THE

PARLOR VISITOR.

OL. 3. NASHVILLE, JUNE, 1855. NO. 6.

[SELECTED.]

RECIPROCAL INFLUENCE OF THE PHYSICAL ORGANIZATION AND MENTAL MANIFESTATIONS.

BY A. O. KELLOGG, M. D.

the Importance of a certain amount of Phys o'ogical, Pathological and Psychological Knowledge to Parents and those engaged in the Education of Youth.

It is only within the last few years that importance of physiology as a branch popular ducation has been duly recog-d, and even now, in most instances, it is gned a secondary place, while others of less practical importance, and sometimes of doubtful utility, sanctioned by the ges and customs of past years, are clung with an avidity disproportioned to their insic merits, and incompatible with the gress of the age in which we live. It is intended, in these articles, to cast dis-gement upon any branch of popular cation now in use in the schools, but to the attention, particularly of those en-ed in the education of youth, to others ch have been too much neglected, and ch experience and the present state of ce have shown to be of equal, if not paramount importance. The great mis-into which parents and teachers of the nt day are apt to fall, is to suppose that chief business of education is the de-ment of mind considered in the ab-t, and to disregard that material me-through which alone it manifests itself. A system which would lead to the view of mind in the concrete, and which aims at the development of the whole man, physical, moral and intellectual, is the only system in harmony with nature, and the one calculated to bring about the greatest amount of good. It is somewhat surprising that, while almost all other branches of physical science have been seized upon with avidity and cultivated successfully, not only for their practical usefulness in the conduct of life, but as a means of mental development,—that, while metaphysical science, in all its dark wanderings, has been implicitly followed, as the only guide to a correct understanding of mental manifestations,—so little attention has been given to the physiology and pathology of the brain as the organ of these operations, which, by its varying states of health and disease, its original perfection or imperfection is ever influencing them.—Gregory Myssen, speaking of the different kinds of dreams, observes, "the brain may not inappropriately be compared to a stringed instrument, which, while its various keys are properly tuned, vibrates harmoniously; but, as soon as they become relaxed, or screwed down, nothing but discord is produced." Looking upon the brain, not as a unit, but as a congeries of organs, each subservient to some faculty of the mind,

this comparison becomes particularly appropriate. Through these organs mind manifests itself, more or less powerfully or efficiently, according to their original and innate perfection, or their present depraved or comparatively perfect condition, as they may have been influenced by disease, education or other circumstances. In many cases this organism is so defective, as in congental idiocy, as to derange entirely all the mental operations, and—but from the partially successful results of the labors of M. M. Voisins and Valee, of the Bicetre Hospital, Paris, and some others in the United States, and elsewhere—to preclude all hopes of ameliorating their unfortunate condition by the cultivation of their imperfect faculties.

In others the organism is so delicately wrought, so exquisitely "toned," as to leave us in doubt where the physiological condition ends and the pathological commences; this state is compatible with the highest order of mental manifestations, the loftiest flights of imagination, and the most sublime conceptions of genius.

Dryden's lines, so often quoted, express a pathological fact which cannot be doubted, when we take into consideration the physical organization of many a child of genius:

"Great wits to madness closely are allied,
And thin partitions do their realms divide."

Individuals of this order occasionally work and sojourn with us for a brief space in this our sublunary existence, and their brief history—which consists in being seen, admired and mourned—is soon told; for the restless spirit—that "divinity which stirs within them"—soon frets away its frail and o'erwrought tenement, and insanity soon casts over their brilliant intellects the shadow of its dark wing; or scrofula, in some one of its protean forms, lays their bodies in the dust, and the spirit passes away unincumbered to a more congenial communion of the "spirits of the just *made perfect*" in the realms of light and life.

Cowper, Keats, Pollock, Kirk White, and many others whose names might be mentioned, were beings of this order; but, certainly, the most remarkable examples of precocious genius, allied to that extreme delicacy of organization and excitability of the nervous system—which, if, not a pathological condition *per se*, passes into it almost imperceptibly—have occurred in our own country within the last few years.

We refer to the two sisters, Lucretia and Margaret Davidson, whose cases, for various reasons, seem to call for something more than a passing notice. These young ladies were the daughters of Dr. Oliver Davidson of Plattsburgh, New York. The mother, from whom, undoubtedly, they inherited their delicacy of organization, is described as a woman of ardent temperament and uncommonly susceptible feelings. Lucretia was born in 1808, and died of consumption at the early age of 17, leaving behind her, in the amount of true poetry she has written, a monument to her genius seldom equalled and never excelled by one removed at so early an age. Dr. Southey, in the *Quarterly Review*, speaking of her poems, says: "There is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons and the friends and parents of the deceased could have formed." Her susceptibilities were so acute, and her perception of beauty so exquisite, as to cause her to faint when listening to some of her favorite melodies from Moore. Yet, notwithstanding this serious impression, she would beg to have them repeated, so delicious were the sensations produced. Her father, though a medical man, seems not to have looked upon this as a symptom or manifestation of incipient morbid action; for we are told, as soon as she could read, her books drew her away from the plays of childhood, and she was constantly found absorbed in the perusal of volumes her *father lavished upon her*. Notwithstanding, as appears from one of her later poems, she herself seemed conscious how near her mental condition bordered on insanity. We quote the lines referred to:

"There is something which I dread,
It is a dark and fearful thing,
It steals along with withering tread,
And sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought come's o'er me in the hour
Of *grief*, of *sicknes*, or of *sadness;*
'Tis not the dread of death—'tis more,
It is the dread of *madness.*

O may these throbbing pulses pause,
Forgetful of their feverish course!
May this *hot brain*, which *burning glows*
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,
A tenant of its lonely bed;
But let not dark delirium steal—

Here the poem, so expressive of the fearful workings of the spirit within her, ends abruptly.

The education of this young lady appears to have been of that character best calculated to develop the intellectual at the expense of the physical powers, and to bring about the melancholy result which was so soon realized—a system too commonly pursued in similar cases, it is to be feared, at the present day. Instead of keeping her at home, and inducing her to forego, in a measure, her intellectual exercises,—to roam the fields and enjoy communion with nature in the free air of heaven,—to take exercise on horseback, and all other means calculated to strengthen her physical powers, and overcome a scrofulous taint of the system, the parents, proud of her extraordinary intellectual endowments, readily yielded to the suggestions of a friend, who, like themselves, only saw in her a mind which needed cultivation to develop the highest order of powers—overlooking the delicate physical organization to which it was linked—and placed her in a celebrated female seminary. Here the intellectual exercises she was compelled to undergo served but too rapidly to develop the germ of disease already sown, and cause it to grow with fearful rapidity. These and their deleterious consequences to herself and others similar to her in delicacy of constitution, are so admirably set forth in her verses on the "Examination," that we transcribe them:

"One has a headache—one a cold,
One has her neck in flannel rolled,
Ask the complaint, and you are told,
'Next week's examination!'

One frets and scolds, and laughs and cries,
Another hope's, despair and sighs,
Ask but the cause, and each replies,
'Next week's examination!'

One bans her books, then grasps them tight,
And studies morning, noon and night,
As though she took some strange delight
In these examinations.

The books are marked, defaced and thumbed,
The *brain with midnight tasks benumbed*,
Still all in that account is summed,
'Next week's examination!'"

This could not last long, and in less than six months, according to the memoir, she was taken home in a dying state. Death, who loves a shining mark, had already selected his victim; and consumption, his most faithful ally—the insatiable foe, the implacable enemy of all that is lovely and pure, and beautiful and gifted had stolen his march upon her—and seized and loosened the silver cord which bound her to the earth. The skill and kindness of her father, the affectionate tenderness of her mother, were of no avail. That kingdom which "cometh without observation" had been early set up within her, and she was soon to put off the habiliments of her earthly tabernacle, in which she had sojourned but for a brief space, to be "clothed upon by that which is from heaven."

Here we draw the curtain over this sad picture of the unequal struggle between the intellectual and physical powers, to pass to the consideration of another, no less melancholy, no less interesting.

Margaret Miller Davidson, sister to the above, appears to have possessed the same delicacy of organization, the same fine-wrought sensibility of the nervous system, together with that scrofulous taint of the system which belonged, in so marked a degree, to her sister.

No withstanding her education appears to have been more judicious than that of her sister, still it was insufficient to prevent the early development of the germ of disease she had inherited, favored as this was by that incontrollable bias towards extraordinary mental exertion, which must have reacted with fearful effect on the natural delicacy of her organization. In illustration of the wonderful activity of the child's mind, we quote the following anecdote of her:—"During a visit to New York, the young poetess, having engaged herself for a private theatrical scheme, agreed to write a play. Several days had been spent in preparing dresses, scenery, and other accessories, when she was called upon to produce the play.—'O!' she replied, 'I have not written it yet.

The writing of the play is the easiest part of the preparation; it will be ready before the dresses.' And in two days she produced her drama, 'The Tragedy of Alethea,' which, though not very voluminous, contained enough of strong character and astounding incident to furnish a drama of five times its size."

Notwithstanding the ease with which she said this could be done, still it could not have been accomplished by one so young without a fearful expenditure of vital power, and a constant repetition of this could but serve to hasten the fatal issue. Consumption, the old enemy, made its appearance, and in spite of all efforts to ward off the attack, she sank under its blighting stroke in Nov. 1838, aged 15 years and 8 months. The predisposition to consumption in these young ladies was so strong that it would undoubtedly have developed itself at some period of life, had the mental activity been less marked. But instances of death from this disease at so early an age are comparatively rare, and are in most instances the result of some marked exciting cause. Had they even possessed far less mental activity, but been subjected unwillingly to a severe task-master, or to the rigid discipline of a boarding-school, and excited by a laudable ambition to excel at an examination, possessing at the same time that natural delicacy of organization and predisposition to disease, the result would, in all probability, have been the same.—Here, however, the innate love for mental excitement—that *insanabile cacœthes scribendi*—was a sufficient task-master, and no rigid disciplinarian was required to goad them on to destruction. But these cases, detailed above, form an exception to a general rule.

We more freqnently meet with youth of the same delicacy of organization and predisposition to disease, but whose restless activity and propulsive energy of character manifests itself in a different way, impelling them to physical rather than mental exertions; not that they are incapable, by any means, of extraordinary mental efforts, when urged upon them, for they master the tasks of their teachers without any apparent effort; but to them the only true science is the science of gymnastics, and the only true poetry the "poetry of motion." Their nervous excitability and natural buoyancy of feeling must break forth in some way, and most happy is it for the proper development of their physical organization, if this is only restrained within due bounds. The great mistake which parents and teachers of such youth are apt to commit is to suppose that, without rigid restraint, too much valuable time is lost which should be devoted to the cultivation of the understanding, naturally so active and brilliant. But the understanding, in these cases, aside from that rigid system of tasking and forced development too common, we fear, at the present day, seems, with proper and judicious direction, to develop itself almost intuitively. Such a mind, in the expressive language of Carlyle, "unfolds *itself*, and *becomes*, in some tolerable degree, what it is capable of being." Let us not be understood as applying this to all cases: the peculiar organization, physical and mental, to which these remarks are intended, we have attempted to point out; and teachers, to discriminate correctly, must study the character and peculiarities, mental and physical, of those committed to their care, assisted in this by a certain amount of physiological and pathological knowledge.

There is no disease we more frequently encounter, in connection with precocious mental manifestations, than scrofula; and it has been observed by some of the most intelligent and enlightened physicians of our country, that these affections, whatever form they assume, become exceedingly intractable, and generally result in the destruction of some one or other of the physical organs necessary to life, or so modify their healthy action as to render them peculiarly susceptible of disease; and when this diseased action is once established, their vital energy is so modified that they readily succumb. The late Dr. Brigham, in his excellent little work on "The Influence of Mental Excitement and Cultivation of Health," has some remarks on this head that are so apposite that we deem no excuse is necessary for transcribing them.

"Dangerous forms of scrofulous disease," says he, "among children have repeatedly fallen under my observation, for which

could not account in any other way than by supposing that the brain had been excited at the expense of other parts of the system, and at a time of life when nature is endeavoring to perfect all the organs of the body; and, after the disease commenced, I have seen, with grief, the influence of the same cause in retarding or preventing recovery. I have seen several affecting and melancholy instances of children, 5 and 6 years of age, lingering awhile with disease from which those less gifted readily recover, and at last dying, notwithstanding the utmost efforts to restore them. The chance for the recovery of such precocious children is, in my opinion, small, when attacked by disease; and several medical men have informed me that their own observations have led them to form the same opinion, and have remarked that in two cases of sickness, if one of the patients was a child of superior and highly cultivated mental powers, and the other one equally sick, but whose mind had not been excited by study, they should feel less confident of the recovery of the former than the latter. This mental precocity results from an unnatural development of one organ of the body at the expense of the constitution."

The above is in accordance with my own observations during an active practice of ten years.—*Amer. Jour. of Insanity.*

[SELECTED.]

TROPICAL COTTON.

Our reader are generally aware that the cotton plant in the West Indies and other tropical regions, grows into a tree and is perrennial. Many of the varieties now cultivated in the United States probably originated from South America, the West Indies, &c. The "Dean Cotton," recently introduced into this state and promising the most satisfactory results as to staple and product, is believed to have been introduced from South America. In thus transplanting, the character of the plant is of course essentially changed, becoming here an annual and producing a different staple. We have before us a proof of this fact. A gentleman of this city obtained last year from Cuba a small quantity of cotton seed. He planted a portion, which grew rapidly and only from having been cropped down by a horse the plants would have been much taller than any cultivated on our best lands. They afterwards, however, grew off finely, and up to the present time have continued green and vigorous and latterly covered with a profusion of blooms. Not a boll has yet matured, but notwithstanding the two or three severe frosts we have had of late, blossoms continue to open. The shape of the leaf and color of the flower are quite different from those of the Petit Gulf and other kinds usually cultivated. A valuable sort may yet be originated from these seed. —*Mobile Tribune.*

Government.—The general history of mankind will evince, that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. Gross corruption, or evident imbecility, is necessary to the suppression of that reverence, with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, or those whom they see surrounded by splendor, and fortified by power.

For the Parlor Visitor.

EDUCATION.

MISSISSIPPI, April 24, 1855.

WM. P. JONES, EDITOR—*Nashville:*

This day, a few neighbor's, at a friend's house, were conversing upon the subject of Education, which now fills the heart of many of the best wishers of Zion and our country, when something like the following remarks were made, by one of the party, and with the remark, "it were to be desired, that every editor of a Baptist periodical in America would take up the subject, and give it a careful examination, and if worthy lay it before the hundreds of thousands of their readers in the most seductive style"—or that was the thought:

"As to —— —— opening a high school for females, I do not know that I would enter up a serious objection; for a time, it might tend to a contentious spirit, some might not get so good an education as otherwise, if present efforts elsewhere be permitted to grow up, and in the end those persons who start the enterprise may lose money.—Good must come of it, for many would get a taste of the sweet waters, and would pursue the object, but above all, it would stimulate the Baptists to move in unity and energetic effort. In the first place, the party in question is not competent to give a thorough education; they have not had the education to enable them to impart to others, and they have not a full conception of what a thorough education should be—but above all, they have not either a right principle in opening the enterprise—desiring to make money and influence—as also not the gift of continuance, running fast at the outset, and invariably breaking down in a short time. The Baptists must be eventually the educators of our youth—of young America—they educate for the great object of fitting men and women for Heaven; they can persevere, and if they do not act the suicidal policy, that has injured others, they will and must soon occupy the ground. Education of females particularly, is conducted too much for show. If all Baptist schools will, as circumstances permit, become more thorough in disciplining, in training the mind, in elevating the standard of female education; if they will observe rigid discipline as to cleanliness in every department, proper deportment in every pupil, dismiss at once the vulgar, or rude, or wayward, they must cluster around them parents and pupils who have the good of the young sincerely at heart.

"Education, as I remarked, is conducted too much to captivate the eye, and, unless Baptists do set out in good earnest to do the work aright, it is not going to be done."—What, do you say no others are competent? "No, sirs; but I say the world has had control of schooling, the Church of Rome, &c., &c., &c., and yet no change. Baptists are now coming up to the work, and my prayer is, that they may be helped from on high to do their duty to God, their country, their fellow-man, and themselves."

These are somewhat the tenor of the remarks, not intended as a daguerreotype, but only as a crayon sketch, that you may have the idea, and with this earnest appeal, for the objects above, the writer pleads with you to open out, and beg of all editors to do likewise, that Zion may be strengthened.

Yours, in bonds of love,

SAFETY OF SILENCE.—I beg you to take to heart one maxim, which for myself I have ever observed, and ever shall—it is, never to say more than is necessary.—The unspoken word never does harm,—what is once uttered cannot be recalled, and no man can forsee its consequences.—*Kossuth.*

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE GREEN-HORN AND THE POET.

INCIDENT OF WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Willis Gaylord Clark, brother of L. G. Clark, of the Knickerbocker Magazine, is a name we have always loved. Young Clark fell a victim to consumption, but he fell in the triumphs of Christian faith. The following incident respecting him, from the pen of a distinguished Philadelphian, teaches a lesson of love and kindness whtch it would be well for all literary great men to copy:

"Once on a time, I went to see Willis Gaylord Clark, then editor of the Philadelphia Gazette. I remember the clothes I wore, and how I arranged them and brushed them to 'take off' the country, but it would stick to them. That gray linsey-woolsey coatee, made capacious to invite growth, with huge pockets outside for chestnuts and apples; the thick woolen mitten, trowers of the same material, rough inside as a rasp, to promote counter irritation and dilute the blood, made of ample dimensions, with tucks, so as to last for Sunday's two winters, and for 'common' indefinitely; a waiscoat somewhat short, but wide to compensate, with staring brown figures, big and bold, as a compromise with the cravat of the same color; commodious high boots, heavy and hob-nailed, emitting a compound of leather and grease when near the fire; a wool hat of aspiring crown and diminutive brim, and a rolling cotton bandanna, to display on occasions of emotion.

"So attired I went to the city of Brotherly Love, with forty pairs of chickens, six turkeys, and two opossums—the latter barbecued in the hen-roost with a pitch-fork, and their carcasses otherwise contraband, to be sold to pay for the depredations—with a provender to sell on account of my guardian, and a poem in those trowser pockets to exhibit on my own account, I went. The marketing sold not to the best advantage either, for the poem and Mr. Clark were in my mind. I called at the office, inquired for the editor, stated my business was 'personal and private,' and was ushered into the sanctum, amid the smiles of the clerks and others.

"Mr. Clark was alone and deeply absorbed, and there I was in the presence of a real live poet. I slid quietly along to half the nearest chair, holding my wool cap between my knees and the bandanna in my hand, awaiting him to look up. He did so in a few moments; and the pensive, almost melancholy beauty of his face lit up with a faint smile as he saw the rustic apparition. I was all eyes, for there sat the man who edited 'our paper,' and writ the verses I had cried over in the barn and cornfield, and tried to imitate, on Sunday mornings when our folks had gone to church. My earnestness, I suppose, interested him. He did not laugh, as I feared, but gently said:

"Do you wish to see me, sir?"

"I said, Yes." And I trembled, and my eyes filled in spite of myself. 'I came to ask your advice about some lines I have written.'"

"You write verses, do you?' he said pleasantly; and added, 'It is poor business."

"Not if I could write such as yours," I replied.

"Perhaps you may,' said he. 'Allow me to see yours. What do you call them?"

"The Home of the Poets,' said I, handing the paper—it was substantial foolscap, well tumbled.

"Poets have no home on earth,' he said; and the terrible pathos thrilled me like an arrow.

"I have made their home in heaven,' I said; 'and I have given them a superior place, for I think exalted natures must reach a higher place in whatever sphere they attain to.'

"He looked at me steadily for a moment, and then read the poem of thirty verses twice over, during which I watched his face, so pale, with such deep lines of thought and suffering; a nature so purely emotional forced into sphere so wholly executive, fitted to dream and glow, but compelled to work and suffer, 'till my heart went out to him with a bound. Finishing the poem, he said:

"My young friend, Nature made you a poet; there's no denying that; and it will puzzle man to unmake you. I'll give you ten dollars for this and publish it.'

"Thank you,' said I as well as I could; 'I do not want to publish it.' Then he handed me some of his own manuscripts, which I read, and I passed a never-to-be-forgotten hour or two with him. I recur to it always with the greatest pleasure; it was noble in him so to receive a green gawkey boy, and read my crude rhymes. And a thousand times since, when the promise of life has turned to ashes and the victory seemed not worth the battle, I have recurred to that interview, and resolved to struggle. I left Mr. Clark, threw the rhymes into my desk with hundreds of others, plunged in commerce and reform, graduated through Quakerism to some spiritual faith, but rejected and disbelieved my gift of poesy—scarcely believe it now; but occasionally I look back to Mr. Clark's generous words, and then the rhyming impulse carries me out of 'trade and tumult,' to the sweet, still places, [illegible] inward and upward."—*Pitts. Chris. Adv.*

SPRING'S RETINUE.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF TEICK.

FATHER WINTER moped in the woods all day,
His trunks all packed for the going away;
And he grimly smiled as he touched his hat,
Adieu to the hearths at whose blaze he sat.

Dame Spring, mischievous, in frolicsome way,
Tripped up for a tweak of his beard so gray;
He patted her cheek, and he touched her ear,
And he dropped on her bosom an icy tear.

He hath gone, and the sunbeams warmly shine
Aslant on the hills of the river Rhine;
With violet steps on the doors Spring drums,
From cellar to garret the knocking hums.

And servants many hath she in her way—
Wherever each knocked, admit straightway.

Autumn hath only Sir Boreas Blast—
Winter Sir Frost, with the brow overcast!

Spring hath young Morning Wind blithe and w
He of the Spring is the frolicsome child;
And her Sir Sunshine, in genial advance,
With lustrous beam for the tip of his lance.

And there Flower Fragrance with breath so sw
And here purling brook, with the pearly feet;
While Blossom and Budler twin homage lend
In the train of Verdure, the dame's best friend

Oh, a charming retinue travels with Spring!
As their violet knocks through the mansion rin
An echo of welcome all souls shall bring,
And the doors fly open for blith[illegible] S

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here—
The daisy fresh from Winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but he that arch'd the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wond'rous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the Daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within?

And fling it unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God.

GONE RIGHT OVER IT.—I have a friend whose ready wit often enlivens the social circle, and sometimes, also, faithfully serves the cause of truth. One Sabbath morning he stepped from his house to go church he met a stranger driving a heavily loaded wagon through the town. He turned upon him, stopped, lifted up both hands, and stood in a tragic attitude, gazing upon the ground beneath the vehicle, and exclaimed:

"There! there! you are going right over it—you have gone right over it!"

The traveler hastily gathered up his reins, drew in his horses, came to a dead stand, and began looking under his wheels to see what little innocent child, dog or pig, might have been ground to jelly by their heavy weight. But seeing nothing, he looked up anxiously to the man who had so singularly arrested his progress, and said:

"Over what?"

"The fourth commandment!" was the quick reply; "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

It was hard starting those wheels again, and hard hauling that load all the rest of the day.

WHEN a Kentucky judge, some years since, was asked by an attorney upon some strange ruling:—"Is that law, your honor?" he replied—"*If the court understands herself, and she thinks she do then it are!*"

VIRTUE.

As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer's eve,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees, and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporate, by power
Capacious and serene: Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the incumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt,
And sometimes, so relentless justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.

[WORDSWORTH.

LAUGHING.—Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years! Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing, then, is best; and to laugh at one another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us.—*Steevens.*

"MRS. SPRIGS, will you be helped to a small piece of the turkey?" Yes, my dear Mr. Wilkins, I will." "What part would you prefer, my dear Mrs. Sprigs?" "I will have a couple of the wings, a couple of the legs, some of the breast, the side bone, some filling, and a few dumplings—as I feel very unwell to-day!" Wilkins fainted.

BREAKING THE NEWS.—Cuff had been out with the cart and oxen, and returning late, his master asked him what was the trouble?

"Why, massa, de wheel is broke."

"Is that all, Cuff?"

"No, massa, de tongue broke too."

"What, did the oxen run away?"

"Yes, massa, and kill de nigh ox."

"Is it possible, Cuff?"

"And de off ox too, massa."

"You black rascal, you have made a perfect smash up, and that is the reason why you came back; why didn't you tell me so?"

"Why, massa," said Cuff, scratching his wool, "I spose dat one wheel broke be ficient of itself indivdooly, without proceeding into de entire argument ob de cart and oxum."

For the Parlor Visitor.

"EARTH HATH NO SORROW THAT HEAVEN CANNOT HEAL."

BY WILL WATTS.

How consoling the reflection—"earth hath no sorrow that *heaven* cannot heal:" though Time with its desolating ravages may have sorely touched the sorrowing heart—yet, there is a balm for every wound. See yon weeping mother, her weeds of mourning—sunken eye—and hollow voice, all tell that her cup of grief is well nigh full;—has she forgotten, "earth hath no sorrow that *heaven* cannot heal!"—then why does she mourn? I will tell you, reader: 'Twas but a short time since, perhaps not two months or more, she laid a lovely daughter in the grave. Her daughter was a sweet good girl o'er whose fair head seventeen summers had lightly passed and left no trace of their departure save but to ripen the budding rose of girlhood to a richer, sweeter bloom: and as that mother gazed into those eyes—those dark dreamy eyes—beaming so softly with delight, until her spirit revelling in the bliss of their enchanting witchery—almost forgot all in existence save but to worship her—she might, perchance, have loved that child almost to idolatry. Reader! could you have seen that mother when the tidings of her daughter's death fell like a death-knell upon her ear, you then might perhaps have measured the deep intensity of the devotion a *mother* has for her child: her dearest hopes were wrecked; the only joy that life could give seemed dashed from her for ever. The music tones that played the symphony of hope are hushed and gone: the bright hopes of future years all destroyed at one fell stroke, and now seem mocking memories of the past: *whisper softly in that mother's ear, "earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."* "SHE'S DEAD"—and "bright eyes grow dim with tears, rosy cheeks lose their lustre, cherry lips grow wan and pale, and all is still! Approach the bedside: close those weary eyes; part that dampened hair; fold those stiffened hands upon her breast; now take your last farewell. Imprint the tearful kiss of affection and friendship upon that icy brow; place the budding rose upon that breast; softly tread the floor and go out upon the world" which now seems gloomy with clouds of sadness; but that still voice again whispers "earth hath no sorrow that *heaven* cannot heal." See how sweetly she sleeps: no cares disturb that soft repose—no foes alarm the pulseless heart, but in peaceful ignorance of all around she rests forever in the arms of death. Call her friends and school-mates and let them gaze upon her now—then ask them who would shun the hour that free's from earth, and fear to press the calm and peaceful pillows of the grave; let them follow her side by side to her last quiet resting place, and as they go along let them remember, they too must soon join her in the land of spirits: let them stand round her grave, and as the falling clods upon her now peaceful breast, echo the hollow sound of life's last pilgrimage, let them remember, "earth hath no sorrow that *heaven* cannot heal."

NASHVILLE, 1855.

WISE men mingle mirth with their cares, as a help either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind is to cure melancholy by madness.

A mother once cured her little boy of swearing by washing out his mouth with soap suds every time he had profane words in it.

[SELECTED.]

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart. Let no chilling influence freeze up the fountains of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burthen settle o er its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers, no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek through its desolate chambers.

Your life-path may lead you through trials which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious room may be exchanged for an humble one—the soft couch for a straw pallet—the rich viands for the course food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the unpitying world pass you, with scarcely a look or word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice that would extort the last farthing, till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow-beings.—Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to the earth and leave you in tearful darkness. That noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future. Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave. Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when your steps falter on the verge of death's gloomy vale; still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit which will sheld you from the winter of the heart.

MY FATHER.

My father raised his trembling hand,
And laid it on my head:
"God bless thee, O my son, my son,"
Most tenderly he said.

He died, and left no gems or gold,
But still I was his heir—
For that rich blessing which he ga ve
Became a fortune rare.

Still, in my weary hours of toil
To earn my daily bread,
It gladdens me in thought to feel
His hand upon my head.

Though infants tongues to me have said,
"Dear father!" oft since then,
Yet when I bring that scene to mind,
I'm but a child again.

None are so hard to please as those whom satiety of pleasure makes weary of themselves; nor any so readily provoked as those who have been always courted with an emulation of civility.

Elegance.—Elegance is surely to be desired, if it be not gained at the expense of dignity. A hero would wish to be loved, as well as to be reverenced.

[SELECTED.]

ELOQUENCE OF THE MAN OF GOD.

THE whole mystery in the rules of eloquence is this, you must feel the importance of your subject. If you wish to make your hearers feel, you must feel yourself—you must reach your own heart before you can reach the hearts of others. Unfeeling loud speaking has a tendency to harden instead of softening the heart. The more you feel the louder you may speak. Do not speak loud unless you feel warm. I am no advocate for speaking fast, but a man of warm feelings must either speak fast or loud in order to give vent to his feelings so as to affect others.

What is lost in power must be made up in velocity, or what is lost in velocity must be made up in power. But never attempt to raise steam without fire, and kindle strange fires on the altar of God. Let the steam arise in proportion to the intensity of heat in the boiler, but when the boiler is very hot, don't confine the steam. Let go. But if you would learn the whole mystery of this art, go to the blacksmith's shop, and look at him making a plow share for farmer Prudence. He puts the iron into the fire—he looks calm and serene, he is not at all agitated; you hear no noise; he stands still with his little shovel in his hand, gathering the cinders and coals about the iron in order to heat it, and says, "blow my boy," and with the greatest composure he asks the farmer's boy several questions in which he feels interested, such as, "Has thy master docked the bay colt?" "No," says the boy. Sudeenly you see him staring at the fire—his countenance is altogether altered—every nerve in his body seems to be agitated—he is in a hurry—the iron is hot, he takes it out of the fire, he puts it on the anvil in great haste, he takes the hammer in his hand, and with a louder voice than you would think necessary, as if he were in great distress, he hallows out—"Strike, boy." By this time the noise of the hammering iron fills the house, and the melting sparks are flying like lightning in every direction, till you are at a loss to know what to do, whether to try to shelter in some corner or to run out; but it is soon over. As soon as the iron is cold he puts it in the fire again, and beats it when warm.

I have seen some preachers, in order to affect their hearers, beating the iron when it was cold, and blowing the fire till it went out, and the smoke and the ashes filling the eyes of every body, and the plow-share not made.

This will unfold the mystery of speaking with advantage, either in the senate, or at the bar, or in the pulpit. But the pulpit orator falls infinitely too short of answering the desired effect, unless the fire within him is kindled by the influence of the Holy Spirit of God, for which he must pray in the name of Jesus—firmly believing in God's promise, that he will give the Holy Spirit to those that ask him. This is the mystery of the art of eloquence in the man of God. He must be clothed with power from on high. Here is the great inward secret.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK.—Dr. Cumming beautifully remarks:

"The builder builds for a century; we for eternity. The painter paints for a generation; we for ever. The poet sings for an age; we for ever. The statuary cuts out the marble that soon perishes; let us try to cut out the likeness of Christ to endure for ever and ever.

"A hundred thousand men were employed in Egypt to construct a pyramidal tomb for a dead king; let us feel that we are engaged in a far nobler work in constructing temples for the living God. In my humble judgment, the poorest parish school in our land with no other ornaments than the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, and the sun-beams to shine upon it, is a nobler spectacle than the loftiest European cathedral with its spires glistening in the setting and rising suns of a thousand years."

[SELECTED.]

A TOUCHING RELIC OF POMPEII.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, the relics have a merely curious interest—they belong to archæology, and find appropriate resting-places in historical museums.

But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator drops, an uninvited guest, upon a banquet; there he unexpectedly obtrudes himself into a tomb. In one place he finds a miser cowering on his heap; another shows him bones of dancing girls and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor. In the midst of the painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains, among the splendid evidences of material wealth, he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination, and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster, as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of battle.

Such, to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of flight, accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings, one of them a young girl, with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had a bag of gold and silver with them, snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on their track, and vain their wealth, their flight—the age of the one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond, and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of his mistress, dying at her feet.

Seen by the light of such an incident, how vividly that night of horrors looms upon the senses? Does not the imagination picture the little group in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chattering over the day's events, and the unusual heat? Does it not hear with them the troubled swell of the waters in the bay? see, as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness? how the sky opens overhead, and flames break out, while coræ, sand and molten rocks come pouring down?

What movements, what emotion, what surprise! The scene grows darker every instant; the hollow monotony of the bay is lifted into yells, shrieks; the air grows thick and hot with flames, and at the mountain's foot is heard the roll of the liquid lava.—Jewels, household gods, gold and silver coins, are snatched up on the instant. No time to say farewell; darkness in front and fire behind, they rush into the streets, streets choked with falling houses and flying citizens. How find the way through passages which have no longer outlets? Confusion, danger, darkness, uproar, everywhere; the shouts of parted friends, the agony of men struck down by falling columns; fear, madness and despair unchained; here penury clutching gold it cannot keep—there gluttony feeding on its final meal, and phrensy striking in the dark to forestall death. Through all, fancy hears the young girl's screams; the fire is on her jeweled hands. No time for thought—no pause—the flood rolls on, and wisdom, beauty, age and youth, with all the stories of their love, their hopes, their rank, wealth and greatness—all the once affluent life, are gone forever.

When unearthed after many years, the nameless group has no other importance to mankind than as it may "serve to point a moral or adorn a tale."

When cats wash their faces, bad weather is at hand—so says the old superstition. When ladies use washes for their complexion, it is a true sign that the beauty of their day has gone by—no superstition that.

[SELECTED.]

FRAGMENTS FROM THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.

ARCITE BANISHED FROM HIS LOVE.

Whan that Arcite to Thebes comen was,
Full oft a day he swelt and said, Alas,
For sene his lady shall he never mo,
And shortly to concluden all his wo,
So mochel sorwe hadde never creature,
That is or shall be, while the world may dure,
His slepe, his mete, his drink is him byraft.
That lene he wex, and drie as is a shaft
His eyen holwe, and grisly to behold,
His hewe salwe, and pale as ashen cold,
And solitary he was, and ever alone,
And wailing all the night, making his mone,
And if he herde song or instrument,
Than wold he wepe, he mighte not be stent,
So feble were his spirites, and so low,
And changed so that no man coude know
His speche, ne his vois, though men it herd.

CHAUCER.—*Knight's Tale.*

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

Efsoones, they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear;
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear
To tell what manner musicke that mote be
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonie;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birdes shrouded in cheareful shade
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet:
The angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet.
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

SPENCER.—*Faer u een.*

SLEEP.

K. Hen. How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds; and leavest the kingly couch,
A watch care, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKSPEARE.—*King Henry iv.*

SATAN'S VOYAGE THROUGH CHAOS.

At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league
As in a cloudy chair ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Flutt'ring his pennons vain plump down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stayed,
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behooves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryfon through the wilderness
With winged course o'er hill or moory dale
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost.*

[SELECTED.]

ALL MAY DO GOOD.

"It is not in my power to do any good; I am but a poor woman, and have no influence."

Such was a remark I heard but yesterday; but to speak with all frankness, I did not believe a word of it, and indeed doubt whether the good woman who uttered the remark would like any one of her friends to tell her it was true. However humble in station, every christian has a degree of influence over others, and he who has but one talent is under as much obligation to improve it for the glory of God as he who has ten.

"Well, Mary," I once heard the excellent Joseph Ivimey, of London, say to a female servant who had called to take her leave of him, because she was going from the city to reside in a country town. "Well, Mary, you know you must try to do good. The Baptist church at —— is in a very sad state, yet you had better go there, and pray and labor for its revival. I will," he added, "give you a few hundred tracts for distribution, and make the best use of them you can." I have never seen that lively young christian since, but I have heard of her.

Some year or two after the interview I have described, I dined with my worthy friend Ivimey again: when he said, "were not you here when a young servant girl called upon me before she went to ——?"— "Yes," I replied, "and what did she ever do?" "Why, she went down there, and in a meeting-house that seats five hundred, she found about a dozen Antinomian Professors, who had neither Sunday School nor prayer-meeting. She distributed her tracts, opened a Sabbath school, collected a few pious people together, made the place too hot for the old drunken pastor, got him away, and a lively young man was placed in the pulpit. The house is repaired, a new church is organized, having about a hundred members, a crowded congregation, a grand Sunday school, and large prayer-meetings two or three times a week. Hallelujah, my brother, who says a poor servant girl can do nothing?" Who, indeed! The very thought is libellous against the God we serve, and the instrument for good—his own Word—which he has placed in our hands.

The seraphic Samuel Pearce was asked to preach at the dedication of a meeting-house, about twenty miles from his residence.— When he arrived there he witnessed a church very few in numbers, and its members almost poverty personified. Several brethren of other denominations expressed their fears that the cause could not be sustained, and the neighboring Baptist churches kept aloof from it as altogether hopeless. Pearce, however, was seldom discouraged, and when he entered the pulpit and delivered to them a most encouraging sermon on "*Great events from small beginnings.*" He most cordially congratulated them on the fewness of their number and the poverty of their condition, and declared his heartfelt persuasion that God was about to do great things at B——. Coming then to the consideration of their duties, he told them that to crowd the house, few as they were at present, was one of the easiest things in the world. Every one, he maintained, had some influence; and that now they must exert it. No one could pretend to be unable to bring one person to the house of prayer, which would double the congregation the very first Sabbath, and persevered in, would soon fill the house.— The idea as he presented it, seemed a new one, and easy to be carried out. They tried it and found it entirely successful.

Away, christian reader, with all these proud excuses of ours, cherishing our own indolence, while thousands around us are going down to perdition! Be it remembered that our churches are not parlor , in which we are to loll at ease, but vineyards in which we are to labor; we are not called to enjoy ourselves in inglorious ease, but to be "laborers together with God, in the advancement of his glory." "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters." "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion."

[SELECTED.]

I AM WEARY.

Weary of pursuing objects which I can never overtake. In childhood, I wearied myself in childish diversions and sports. I was soon wearied of one, and asked for another. I wanted something new. Every new amusement or toy was the best, but it soon became old, and ceased to satisfy. I wanted "something else." When grown to youth, I was scarcely less a child, and none the less wearied than formerly. I sought a new class of pleasures, and had an increase of dreamy plans for future life: but found myself no more satisfied with anything attained, and no less restless in the pursuit of something just before me, than when I was a little child. If I acquired one desired thing, I had scarcely begun to enjoy it before a new object glittered in the distance, and then I had no rest, but must straight way be off in hot pursuit, and not one in a thousand of the glowing things which dazzled my eyes ever came to my possession.—So it has been, more or less, through my whole life. I have wearied myself in the pursuit of will-o'-the-wisps, or in hunting for air castles and fairy lands far more than in prudent labor for substantial good. I have left valuable realities to chase after "airy nothings."

Weary of pursuing what is not worth the pains, *Riches*. What of them? Whom can they make more comfortable than a moderate competence would have made them?—Whom that is worthy of respect did they ever make more so? Who that was benevolent became more so by riches? Whom did they ever make more modest, humble, dignified, or more truly good than they were without them? To whom does the possession of wealth give true peace, rational happiness?

Fame and honor.—A breath has made them, and a breath will blow them away.—The creation of popular ferment, or of a brood of flatterers, many have staked character, and honesty, and life, to gain them, and have paid the forfeiture. They who have attained them have found them baubles not worth wearing, or if they are weak enough to be pleased with them, are rather to be pitied than envied.

Weary of worldly cares and anxieties. The anxieties it is sinful to indulge. The cares I ought patiently and cheerfully to bear. They are needful. They are part of the discipline which the soul needs to make it meet for divine service. They are inseparable from the responsibilities and duties of life. They are designed to make us thoughtful of our dependence, and to suppress the levities and trifling to which we are predisposed. They contribute to excite desire for the release and the rest set before us. But, oh! they do weary and wear away their frail tabernacle.

Weary of sin. Far less so than I ought to be. Otherwise such a load of it would not still press upon me. Here is a great—a palpable inconsistency. Weary of a burden, and yet so constantly adding to its weight. Ah, deceitful and sinful heart!—How little thou knowest thyself. Weary of sinning, yet sinning daily and hourly. How shall we, who are dead to sin, live any longer therein? I trust I do not, as having delight in sin. I trust it is true that my soul loathes it; that I am weary of it. But it clings to me, if I do not hold fast to it. "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

Almost weary of waiting. I know not that I ought to say this; for I fear I have very little of the waiting posture. My lamp burns dimly; I have little oil in my vessel; my loins are loosly girt, and I am very unfaithful in watching. I fear my waiting is mostly a selfish one, desire for rest. Yet, Lord, is there not in me some desire for thy rest? Do I not desire to be near thee, that I may be like thee? Have I not a desire for place in those mansions, because thou art there? Is it not a desire to be with thee, that I may see thee as thou art?

For the Parlor Visitor.

TO MISS S. J. S., OF COLUMBUS, MISS.

BY S. A. J.

I knew thee first in youth's bright dream,
In girlhood's blithsome joyous day,
When hope the star of life did beam,
And shed its radiance o'er thy way.

Thy brow was calm, thine eye was glad,
And winning smiles adorned thy face;
With cheerful spirits rarely sad,
No signs of care could any trace.

Ennobling qualities were thine,
Both of the heart, and of the mind;
Most brilliantly did each one shine,
Proceeding from a source refined.

'Twas then thy fond and guileless heart
Contained affections warm and pure;
True friendship which doth joy impart,
Had in thy heart become mature.

Reverting thus to days gone by,
Bright visions of the past appear,
Of absent ones who then were nigh,
To share the joys that made life dear.

Though time hath cast its withering blight
O'er many scenes to us then dear,
Yet some retain their beauties bright
As when we were together here.

The hills and dales of verdant hue
Emit their former fragrance still;
And nature's loveliness we view,
From every favorite brook or rill.

The place where most we loved to stray,
The lovely lonely banks of Tar,
To while the evening hours away,
And view that gentle stream afar.

It still doth wend its course along
Unchanged by time's unerring flight;
Yet sweet to hear its rippling song,
Soft as a summer breeze at night.

Each cherished spot, each loved retreat,
Remind me of the past with thee;
When we could oft each other greet
With spirits light, and hearts e'er free.

But sorrows have been yours and mine
Since those bright days of fond regret;
And gloom the past must e'er enshrine,
Yet I would never thee forget.

I've found in many, but too true,
That friendship's but an empty name;
Yet I would fain believe that you
Unchanged by absence, are the same.

When on these lines a look you cast,
And memory turns to days gone by—
When thy fond heart dwells on the past,
Then breathe for me one gentle sigh.

GREENVILLE, N. C., May, 1855.

SADNESS.

There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and the iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again, a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

THE great task of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present, to impress upon his mind so strong a sense of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward at another against the threats of calamity.

For the Parlor Visitor.

SISTER, FORGIVE THE TEARS WE SHED.

BY MARY G. GOSS.

[*Nuptial lines of N. M. G. to his Sister.*]

SISTER, forgive the tears we shed—
It is not sorrow makes us mourn,
But circling years of love have fled—
And never, never to return.

We mourn, but would not bid thee stay—
Love only yields a parting tear;
Farewell, thy partner calls away,
And how should we detain thee here?

We'll miss thee in the moon-light bower;
We'll miss thee in the fire-side throng—
And every bird and every flower
Shall join to mourn thy absence long.

But O! from far beyond yon hills,
And scattered wheresoe'er we be,
A wish, a hope, no voice reveals,
Silent, but warm, shall follow thee.

But better love shall soon repay—
Thy bosom, all its fond alarms;
And He shall still behold thy way,
Who gave thee earliest to our arms.

Then, Sister, light thy Lover's home
With smiles as sweet as we have known;
And here, in distant time to come,
We'll talk of thee when thou art gone.

[SELECTED.]

THE SALVATION OF SOULS.

Is it not quite time, that those who profess and call themselves Christians, began to do something that looks like accomplishing the great work of the Gospel? If one were to read all the so-called religious books, pamphlets, and newspapers, which are coming forth from the press, growing every day more and more prolific, and were to form his opinions from these productions alone, would he not conclude that the "salvation of souls," as the great concern of a Christian's life, was becoming rather an obsolete idea? There is, in this age, no lack of activity among Christians. They are planning and doing. But alas, many of their plans are but *schemes;* while much of their activity is that of beligerants. There is much *zeal* manifested among Christians; but it is what springs, in a great measure, from sectarian feelings and party politics. It is to be feared, that not a few give of their money, to support "their side," rather than to proclaim to a lost world, the Gospel of Jesus Christ. When anything like a sectarian spirit is aroused, individuals who feel that they are, in any degree, identified with that party, will give their money with most marvelous liberality. Let men be appealed

to, on the ground, that they are not to be put down by an opposing faction, and *means* will be forth-coming without stint. But when the love of perishing souls—the glory of a Divine Redeemer—are made the basis of appeal, the gold and the silver flow much less freely.

When the subject of Church Extension engages the attention of the people, who does not see that the thought which seems to fill the mind, is that of ecclesiastical architecture? The minute descriptions, and elaborate critcisms, which are made in language abounding with technical terms, that few understand—together with a magnified attention to trifling details of furniture and chancel arrangements, is surely a sad evidence that the great purpose for which all Christian Temples should be erected, does not hold that supremacy in the mind and heart, to which it is entitled. We do not mean to disparage Church architecture.—Very far from it. We would have all Churches built in accordance with true principles; but the tendency of the times is to an inordinate attention to the casket, attended by a corresponding neglect of the jewel.

Much more is heard in these days of *great* sermons, than of gospel sermons. Preachers are ambitious to startle the world by letting off some new idea, that shall take their fellow-men a little by surprise, even at the expense of being pitied, and perhaps laughed at, by posterity, and, what is infinitely worse, at the peril of having their garments stained by the blood of some soul, lost through their unfaithfulness. Men are given, in these days to transcendental flights, in their theology, as well as in their philosophy and philanthropy. If an intelligent heathen were to hear for one year many of the discourses, that are delivered as sermons, in Christian pulpits, and were to know nothing of the Gospel, except what was thus learned, he would never mistrust that the "salvation of souls" was the great work of the Christian Church.

While of the books that are printed, of which there appears to be no end, the main purpose of their authors seems to be to see how skilfully they can knock down their neighbor's theory, and build up their own. Every man has a system which he is determined to maintain.

The Bible is in many instances cast quite in the shade. Much reliance appears to be placed upon *authority*; but it somehow does not happen to be the authority of the Bible that is so much quoted and depended upon.

All this is a great evil, and it is a growing evil. Matters are every day getting worse. Is it not high time that both clergy and laity felt the force of the fact, *that the salvation of souls* should be the great concern of the Christian's life? Is it not time that they manifested this feeling by giving up themselves to the business of accomplishing this great purpose, so far as in them lies, by doing their whole "duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them?"

Virtue in Man.—We love to believe that there is more goodness than depravity in human nature. When we see one tear of pity drop from the eye, it gives us more pleasure than would the finding of a diamond. There is goodness—real and unselfish—in the heart and we have seen it manifest itself, to the making of a scene of sorrow the vestibule of heaven. For him who is always picking out flaws in his neighbors' character, we have no sympathy. He reminds us of those birds which resort to dead and decayed limbs of trees to feast on the worms. In the characters of most men we shall find more good than evil, more kindness than hatred, and why should we pick out the flaws, and pass over the sterling traits of character? We hold this to be the true doctrine: to portray real goodness and to hold it up to the gaze and admiration of all, while we suffer the evil to remain in the shade and die. If every picture of human nature were only pure and beautiful, we should have such characters living around us.

A lady writes to the Independent, "while I was showing my boy Joe the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was, "Ma!" said he, all at once, "O, ma! just look at that poor little lion way behind there, he wont get any!"

[SELECTED]

WHAT FAMILY GOVERNMENT IS.

It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye; to frown at their merry out-bursts of innocent hilarity; to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into melancholy little models of octogenarian gravity.

And when they have been in fault, it is not to punish them simply on account of the personal injury that you may have chanced to suffer in consequence of their fault; while disobedience, unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without rebuke.

Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with a flood o angry words; to stun him with a deafening noise; to call him by hard names, which do not express his misdeeds; to load him with epithets, which would be extravagant if applied to a fault of ten fold enormity; or to declare with passionate vehemence that he is the worst child in the village and destined to the gallows.

But it is to watch anxiously for the first risings of sin, and to repress them; to counteract the earliest workings of selfishness; to teach an implicit and unquestioning obedience to the will of the parent, as the best preparation for a future allegiance to the requirements of a civil magistrate, and to the laws of the great Ruler and Father in Heaven.

It is to punish a fault because it is a fault; because it is sinful and contrary to the commands of God, without reference to whether it may or not have been productive of immediate injury to the parent.

It is to reprove with calmness and composure, and not with angry irritation; in a few words, fitly chosen, and not with a torrent of abuse; to punish as often as you threaten, and threaten only when you intend and can remember to perform; to say what you mean, and infallibly to do as you say.

It is to govern your family as in the sight of Him, who gave you your authority; who will reward your strict fidelity with such blessings as he bestowed on Abraham, or punish your criminal neglect with such curses as he visited on Eli.

THE SWEARER REBUKED.

On a certain occasion, Gen. Washington invited a number of his fellow officers to dine with him. While at the table one of them uttered an oath. The General dropped his knife and fork in a moment, and in his deep undertone and characteristic dignity and deliberation, said, "*I thought we all supposed ourselves gentlemen.*" He then resumed his knife and fork, and went on as before. The remark struck like an electric shock, and as was intended, did execution, as his remarks in such cases, were very apt to do. No person swore at the table after that. And after dinner the officer referred to, remarked to his companion, that if the General had struck him over the head with his sword, he could have borne it; but the home thrust which he gave him was too much—it was too much for a gentleman.—And it is hoped that it will be too much for any one who pretends to be a gentleman.

Dr. Edwards.

[SELECTED.]

"IM GOING HOME!"

Such was the reply of a bright-eyed young girl to a chance acquaintance, as she was entering the cars. The thought seemed to light up the lovely face with the sunbeams of additional loveliness, as she uttered the words.

"I'm going home," to cheer my father amid the perplexities of business; to support my mother in the downhill journey of life; to rescue by loving advice, a brother from the devious paths of vice; to point to my young sister the bright path of virtue and usefulness, and to lead the way myself by my example. What a noble thought! What a glorious destiny!

"I'm going home!" What a delightful vision to contemplate! Within that hallowed circle there are joys which the world's frivolity cannot create—there are blessings to be found nowhere else this side the great home of Heaven! How bright the scene that rose to her imagination! Smiles, appearing the more lovely because the faces that beamed with them were furrowed with wrinkles—smiles, not the less touching for shining through the dewy moisture of the eye—welcome, that came from the treasure-house of the heart, new coined from the old, long tried gold of purified affection. Was not the anticipation worthy the gladness that fluttered around that dimpled mouth, and bathed itself in the pure crystal of those eyes?

"I'm going home!" Alas! all cannot utter it—that cheering thought. To some, home is but the furnace-house of trial and affliction; an escape from it even for a moment; the great oasis in the burning desert of life. "Going home" to such, is a return to prison, chains, torture, and a life-long death. Courage, brave heart! The furnace purifies while it tries; the torture strengthens while it racks; the prison has blessings amid its gloom. Duty stands graven in living characters on every dismal wall, on every shackle, on every instrument of torture. Work on, then, brave heart! The home may yet be made a paradise by your efforts.

"I'm going home!" There are some who can never utter the exclamation. There are those, young and tender, and beautiful too, to whom the world is unknown. There is no paradise to them of centred joys, where love can meet them with its bliss, or the sacred pleasures of the family fill their affections. Let such have the sympathy they need, all the assistance that the virtuous can give to support their steps and draw them away from vice.

"I'm going home!" It is sometimes the last words we hear from departing spirits. Earth, with all its family bliss, and all its rational joys, is not our home. The properly disciplined heart knows that earth is but a pilgrimage—a journey that must soon terminate. Such a heart rejoices that there is a permanent home, made happy by angel visits and the presence of the Infinite. It is, therefore, with a smile on his cheek, lovelier than that of the returning maiden, and with a heavenly brightness of eye far outshining hers, that he exclaims—"I'm going home!"

God intended all women to be beautiful as much as he did the morning glories and roses; and what he intended they should become, they would if they should obey his laws, and cut indolence and corset-strings, and indulge in freedom and fresh air. For a girl to expect to be handsome with the action of her lungs dependent on the expansive nature of a cent's worth of tape, is as absurd as to look for tulips in a snow bank, or a full grown oak in a flower-pot.

BENEVOLENT SENTIENT ADAPTATION TO THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE.

THE Creator, designing man to be the inhabitant of a material world, has consequently, endowed him with material organization, through the medium of which, he is placed in direct relation to things with which he is surrounded.

Although geologists have discovered fossil remains which demonstrate conclusively, that genera and species of animals have lived, and probably for many years, with organization well adapted to the topography of the country at the time in which they they lived, and which could not now find means of subsistence without essential change of nature; and though Buffon, Cuvier and others may have thought them very imperfect in their organization, nature, true to her purposes and obedient to her laws has not stopped to improve herself, but when the condition of the earth's surface has ceased to be suited to any order of animal life, life has ceased. And though the moral relation subsisting between the Creator and his creature Adam, may have been changed there is no evidence whatever that man's physical system has undergone the slightest alteration.

If there ever was a time when the earth's surface was unsuited to man, it was before he was placed upon it. After all things were created, save *woman*, capable of ministering to the happiness of man—after God had created the heavens and the earth—after he had said "let there be light and there was light"—after the waters had been gathered together and the dry land appeared—after the vegetable and lower orders of animal life had been spoken into existence—after he had made the sun and moon to rule the day and night, and had gemmed the firmament with stars, and decorated earth with flowers—when all things conspired to render an intellectual creature happy, then it was, that practiced creative power formed man, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, or as some have perhaps more properly translated it, the "air of lives." Then I imagine an impulse was given to organic animal and intellectual life, which has extended to every man, and the present generation may with as much propiety claim God as their creator as did our first parents.

LIFE *as connected with matter and motion.* Every department of the natural world may, with propriety, be said to consist of spirit and matter; to the former is attributed the power to produce, the latter to convey *force* or *motion*, the *laws* of which are essentially the laws of nature. There are also primary and secondary motions, the primary are those pertaining to life, chemistry, gravitation, and probably electricity, magnetism, heat, &c. The secondary are those derived from other moving bodies; each class of which is environed by peculiar laws.

But reason, and philosophize as we may, we can come to no other conclusion, than that vital force—motion, or (if you prefer it,) the spirit of animation—is an emenation from the Deity. It is an effect for which we can find no adequate cause in the peculiarity of organization.

We will suppose the Father of mankind to have been perfectly formed, each organ through the medium of the vascular and nervous systems, to have been harmoniously connected with every other; his elegant, graceful and symmetrical proportions preeminently display the master workmanship of the Creator. But notwithstanding the perfection of his conformation, he moves not, he breathes not, he lives not, until he is caused to inspire the "*air of lives.*" And with lungs before untaught he now inhales the balmy air, a portion of which entering with the incomplete properties of the blood previously diffused throughout the substance

of the lungs, renders it vital. Imbued with life, it is sent on a distributive mission, and commencing the line of march takes the four pulmonary vessels or veins, arrives at the left oricle, which is open to receive the welcome visitor. It has not been here long before a partial vacuum of the ventricle solicits it. The blood stimulates the heart, a powerful organ, which commences its propelling power, urging it on through a larger vein [the aorta] to the brain, the common nervous centre, and to every fiber of the system; and in a moment every sense, external and internal, is excited, and life is seen in its effects to pervade every tissue of the body.

That we may the more clearly present our views of vital energy, force, or motion, let us contemplate nature as it exists around us.

Let us observe the laws by which our present condition has been attained.

From the laws of animal life we learn that all parts of the body were once blood, and that after organization is commenced, blood continually supplies *nutrition*, or matter for growth, until th physical system is fully developed, after which the supply for a time only equals the waste of the system, and is therefore termed *re-production*. As age advances and consequent waste and debility ensues, the supply is necessary to keep up vital action. In every condition of organic and animal life nutritious matters, in union with oxygen, are diffused thoughout the system by innumerable capillary blood vessels or hair-like tubes.

It is worthy of notice that the vital, like chemical action, must be in immediate contact with the substance acted upon, and in this respect is unlike the power of gravitation or magnetism.

The absorption of oxygen and assimilation of nourishment seem to be the generally accredited sources of animal heat. Evidently the increased temperature of arterial blood is attributable to the increased proportion of oxygen. Liebig says, "food is the fuel; with a proper supply of oxygen we obtain the heat." Prof. Cooper and others were of opinion that the conversion of the fluids into solids give out heat. But at present we can only theorize with regard to many of these things. When facts and theories are exhausted, we may adopt the languane of Young and say,

"How august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make, such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!"

As we are organized, it affords us *pleasure* to gratify the cravings of the appetite.—Might we not have been so constituted that the richest viands would have been bitter to our taste? And, had the arrangement of the digestive aparatus, (or chylopoetic viscera) been left to chance, might not the sustenance of animal life been a source of continual pain? It has been wisely provided that through the absorbent and circulating mediums our bodies should be ever changing, as new matter is deposited other is taken off, so that they are entirely changed every ten or twelve years. We still however, retain our personal identity, and when we reflect upon the process of digestion, assimilation and absorption, and immortal mind associated with these changing bodies, it is not strange that we should ask

"What are we? whence produced and for what end?
Whence drew we being, and to what period tend?"

The proper answers to such questions are well calculated to improve us in knowledge and morals, and lead us to contemplate the wisdom, goodness and benevolence of God.

But benevolent design is also exhibited in the adaptation of the properties of atmosphere to the wants of our nature, and in that respiration is not left to the will of the creature as

In sleep, which is the intermediate state between the conscious existence of the body, intellectual faculties and death. Here is suspension of all stimuli which enter through the senses. The various organs of the mind cease to be impressed by surrounding objects. Voluntary motion is no longer observable, man is no longer a sentient creature; and, consequently, all manifestations of animal life (except respiration) have been suspended with that life; and had his existence been left to himself, all stimuli would have been withdrawn and death the inevitable result. As sentient creatures, "Each

ht we die. Each mourn are born anew." d the same power that infused animal ...e is necessary for its preservation. But the Divine Being gives us here another evidence that "his mercy and compassion are continually over all the works of his hand." The air which is so essential to animal life, in man's unconscious state is still breathed into his nostrils—is still expanding his lungs —is still changing, warming and vitaliz ng the blood, and the heart which commenced with respiration, is still propelling the vitalized fluid through the system at the rate of one hundred and five thousand beats every twenty-four hours. It rests not day or night, but year after year its motions keep, and until stimuli have become excessive or reduced too speedily will continue to perform its function.

Had the control of respiration and circulation been left to the creature, weary nature's first repose would have been perpetual. The flood-gates of life, with the first approach of sleep, would have been forever closed, and that which is now, by Divine appointment,

"Tired nature's sweet restorer,"

would have been nothing less than death.

In contemplating myself so wonderfully, made, the creature of such all wise supervision

" * * * I tremble at myself
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger.
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wandering at her own."

For ought we can tell, the relation which man through his complicated organizations, sustains to external objects, is as intimate as that which subsists between the body and mind, both act upon the organs. By an organ I mean nothing more than an instrument, or agent through which some function or faculty is developed. The violin, is not itself music, but an organ or instrument, and I imagine, mind may be as distinct from the bodily organization, as sound from the instrument. When, however, soun i is made through the medium of an organ, or instrument, its beauty and melody will be proportionate to the perfection and size of that organ, and so with regard to manifestations of mind through the brain.

It was benevolently designed that man should subsist by virtue of his mental and physical exertion, and hence his conformation, denotes superior strength and activity of body and mind; his surface, though soft and delicate, is destined to be his guardian through life. His sense of touch, presents to our minds one of the most beautiful, complicated, and benevolent arrangements of the Divine Being. How painful, and yet pleasing; how unequally distributed, and yet how wisely is this sense adapted to the protection of the body: whilst this system of nerves is sensible to the touch; light, sound, odour, &c., will produce no impression.—Nor is the nerve of hearing, taste or vision, sensible to any other than their peculiar stimuli, notwithstanding all center in the brain.

Casual observers are apt to conc ude from the fact that the skin is so sensitive, that the organs beneath are more so, which is not a fact; if it were, it would destroy that harmony which so abundantly characterizes the benevolence of the Creator, we would suffer continual pain from bodily pressure. By the exquisite sensibility of the surface, the vital organization is preserved; it is in th s way that pain, exerts a benevolent influence, and that which we esteem a curse, proves in reality, to be a blessing; after being once painfully afflicted, we avoid a similiar affliction which might destroy our vital organization.

Sensibility thus distributed, becomes natures safe guard, by carrying the impressions to the brain, where perception results. This sense, in connexion with that of sight, enables us, to some extent, to discerne between good and evil, that which is suited to the animal economy, and that which is not. Had chance been called to arrange the sense of touch that which is now so benevolently diffused through the external surface, might have been concentrated in the internal organs, and man continually groaning under his own weight, every motion attended with the most intense torture, and every impression producing bleeding, laceration and death.

[We pass over the relations which man, through the sense of smell and taste, sustains to external objects.]

THE EAR, which from the peculiarity of its structure, is so admirably adapted to the collection of sound, was for a long time

thought to be the faculty of hearing,—hence, originally said Shakespeare:

"He that hath no music in his ear,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils."

The ear is evidently only intended to collect and communicate impressions received from the atmosphere; these impressions are then, through this means, transmitted to the brain, where the character of sound, upon the atmosphere, is determined. Chance would probably have given man only one—and placed that in some other locality,—whereas the great designer gave him two, and located them in the head, which can be moved from side to side, thus furnishing the only means by which we can judge correctly, with regard to the emanation of sound.

THE EYE.—Were I called upon to explore the vast fields of nature, and out of her immense resources, to point out one object which would present the most evidences of design in the smallest compass. I would point to the eye and ask if its location and peculiar structure did not at once preclude the idea of chance; there would have been ten chances to one for its location in the body and three at least for its location in the side or back of the head. In its present location, we discover it was designed to oversee the hands and feet, and direct their motion. We see also benevolent design in the liberal protection afforded this delicate organ, besides being surrounded by bones, which are softly cushioned, that it may move with lacility; it is further protected by the brow and lid; the lid not only affords defence, but washes the eye with the secreted fluid, and like the rose closes to the darkness of night, but unfolds its beauties to the genial rays of the sun.

Observe, if you please, the insensible lens, the humors, and the relation they sustain to each other; observe too, the inverted impression made upon the expansion of the optic nerve, and then reflect that the city of Nashville might be impressed upon that nerve, and not occupy more than about the space of half a line, and ask yourself, is this the work of chance? Did chance order the insertion of the nerve in the side of the eye, not knowing that it would give the greatest possible scope to vision? Did chance construct a model which Herschel, with all his scientific research, telescopic genius and design, has so signally failed in imitating?—Could chance have thus, in the language of Billsborough,

"Had fine atoms of impinging light,
To ceaseless change, the visual sense excite,
And the bright lense collect the rays that swerve,
And bend their focus on the moving nerve."

The eye establishes the most intimate relation between man and the whole face of nature. It is through the medium of this external sense, that we are enabled to trace evidences of design; it heightens one's social intellectual and domestic enjoyments; it illumines our pathway through life, and shows at every step, some thing worthy of a God, and our highest admiration. And then consider the numberless and exquisite pleasures derivable only through this sense. If we confine our vision to earth, its surface teems with flowers of every variety; if we look up to heaven, an impress is made upon the nerve, which says to the enquiring mind, behold contrivance here.

The structure of the eye is indeed inimitable, its athor must be Divine; and how bounteously benevolent that Divine Author who so organized man, that in the language of Cowper,

"He looks abroad, into the varied field
Of Nature and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own."

All the evidences of design which I have alluded to, as well as hundreds of others which time would not permit me to call your attention to, go to establish, beyond the possibility of a dougbt, that by virtue of the most intimate union, we sustain during every moment of our existence, an inseparable relation to the DESIGNOR, and whether he be God, or some other Being, his attributes are the same, benevolent design, boundless compassion and infinite wisdom, meet us in the disclosures of every department of the universe.

MAN'S SUPERIORITY is exhibited in his mental organization; whilst other animals have only capacity to sustain life; he, in addition to this conservative principle, is continually grasping after and attempting to explain what was once considered the hidden mysteries of nature; and though for a

while they elude his grasp, he finally comprehends enough to know that they bespeak design, and that her recesses are not fathomable by a finite mind.

If, in the morning of life, our intellectual faculties were sufficiently developed, to observe the various relations we sustain, and reason with regard to them, as Milton, in his peculiarly sublime and beautiful strains, supposes Adam to have reasoned with the angel; we like him would be astonished at the evidences of design.

But as we are educated, by the time we are capable of reasoning, we scarcely think of even admiring that which we have been accustomed to seeing, or of tendering our gratitude to God, for blessings which we enjoy in common with other men; ordinarily, it must be a short-lived beauty or peculiar blessing, to be properly appreciated.

And if evidences of design are impressed upon the mind, at all, it is generally because some calamity has befallen a community, and they are then seen in terror. If, however, the evidences of the authenticity of the Bible, are as profuse as evidences of benevolent design in the economy of nature, rest assured that the mind of man is immortal, and that the change which our bodies shall undergo, will only be preparatory to perpetual existence.

And as there is no quality or property of organized matter, that can secrete a thought or idea, however crude, and as animal life is probably confined to our earth. How important is it that we improve the immortal mind, bring it into subjection to the will of its Divine Author, and thereby strengthen the relation which we now sustain to him.

The mind is so infinitely superior to organization, that it utterly precludes the thought that with the death of the body, it should die. Although it is true that with the death of the body we loose the positive and demonstrative proofs of its existence; we entertain not the faintest doubt of the design and *power of Him* who has so wisely and mysteriously united mind with matter; the operations of soul with organization to keep the soul alive until the body being changed, shall be caught up to meet it in its coming.

In the language of the venerated Dr Rush, "We are led to contemplate, with admiration, the curious structure of the human mind; how distinct are the number, and yet how united; how subordinate, and yet how co-equal are all its faculties; how wonderful is the action of the mind upon the body; of the body upon the mind; and of the Divine spirit upon both. What a mystery is the mind of man to itself. O! Nature—or to speak more properly—O! Thou God of Nature, in vain do we attempt to scan *thy* immensity, or to comprehend *thy* various modes of existence. When a single particle of light issued from *thyself* and kindled into intelligence in the bosom of man, thus dazzles and confounds our understanding." Ed.

It is too much the habit with the thoughtless, to regard the non-fulfillment of small engagements as of no importance whatever. They will agree to meet this friend or that, at a certain time or place, and then will treat the whole matter with indifference or contempt, utterly regardless of the indirect insult conveyed in such trifling, as well as the waste of moments, of hours, which to another may be precious. Indeed, individuals who are prompt and punctual in little things, are seldom remiss in great. If they are attentive to the ordinary courtesies of life and society, they will, in the majority of cases, be found truthful, manly, high-minded, and honorable.

There is, indeed, great virtue in reliability. It adorns, dignifies, and elevates the character. A reliable man is always a good citizen, an agreeable companion, a prudent counsellor and a trustworthy friend. He is a man of conscience and of principle, and deeds are thus influenced and controlled by considerations of the highest and purest descriptions. He may be depended upon as well in the hour of misfortune as the day of prosperity. His advice will be received with respect and confidence, his professions will always be characterized by sincerity and veracity.—*Phil. Inq.*

Mr. Stephen Geary, an eminent temperance man, of London, has recently died of cholera in that city.

For the Parlor Visitor.

MODERN DANCING.—NO. I.

BY REV. C. C. BITTING.

"A time to dance."—Ecclesiastes iii. 4.

"I see no harm in it," says many a professed christian who has not appropriated one single half hour in a patient and impartial examination of the character and influence of modern dancing. Permit me to ask from such, a careful perusal of our articles and positions. With a mind free from the prejudices of worldly tastes, investigate the arguments advanced and let a dispassionate examination control your decision.

There was a time when Christians were said to be "a peculiar people"—and it was said with truth. Their creed, their hopes, their zeal, their lives, and their God were all peculiar—distinctly defined and in striking contrast with the maxims and practices of the world. They seemed to breathe the atmosphere of another life, to be governed by the laws of another world, and to live for other objects than those of time. They *were* peculiar, but *are they so now?*

Professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ may be seen engaged in all the pleasures and speculations of the world. They bow as reverently at the shrine of Mammon, drink as deeply and as cheerfully of the chalice of pleasure and "roll under their tongues" the sweets of popular enjoyments with as much zest as the avowed devotee of the world. They are found, late and early, counting their gains and planning new ventures. They are met in the theatre, at the card tables, or amid the noisy broils of every-day life. In the ball-room they may sometimes be heard calling the figures of the dance, or seen whirling with voluptuaries over the sanded floor. The partition wall between religion and sin seems to have been displaced and, in this age of fashionable religion, the peculiarities of pure, primitive christianity have almost disappeared. The introduction and encouragement, among christians, of modern dancing is not the least of these innovations.

Morally and religiously estimated everything is either right or wrong. Nothing can be indifferent or both at the same time. Modern dancing is either right or it is wrong. It is the duty of every one to determine definitely its character, to reject it or to adopt it, and to be ready to account to God with our reasons. We must live for the judgment and think with reference to the bar of God. "Life is earnest" and our acts are not unimportant.

We shall advance nothing which is not firmly and sincerely believed, nothing in bitterness, nothing personally directed and nothing which is unworthy the candid and earnest investigation of rational creatures. Your interest is solicited to this theme as one peculiarly needed and one affecting the interests of thousands. If you are not prepared to assent to the positions assumed, be prepared to refute them satisfactorily to yourself and your God.

MODERN DANCING IS UNSCRIPTURAL.—It is neither commanded, countenanced or permitted in the word of God, but, on the contrary, wherever promiscuous dancing is mentioned, it is in terms of censure and such, too, as leave no room to doubt its condemnation. This, to many will doubtless seem an unusual announcement, but hear the evidence before you decide. There are, in our translation, some twenty-two passages where dancing is mentioned. In two of these it is used prophetically of Babylon and of the return of the Jews from Babylonish captivity—(Isa. 13: 21.) "Satyrs shall dance

there." "Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance"—(Jer. 31: 13.) There are three passages where dancing is employed in contrast with grief. "Our dance is turned into mourning." Sam. 5: 15. "Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing." Ps. 30: 11. "A time to mourn, and a time to dance." Eccl. 3: 4. This later passage is neither precept, nor permission, and there is nothing in either of these passages which could possibly be employed as argument in either way. They are simple statements without either obligation or permission attached.

There are sixteen passages in which the word occurs in narrations. The only ones which could, by any possibility, be assumed as precepts or examples, are the following: "And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances." Ex. 15: 20. "The women came out of all the cities of Israel, signing and dancing, to meet king Saul." 1 Sam. 18: 6. Jephthah's daughter, "came out to meet him with timbrels and dances." Judg. 11: 34. "And David danced before the Lord with all his might." 2 Sam. 6: 14. "But when Herod's birth-day was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them and pleased Herod." Mat. 14: 16–Mark 6: 22. "Their children dance." Job 21: 11.

There are two passages containing a command to dance—"Let them praise His name in the dance." Ps. 149: 3. "Praise Him with the timbrel and dance." Ps. 150: 4. These, which have been quoted are the only passages where dancing is mentioned in a way that it could possibly be assumed as groundwork for arguments in favor of modern dancing.

They are worthy a careful examination,

Are not the passages quoted from the Psalmist suffieient to justify modern dancing? Is it not, indeed, expressly commanded? There is the best authority for questioning the rendering. The Hebrew word here rendered "dance" is translated by others "a pipe," an instrument of music and not an act—a dance. The Psalmist is enumerating instruments and the irregularity of the association may readily be perceived by the general reader by a perusal of the context. But, to give the full force of the passages as they stand, we will admit that it is a positive command, and see the teachings of the passages quoted.

They teach—1. *That only one of the sexes danced at the same time.* "And *Miriam and all the women* went out" etc "*The women* come singing and dancing to meet king Saul.' "And *David* danced before the Lord."—When the Benjaminites stole their wives, as the Romans did the Sabine women, "*the daughters* of Shiloh came out to dance in the vineyards. Judg. 21: 21. "The daughter of Herodias danced before Herod."

(2.) *Dancing was a religious act as well in Pagan as in true worship.* When Aaron made the golden calf and the people bowed to it after they had forsaken the true God, as soon as Moses "come nigh to the camp, he saw the calf and the dancing." Miriam, when she "went out to dance" said "*sing ye to the Lord*" "David danced *before the Lord*." In the passages quoted from the Psalms dancing is specifically and unequivocally enjoined as an act of worship.—"Praise the Lord with the trimbrel and the dance" etc. Even where the calf which Aaron made was the object of adoration dancing was a devotional act.

(3.) *Those were deemed infamous who perverted dancing to purposes of amusement.*—Michal, Saul's daughter, speaks of such as "vain fellows," and "shameless." 2 Sam. 6: 20. These "she despised in all her heart." Oh, that there were more Michals! The second case is that given by Job in speaking of the wicked. He says, "Their children dance," and "they say unto God, depart from us, for we desire not a knowledge of thy ways." The third case is that scene of impiety which commenced with the dancing of Herodias' daughter, and ended with the murder of the Baptist. These are the only instances we find where the dance as a social amusement is referred to. Even here no case is given where the two sexes joined. Do these accounts furnish encouragement to modern dancing? In the first case they were Godless and wicked; in the next, "vain" and "shamele s," and in the last, the result was a malicious, heartless, villainous murder of a servant of God. If these are sufficient as precept or example, then dancing as a social amusement is commended in the sacred Scriptures.

From these we infer, then, that dancing, as a promiscuous practice, was not found, but that it was participated in by the sexes separately—that it was a religious exercise, and as such a part of worship—that as a social amusement, it was regarded as an impious perversion, and either an indication of Godlessness or the precursor of crime, and that the propriety or countenance of it is left no more doubtful than was the drunkenness of Noah, the theft of Achan, or the immolation of children to the fiery Moloch.

Monthly Reviews and Notices.

BOOK NOTICES.

FAMILY PRAYERS,

For each morning and evening in the year, with references to appropriate Scripture readings. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D. D. Vol. II, pp. 864.—*Lindsay & Blakiston, Publishers.*

We are informed in the preface to these volumes, that the structure and arrangement of the prayers here presented to the public, have occupied the spare hours of the author's busy life for four years, and that one excellence consists in their simple Saxon phraseology. With reference to one, or the other of these facts, we have now no word of comment. In regard, however, to the general object and character of this, and such like works, we speak in earnest, when we say, while no one would more earnestly than we, deprecate the merging of the life, freedom and spirit of religion, into mere formalism, we cannot see or feel, that there is any impropriety whatever; but, on the contrary, the greatest propriety, in teaching men to pray—and however this may be done, whether through books or otherwise, is with us wholly immaterial.

If we ask, and receive not, because we ask amiss, can there be any impropriety in being so taught as to frame our petitions acceptably to the author of our being? or can there be propriety in reading a volume of sermons? and impropriety in *reading* a book of prayers? Prayers, like sermons, to be acceptable, to be available, must be in strict accordance with revelation, and thither, in preference to all other sources, will christian men and women go. We wish, in the preparation of these volumes, the author had more universally observed and carefully followed the Bible pattern, which he seems occasionally to have lost sight of, for example: "*At the a ptism of a child*"—a thing, by the way, never mentioned in the Bible—our author has this petition, "Give our babe that baptism which man cannot give, or withhold even the baptism and renewing of Thy Holy Spirit." The Bible no where reveals such an ordinance, in connexion with such a subject, and consequently no such renewal is promised in connexion with the subject and rite under consideration, and how weak must be the faith prompting the petition without the promise!

Again: "Regenerate the heart, and renew the nature of the babe thou hast given us, whom we offer unto thee, to be made thine by adopting love, and like thee by thy renewing spirit." Where, in the volume making known God's will to men, is the precept? the authoritative rule? or where an example authorizing the expectation or prayer that God will regenerate the heart, renew the nature, and adopt the babe, any more in what our author denominates baptism, than in healthy sleep? We respectfully—and not to provoke controversy—ask these questions; for, though a Bible reader, we know of no such Bible authority, and the author, though habitually giving scriptural readings, illustrative of the importance of special prayer on special occasions, intentionally or otherwise, has omitted them here. Why? Are there none? if not, why perpetuate the practice? Christians are only required to observe what is *commanded*. We have now referred to what we regard objectionable, and the most unfortunate feature of these volumes. There are points, and we rejoice to know that those points are numerous and important, in which, with our distinguished author, we fully agree; and long as we live, we will do as we have ever done, recognize truth wherever found; and this, it seems to us, must be the mind of all Christians before they shall be one in Christ. For sale by F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*

THE BATTLE OF FREEDOM,

Including seven letters on religious liberty, addressed to Bishop Spalding. By S. H. FORD.—Prinied by *J. F. Brennan, Louisville, Ky.*

This is a work of much merit, condensing and bringing forth arguments and facts, new and old, in favor of religious liberty, and against the usurpations of Popery.

Christianity, as adapted to man's spiritual wants, is here beautifully portrayed; it comes to our race in the language of the author, "replete with blessings, boundless and eternal—with all that could elevate and adorn a fallen humanity; shedding the light of truth on man's ruin and redemption; unfolding the future and perfection of his being; and flinging an ever brightening radiance over the grandeur of his destiny."—How lovely! how trancendently beautiful, the picture of a pure christianity standing out with its soul-freeing and redeeming perfections, when seen in contrast with the no less truthful, but slavish, degrading and servile picture of Romanism!!

About one-third of this volume is occupied with an introductory on Patriotism, and the struggle of freedom and christianity in Judea, Greece, the Roman Empire, Europe, etc. For the remaining portion it would be hard to tell to whom we are most indebted, Bishop Spalding or Bishop Ford! The facts seem to be about these, Bishop S. delivered a series of lectures on Sabbath evenings in the Cathedral in Louisville, to which the citizens, Protestant and Catholic, listened. Our Brother Ford dissenting from the views taken by the Catholic Bishop, and believing that the Catholic laity could not be brought to listen to a refutation of those views, published a letter, in which to bring all parties together; he argued the propriety of a public discussion, "on the platform or otherwise, in the course of which the subjects on which the Bishop had lectured, and especially his views as regards the power of the Pope, should be investigated." The Bishop was, however, opposed to discussion of the subjects at issue through the secular press, and "more opposed to harranguing before promiscuous crowds." Ford was therefore left to the selection of his own means of meeting the Bishop's points, and wisely, we think, addressed him the present series of letters, through one of the secular papers of the city. These letters, by the persuasion of friends, were afterwards brought together, and compose by no means the least interesting portion of the volume before us. As a whole, we heartily commend the volume to those who seek an honest, free, frank and fearless exposition of Romanism. Address, S. H. FORD, *Louisville, Ky.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES, OR THE "PRESENT, PAST AND FUTURE.

By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D. D., F. R. S. E., author of Lectures on the Apocalypse, Miracles, Daniel, Parables, etc. Pp. 288. Published by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

The author of the Signs of the Times is one of the ablest writers of the age, and has here well sustained his reputation. The work will be read with avidity, not only by clergymen, but with pleasure and improvement by the more ordinary students of Prophecy. The re-building of the Temple, the return of the Jews to Jerusalem, and the Pre-millennial advent of the Saviour, are events which our author regards as near at hand; and consequently he thinks men's souls should be awakened to an appreciation of their responsibilities, and deeply solemnized by a sense of the crisis in which we live.

We cannot better furnish an idea of the intense interest of the volume, than by reference to its table of contents.

I. The Signs of the Times. II. The Moslem and his end. III. The Christian and his hope. IV. The Jew—his Ruin and Restoration. V. Noah—his age and ours. VI. Signs, Celestial and Terrestrial. VII. The Desire of all Nations. VIII. The Final Destiny. IX. It is done. X. The Lord Reigneth.

For sale by F. HAGAN & Co., *Market street, Nashville.*

ADDRESS,

To the Graduating Class of the Memphis Medical College. By C. T. QUINTARD, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Pathology.

This beautiful address merits a more extended notice than space will here permit. We will call it up in our next.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Published for the Methodist Episcopal Church South. By E. STEPHENSON & F. A. OWEN, *Nashville, Tenn.*

Here is one of the most elegantly printed and embellished monthly periodicals of this or any country. It contains forty-eight super royal octavo pages, printed in superior style and devoted to Religion and Literature; and last, but with us, by no means least of all, it is edited with ability by one whose praises are not confined to his own brotherhood.

The Book Committee have been fortunate in the selection of L. D. Huston as the editor for this important department of their publications.

SOUTHERN FOUNTAIN,

Is the title of a new and beautiful Temperance paper, edited and published in this city by ALEX. R. WIGGS.

The editor—probably in view of the brief existence and limited circulation of other like papers—proposes only to continue this publication, during the forthcoming canvass. But shall this be so? Shall the then vantage ground be lost? Temperance men have been asleep, or else when "John" was "down," taking him for dead, and in sympathy for his frosty locks, forbore to "put clods upon his head," and upon the return of reckless politicians,

> "John Barleycorn got up again,
> And sore surprised them all."

Will good and sober men endure surprise and mortification again? or will they, regardless of Democracy, and Whiggery, and "Sam," too, vote once with *peculiar* reference to sobriety and good morals? And, do not the moral interests of the South require, not only a FOUNTAIN, but that rivers of temperance, should in placid grandeur flow on perpetually through this great valley?

A second deluge would scarce wash out the blood stains that cry to Heaven for vengeance, upon offending heads and hands. If temperance men, will but temperately work, for the temperance cause—patrons, like doves to their windows, will flock to the "Fountain;" and, its crystal streams, not wholly unlike the leaves of the tree of life, will be found for the healing of the people. Next in importance to the duties and labors incident to a profession of christianity, may temperance advocates in honesty of soul, exclaim, "establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

THE MONTHLY JUBILEE:

Published in Philadelphia, by an association of the Daughters and Sons of Toil.

Several numbers of the above-mentioned monthly have been sent to the Parlor Visitor. Regarding the filthy *thing* utterly unworthy respectful notice, and a reproach to Philadelphians and other decent people, we consign it to the flames.

BAPTIST WATCHMAN.

We have before us the first number of the Baptist Watchman, edited by M. HILLSMAN, and published by HELM & SMALL, *Knoxville, Tenn.*, at $2 a year.

The Tennessee Baptist Association is fortunate in having procured the services of Elder M. Hillsman as editor of their organ. He is favorably known, and in this, the initiative number, writes, as we believe he will in future, not so much *for* grandeur, for *Bunckum*, or Matt. Hillsman, as for eternity and for God. Hear him: "It will be our business to write more for eternity than for time; to make impressions upon the public mind in things affecting the heart and the conscience; and to instruct in those duties, for a proper discharge of which there must be an account given at the tribunal of Jehovah. We cannot feel, therefore, that our position is an unimportant one, or that it should be held without a due reliance on the guidance of the Holy Spirit. 'In the name of God,' then, 'we set up our banner,' and trusting in Him for light to guide and strength to perform, we shall strive to do our duty."

Address Baptist Watchman, Knoxville, Tennessee.

AN attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could."

"Ah," replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

The Parlor Visitor.

VOL. 3. NASHVILLE, JUNE, 1855. NO. 6.

EDITORIAL ITEMS, ETC.

☞ We have been somewhat surprised to learn that the VISITOR, unobtrusive, peaceful little thing as it is, has enemies—open, covert and malicious—seeking too to put it down. If, however, it be as thousands have said, "just the thing for the times;" if it be, as we have been led to suppose from numerous private communications and otherwise, "admirably adapted to its mission;" if these things be so, then indeed these covert insinuations will not avail their authors much. Would that all men were manly; or with Burns could truly say:

"Wad some power, the giftie gie us,
To see our'sels as others see us,
T'would frae many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

☞ WITH THE PRESENT NUMBER TERMINATES THE SUBSCRIPTION OF ALL THOSE WHO COMMENCED WITH THE SECOND VOLUME, (i. e.,) WHOSE SUBSCRIPTIONS *date from July*, 1854. And now friends what will you do? It is absolutely necessary that we adhere to our pre-established rule—send the paper to *those only* who send the money in advance. We know of no cheaper periodical any where; and none designed to accomplish greater good; and shall we have to erase the name of any present subscriber! especially the name of any Baptist lady? Will the young ladies become the guardians of the present list, and see to it that for the loss of every old, we shall receive a dozen new, subscribers?

How many Pastors—who themselves have not the leisure—will do as Brother Dulin did, suggest to the young Sisters, that they may do good by extending the circulation of the Visitor?

PARLOR VISITOR.—This admirable work comes like a beautiful April morning to cheer the heart and nerve the arm. Its editor is doing for the Southwest a great work in cultivating the beautiful. The contributors to this work evidence rare talents, while the editor, by his beautiful style, makes the Visitor welcome to a vast number.—*Gospel Banner.*

☞ We attended the *Southern Baptist Biennial Convention* which met in Montgomery, Alabama, a few days since. We have no space here to present even a brief outline of what was said and done; may do so in our next, attending at the same time to some things we liked, and some we didn't.

☞ Those desiring, can still have the back numbers to the first of January, and as there are but two periods within the year from which we date subscriptions—*January* and *July*—subscribers will please state at what time they will have theirs begin. As probably no class of persons sooner, and more sensibly feel a pecuniary pressure than proprietors of periodicals, we will be excused for asking our friends, *one* and *all*, *new* and *old subscribers*, to do for us in the way of extending our subscription list whatever their convenience will permit.

☞ We stop all papers when the time for which subscribers have paid expires. If any are stopped prior to the expiration of the time, it is from misapprehension on our part, and the error will always cheerfully be corrected upon information of the fact.

THE PARLOR VISITOR—a pet at our house—for March, has been received. It will improve the mind and heart of any lady to read it regularly one year. Nashville: $1.—*Bienville Times.*

PARLOR VISITOR: W. P. JONES, Editor.—One dollar per annum. Nashville, Tenn.

The monthly visits of this periodical are highly prized. They ought to cheer and gladden thousands more of the family circles of the South-west.—*Repository and Review.*

MANY flowers unfold their petals to the sun, but only one follows it constantly. My heart! be thou the sun-flower—not only [illegible] to thy God but obedient to his influences.