? no change for the better? A period of flattering auspices unprecedented, now surrounds mercantile interests. That spirit of monopoly, which once had existence, has now receded, and instead of monopolizing influences altogether

er, we claim and hold national interchange of trade, based upon proper principles, sustained by laudable and legitimate honor. How and why is this? Knowledge is increasing, and as the great lever power of enterprise, is fast reducing the mammoth influence of *ignorance*, proper knowledge of the principles of virtue and moral worth, are diffused throughout all communities, and that knowledge awards to the proper source a just appreciation. The *golden rule* is now exerting the same virtual influence which was attached to its hearing when first chronicled upon the pages of the moral law. Yet that influence is wider, deeper, and combines with it the aid of *knowledge, rightly applied*, and, ere its long, a mighty stronghold will be occupied, that, in point of further attainment, will stand unprecedented. Is there nothing in the way of scientific improvement, to invite our admiration, or detain us in happy astonishment? Every stream bears upon its surface some tide of improvement—some beautiful little ripple of amendment. Science has indeed, attained to noble achievements since the ushering in of the nineteenth century, and is now moving forward with giant influence, annihilating ignorance—fathoming its deepest retreat—seeking it from out its hiding places; and soon it will have no home in which to seclude itself from the vengeance due it, for the misery and wretchedness which the human family have been so deeply involved by its ruinous influence. Truly “man is but little lower than the angels” in his capacity for the acquisition of knowledge, and surrounded, as he now is, by the means of mental improvement, he can attain to the accomplishment of almost any position.

Among the numerous improvements of our own immediate age, the Electro-telegraph is one of incalculable interest,—one that will reflect peculiar honor upon its author, and carve the name of Morse among the distinguished of American talents. The admirable art of Daguerrotyping is of but recent origin. Again, there is Ericson's discovery of the power and utility in propelling machinery. This is a grand scheme, by a great mind; the work of years of toil,

study and anxiety. Most all the elements of nature have been brought into subjection to man's will, and made subservient to his interests and welfare; and nearly all these too, within the last fifty years. Man, it seems, is destined to accomplish anything in the way of honorable enterprise.

Unquestionably this is an age of improvement; and at the same time, it is equally evident that as a nation, we are under very peculiar obligations to improve both our time and talents; for whenever a nation ceases to act and to improve, she will soon be found to be declining.

Nations are now looking on with admiration upon the noble achievements and wonderful discoveries produced by American genius and talent. There should be no stand-point for our beloved union so long as there are still higher points of attainment.

RURAL HILL, TENN., Feb. 1, 1855.

THE WIFE.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart; the absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress, the cheerless home, the forbidding frown and deserted hearth—these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart-cords of many a man, and planted there beyond the reach of care, the germ of dark despair. O, many, many before that sight arrives—dwell on the recollection of her youth, and and cherishing, keep alive the promise, she then so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured one—the forgotten, not the forgetful—a happy allusion to that hour of peace and love-smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all all the past—and the hardest heart that ever looked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften by her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss—loved, loving and content—the soother of the sorrowing hour—the source of comfort and spring of joy.

For the Parlor Visitor.

STRAY LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

BY D. B. W.

"REST" INAPPLICABLE TO THE SOUL.

"Rest" with reference to the soul can only be applied figuratively.

The "rest" spoken of in Scripture as appertaining to saints in a future state, is not in opposition to activity, and consequently does not mean repose, but in opposition to labor, that is, activity *encountering obstacles*. The soul is of its nature active, consequently *its rest* consists in action. Here, (on earth) there are obstacles to the free exercise of its activity—a tendency to force it in a state of quiescence—an outward material pressure to restrain its motions: hence its endeavors are made with labor.

In our present state of existence, repose would, to the mind and body as a whole or unit, be rest in proportion to the preponderance of the corporeal part over the mental.

When the mind perceives that activity is labor, that is, attended with pain to the body and through this back upon itself, it is disposed to relinquish partially its natural activity. It seems to compromise with the body as it were, and to divide with it the pain or disagreeableness; taking upon itself the pain, (irksomeness) of quiescence to relieve the body of the pain (labor) of action. For the mind in acting through the body causes the body to act also.

Hence in the ratio that man is mental will mental activity be pleasure: and as he is corporeal will repose be pleasure: and he will seek his happiness in the one or in the other, according as either of those conditions prevails. This is illustrated by the nature of the *clysiums*, or abodes of future bliss, pictured out by the imagination of different nations or races of men, according as they were rude and sensual, or had arrived at a high state of intellectual cultivation.

STANDARD OF BEAUTY INFLUENCED BY CONTRAST AND HABIT.

The idea of beauty is governed by the standard which every one has set up in his own mind, and this standard is modelled in conformity to that which he has been accustomed to. The standard however, tho' in the main it may be quite uniform is still found to be modified by comparison.

We may see two faces, each of which seen by itself is beautiful, whereas, if they differ much in formation or complexion, when seen in contrast neither will appear so. The one may be full, round and ruddy, the other oblong, delicate and pale—each perfect of its style, and by itself beautiful. But brought in contrast, the contour and freshness of the first appear excessive, detracting from its beauty; while the peculiarities of the other appear equally to disadvantage.

So also a beautiful face may suffer from comparison with a homely one. Mrs. A. was very fair and of fine features, really one of the prettiest ladies in C——. Mrs. B., was on the contrary, very dark, with a peculiar harshness of expression. Seeing them together, the dark, harsh outline of Mrs. B.'s face was indeed more apparent; but Mrs. A. seemed to suffer equally by the contrast; she looked too white, soft and delicate,—in short, *insipid*. Ladies sometimes mistake in supposing their beauty is set off to greater advantage by the side of others less comely.

What mankind are most accustomed to pleases them best. Negroes in their native state look upon the whites with disgust, supposing their fair and rosy hue, so disagreeably unnatural to them, to be the result of disease. On the other hand, persons who, while unaccustomed to the sight of a

negro, see only ugliness in his complexion, &c., will finally, upon a residence where the blacks are numerous, learn to tolerate their looks, and even to trace out marks of beauty where before everything was hideous—as evinced by the discrimination between those who are more or less “fine looking.”

Comparison modifies our ideas in regard to the beautiful, but it is by habit that our standard of beauty becomes fixed. The countenance of a familiar and much beloved associate may so impress the mind that any other cast of face, differing markedly from this, shall fail to please, or awaken a sense of the beautiful. A young lady in the habit of surveying herself, admiringly, in the mirror will hardly be able to recognize that beauty of others which strongly contrasts with her own. The youth enamoured with some fair damsel, fails to recognize the charms of any other, only so far as they respond to those of his “beau ideal.”

So also the devoted husband appreciates, and acknowledges the beauty of other ladies in proportion as they resemble his wife. She may not even be beautiful, but love has concealed the defects, and her good qualities have associated the idea of beauty with her personal appearance. Her looks, though not perhaps at first considered prepossessing, become through familiarity, agreeable, and the more so as suggestive of many virtues, and it is natural that a similar cast of countenance should be so also when seen elsewhere. Nay, the ugliest features being the most striking might come to be associated with the most striking virtues, something as cause and effect—principal and dependence—so that even these features should finally convey the *idea of beauty*.

SYSTEMS EVOLVED WITHIN SYSTEMS.—“A
WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.”

In the general plan of nature, material and immaterial, it would seem that a general system contains within it smaller systems; that while a great and the main object is being accomplished, subordinate objects are also fulfilled. Suns are attended by planets, planets by satellites—one motion of an orbit fulfils one object, while at the same time, another fulfils others.

Suppose the annual revolution of the earth were designed to accomplish some great end, (the harmony of the solar system for instance) yet other objects might be, as we see they are, attained by connecting with this annual motion a diurnal motion, and then the last might fulfil many designs, though all secondary to its main one.

The main object of a man's pursuit may be (with him) to acquire wealth or fame, or to do good, for the accomplishment of which he adopts some general plan; yet he may carry with this some other plan, and again still others subordinate to the former, to effect special purposes, as respectability, social happiness, and then again others for regulating the daily concerns of life, &c. Yet the subordinate objects might not, nor need they, have any bearing in *aid* of the main one—being secondary only in point of importance, not as subservient to the same end. Thus each would form a system of itself, fulfilling its own object alone, though dependent possibly for its existence upon the primary system or plan.—And here he would be wisest in conduct whose minor plans were most consistent or interfered least with the major.

The great plan or design of the creation of man may have contemplated the exhibition of the mercy of God through the scheme of Redemption. But this need not exclude, as some seem to suppose, minor plans by which to effect other objects. Another, though subordinate purpose, may have been the *development of mind* in a new sphere of action.

It might then be said, that the creating of man and placing him in his present condition, is a system of means for the enlargement of the collective (created?) mind of the universe, and that a design of this arrangement of things was to create intelligences to swell the population of the celestial world,—and subordinate still to advance such beings in a kind of knowledge, moral and intellectual, possibly not attainable in any other condition.—Meanwhile an infinitude of special purposes may be carried on;—systems working within systems,—“a wheel within a wheel,” each revolving upon its own axis towards a definite end,

yet every part playing in harmonious accord with the whole.

SPECULATIONS ON MIND AND MATTER, (July 1845.)

The property of material things is quiescence; and motion or action is induced from a disturbance of this quiescence.

The property of the mind is activity; and impressions are produced from a disturbance of this activity:—Sound is produced in consequence of a disturbance or change of mental action: it exists with reference to mind only.—Nature is noiseless in her operations.

The cause of the phenomena of matter is that which induces motion. The cause of the phenomena of mind is that which tends to produce rest or quiescence.

The first cause of the phenomena of matter is mind. The first cause of the phenomena of mind is matter. Neither could exhibit anything except its own peculiar property but for the other.—Without the action of the Infinite Mind matter had always been quiescent.

To the physical appreciation matter is substance, and mind, nothing. To the (purely) mental appreciation or cognizance, mind is substance, and matter nothing.

This naturally leads to the suggestion that God's creating the world out of nothing, was his producing *phenomena* in matter, through the operation of His mind upon it; by incorporating mind with matter, and thus making matter appreciable, that is, *substance to mind*.

INCIPIENT STAGE OF MIND.

The mind comes in its present state of existence perfectly naked and destitute. It *possesses nothing*, not even the smallest amount of knowledge or perception of anything connected with its present condition, or founded upon material nature. Whatever might be its acquirements in *another sphere*, it has *none* with reference to this. It is, like the infant body, an indigent stranger.

But it none the less *is*—does exist—has the *power of action*. And where the power of action exists, it exists *as action*—does act, if merely in its endeavours, however feeble, to manifest itself.

Although it possesses nothing, it has the instruments, by which to obtain possession—the means by which to manifest its existence, life or activity, and the power of using them to a certain extent.

Now it ~~will be~~ governed in its *mode* of action by its instruments or means of acting, whether they be few or many, more or less perfect. In proportion to its means will be its acquirements, and in proportion to the latter, will the former be better fitted for making greater acquirements, and for their manifestation. What it can acquire it can also evince or manifest. What it does acquire it will evince. Hence its manifestations are the true indications of its acquirements. This may be fairly assumed as the rule; and will hold good both with man and the inferior animals. But it is also assumed that the bodily organs be in their normal condition, unimpaired by disease, age or accident.

MENTAL FACULTIES DEVELOPED BY EXTERNAL OBJECTS.

The mind has *capacity*, but not in reality "faculties."—Is it not the objects of the mind's investigation which produce those certain modes of mental action called faculties?

Faculties, or modes of action, probably once existed that are not now manifested, and perhaps never will be again. There is, 'tis true, in the essentials, a certain uniformity of mental action with mankind, because the objects of man's knowledge remain essentially the same, affecting the mind in a like manner in every age and country. Yet I think there can be no doubt that new ideas, feelings, permanent modes of action, have been impressed upon the mind from a new order of objects.

The mind of itself is no doubt *capable* of every conceivable variety of action, and may have any kind of faculties, (settled modes of action) according to the sphere it may be placed in and the objects surrounding it; and, restricted as it now is by a limited organization, it is probably susceptible of far higher and more varied faculties, which faculties may yet be developed, as appropriate objects unfold themselves in a manner to make their impress.

Infants are not possessed of all the faculties of man, because all the objects requisite to the production of these have not been presented to their minds.

Caribs have no mercy, because it has not been exhibited to them, and they know not its loveliness;—in other words, certain things or actions have not been seen by them so as to awaken, or *produce* the sentiment or faculty of mercy.

Savages and heathens have not religion, because their minds have never “known” a God, a knowledge of whom is the only source or originator of this faculty.

Had we never received kindnesses we had never been grateful; had we never suffered injury we had never known revenge;—from infancy enslaved, we had never felt independence.

The faculties of the mind (which are only modes of its activity) being thus dependent upon objective influences, it were fruitless to attempt, as some have done, a classification of the objects of human knowledge founded upon the mental faculties; since the mind itself should vary according to the nature of the objects presented.

[S E L E C T E D]

H U M B O L D T .

Among the brilliant corps of scientific men who adorn Europe at the present day is one acknowledged chief, who towers above all others. This is the venerable Alexander Von Humboldt, who at the age of four scores and five years, still prosecutes with vigor and success his researches in the broad domains of science. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine thus describes the eminent philosopher :

“Age sits lightly upon his active head.—Still full of unrecorded facts and thoughts, he labors daily in committing them to the written page—for the grave, he tells you, waits him early now and he must finish what he has to do before he dies. And yet he is as full at the same time of the discoveries and new thoughts of others, and as eager as the young student of nature gathering up fresh threads of knowledge, and in following the advances of the various departments of natural science. And in so doing it is a characteristic of his generous mind to estimate highly the labors of others,

to encourage the young and aspiring investigator to whatever department of nature he may be devoted, and to aid him with counsel, his influence and his sympathy. We found him congratulating himself on the possession of a power with which few scientific men are gifted—that of making science popular—of drawing to himself and to the knowledge he had to diffuse, the regard and attention of the masses of the people of his own and other countries by a clear method and an attractive style.”

Humboldt resides in Berlin. He is represented as having a lofty, massive brow, which, as it overarches his reflecting observing eye, seems at first sight almost too large for the dimensions of the body and the general size of them itself. His massive chin is indicative of a rare tenacity of purpose; of a perseverance which for a long life, has enabled him unceasingly to augment the accumulated knowledge of his wide experience, and as continuously to strive to spread it abroad.

Monthly Reviews and Notices.

B O O K N O T I C E S .

RUTH HALL:

A domestic tale of the present time, by FANNY FERN.

It may be thought that a book receiving the almost unparalleled laudation of both the people and the press, is preeminently worthy a notice in the PARLOR VISITOR, and perhaps it is. But who among our lady contributors will notice it as it deserves? In view of meeting, if no one else would, the reasonable expectation of our readers, we have been induced to peruse the book, but as a whole we cannot commend it to the public, what therefore shall we say of it? In this Southern country especially, it is regarded ungallant—not to say unmanly for a gentleman to mete out to such works merited criticism. We therefore refrain from a general review though must be permitted to say, if the story is *her own life picture*, as has been published throughout the land and confirmed, so far at least as silence is confirmatory, and if Ruth—alias Fanny—is a good woman, she is a wonderful exception to all general rules. It is a trite remark, but not less trite than true.—“Tell me with whom you live and I will tell you who you are.” And according to Ruth’s own showing she emanated from bad stock and has been in bad company all her life. How therefore, can she be such an “angeliferous madam?” Her father, “a man whose praise is in all the churches,” is by this model daughter, published to the world as an unkind husband, as an avaricious, grasping, niggardly, unfeeling parent, a two-faced man, a conniver at duplicity.—Ruth’s school mates were mad-caps, the principal of the school a proud, deceptive and foolish woman. Her brother *Hyacinth*, (another name as supposed for N. P. Willis) is represented as a proud, swaggering egotist, having broken one woman’s heart and married another’s money—is spoken of

as a man of corrupt heart. Her father-in-law is set forth as a laughing stock for servants, an illiterate, ill-bred, bald-headed, gasconading simpleton, whose self-importance, general intermeddling, pharisaical religious pretensions, tight-fistedness and prevaricating disposition was only equalled, or met its complete counterpart in Ruth’s more despicable mother-in-law, whose false hair, added to her heartless, tattling, quarrelsome, striking, hypocritical and otherwise distempered disposition made her an unhappy, miserable old woman, and in the not very chaste language of the book, the picture of Satan.

Ruth’s cousins were woody or stony-faced, with ossified or flinty hearts, and covetous, miserable, time-serving people. Her mother, thanks to Providence, escaped dishonor, doubtless by dying before Ruth knew much of her.

Ruth’s boarding house acquaintances, were either low Dutch, dirty-mouthed Irish, pig-faced or thick-lipped Americans, all but Ruth, a *heartless* set. She, dear pink of perfection! stands out as possessing thought, feelings, sympathies, sentiment and religious devotion far above common mortals, having been made of finer clay and molded into symmetry of an holier beauty than others. Specially had Ruth beautiful tiny feet, which instinctively or otherwise always took her just at the niche of time, to such places and scenes, as proper women, kind-hearted, thoughtful and generous, could most dignify and adorn.

In reference to the *expressions used* in respect to each of the preceding characters though not quoting we have confined ourselves more nearly than elegance of diction required, to the verbiage of the book, which, as a volume, if it does no violence to truth, we regard as an outrage upon decent propriety and calculated to do infinite evil.

What relation, however private or sacred, is henceforth safe from opprobrious censure? What parent can tell, after the wholesale publication, gratuitous puffs, and widespread diffusion of this family scandal, whether he shall not be next victimized? whether some tenderly loved but treacherous daughter may not even now be treasuring up like incidents with which to defame a father and adorn a tale? But what daughter of all the South, is ambitious of gathering for public gaze and from amid the fadeless perennial and fragrant flowers of the *home pastures*, only the mushroom, the dandelion and deadly nightshade? And whose olfactories so debased as to be regaled by the ambient air of such selection?

It is no part of the object of this notice to disparage—if we could—Fanny as a writer; her style is singularly concise, sparkling and beautiful, and not less so in portions of the Volume before us than elsewhere. And were it not that this is partly a *re-hash* of “Fern Leaves,” and so transcendently vindictive, we would not say aught against it or its imaginative authorship. But we closed the book having less admiration for Fanny’s heart than before, and more for “the first commandment with promise.” *Honor thy father and mother that it may be well with thee.* How much better to honor than defame those who have divided life and blood with us! Fanny quotes Scripture aptly, but the curse pronounced upon such as setteth light by father or mother, or the eye that mocketh them, she failed to see, or seeing heeded not.

The impartial reader must, we are convinced, adopt in the main Mrs. Hall’s opinion of Ruth. Else why so destitute of friends through life? Why from old acquaintances were *none* found willing to entrust her with the education of their children? Those known to do right, have friends wherever known, at home especially, and only a very great impropriety, or oft repeated minor ones can alienate a parent’s heart, Ruth Hall to the contrary notwithstanding. And however captivating to many this book may be it can neither suspend or annul the curses, commandments or providence of God, and the dutiful and virtuous will still obey God by honoring fathers and mothers, believing

“That those who worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Shall long on earth in comfort live,
And live hereafter too.”

THE CHILDREN’S BOOK :

A monthly, for the little folks at home.
UNCLE ROBIN and AUNT ALICE, Editors.
January number, p. 36; GRAVES & MARKS
Publishers.

This is the most beautiful *monthly* for the little folks we have ever seen, both as regards typographical execution and editorial adaptation. Uncle Robin’s Scripture Stories, and aunt Alice’s Christmas and Miscellaneous Chat, may well interest those of larger growth. And then the musical department, by PROF. VANMETER, and its beautiful pictorial illustrations, are features which we are glad to see introduced here. Altogether, it comes forth in such superior style, that no one can fail to admire it, and if printed and conducted, in future, as now—with the same editorial ability—it should, and doubtless will, receive a hearty welcome from happy homes throughout the land. Don’t forget to send your *little dollars* and get the little book for “the little folks at home.” Address, Messrs GRAVES & MARKS, Nashville, Tenn.

P. S.—We charge nothing whatever for this notice, not even thanks; nor will we in consideration wear a *fine beaver* and thereafter, when we can most injure, pusillanimously announce to ten thousand readers, through an *anonymous correspondent*, or otherwise, that we are anybody’s “ONLY BENEFACTOR,” or, if we do, we will *prove the assertion true*, and not *refuse when called on to acknowledge ourself the author* or furnish a responsible one. Those who love truth, do right, and seek no concealment, if not the most successful, are not the most deservedly miserable, even in this life.

THE TEXAS BAPTIST.

We have just received and with pleasure place upon our exchange list, *The Texas Baptist*, which is devoted especially to the Religious and Educational interests of the Baptist denomination in Texas. Edited by GEO. W. BAINES and J. B. STITELER and published weekly at Anderson, for the Baptist State Convention, by T. D. & R. A. VAN HORN. Subscription price \$2 50.—

In the number before us brother B. says: “We heard it remarked after the first number was issued, that we might by the end of the year get five hundred subscribers in Texas. In one month we have far exceeded that number, and from the letters received this week and last it seems that the brethren at a distance, and many even near us, are but just waking up to activity in getting subscribers and collecting money for us. If the interest and energy of the Baptists and friends of our paper, should increase as they seem now to be doing, we shall soon have the largest circulation of any religious paper in the State.”

The Parlor Visitor.

VOL. III.

NASHVILLE, MARCH, 1855.

NO. 3.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Such a magazine is needed in every family, and cannot fail to exert a salutary influence in every Parlor in which it is a monthly visitor.—*Union & American*.

The neatness with which it is gotten up is surpassed by no similar publication in the South.—Many of its contributors are known to the public as the first writers of the age. We commend it to the ladies, as a work—worth a cart load of the light and trashy stuff that is often found in their parlors.—*McMinville Enterprise*.

"It is everything its name, 'THE PARLOR VISITOR,' implies. We would advise our friends to subscribe for it."—*Evening News*.

"Is neatly printed and ably conducted."—*Tusculum Enquirer*.

"We give it a cordial greeting."—*Religious Herald*.

"We commend the PARLOR VISITOR to the favorable consideration of all who would contribute to the building up of a Southern Literature."—*Nashville True Whig*.

"This beautiful Monthly has been received and welcomed."—*Western Recorder*.

"The Parlor Visitor contains an excellent quality of literature."—*Chattanooga Advertiser*.

"We take great pleasure in recommending it."—*N. C. Baptist*.

A handsome exterior and its reading matter suited to its title. We wish well to its enterprising proprietor.—*Biblical Recorder*.

The Parlor Visitor is devoted mainly to the social Educational and Moral interests of females in the South-west. A praiseworthy object and we hope it will be liberally sustained.—*Athens Post*.

Will prove a welcome Parlor Visitor, furnishing such reading matter as must interest the feelings, enlighten the mind and purify the heart.—*Ladies' Petal*.

We have given to this excellent monthly a careful perusal and find it in every way a magazine of superior merit.—*Marshall (Va.) Advocate*.

It is handsomely executed, and well filled with original and selected matter. Dr. Jones writes with taste and will, we doubt not, make his monthly very entertaining.—*Presbyterian Herald*.

We can heartily recommend it to the reading public as one every way worthy their patronage.—*Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman*.

We shall try to get up a club for it, just because we think it would be doing good to aid in circulating such literature.—*Bienville (La.) Times*.

I would rejoice to see it in the hands of every daughter and mother in the land.—*Editor North Carolina Baptist*.

We have no hesitancy in recommending it to the ladies of the Baptist church, or those of any other, as every way worthy of patronage.—*Texas Presbyterian*.

It is a beautiful work and its title tells truly its business.—*Kentucky Yeoman*.

We rejoice at its success. It is an interesting and well sustained periodical, and we think should be in the parlor and in the cabin of every Baptist family in the South-west.—*Western Recorder*.

Ought to be a visitor to every parlor.—*Glens Falls Republican*.

The Parlor Visitor is filled with substantial food for the mind, something to cultivate the heart, the intellect, the taste, and the moral principle. Price only \$1 per annum, and it is worth all the trashy novels that were ever invented.—*Virginia Argus*.

This periodical is meeting with unparalleled success. Its editor writes with ease. He touches gracefully every subject, and while reading his articles you feel that there is immense power in reserve.—*Gospel Banner*.

We can recommend it to the ladies of the South as containing matter that is useful and improving, and which excludes the trashy literature so vitiating to the tastes and pernicious in its influence on the minds of the young.—*Christian Index*.

Its pages will be read with avidity by all who love good reading and wholesome food for the mind. From our very heart we wish it a wide circulation. We are happy to know that it is universally praised, so far as we have heard opinions expressed.—*Bienville (La.) Times*.

The variety of moral and polite literature will recommend it, and make it a welcome visitor to all families.

Dr. Jones is a fine writer, and edits a useful and interesting magazine.—*Christian Age*.

We have just received this excellent periodical. *Family Visitor*.

We have not seen a monthly for many a day with which were better pleased than the "Visitor." We have seen many which made greater pretensions, and had higher sounding titles, but none, the tenor of whose reading matter is better calculated to enlighten the intellect, improve the morals and do good. If any of our readers want to get something for the young folks which will prove beneficial in cultivating a good taste—get the "Parlor Visitor"—and if any of the "young folks"—especially the young ladies—want to take a good Monthly, send ONE DOLLAR to Dr. W. Jones, Nashville, Tenn., and you will get the Parlor Visitor for one year.—*Mississippi Reformer*.

THE PARLOR VISITOR, by Wm. P. JONES, M. D., Nashville, is an admirably conducted and popular monthly. Dr. J. ministers to the entertainment of minds, as well as to the comfort of bodies.—*Christian Repository & Literary Review*.

Those of our contributors whose articles appear in the first form of the present number, will please excuse us for typographical errors. It seems that after the form was locked up it was sent to the hands of a rough untutored young African to be printed, and he by snatching up and scattering letters over the face of the type, soon had things in ruinous confusion. Our contributors and subscribers, will join us, doubtless, in the wish, that the proprietors will not again entrust their press to one so fond of pie.