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For the Parlor Visitor.

MODERN DANCING.—NO. 3.

BY REV. C. C. BITTING.

Be not ye therefore partakers with them? Ephesians 5: 7.

HAVING discussed the propositions that dancing is unscriptural; that it is opposed to the spirit of the Bible, and that it is an extravagant and criminal expenditure of time, our next position is that *modern dancing promotes undue and dangerous promiscuous familiarity*. Have you ever stood in a ball-room and observed the indifference with which the most antagonistic characters fraternize in the dance? The unsophisticated novice and the practiced libertine are found in the most familiar intercourse. The wretched reprobate, heated with fiery position; the gluttoned gambler, flush with the wicked gains of the gaming table; the obscene and debauched, bloated and satiated with vice, come to caress, in the most "graceful" manner of fashionable dances, the pure, the innocent, and the unsuspecting—the daughters you love so well submitting to the caresses and fashionable embraces of one, whose character both she and yourself know so well, that in your daily walk you would cross the street to escape his greeting, and whose influence you dread too much to invite him to your fireside. The villain and the victim dallying together and the act stamped and passed off as pure coin, good breeding by polite society. This may be unpalatable to the votary of the dance, but it is sober, stubborn truth, and there is no

habitual dancer who does not know it to be such. "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." It is no palliation to say that not all who dance are such. This will be most cordially admitted. But we still insist that the practice permits and countenances such acts, and that society does not condemn it. Such familiarity is imprudent, disgusting and dangerous. We should remember that stanza of the poet who well knew that of which he wrote:

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That, to be hated, need but to be seen.
But seen too oft—familiar with its face—
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

This familiarity may be seen in every modern ball-room, and often in the greater privacy of the social dance. The most objectionable characters mingle as freely and dance as gaily as the most reputable and pure. The serpent is caressed, fondled, until its fangs infuse the fatal poison. Happy indeed is that person who does not know of such a case, and that family unscathed by such influences. However unwelcome may be the facts, we appeal to all candid dancers to know if this is not truth.

But, *Modern dancing is vicious in its tendency*. It is evil *per se*. A full development of character is found only where there are no restraints. Fettered by forms of au-

thority, man may be made to appear almost anything, but left free and untrammelled, he exhibits his innate nature. The rogue is externally an honest man in the dungeon, but loosed, liberated, his villainy is apparent. So with dancing. The dance is developed where the conventionalities of society, or the influence of christianity, are not present to circumscribe or awe. Where it is unrestrained, there is seen its natural characteristics. Where is this? Where there is neither society nor religion, and where the dance is *always* found, and in the company of the worst of vices. "It is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret." Eyes dare not see, nor ears hear, nor lips tell of the iniquities and crimes of these hells on earth. Their very names startle and offend the refined ear, and bring blushes to the cheek.—Mortifying, as it must be, we are compelled to contend that this is the tendency, and these the associates of dancing, when unrestrained by etiquette or morals. These are its cheery companions. This the level it seeks, and it could not be a more degrading one.

It is no plea that "refined" dancing is not linked with such glaring crimes. This is not intimated. This, however, we urge that if modern promiscuous dancing were divested of all restraining influences this is its tendency and these its companions. The polite tipler is not the degraded sot, but the poor bloated and confirmed drunkard is the developed moderate drinker and fashionable wine bibber—the perfected, mellowed fruit of the tinted blossom. Can that, then, be innocent which seeks such alliances? Is it beneficial, or are not rather its influences, even under the most favorable circumstances dangerous and depraving? Is there not a terrible risk—a fearful danger—that this current of influence may carry you back to the dark, deep, deadening ocean of crime?

Dancing is destructive to religion. How many hundreds have drowned their convictions of sin in the pleasures of the dance? The awakened sinner does not seek it save as a most powerful means of smothering conscience. He readily discovers where the antidote is found and hastens to use it. This instinct of the awakened sinner is enough to de-

termine its enmity to holiness and its antagonism to religion. Who ever knew of the dance rendering one more intellectual or more spiritual? There certainly can be nothing in the motion of feet, the gyrations and contortions of the human body, the whirlings and windings of disgustingly familiarized forms, the scrapings of strings, the fraternizing of indelicately clad-bodies, and the improper commingling of the vicious with the virtuous, which is adapted to promote mental or spiritual improvement. No candid, rational man will contend that there is.

But how many lost souls have gone from the ball-room into eternity? The instances of these occurrences are alarmingly frequent, and seem to indicate the judgment of a righteous God. Death visits the ball-room, and he may call there next for some one who reads these lines. Is it a fitting place whence you may step into eternity?

But who most commonly frequent and patronize the dance? Is it the warm-hearted christian, the regular and consistent follower of Jesus Christ, the zealous, humble and consecrated minister of the Gospel, or the man or woman, who lives most for heaven and least for earth? Is it the sincere inquirer or the earnest saint? Wherever professors of religion are seen mingling in this amusement, they rapidly become worldly and cold, they neglect the sanctuary, desert the altar of prayer, and prefer the world to Christ.

We have endeavored to establish these propositions—that modern dancing is inimical to the letter of the sacred Scriptures—that it is contrary to the spirit of the Bible—that it is an extravagant and criminal expenditure of time—that it promotes undue and dangerous promiscuous familiarity—that it is vicious in its tendency, and that it is destructive to religion. Are not these sufficient, and do not your own convictions assent to their truth? Will you not obey right, avoid danger and evil, and discountenance in others what you believe to be wrong?

People become ill by drinking healths. He who drinks the health of everybody, drinks away his own!

GOVERNING CHILDREN.

"I'll not live in this way!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyon, passionately: "Such disorder, wrangling and irregularity robs me of all peace; and makes the house a bedlam, instead of a quiet home. Tom!" she spoke sharply to a bright eyed little fellow, who was pounding away with a wooden hammer on a chair, and making a most intolerable din;—"stop that noise this instant! And you, Em, not a word from your lips.—If you can't live in peace with your sister, I'll separate you. D'ye hear? Hush, this instant!"

"Then make Jule give my pin-cushion. She's got it in her pocket."

"It's no such thing; I havn't," retorted Julia.

"You have, I say."

"I tell you I havn't!"

"Will you hush!" The face of Mrs. Lyon was fiery red; and she stamped upon the floor as she spoke.

"I want my pin-cushion. Make Jule give me my pin-cushion."

Irritated beyond control, Mrs. Lyon caught Julia by the arm, and thrusting her hand into her pocket, drew out a thimble, a piece of lace, and a pen knife.

"I told you that it wasn't there! Couldn't you believe me?"

This impertinence was more than the mother could endure; and, acting from her indignant impulses, she boxed the ears of Julia soundly; conscious, at the same time, that Emily was chiefly to blame for all this trouble, by a wrong accusation of her sister she turned upon her, also, administering an equal punishment. Frightened by all this, the younger children, whose incessant noise had, for the last hour contributed to the overthrow of their mother's temper, became suddenly quiet, and skulked away into corners—and the baby, which was seated on the floor, between two pillows,

curved her quivering lips, and glanced fearfully up at the distorted face in which she had been used to see the love-light that made her heaven.

A deep quiet followed this burst of passion, like the hush which succeeds the storm. Alas, for the evil traces that were left behind! Alas for the repulsive image of that mother, daguerreotyped in an instant on the memory of her children, never to be effaced. How many, many times, in after years, will a sigh heave their bosoms, as that painful reflection looks out upon them from amid the dearer remembrances of childhood.

A woman of good impulse, but with scarcely any self-control, was Mrs. Lyon. She loved her children, and desired their good. That they showed so little forbearance, one with the other, manifested so little fraternal affection grieved her deeply.

"My whole life is rendered unhappy by it!" she would often say. "What is to be done! It is dreadful to think of a family growing up in discord and disunion. Sister at variance with sister, and brother lifting his hand against brother."

As was usual, after an ebullition of passion, Mrs. Lyon, deeply depressed in spirits, as well as discouraged, retired from her family to grieve and weep. Lifting the frightened baby from the floor, she drew its head tenderly against her bosom; and, leaving the nursery, sought the quiet of her own room. There in repentance and humiliation, she recalled the stormy scene through which she had just passed, and blamed herself for yielding blindly to passion, instead of meeting the trouble among her children with a quiet discrimination.

To weeping, calmness succeeded. Still she was perplexed in mind, as well as grieved at her own want of self-control.

What was to be done with her children?—How were they to be governed aright?—Painfully did she feel her own unfitness for the task. By this time the baby was asleep, and the mother felt something of that tranquil peace that every true mother knows when a young baby is slumbering on her bosom. A book lay on a shelf, near where she was sitting, and Mrs. Lyon scarcely conscious of the act, reached out her hand for the volume. She opened, without feeling any interest in its contents; but she had only read a few sentences, when this remark arrested her attention.

"All right government of children begins with self government."

The words seemed written for her; and the truth expressed was elevated instantly into perception. She saw it in the clearest light, and closed the book and bowed her head in sad acknowledgment of her own errors. Thus for some time, she had been sitting, when the murmur of voices from below grew more and more distinct, and she was soon aroused to the painful fact, that, as usual, when left alone, the children were quarreling among themselves. Various noises, as of pounding on and throwing about chairs, and of other pieces of furniture, were heard; and, at length, a loud scream mingled with angry vociferations, smote upon her ears.

Indignation swelled instantly to the heart of Mrs. Lyon, and hurriedly placing the sleeping babe in its crib, she started for the scene of disorder, moved by an impulse to punish severely the young rebels against authority, and was half way down the stairs when her feet were checked by a remembrance of the sentiment—"All right government."

"Will anger subdue anger? When storm meets storm is the tempest stilled?" These were the questions she asked of herself, almost involuntarily. "This is no spirit in which to meet my children. It never has, never will enforce order and obedience," she added as she stood upon the stairs, struggling with herself, and striving for the victory. From the nursery came louder sounds of disorder.—

How weak the mother felt! Yet in this very weakness was strength.

"I must not stand idle here," she said, as a sharper cry of anger smote her ears, and so she moved on quickly, and opening the nursery-door, stood revealed to the children. Julia had just raised her hand to strike Emily, who stood confronting her with a fiery face. Both were a little startled at their mother's sudden appearance; and both, expected the storm that usually came at such times, began to assume the defiant, stubborn air with which her intemperate reproofs were always met.

A few moments did Mrs. Lyon stand looking at her children—grief, not anger, upon her countenance. How still all became. What a look of wonder came gradually into the children's faces as they glanced one at the other. Something of shame was next visible. And now, the mother was conscious of a new power over the young rebels of her household.

"Emily," said she, speaking mildly, and with a touch of sorrow in her voice that she could not subdue, "I wish you would go up in my room and sit with Mary while she sleeps."

Without a sign of opposition, or even of reluctance, Emily went quietly from the nursery, in obedience to her mother's desire.

"This room is very much in disorder Julia."

Many times had Mrs. Lyon said, under like circumstances, "Why don't you put things to rights?" or, "I never saw such girls! If all was topsy-turvy, and the floor an inch thick with dirt, you'd never turn over a hand to put things in order;" or, "go and get the broom, this minute, and sweep up the room. You're the laziest girl that ever lived." Many, many times as we have said, had such language been addressed by Mrs. Lyon, under like circumstances, to Julia and her sisters without producing anything better than a grumbling, partial execution of her wishes.—But now, the mild intimation that the room was in disorder, produced all the effect desired. Julia went quickly about the work of restoring things to their right places,

and in a little while order was apparent where confusion reigned before. Little Tommy, whose love of hammering was an incessant annoyance to his mother, had ceased his din on her sudden appearance, and, for a few moments, stood in expectation of a boxed ear; for a time he was puzzled to understand the new aspect of affairs. Finding that he was not under the ban, as usual, he commenced slapping a stick over the top of an old table, making a most ear-piercing noise. Instantly, Julia said, in a low voice to him—

"Don't Tommy, don't do that. You know it makes mother's head ache."

"Does it make your head ache, mother?" asked the child, curiously, and with a pitying tone in his voice, as he came creeping up to his mother's side, and looking at her as if in doubt whether he would be repulsed or not.

"Sometimes it does, my son," replied Mrs. Lyon, kindly; "and it is always unpleasant. Won't you try and play without making so much noise?"

"Yes, mother, I'll try," answered the little fellow cheerfully. "But I'll forget sometimes."

He looked earnestly at his mother as if something more was in his thoughts.

"Well, dear, what else?" said she encouragingly.

"When I forget you'll tell me; won't you mother?"

"Yes, love."

"And then I'll stop. But don't scold me, mother, for then I can't stop."

Mrs. Lyon's heart was touched. She caught her breath, and bent her face down to conceal its expression, until it rested on the silken hair of the child.

"Be a good boy, Tommy, and I will never scold you any more," she murmured gently in his ear.

His arms stole upward, and as they were twined closely about her neck, he pressed his lips tightly against her cheek—thus sealing his part of the contract by a kiss.

How sweet to the mother's taste were these first fruits of self-control. By the effort to govern herself, what a power she had acquired. In stilling the noise of

passion in her own bosom she had poured the oil of peace over the storm-fretted hearts of her children.

Only first fruits were these. In all her after days did the mother strive with herself ere she entered into a contest with the inherited evils of her children; and just so far was she able to overcome evil in them. Often, very often, did she fall back into the old states; and often, very often, was self-resistance only a light effort; but the feeble influence for the good that flowed from her words or actions, whenever this was so, warned her of error, and prompted a more vigorous self-control. Need it be said that she had an abundant reward!

Most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed, in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many, indeed, alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty; but they, commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

A German pamphlet on the Eastern War recounts the following: A young Zouave, who had joined as a volunteer, had excited by his wonderful gymnastic performances the astonishment of some English officers. One of them asked him why, gifted with such a marvelous agility, he had volunteered as a private soldier, when he might have earned twenty times as much in a circus! The Zouave cast upon the officer a look of ineffable contempt, and then, with a glance of wounded pride, said: "Because I expect sir, to die a French General, and not a circus director: for the French soldier honor is more than money." So saying, he plunged his hands into his capacious pantaloons, and strode away. Nothing could again induce him to display his agility before English officers.

For the Parlor Visitor.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

"A GIFT for the Christmas!" there now—as I kiss you
(So softly—so slyly—don't tell it my dear,)
From the depths of a warm-beating heart, love, I
wish you

A blithe, merry Christmas, and happy New Year.
I would I could bring you some glittering token,
A talisman bright of our future to be,
Which by its soft magic, with words all unspoken
Might whisper, "I love thee—I love only thee!"

I would I could bring to attest my devotion,
An offering worthy the idol, and shrine,
Pure pearls that lie hid in the fathomless ocean,
And jewels that glow in the depths of the mine.
But away with such visions—too fleeting—too airy,
Could I make them *real* I would I am sure,
And then like some good and beneficent fairy,
Give gold to the noble, and gems to the pure.

I can give you no gold, but I'll be your "sweet Blossom,"

Through each changing season, still blooming the
while;

Each night I will seek my warm home in your bosom
And every new morning I'll give you a smile.

Then take love "the will for the deed"—it will save
me—

Yet lest I seem failing to add to your joy,
Just only remember the time when I gave thee,
One sunny May morning—a bright baby boy!

His eye is a gleam of the azure-arched Heaven,
And the light of the soul breaking momentarily thro',
Recalls to my mind how the first stars of even
Flash out from the depths of the beautiful blue.
When rises the morning, how bright is his waking!
When sinks the deep twilight how soft his repose!
The first like the dawn 'mid the golden clouds
breaking,
The last like the dew-drop asleep on the rose.

You leave us—his image, his smile follow after,
Though absent, he's with you, with charms even
new,

You hear the low gush of his soft baby laughter,
And your heart thrills again to his musical "coo."
Should the years of the future e'er bring to you
sorrow,

Or cloud your fair prospects, may he be your joy,
Till you thank the Great Giver of good with each
morrow,

For one precious blessing—our sweet baby boy!
FOREST HOME, CHRISTMAS EVE, 1854.

THE MARCH TO THE GRAVE.

WHAT a mighty procession has been
marching to the grave during the year! At
the annual estimate since the 1st of January,
1853, more than 31,400,000 of the world's
population has gone down to the earth.—
Place them in a long array, and they will
form a moving column of more than 1,300
to every mile of the globe's circumference.
Only think of it! ponder and think upon it!

What a spectacle as they "move on!" tramp,
tramp—forward upon their stupendous dead
march!

"Life is short and time is fleeting,
And our hearts so stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave."

[*Mobile Register.*]

From the Christian Observer.

WILLIE.

BY REV. WALTER S. DRYSDALE.

SWEET cherub! may the King of Kings
For ever guard thee with his wings;
Supply thy wants: thy footsteps guide;
In doubts, thy wavering mind decide;
Fill thee with wisdom from His throne,
And make thee, from a child, his own.

When boyhood brings its happy years,
When on thy cheek youth's down appears,
When manhood comes with brooding care,
Be thine the life of earnest prayer—
The life of duty rightly done,
The guileless heart God smiles upon.

From the tried path thy fathers trod,
From faith in thy forefathers' God,
From the blest records of His word,

From wise instructions thou hast heard,
Turn not a restless foot to stray—
Walk not in folly's dangerous way.

My boy! My boy! the future lies
Unscann'd by mortal's feeble eyes;
Ah! wast thou born for weal or woe,
Life's sweet or bitter most to know?
Will thy career be dark or bright,
Thy hand be rais'd for wrong or right?

O God of Bethel, from a child,
May all his ways be undefiled;
Tempted—O Lord, his buckler prove,
And straying—lead him back in love;
And when at last his life is done,
Save him, O Lord, through Christ thy son.

TO THE YOUNG MOTHER.

To "train up a child in the way it should go," is the mother's highest privilege. from the hour when she folds her first-born to her bosom, but "to go in the way you would train your child," is the perfect rule which turns the sceptre of good King Solomon into the palm branch of peace, and love, and happiness. "In patience possess ye your souls," who have the charge of children: to steadily oppose the stubborn will with an unruffled temper, needs higher help than ours; but He who "giveth quietness" will hear the mother's orison; and truly she finds "the wisdom that is from above is gentle."

A mother's influence, even in play-time, is far from being a restraint upon the happy group; let her associate herself with the feelings of the children, follow their quick sensibilities, arrest with a smile the angry word, suggest the gentle answer, and turn the wrath away; reward with a glance the frequent act of self denial, and be, in short, the mirror that reflects their happiness and joy.

For the Parlor Visitor.

"THE MUSINGS OF AN INVALID."

BY HENRY W.

"To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,
To leave so many lands unvisited,
To leave so many worthiest books unread,
Unrealized, so many visions bright—
Oh! wretched, yet inevitable spite,
Of our short span! And we must yield our breath
And wrap us in the lazy coil of death.
So much remaining of unproved delight.
But hush, my soul, and vain respects be stilled,
Find rest in Him who is the complement
Of whatsoe'er transcends your mortal doom
Of broken hope and protracted intent;
In the clear vision and aspect of whom,
All wishes and all longings are fulfilled."

THAT quiet, yet fearful disease, *consumption*, hath gently wound its festering chain about me, and though so stealthy was its progress it seemed scarce real, yet so certainly was it done that twice the fear of death came with it. And when the undeniable consciousness of its presence is once experienced how quick the feelings change: the mind runs back through all the many scenes of pleasure we've passed and mourns that they're forever gone—the present is all dark and gloomy—the future, the fearful, dreadful future, seems so uninviting that instinctively we turn from its contemplation, and almost wish, perchance, that we were dead. The disease comes on a pace, yet we perceive it not unless we note minutely the hectic flush, the glassy eye, and gradual emaciation! While this change is going on, the mental faculties are evidently growing stronger, making the judgment more clear, and giving to the whole being a desire for knowledge which knows no gratification; just at this period were we turn our thoughts to self-contemplation, based upon the knowledge of our case as imparted by the physician, how easily could we see that life with us, at best, was but a few short days, whose greatest limit would scarce suffice for preparation. Then comes the hopeless longing for life, wherein to seek for pleasure in the gratification of all that can

please the eye or delight the senses. But the decree is spoken, and though life may lengthen out its weary chain, if 'rest of hope, its loveliest links are broken, and we can only view the scene with mournful listlessness. And then to think that we must die without ever having been upon the ocean, or witnessed its tumultuous heavings when lashed into wild commotion by the fury of counter-winds—or sat upon the sandy beach and listened to the sullen roar of its expiring breath as it sighs the last sad requiem over so many places of quiet rest. Or yet a little later, to muse upon its glossy surface, in which are mirrored each passing cloud and sweeping bird as he skims along—drops in—then rises in his strength, reflecting back a thousand colors in the setting sunlight from his brine-washed feathers—and while thus musing, to wonder if the sleep beneath that wave is as peaceful as its surface indicates. At length the mind grows weary of home scenes and home contemplations, and wanders off to distant climes and on the shores of sunny Italy, where the evening sea-breeze comes laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, and gently puts back from off the marble brow the raven ringlet, that it may fan the burning cheek with freer scope, and feast the senses with a richer odor. Then Hope sings her siren

song, as memory recalls the faded picture of many a friend whose wasted strength was scarce sufficient to reach its golden shore—but who are now the living monuments of what its balmy air can do? A moment's meditation is enough to dispel that syren song, for our poverty is too great to travel, and we must rest therewith content. Oh! 'tis a most miserable lot to be poor! And then to think that we must die and "leave unread so many worthiest books," since their perusal would lend to life too sweet a charm for language to describe, and fit us too for its enjoyment in whatever sphere we may see proper to move.

In proportion to our mental attainments here, will be our capacity for enjoyment hereafter; and if we can look back (as most every one can) upon opportunities unimproved for mental acquisition, how great will be our misery hereafter; the Bible—the old family Bible—will then stand forth and claim a share of that wasted time, the whole of which will scarce suffice for its demands and fulfill all that is required of us. And then to think that we must die and "leave unrealized so many visions bright," of school-boy, youth, and manhood's weaving, which seemed to lack but time to make them real. The poetry of youth, "when I'm a man," is just passing away, and the poetry of old age, "when I was a boy," gradually taking its place, and lending to life a charm for the gratification of its various pleasures: the dream of ambition is but half realized; and the doting heart of fame would suffer no pang should the accomplishment of its wishes prove the death-blow to wealth and pleasure. But when in the midst of all that made life sweet memory rolls back the sickening consciousness of the disease that is preying upon the vitals, and sapping the foundations of life; the past but serves to make the present more gloomy, because there is no promise of pleasure in the future. And must this be the termination of our earthly existence! Is this the inevitable result of our short span! The few short years that we have lived are checkered alike with pleasing and painful recollections; and yet we took no note of time until death suddenly rose up before us, and slowly began to entrap us in its lazy coil: and what makes it

the more to be dreaded is the snail-like speed with which it operates, defying all earthly power to stay its progress. It is the gentle untying of the knot of life—a gradual descent to the darksome grave; a living death—living in hope where hope has fled, and dead because it knows no cure but in the grave. "But hush my soul and vain regrets be stilled," for in the Being whose advent was made known to the shepherds upon that dark and stormy night, by the rising star that guided them and stood over where the young child was! ye have a hope of rest beyond this vale of tears. 'Twas *he* that paid the mighty price to raise a drowning race from the dark waters of oblivion; and he alone can place thee on that baseless Rock of ages. "Find rest in *Him* who is the complement of all that transcends your mortal doom," and who hath promised, "he that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" how sweet the existence of those who have found favor in His sight, for after they are done with this, they enter another world and sing an endless peon of praise to Him in whom is complete all man need hope for or desire.

NASHVILLE, 1855.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.

PRENTICE, of the Louisville Journal, speaks thus to his readers:

"Those who think that, in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly and gaudily, make a great mistake.

Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its fine effect by being over-dressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than over-loaded beauty. The simplicity of the classic taste is seen in the old statues and pictures, painted by men of very superior artistic genius. In Athens, the ladies were not gaudily but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies excited more admiration. So also the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the lines of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic goddess.

TRUTH is the surest safe-guard of those who are wont to be in the affections of others.

A REMARKABLE PHYSICIAN.

THERE is a practitioner of medicine in this city who is distinguished from all his brethren by one peculiar trait. This is not his skill, though he is quite accomplished, nor his practice, although he has enough of that, nor his success, although that is gratifying. Neither does it lie in his moral qualities as a man or a physician. It is not usual for medical gentlemen to be exemplary citizens, humble Christians, devoted philanthropists. Indeed, as to this last point, the profession are worthy of much commendation. No other body of men give away gratuitously so much of that which is their money, namely, their time and skill. But neither of these is the point in which the gentleman to whom we refer is so happily distinguished. He is amiable, pious, benevolent, an excellent husband and father; but there are hundreds of whom the same may be said.

Wherein then lies his peculiarity, or speciality? In the fact that he *is always found in his pew in church on the Lord's day.*—The occasions of his absence are so few that it may be said he is always there. And this has been the case for twenty or thirty years in succession, and that notwithstanding a very large practice over a wide field. When the minister went to church, whoever else might be absent, he was sure to find Dr. — in his own place. And the reason was the Dr. made it his business to be at church. He went his round of his patients in the morning, or between or after services, and nothing but the sternest and most immediate necessity was ever allowed to stand between him and his place in the house of God. The result shows what can be done by an indomitable will. Here was a man who had more inducements than any one else to be lax in his attendance on public worship, and yet in the end came to be a model of punctuality and promptness.

We are aware that great allowance should be made for the medical profession. Too

many persons are in the habit, when somewhat ailing, of postponing to send for the physician until Sunday, if the case will at all admit of delay.

They consider it an admirable stroke of policy, if, since they must be sick, they can have their confinement at home occur during God's time, to the saving of their own, and therefore, not content with robbing themselves of their Sabbath, they rob the physician of his. The course of a popular and eminent London practitioner is worthy of notice. Troubled by his Sunday labors and receipts, he determined to make no charge for his services of God's day. But he found that this only made matters worse. More, far more came than before. He then changed to the opposite plan, and charged double price for a visit on Sunday. The experiment was quite successful. It was only in cases of necessity that he was sent for during holy time.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN KENTUCKY.

BISHOP SPAULDING, the Roman Catholic Bishop of this State, is the wealthiest man in the State. His real estate, consisting of cathedrals, churches, monasteries, nunneries, asylums, hospitals, &c., is worth not less than from "two to five millions" of dollars. Since the council of Roman Catholic Bishops assembled in Baltimore in 1848, promulgated their decree requiring all individuals and trustees holding property for the uses of the church to convey the same to the Bishops, all the Church property in the State, as we are informed, has been conveyed to Bishop Spaulding. Bishop Spaulding is now more than a millionaire. Since the issuance of the decree by the Baltimore council, there has been concentrated in the hands of the Roman Catholic Bishops of the United States one hundred millions of dollars.—*Kentucky Tribune.*

 SPARE THE BIRDS.

THE swallows are the natural enemies of the swarming insects, living almost entirely upon them, taking their food upon the wing. The common martin devours great quantities of wasps, beetles and goldsmiths. A single bird will devour five thousand butterflies in a week. The moral of this is, that husbandmen should cultivate the society of swallows and martins about their land and out-buildings.

The sparrows and wrens feed upon the crawling insects which lurk within the buds, foliage and flowers of plants. The wrens are pugnacious, and a little box in a cherry-tree will soon be appropriated by them, and they will drive away other birds that feed upon the fruit, a hint that cherry growers should remember this spring and act upon.

The thrushes, blue birds, jays and crows prey upon butterflies, grasshoppers, crick-

ets, locusts and the larger beetles. A single family of jays will consume 20,000 of these in a season of three months.

The woodpeckers are armed with a stout, long bill, to penetrate the wood of the trees, where the borers deposit their larvæ.—These live almost entirely upon these worms.

For the insects which come abroad only during the night nature has provided a check in the nocturnal birds of the whippoorwill tribe and the little barn owl, which take their food upon the wing.

How wonderful is this provision of Providence for the restraint of the depredators that live upon the labors of man; and how careful we should be not to dispute that beneficial law of compensation, by which all things are preserved in their just relations and proportions.—*American Agriculturist*.

 ANECDOTE OF JACKSON.

THERE is a fine sketch of the life of Andrew Jackson in the January number of Harper's Magazine. Among other anecdotes is the following, which we do not remember to have met with before. While he was connected with the army, an officer complained to him that some of the soldiers were making a great noise in a tent. "What are they doing?" asked the General. "They are praying now, but have been singing," was the reply. "And is THAT a crime?" asked Jackson, with emphasis. "The articles of war," the officer said, "order punish-

ment for any unusual noise." "God forbid!" replied Jackson, with much feeling, "that praying should be an unusual noise in any camp," and advised the officer to join them.

CHOLERA AND SALT WATER BATHING.—It is well known among the medical profession, that persons who are in the frequent habit of salt water bathing, are seldom if ever attacked with the cholera or other diseases incident to warm weather, and a relaxation of the physical power of the body.

For the Parlor Visitor.

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

BY MISS RACHEL A. HERDMAN.

THERE is not a gem so rich, a boon so precious, or a star so brilliant, as "the tear that breaks for others woe, down virtue's manly cheek." Ah! tell me, ye that have seen much of the sorrows of life, ye that have shared with kindred hearts their grief, if ye have found aught on earth more sweet than this, a gift more deserving of heaven's praise. I've wandered nature o'er: I've soared to the bright stars above, and descended to ocean's deep, but they bear not to me a nobler theme for meditation. Yea, I have searched the battle field, to find e'en there a topic upon which to bestow a thought; but I turned me away in horror from the sight, for I shrink back on viewing the blood of mortals though shed in liberty's cause. But rather wake for me the sympathetic tear, which flows with crystal beauty, for suffering humanity.

How beautiful the unison of perfect purity, of feeling with earnest sympathy; how noble the sacrifice of youth and pleasure, with every selfish principle, to a sense of christian duty. The warrior's wreath may shine for a time but soon will it wither on his brow, and its laurels lie scattered beneath his feet. Not thus is it, with the gushing "tear of sympathy" ever ready to flow when grief assail, or adverse fortune frowns.

The brilliant diamond which adorns the monarch's crown, or jewel sparkling from beauty's ear, or rising sun, gorgeous with golden beams, shines not with such lustre, as the liquid pearl trickling down the mourner's cheek.

Some weep to share the fame of those who die on the field of glory—some at

death's cold form—some weep in earnest, and yet in vain, but no tear is so beautiful, as that which breaks for others woe, none so expressive of the heart's tender and kindly emotion.

"Have you ever weighed a sigh, or studied the philosophy of a tear"? Have you descended low in the breast and traced their source? If so, would you bid the cheek always be dry and scorn the sweet fountain which flows? Behold the coronet which the proud hero wears, does it emit odors of sweet perfume? does it breathe a balmy freshness? Ah! no, 'tis red with human gore, 'tis wet, but not with heavenly dew.

Then behold the "tear of sympathy," which at each pure emotion flows, does it not befit the cheek of every one? Are tears then forbidden, are they excluded from an earthly paradise? Nay! the gaudiest wreath with thorns is bound, the brightest path is strewn with tears. Was it not the sympathetic glow which filled the Savior's breast, and caused holy tears to bedew his cheeks, when he viewed fallen Jerusalem sunk in sin and guilt, or expiring on the cross, raised his placid voice in behalf of thousands around. It was when twilight had flung her dusky veil o'er the silent earth, when the fading blossoms had closed in stillness on their parent stem, it was when memory charmed the wind with her pleasing images, that I have watched a youthful one tossed on life's tempestuous sea, driven far from affection's paternal roof: a tear drop glistens in his eye-lids, like the spray from Eden fountain on the flower: a weight of grief oppresses his heart. Why that tear? can

one so young e'er weep? can sorrow pierce the bloom of youth? Ah! yes, 'tis the tear of sympathy breaking for a mother's wrongs. Then let him weep, for tears shed from such a cause would not stain the purest cheek. Though sorrows have dimmed the lustre of that eye, and that cheek becomes cold, yet would we still

hail that tear, as an object ever smiled upon by the bright seraphs on high.

"This is a tear of sweer relief,
A tear of rapture, and of grief:
The feeling heart alone can know
What soft emotions bid it flow."

FRANKLIN, KY., 1855.

A CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW.

THERE lived in the West of Scotland a pious clergyman, who had presided for a number of years over a small but respectable congregation. In the midst of his active career of usefulness, he was suddenly removed by death; leaving behind him a wife and a number of helpless children. The small stipend allowed him by his congregation, had been barely sufficient to meet the current expenses of his family, and at his death no visible means were left for their support. The death of her husband preyed deeply on the heart of the poor afflicted widow, while the dark prospect which the future presented, filled her mind with the most gloomy apprehensions. By her lonely fire she sat the morning after her sad bereavement, lamenting her forlorn and destitute condition, when her little son a boy of five years of age, entered the room. Seeing the deep distress of his mother, he stole softly by her side, and placing his little hands in hers, looked wishfully into her face, and said, "Mother, mother, is God dead?" Soft as the gentle whisper of an angel, did the simple accent of the dear boy fall upon the ear of the disconsolate and almost broken-hearted mother. A gleam of heavenly radiance lighted up, for a moment, her pale features. Then snatching up her little boy, and press-

ing him fondly to her bosom, she exclaimed, "No, no, my son, God is not dead. He lives and has promised to be a father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow.—His promises are sure and steadfast, and upon them I will firmly and implicitly rely." Her tears were dried, and her mournings forever hushed. The event proved that her confidence was not misplaced.—The congregation over whom her husband presided, generously settled upon her a handsome annuity, by which she was enabled to support her family, not only comfortably, but genteelly. The talents of her sons, as they advanced in years, soon brought them into notice, and finally procured them high and honorable stations in society.

THOUGH riches often prompt extravagant hopes and fallacious appearances, there are purposes to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them. They may, by a rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigor. This they will enable a man to perform; and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the consequence of divine favor, and the hope of future rewards.

S C H I L L E R .

BY HORACE B. WEBSTER.

ASSOCIATED with the name of GOETHE we frequently find the name of one, who, though an untimely death has snatched him from the scene of his usefulness and glory in the maturity of manhood, has left the rich legacy of a reputation, which has brightened and increased, as every hour rolled by; and whose beautiful creations have been admired, wherever the language of Germany has found a reader.

FREDRICH SCHILLER was born on the 10th of November, 1759—and in early life gave indications of a precocity of talent, which his future life seemed only to strengthen and confirm. It was in his eighteenth year that he wrote his remarkable play of "THE ROBBERS." It was printed without the permission of his superiors, and fearing the consequences, severe as they had been in similar cases, he fled from his country. But the dangers, to which the publication of his play subjected him, did not deter him from prosecuting his literary undertakings. To literature and all its kindred pursuits he was devotedly attached; he felt that thither his spirit was drawn by a powerful and resistless impulse—and to them he bent all the powers and energies of his mind. "*The Robbers*" marked by many of the faults and imperfections, with which a work published at so early an age must necessarily be expected to abound; but it gave indications of the vast power and strength of his, as yet, untrained and undisciplined intellect. "It is," says Carlyle, "a tragedy that will long find readers to astonish, and, with all its faults, to move.

It stands in our imagination like some ancient rugged pile of a barbarous age: irregular, fantastic, useless: but grand in its height and massiveness, and black frowning strength. It will long remain a singular

monument of the early genius and early fortune of its author." We might continue the figure, examining this play long after the wild excitement attending upon its first publication has subsided, and add, that

"Time
Has mouldered into beauty many a tower,
Which when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible."

Schiller's life has been divided by his biographers into three periods: during the *first* period he published "*The Robbers*," "*Fiesco*," and "*Cabal and Love*," this portion of his life terminates with his departure to Manheim. In the *second* period, he wrote the *Rheinische Thalia*, *Philosophic Letters*, *Don Carlos*, several of his exquisite ballads and minor poems, *The Ghost Seer*, *The history of the revolt of the Netherlands*, and ends with his appointment to a Professorship in the University of Jena and his marriage. In the *third* period which embraces the time from his settlement at Jena to his death—a period of 15 years—he wrote his most celebrated works:—*The Thirty years war*, *The Wallenstein*, *Maria Stuart*, *The Maid of Orleans*, *The Bride of Messina*, and his last—one of the noblest of his works—the *Wilhelm Tell*. Perhaps there is no German author of high celebrity, whose character has been portrayed, and whose writings have been translated, with more fidelity and elegance, than the character and writings of Schiller. The admirable life of Schiller by Mr. Carlyle has been pronounced "the ablest piece of biographical criticism which this country has produced." While the "*Piccolomini*" and "*Wallenstein*" have been translated by Coleridge, with so much elegance, beauty and true poetic skill as to possess the charm of the original work, Coleridge translated from a MS. copy, and in several passages expanded and interpolated the original; and it is a curious fact

in the history of literature, that Schiller— (as has been remarked by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*,) in more instances than one, afterwards adopted the hints, and translated in turn the interpolations of his own translator." 'The Robbers' was translated by Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouseler—Fiesco by Capt. D'Aquilar of England—and The Don Carlos and Wilhelm Tell have been translated successfully in our own country—the former by Mr. Calvert, of Baltimore, and the latter by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport, Rhode Island. It would be impossible in the compass of the present essay to enter upon an examination of any of these celebrated dramas; and we regret it the less, as all who feel any interest in the subject, may find them in the recent work of Mrs. Ellett, in which she has, in a glowing and eloquent style, analyzed with fine discrimination and poetic taste, the prominent characters in the several Dramas of Schiller. In none of his writings, however, does the genius of Schiller shine more brightly and beautifully than in his minor poems. Here the warm and generous enthusiasm of his character is blended with the rich thoughts which gush forth from his vigorous and highly cultivated mind; and the boundless wealth of his native language is happily joined with a style exquisitely adapted to the subject. "*The Ritter Taggenburgh*," one of Schiller's simplest ballads—has been elegantly translated by an anonymous writer—but it is almost impossible to convey in a translation the extreme simplicity and beauty of the original. We give the Translation:

THE RITTER TAGGENBURGH.

"KNIGHT, to love thee like a sister
Vows this heart to thee;
Ask no other warmer feeling,
That were pain to me;
Tranquil would I see thy coming,
Tranquil see thee go—
What that startling tear would tell me,
I must never know.

He, with silent anguish, listens,
Though his heart strings bleed;
Clasps her in his warm embraces,
Springs upon his steed.
Summons all his faithful vassals
From his Alpine home—
Binds the cross upon his bosom,
Seeks the holy tomb.

There full many a deed of glory
Wrought the hero's arm;
Foremost still his plumage floated
Where the foeman swarmed;
Till the Moslem, terror-stricken,
Quailed before his name;
But the pang that wrings his bosom
Lives at heart the same.

One long year he bears his sorrow,
But no more can bear;
Rest he seeks but finding never,
Leaves the army there;
Sees a ship by Joppa's haven,
Which, with swelling sail,
Wafts him where his lady's breathing
Mingles with the gale.

At her father's castle-portal,
Hark! his knock is heard,
See! the gloomy gate uncloses
With the thunder-word.
She thou seek'st is veiled forever,
Is the bride of Heaven;
Yester-eve the vow was plighted,
She to God is given!

Then his old ancestral castle,
He forever flees,
Battle steed and trusty weapon
Never more he sees.
From the Taggenburgh descending
Forth unknown he glides,
For the fame once sheath'd in iron
Now the sackcloth hides.

There beside the hallowed region
He hath built his bower,
Where from out the dusky lindens
Looked the convent tower;
Waiting from the morning's glimmer
Till the day was done—
Tranquil hope in every feature,
Sate he there alone.

Gazing upward to the convent,
Hour on hour pass'd,
Watching still his lady's lattice
Till it op'd at last;
Till that form look'd forth so lovely,
Till the sweet face smiled
Down into the lonesome valley,
Peaceful, angel-mild.

There he laid him down to slumber,
Cherr'd by peaceful dreams,
Calmly waiting till the morning
Show'd again its beams.
Thus for days he watched and waited,
Thus for years he lay,
Happy if he saw the lattice
Open day by day.

If that form looked forth so lovely,
If the sweet face smiled

Down into the lonesome valley,
Peaceful, angel—mild.
There a *corse* they found him sitting
Once when day returned.
Still his pale and placid features
To the lattice turned."

The most beautiful and original, perhaps, of all Schiller's poems, is the "*Song of the Bell*." The casting of a bell is, in Germany, an event of solemnity and rejoicing. "In the neighborhood of the Hartz, and other mining districts, formal announcements in the newspapers are given by bell-founders, that on a certain day, a casting is to take place, to which all the friends are invited: and on the day appointed an entertainment out of doors is prepared, and held with much festivity. The poet, in a few short stanzas, forming a sort of chorus, describes the whole process of the melting, the casting and the cooling of the bell, with a technical truth and a felicity of expression, in which, the sharp, sonorous rhymes and expressive epithets constantly form an echo to the sense.—Between these technical processes, he breaks forth into the most beautiful episodic pictures of the various scenes of life, with which the sounds of the bell are connected." It is one of the most popular of Schiller's poems, and is frequently performed in Germany with music, in alternate recitative and choruses, with full orchestral accompaniments. It has been frequently translated: many years ago, a very beautiful version by the poet, Sothley, the elegant translator of Wieland's *Oberon*, appeared in a volume of poems edited by Miss Baillie. A fine translation by Mr. Dwight may be found in the "*Specimen's of Foreign Literature*." A lifeless prosaic version by a Mr. Campbell, was recently published in London, and a late member of "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine," contained another—but giving due justice to all of these translators, I have never found one, which rendered with more felicity, this poem, than an anonymous translation, a portion of which appeared in the *Zodiac*, a periodical work formerly published in this city, [Albany, N. Y.,]

"Schiller," says Wolfgang Menzel, one of the most eloquent of the living critics

of Germany, "was the greatest of poetical idealist. He led the ideal back to nature, like Goethe, but, at the same time, he raised nature to the ideal. He not only paints man, but man in his highest moral beauty and elevation. We have no picture of virtue more poetical than his, no poet more virtuous than he. His heroes are distinguished by a nobleness of nature which shows itself in action as a pure and perfect beauty. The first secret of this beauty is, that angelic *innocence*, which dwells eternally in noble natures; and this nobleness of innocence reappears under the features of a pure, youthful angel in all the creations of Schiller. The *second* secret beauty of his ideal characters, lies in their dignity, their high-mindedness.—His heroes and heroines never disown that pride and dignity, which attest an elevated nature, and every thing which they utter bears the stamp of magnanimity and inborn nobleness. *The fire of noble passions* constitutes the third and highest secret of beauty in his poetical creations. This is the fire which animates every noble heart; it is the fire of the ascending sacrifice to the heavenly powers—the vestal fire guarded by the initiated in the temple of God. Without the glow of noble passions, there can be nothing great either in life or poetry. Genius ever bears within it this celestial fire, and all its creations are interpenetrated by it.—Schiller's ideal creations are the legitimate offsprings of his own noble heart; he is the strongest and purest of all poets.—None with so pure a heart ever possessed so much fire; none with so much fire possessed such purity."

We cannot close this article without referring to the great obligations which the lovers of German Literature are under to Mr. Carlyle, for his beautiful biography of Schiller, his admirable translations from, and elegant reviews of Goethe. And it is fortunate for those who love the English language, that these works were written before their author had outlived the knowledge of his mother-tongue, and had adopted a style, which, without being either English or German, had the faults of both without the beauties of either.

I have thus briefly and imperfectly

sketched a faint outline of the lives and writings of those two eminent men, whose labors are indelibly engraved on the escutcheon of the literary glory of their country. "Dust to dust" has long since

been pronounced over their graves, but though dead, they still live; for Fame has enrolled them among

"The few immortal names
That were not born to die!"

THE CAUSE OF DROUGHT.

The annual report of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture devotes considerable space to a discussion and description of the drought of 1854, and a comparison of its effects with those of other droughts in past years. Its author C Flint, Esq., says that the dry time of 1854 was undoubtedly more extensive and destructive than any which has preceded it for upwards of fifty years. There can be no doubt, it is remarked, that the destruction of our forests has much increased the severity of our summer droughts. Forests have a tendency, by protecting the earth from the scorching rays of the sun, to prevent a large amount of evaporation, and thus lower the temperature of the soil. When standing upon elevated grounds, the sources of rivers are found in them, and they determine the direction of the prevailing winds and rains. The winds which blow over forests become impregnated with moisture, which they spread over the country, giving freshness and life to all the vegetable creation. But where there are no forests the clouds sweep over the country without finding any obstacle to arrest their progress and resolve them into rain. The streams become dried up, the soil is heated and the winds passing over large extents of country, parched by the sun, becomes hot, and bear with them heat and sterility. Mr. Flint regrets that the grand old forests of Massachusetts have been so nearly destroyed. Nevertheless, he says,

it is a well established fact that the forests of that State are at the present moment actually increasing in extent, though most of them are of a young growth.

The report recommends among the most practicable methods of preventing suffering by drought, that irrigation be introduced more generally among our farmers, and that they take more pains to reclaim and cultivate low lands.

Solitary thought corrodes the mind, if it be not blended with social activity; and social activity produces a restless craving for excitement if it be not blended with solitary thought.

A PROMISE.—A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by the recollection. A promise and its performance should, like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told, A promise attended to is a debt settled.

Air is eight hundred and sixteen times lighter than water.

Military uniforms were first adopted in France, by King Louis XIV.

Linen was first discovered and made in England, in the year 1253.

For the Parlor Visitor.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BY B. WOOD, M. D.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, as is probably known to the reader, is now preparing for publication a new and most important work embodying the results of his researches in relation to the Zoology of this country, entitled "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," to consist of about ten quarto volumes, illustrated with costly plates; the first volume of which is soon to be issued from the press. This great publication will form a noble companion to the magnificent works of Audubon on the Ornithology and Dr. Bachman on the Mammalogy of our country, constituting in the whole a monument of enduring renown to American Zoologists.

Prof. Agassiz is one of the most extraordinary men of the age. The singleness of purpose with which he has devoted his life to science, the indomitable energy he brings to bear in his labors, and the unflagging enthusiasm with which he enters upon unexplored fields, claim our profoundest admiration whilst the results, as presented in his published works, strike us with astonishment. Although his fame is wide spread enough, few perhaps are aware of the extent of his achievements for science. We therefore propose to draw attention to some of them. And first, since he has adopted this country for his home, his future vast workshop, having already dwelt and toiled here several years, and as any incident connected with the history of so distinguished a citizen need not fail to interest American readers, let us refresh the memory with a brief detail of some of the leading events in his life.*

* The historical facts relating directly to Agassiz we have derived chiefly from a biographical sketch, which prefaces the Report of his Lectures on Natural History, delivered in New York in the fall of

Agassiz was born May 28, 1807, in the village of Mottier, Switzerland. His passion for natural history showed itself at an early age, while being indoctrinated in the rudiments of scholastic education at the Gymnasium of Bienne. During this pupilage his vacations at home were spent in making collections. Upon the removal of his father to a parish on the Lake of Neuchâtel, which forms the N. W. boundary of Fribourg, his native Canton, and like the lakes of Switzerland generally, abounds in a great variety of fishes, affording a fine opportunity for the study of Ichthyology, the young naturalist made this branch of the Science a special pursuit. He engaged upon his mission with all the poetic ardor of youth, but yet with that patience and discrimination which we are apt to regard as peculiarly characteristic of veterans in science. He would accompany the fishermen in their excursions, and often spent whole days together on the Lake.

The lakes of Switzerland are noted not only for abundance of fish, but for the great depth and exceeding purity of their waters. Lake Neuchâtel, although by no means the largest, and one of the shallowest, has an area of 90 square miles, its greatest depth being about 400 feet. The scenery, perhaps less sublime than that of some other Swiss lakes, is, nevertheless, remarkably imposing and picturesque. Here we may imagine the boy (for such he was) borne over the pure waters of this beautiful expanse, skirted by Alpine heights, toiling beside his sturdy companions, but for a different ob-

1847, and published in separate form the same year substantially the same account, although extending no further, may be found transcribed in the "Annual of Scientific Discovery" for the year 1850. For the rest the most authentic authority has been consulted.

ject, the clear blue sky, checkered betimes with snow-bright clouds, smiling upon him, the breezes fanning his glowing cheek and dandling with his locks that now conceal and now disclose a broad, round brow, fair and unwrinkled, but replete with thought, while his eye now calmly meditative, and anon sparkling with eagerest expectation, is fixed upon the "line" as it quivers to the touch of some finny "specimen" about to offer itself up a "martyr to Science" at the shrine of the youthful "Priest of Nature." But we leave this to the reader's own fancy. It was here, at this early age, that Agassiz, discovering the deficiency in the natural history of fishes, boldly resolved to repair it.

It was the wish of Agassiz' father, who was a Protestant clergyman, that he should enter the same profession, a profession filled by his progenitors for five centuries, but nothing could divert him from his favorite studies, and he chose the profession of medicine as affording better opportunity for their prosecution. He commenced the study of medicine at Zurich, a town noted for its want of places of amusement, and for its progress in literature and science amid the all-absorbing pursuit of money—and also as the birth place of Conrad Gesner, the philosophic naturalist, and Lavater, the zealous physiognomist.* While at the Academy of Zurich, however, he did not neglect his zoological investigations in which he received much assistance from Professor Schinz. He afterwards studied anatomy at Heidelberg, a city of South Germany, under the celebrated Tiedemann.

From Heidelberg he went to Munich—celebrated for its extensive collections of the fine arts, and as being the *repository* rather than the *nursery* of letters†—where

* Here, too, the Reformation in Switzerland was commenced under the great and good Zuinglius, who, although most zealous on all the great issues at stake, was equally liberal in regard to minor differences of opinion, extending to the peculiar views of others the same forbearance that he claimed for his own, of whom it may be truly said,

"To sect or party his large soul
Disdained to be confined."

† The Royal Library of Munich alone contains 540,000 printed books and 16,000 manuscripts.—But with all the aids to learning at command in this noted city, the progress of literature has been unfortunately retarded by the censorship of the press.

he remained four years. But with the exception of anatomy, to which he devoted himself with assiduity and success, acquiring especially great dexterity in the use of the scalpel, he appears to have neglected medicine for more congenial studies, which so displeased his parents that they cut off his allowance. In this strait he exhibited the material for his work on *Fresh Water Fishes* to Cotta, whereupon the bookseller advanced him means. He now returned to medicine in earnest, and soon obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and also of Philosophy. Having thus regained the favor of his parents, he visited Vienna, where, with his customary zeal, he devoted himself to the study of Ichthyology. Returning home and obtaining means from a friend, he set out for Paris. Here he formed the acquaintance of Cuvier and Humboldt—immortal men! Interpreters of Science! the one the Anatomist the other the Physiognomist of Nature; the one with comprehensive survey delineating the broad features of creation, the other with searching glance pressing into the penetral of organized structure and unfolding its labyrinthine wonders! Agassiz seems to have caught the spirit of both!

With Cuvier he remained until the death of that great naturalist, in 1832, when, returning to Switzerland, he became Professor of Natural History in the College of Neuchâtel. Here he received the honor of membership from all the European Scientific Academies, and offers of professorships from many universities. Here he wrote his principal works, and by his fame and influence made the town of Neuchâtel a "nursery of science." During this period, in order to confirm his Glacial Theory, (promulgated in 1837,) it having been objected that it was inconsistent with known facts, after visiting most of the glaciers, he fixed his head quarters at the Glacier of Aar, 8000 feet above the sea and 12 miles from any habitation, where he spent his summer vacations for eight successive years, at first with no shelter but a large boulder on the middle of the glacier. Aided by a skillful engineer, he commenced, in 1841, a series of exact measurements to ascertain the laws of glacier motion. It may be remarked that

the cause of this motion, the subject of so much controversy, was ascribed by De Saussure to the *weight* of the icy mass, the sliding motion being aided by the water flowing at the bottom. Instead of this, Agassiz, with Carpentier, proposed the theory of dilatation, conceiving that imbibition of aqueous fluid took place during the day through fissures and capillary tubes in the mass of ice, and freezing during the night distended the whole mass, thus tending to *propel* it down the declivity, in the direction of least resistance. Contrary to his previous notions, Agassiz' measurements showed that the central motion of the glacier was greater than at the sides, a correction which he was the first to publish. Prof. Forbes has proposed an explanation which seems to be better received. By a series of experiments he found the motion of glaciers to agree closely with that of rivers, being not only greater in the centre than at the sides, but more rapid at the surface than at the bottom. He proposes that the ice, "instead of being solid and compact, is a viscous or plastic body, capable of yielding to great pressure, and the more so in proportion as its temperature is higher, and as it approaches more nearly the melting point;"—a view which would account for its descent by the force of gravitation, while explaining many curious attendant phenomena.

From Neufchatel, Agassiz, in 1846, came to this country, where he has since remained, notwithstanding the most flattering invitations from celebrated European Universities. Since the establishment of the Lawrence Scientific School, he has been its Professor of Zoology and Geology, contributing meanwhile vastly to these and collateral sciences, both by his lectures, and by his scientific papers upon special subjects, all of which bear the stamp of great originality and research.

Although but 48 years of age Professor Agassiz has already produced, apart from his minor papers, enough in independent Treatises to immortalize a half a dozen men. A mere enumeration of the books he has written will indicate the prodigious amount of his labors.

His first publication was prepared while at Munich, as a complement to Martius'

great work on the Natural History of Brazil. It embraced the department of Ichthyology, forming a folio volume, in Latin, with plates; this at once established his fame as a scientific author. To this succeeded several publications of scarcely less value, and research, viz: Natural History of the Fresh-water Fishes of Central Europe; four separate Treatises on different classes of Fossil and Living Shellfishes, and one on the Fossil Fishes of the Old Red Sandstone of Britain and Russia: all illustrated with numerous engravings drawn from nature with admirable fidelity and beauty.

Meanwhile his great work on Fossil Fishes was in progress, the publication of which commenced in 1833, consisting of five folio volumes, with an atlas of some 400 plates, and descriptions and figures of nearly a thousand species. This work obtained the first Cuvieran-Prize, a triennial award set apart by the French Academy of Sciences, for the author who should contribute most in the interim either to Zoology or Geology. The commission in setting forth the considerations which determined the bestowment of this first award, speaks of this work as "immense in its details," "distinguished by a vast and strong conception, and by sustained and elevated philosophical views."

The *Nomenclator Zoologicus* and the *Bibliographie Generale d'Histoire Naturelle*, though differing from the preceeding are the fruit of immense labor and learning; the first discusses the principles of Nomenclature, and contains a systematic list of all the names of the genera and families of animals proposed by authors with their etymology, &c.; the other comprises a description of all the publications on Natural history, from Aristotle to the present time, in four large volumes. The result of his observations on the A'ps, with reference to the Glacial theory above referred to, are contained in two works, *Etudes sur les Glaciers* and *Syteme Glaciere*, each illustrated with drawings.

To these might be mentioned various Monographs, produced since his residence in this country, being mostly papers pr

sented to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and other societies, and published in their transactions or in the Journals of the day; but we can only name his independent Treatises, to wit, "Lectures on Comparative Embryology," "Lake Superior, its Physical Character, Vegetation, and Animals," a very elaborate work, and "Principles of Zoology," of which only the first volume, Comparative Zoology, has as yet been published.

This last named work is written in popular style being designed for the use of students and general readers as an introduction to the science. It ought to be read by every one. The subject treated of is one of the grandest and most interesting in nature. The study of the animal creation, of which this little book gives a lucid outline, not only acquaints us with the phenomena and laws of Life and of Mind, but, taken in its broad and philosophical sense, with reference to physiological functions and the great plan of organic structure, it impresses some of the sublimest theological truths with all the force and clearness of mathematical demonstration. When, for instance, we compare the different classes of animals, and find all fashioned according to one general type, only modified in special cases for accommodation to special conditions and with the wisest, most beautiful adaptation, we see clearly the hand of an intelligent, beneficent Designer; we perceive throughout the whole, a *unity of design*; we know, then, it is the work of one God, whose power and wisdom transcend our loftiest conceptions. When, again, by means of the fossil remains of past ages, we trace the plan of the Designer from the first dawn of animal existence down to the last creative act which brought man upon the living stage, we see a forecast of purpose, an ultimate end pervading the whole. The end was all along foreshadowed from the beginning, but more and more distinctly at each successive step, until at last in man we discover the complete evolution of that organic form whose prototype existed in the Divine Mind be-

fore creation was begun. We are moreover from this led to infer, in consonance with Revealed Truth, that man, thus ushered in, was foreordained for some stupendous mission; as to what that mission is science is silent; but in that very silence she points to Revelation whose teachings thus far accord so well with her own.

During the intervals of the productions mentioned as appearing since the residence of Agassiz in this country, he has been gathering the material for his great American work referred to at the commencement of this article—a work which every American may hail with proud enthusiasm. Its scope and character, with the plan of publication, will appear in the following extract from the author's prospectus.

This work, says Agassiz, "will contain the results of my embryological investigations, embracing about sixty monographs, from all the classes of animals, especially selected among those best known as characteristic of this continent; also descriptions of a great number of new genera and species, accompanied with accurate figures, and such anatomical details as may contribute to illustrate their natural affinities and their internal structure.

"I shall not extend my publications to classes already illustrated by others, but limit myself to offering such additions to the natural history of the States I have visited as may constitute real contributions to the advancement of our knowledge."

It is his intention to include the entire "Contributions" in ten quarto volumes, each containing about 300 pages and 20 plates and to be complete in itself; "So that, if any unforeseen difficulties should interrupt the publication of the whole, the parts already published shall not remain imperfect." One volume is to be issued annually until the series is complete, which besides affording the author opportunity to bring each separate part out in the most perfect form, will put it within the reach of many who might not be able to secure the whole at once.

Coming, as it does, a magnificent offering to American Science, with little prospect of pecuniary reward, this last and perhaps greatest of Agassiz' works claims from the American people and press a hearty welcome.

INTERESTING FROM THE SEAT OF WAR—DETAILS OF THE AMERICA'S NEWS.

THE MAMELON AND THE QUARRIES.

JUNE 7.—At 4 o'clock this morning the edangave some evidence of having yielded to rough treatment, the jaws of its embrasure gaping, and its fire being irregular and interrupted.

The fire on our side, which had continued since daybreak quietly and soberly, took a sudden access of fury about three o'clock, and was kept up from that hour to the critical moment with great activity.—Between 5 and 6, Lord Raglan and his staff took up a conspicuous position on the edge of the hill, where it commands very plainly our 4-gun battery, and looks straight into the teeth of the Redan. The man with the fire-works was in attendance, but there was a pause yet for a while. Sir Colin Campbell was observed to plant himself on the next summit still nearer to the enemy commonly called, to use legal phrase, the Green Hill. His appearance drew some fire, and the shells dropped and flashed close by, but without disconcerting his purpose of having a thorough good look-out place. It was about half-past six when the head of the French attacking column came into view from these two points, as it climbed its arduous road to the Mamelon. A rocket instantly went off as the signal of our diversion and as instantly the small force of our men detached for the post of honor made a rush at the quarries.

After one slight check they drove out the Russians, and turning round the gabions, commenced making themselves snug; but the interest was so entirely concentrated upon the more exciting scene, full in view upon the right, that they had to wait a good while before attention was drawn to their conflict. The French went up the steep to the Mamelon in most beautiful style and in loose order, and every straining eye

was upon their movements, which the declining daylight did not throw out in bold relief. Still their figures, like light shadows flitting across the dim barrier of earthworks, were seen to mount up unfailingly—running, climbing, scrambling like skirmishers up the slopes to the body of the work amid a plunging fire from the guns, which, owing to their loose formation, did them as yet little damage. As an officer, who saw Bosquet wave them on, said at the moment, "They went in like a clever pack of hounds."

In a moment some of these wraiths shone out clear against the sky. The Zouaves were upon the parapet, firing down into the place from above; the next moment a flag was up as a rallying point, and defiance, and was seen to sway hither and thither, now up, now down, as the tide of battle raged round it; and now like a swarm they were in the heart of the Mamelon, and here a fierce hand-to-hand encounter with the musket then with the bayonet, was evident. It was seven minutes and a half from the commencement of the enterprize. Then there came a rush through the angle where they had entered, and there was a momentary confusion outside. Groups, some idle, some busy, some wounded, were collected on the hither side, standing in shelter, and now and then to the far corner a shell flew from the English battery facing it. But hardly had the need of support become manifest, and a gun or two again flashed from the embrasure against them, than there was another run in, another sharp bayonet fight inside, and this time the Russians went out spiking their guns.—Twice the Russians made head against the current, for they had a large mass of troops in reserve, covered by the guns of the Round Tower. Twice they were forced

back by the onswEEPing flood of French who fought as if they had eyes upon them to sketch the swift event in detail.

For ten minutes or so the quick flash and roll of small arms had declared that the uncertain fight waxed and waned inside the enclosure. Then the back door, if one may use an humble metaphor, was burst open. The noise of the conflict went away down the descent on the side towards the town, and the arena grew larger. It was apparent that the Russians had been reinforced by the space over which the battle spread. When the higher ground again became the seat of action, then there came the second rush of the French back upon their supports, for the former was a mere reflux or eddy of the stream. When rocket after rocket went up ominously from the French General's position, and seemed to emphasize by their repetition some very plain command, we began to get nervous. It was growing darker and darker, too, so that with our glasses we could with difficulty distinguish the actual state of affairs. At last, through the twilight, we discerned that the French were pouring in.

After the interval of doubt, our ears could gather that the swell and babble of the fight was once more rolling down the inner face of the hill, and that the Russians were conclusively beaten. "They are well into it this time," says one to another, handing over the glass. The musket flashes were no more to be seen with it. There was no more lightning of the heavy guns from the embrasures. A shapeless hump upon a hill, the Mamelon was an extinct volcano, until such time as it should please us to call it again into action. Then at last, the more hidden struggle of our own men in the hollow on the left came uppermost. "How are our fellows getting on?" says one. "Oh! take my word for it they're all right," says another. And they were right so far as the occupation and retention of the quarries was concerned, but had, nevertheless, to fight all night and repel six successive attacks of the Russians, who dis-

played the most singular pertinacity and recklessness of life.

As it grew dark our advanced battery under the Green Hill made very pretty practice and pretty spectacle by flipping shells over our men's heads at the Russians.—Meanwhile, the fall of the Mamelon and the pursuit of the flying foe, did not by any means bring the combat to an end on the side of the allies. The Zouaves, emboldened by the success, and enraged by their losses, carried their power a step too far, and dreamt of getting into the Round Tower by a *coup de main*. A new crop of battle grew up over all the intervening hollow between it and the Mamelon, and the ripple of musket shots splashed and leaped over the hill side. The combatants were not enough for victory there, too, but they were enough for a sanguinary and prolonged contest, a contest to the eye far more violent than that which preceded it. The tower itself, or rather the inglorious stump of what was the Round Tower, took and gave shot and shell and musketry with the most savage ardor and rapidity. The fire of its musketry was like one sheet of flame, rolling backwards and forwards with a dancing movement, and dwarfed as it was by the distance, and seen by us in profile, could scarcely be compared to any thing small or large, except the notes of a piano flashed into fire throughout some rapid turn.

Our gunners observing the duration and aim of the skirmish, redoubled their exertions, and flung their shells into the Round Tower, with admirable precision, doing immense mischief to the defenders. It was dark now, and every out against the heavens, as it rose or swooped. From Gordon's battery and the second parallel, they streamed and plunged into the incense, up to which the Zouaves won their way unsupported, heralded now and then by the prompt and decisive ring of a round shot. The Russian defence, rather than their defences crumbled away before the tremendous fire, but on the other hand, the attack not being fed as was designed, began to languish, and died gradually away. It was a drawn battle so far, but there may be another story to-morrow.

12 P. M.—The French are putting the new front of their position in a state of defence, and employing an immense number of hands. Our men are still in their warm berth in the Redan, repelling the attacks of the Russians. There was but one embrasure left in a comfortable state in the Redan at the end of the evening, and the quarries are too close under it for heavy guns to be brought to bear.

June 8.—During the night repeated attacks, six in all, were made upon our men in the quarries, who defended their new acquisition with the utmost courage and pertinacity, and at a great sacrifice of life, against superior numbers, continually replenished. The strength of the party told off, for the attack was in all only 1000, of whom 600 were in support. At the commencement two hundred only went in, and another two hundred followed. More than once there was a fierce hand to hand fight in the position itself and our fellows had frequently to dash out in front and take their assailants in flank. The most murderous sortie of the enemy took place about three in the morning; then the whole ravine was lighted up with a blaze of fire and a storm of shot thrown in from the Strand Battery and every other spot within range, with a large body in reserve, it is not doubtful that they could have been into the Redan in a twinkling. This is asserted freely both by officers and privates, and the latter express their opinions in no complimentary manner. They were near enough up to it to see that it was scarcely defended, and one officer lost his life almost within it.

When morning dawned, with the wind blowing even stronger than yesterday, the position held by both parties was one of expectation. The French were in great force within and on the outer slopes of the Mamelon, and also in possession of two of the three offsets attached to the Mamelon on the Sapoune hill. The dead were seen lying mixed with Russians upon the broken ground outside the Malakoff Tower, and were being carried up to camp in no slack succession. On the rear of the Mamelon, their efforts to entrench

themselves were being occasionally interrupted by shells from the ships in harbor, and from a battery not hitherto known to exist, further down the hill. On our side 365 rank and file and 35 officers had been killed and wounded. On the French side nearly double the number of officers, and a total of not less than 1500 men, probably more. It has been stated as high as 3700, but there must be error in this statement.

From Lord Raglan's official account of the affair, we make the following extracts:

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, June 9.

My Lord,—I have the great satisfaction of informing your Lordship that the assault which was made upon the Quarries in front of the Redan from our advanced parallel in the right attack on the evening of the 7th inst., was attended with perfect success, and that the brave men who achieved this advantage with a gallantry and determination that does them infinite honor, maintained themselves on the ground they had acquired, notwithstanding that during the morning of yesterday, the enemy made repeated attempts to drive them out, each attempt ending in a failure, although supported by large bodies of troops, and by heavy discharges of musketry, and every species of offensive missile.

The French on our right had shortly before moved out of their trenches and attacked Ouvrages Blancs and the Mamelon. These they carried without the smallest check, and the leading column rushed forward and approached the Malakoff Tower, but this it had not been in contemplation to assail; and the troops were brought back and finally established in the enemy's works, from which the latter did not succeed in expelling them, though the fire of musketry and cannon which was brought to bear upon them was tremendous.

I never saw anything more spirited and rapid than the advance of our allies.

I am happy to say that the best feeling prevails between the two armies, and each is proud of and confident in the gallantry and high military qualifications of the other.

I apprised your lordship, by telegraph on the 6th, that our batteries reopened on that afternoon. The fire was kept up with the greatest energy until the day closed, when it was confined to vertical fire, but the next morning the guns resumed the work of destruction, and the effect was such that it was determined by Gen. Pellissier and myself that the time had arrived for pushing our operations forward.—Accordingly, soon after 6 o'clock on the evening of the 7th, the signal was given for the assault of the works I have enumerated, and the result was most triumphant. * * * * *

Notwithstanding the frequency of the endeavors of the Russians to regain possession of the Quarries, and the interruptions to the work to which these attacks gave rise, Lieutenant Colonel Tylden was enabled to effect the lodgment and to establish the communication with the advanced parallel, and this redounds greatly to his credit and that of the officers and men employed as the working party.

It is deeply to be lamented that this success should have entailed so heavy a loss as is shown in the accompanying returns, which, however, are still incomplete; but I have the assurance of the principal medical officer that many of the wounds are slight, and that by far the greater portion of sufferers are progressing most favorably.

I have just learnt that the enemy have abandoned a work in the rear of the "Ouvrages Blancs," which they constructed at the commencement of the month of May. The French took possession of it on the 7th, and did not retain. In the other works they captured 62 pieces of artillery, and they have 14 officers and about 400 men prisoners.

We have a few prisoners, and among them a Captain of Infantry, who was wounded, and taken by Corporal Quinn, of 47th Regiment.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.

The Lord Panmure, &c.

ASSAULT UPON REDAN AND MALAKOFF TOWERS.

Full accounts of this sanguinary affair

have not yet come to hand. It occurred on the 18th June. The London *Morning Herald* says:

"The British troops carried the outworks of the Redan, but found that the enemy had prepared a deep trench, which it was impossible to pass without scaling ladders or planks. The gallant band were exposed to a most murderous fire, and after sustaining, it is said, a loss of from four to five thousand men, and having forty officers killed, retired. Our casualties were much augmented by the guns of the Malakoff enfilading the outworks of the Redan; added to which, the men-of-war in the harbor were laid broadside on, and by their fire on the retiring troops, caused fearful havoc, there being no cover or shelter whatever from the storm of projectiles."

The London *Daily News* says:

"We believe that, when the details are published, it will be found that the check experienced by the Allies commenced with the springing of a mine by the Russians, at a moment when the assaulting columns were on the point of establishing themselves within the Russian line A.

"A considerable number of Russian troops lost their lives with the French and English by this explosion.

"In the recoil which followed, our allies pressed by force of numbers, receded to the Mamelon and beyond it, and the Mamelon batteries were for a time in the power of the enemy.

"It was at this period that the English suffered most, being exposed in the position taken on the 7th to the flank fire and the guns on the Mamelon. The enemy was not suffered to remain in this regained work, but was driven back by the French to the *enceinte*, our gallant Allies remaining masters of the Mamelon."

The *Times* has the following comments upon the assault:

THE BATTLE OF THE 18TH OF JUNE.

[From the London *Times*, June 23.]

The intelligence of the unsuccessful attack of the allied forces on the Malakoff Tower and the Redan, on the 18th of June, reached us at so late an hour yesterday morning that our own remarks on the progress of the siege had already gone to press;

and our readers will have observed that, although we were not acquainted with the sinister reports already in circulation, we were unwilling to place reliance upon them until they had received the unequivocal sanction of official authority. The despatches which have since arrived, both from Lord Raglan and Gen. Pelissier, established beyond doubt that the combined movements of the allied armies re-commenced on the 17th, and that early in the morning of the following day—a day heretofore known to our military annals by the lustre of victory—an attack was made on the Great Redan and the Malakoff Tower, which was repulsed with a most heavy and grievous loss on our side. The troops withdrew into our own lines, effecting their retreat in order, and not being harrassed by the enemy; but in the fearful struggle which took place upon and within the works, where a partial success was at one time obtained, both French and English were mowed down by the means of defence accumulated by the enemy in the rear of the batteries. We learn, with the deepest pain, that the loss of the allied forces are believed to be greater than in any former action of the war. Sir John Campbell, Col. Yea, of the 7th, Col. Shadforth, of the 57th, and many other officers of distinguished gallantry, fell in our ranks, while the French have lost two general officers and a vast number of men in all branches of the service.

This event is calculated to excite the strongest national regret, from the check it gives to the ardent hopes which had been entertained of immediate success, and from the additional losses such a contest has caused to both armies. Yet it must be borne in mind that in the progress of a long and difficult siege there is nothing extraordinary in the repulse of one or more partial assaults. This is, in fact, the first time since the commencement of the Crimean war that our armies have suffered any check in an important combined operation. The Russians have been repulsed a dozen times during the siege in their nocturnal sorties and attacks on the French and English lines, although our works are incomparably weaker than the Malakoff Tower and the Redan.—Scarcely a siege of any magnitude is to be

found in military history in which the garrison has not once or twice beaten back the besiegers from its works. The Russians made no less than five assaults upon Silistria, and were five times defeated. The French were foiled in their first attack on the Mamelon, though they are now victoriously possessed of it. Our sorrow at this failure, and especially at the sacrifice of gallant and devoted men which it has cost us, is at least unmixed with despondency, although, it seems, we have yet to learn the whole extent of the resources of the place and the enemy to whom we are opposed.

We ventured yesterday, before we were acquainted with this deplorable result of the attack of the 18th of June, to express some surprise and regret that measures had not been taken to derive a more immediate and complete advantage from the capture of the Mamelon and the quarries in the attack on the 7th.

We observed that “when these outworks were carried, a comparatively small additional effort would have completed our success. The Russians were beaten, their defences were injured, and even their fatigue parties had lost their accustomed energy in repairing the damage of the bombardment. One would have thought that it might be far easier to drive the assault home at such a moment, than to defer the second half of the operation to a future opportunity.” We venture to quote our own words, because they anticipate with perfect accuracy the danger which has since become known to us with such fatal certainty. The second half of the operation was, or had become, the most difficult, and the interval which elapsed between the 7th and 18th gave the Russians an opportunity to concentrate all their resources against the impending attack.

On the 7th the number of men engaged, at least on our side, was comparatively small—not, we believe, above 1,000—and the losses they sustained occurred chiefly in the defence of their position during the ensuing night. Even on that day they had entered the Redan and succeeded in spiking fifteen guns there. Is it unreasonable to suppose that—if this detachment had been supported by stronger reserves—the Redan might at once have been carried? On the other

hand, to defer the attack was to give the Russians time to recover the moral and physical advantages they had already lost.

To this observation it may possibly be replied that, as the Redan is commanded by the Malakoff works, our success in the former was contingent on that of the French against the latter more elevated position, because the Redan could not be held as long as the fire of the Malakoff batteries could be directed against it. We have some reason to believe that this is what actually occurred on the 18th and that the British troops had already carried the Redan, when they found themselves exposed to such a fire from the enemy's guns in their flank and rear that, as Sir T. Graham said, in his account of the assault of the San Sebastian, "No man outlived the attempt to gain that ridge"—and they were consequently obliged to retire.—Some idea may be formed of the appalling difficulties which the French had to encounter at the works round the Malakoff tower, from the obstacles which foiled their first attack on the 7th. The first onset, as described by our correspondents on that day, carried all before it.

The French not only drove the Russians out of the Mamelon, but pursued them to the earthworks abutting on the Malakoff tower. There they found themselves on the brink of a large ditch formed by the excavation of the earthworks, and in the ditch a strong abattis, or palisade, was erected, through which they attempted to force their way. The French troops were extremely exposed, it is not clear that any of the usual means had been provided for effecting the descent into the ditch, or for blowing up the abattis; but the trenches were lined with Russians, and a hand-to-hand battle ensued, which ended in the French being driven back not only from the Malakoff tower, but from the Mamelon itself, for they were hotly pursued by the enemy, and, to complete their danger, a mine was fired in the Mamelon under their feet.

Nevertheless, after this struggle, the French troops reformed with indomitable courage, returned to the attack, and ultimately drove the Russians from the Mamelon altogether. Such were the principal incidents of the combat of the 17th, which

we must beg our readers not to confound with those of the 18th, as the latter are still very imperfectly known to us; and it must ever remain a doubtful point, whether, on the former occasion, the result which had been obtained could not have been turned to more decisive results.

There is, further some difference of opinion among military men, and even between some of the most eminent generals of the French army, as to the relative advantage of proceeding against Sebastopol at the present stage of the siege by way of assault, or by field operations against the Russian relieving army.

Our readers are aware that, as far as the opinions of civilians at a distance from the theatre of war is entitled to any weight at all, our judgment has always been strongly expressed in favor of the field operations. It has long been obvious that, from the nature of the resources and fortifications of Sebastopol, our fire has failed either in silencing the guns of the enemy or in making a practicable breach. This being the case, an assault was necessary a very perilous and uncertain operation, and, even if successful, must expose the troops to a most furious resistance upon the part of the garrison behind their second line of defence. But supposing the Russian army in the interior of the Crimea to be driven back by the advance of the Allied forces from Eupatoria or elsewhere, and the supplies and reinforcements of Sebastopol to be stopped, the reduction of the place becomes merely a question of time, and after the siege it has already undergone, its means of defence must ere long be exhausted.

The result of the attack on the 18th conclusively demonstrates, if any doubt was entertained of the fact, the extreme difficulty of carrying by assault works of the nature of those which now defend Sebastopol, even when the assault is made by troops of the most dauntless courage, confident of their own power to overcome every obstacle. The fronts attacked do not appear to have been silenced, nor were the approaches carried to the foot of the enemy's works.—Under these circumstances the assailants were exposed to a very heavy loss, and the result was in favor of the defence of the place. Fortunately the allied commanders have other means at their disposal, which we trust that they will employ, to retrieve a check which, though not discreditable to our arms, from the extraordinary courage displayed by the troops, is the most painful occurrence we have had to record in the course of the war.

From Putnam's Magazine.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he;
Pouring blasts from his little throat—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flocked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day
Robert is singing with all his might
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house, while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

MARTIN LUTHER'S WILL.—In the last will and testament of the great German Reformer, Luther, occurs the following remarkable passage: "Lord God, I thank thee that thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth. I have neither house, nor land, nor money to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children, whom I now restore to thee. Lord, nourish, teach and preserve them as thou hast me."

MISFORTUNES are troublesome at first, but when there is no remedy but patience, custom makes them easy to us, and necessity gives us courage.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

We have given much of the space of the present No. to foreign intelligence, that the youth may contrast our own happy land with other nations, and in doing which they will conclude with us, that there lives not upon all the earth, a freer or happier people than Americans. Each man is a sovereign; and at home delights to exercise his power as a freeman, and when abroad may of right claim protection as a free American citizen; and such protection as our government freely extends to others.

Under the grateful shadow of the tree of liberty we sit together in the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; as also the inestimable privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of our own consciences, where none dare to molest or make us afraid. We are in fact the highest order of freemen; providentially partaking of all those benefits and blessings resulting from the highest order of government which wisdom, prudence and patriotism can devise. And yet there are, and have been those who are ungrateful to God, unthankful to ancestors for this rich inheritance bequeathed them. There are those who are attempting to inflame the public mind—to magnify mole hills into mountains—to induce the people to believe that their lives and liberties are closely environed by causes inimical to their continuance, and that they are indeed seriously threatened with degraded vassalage, or immediate extermination.

We regret to say it, but there are those who cherish no "habitual attachment to the Union." There are those, who are attempting to produce sectional divisions, discord and general alienation.

There are those who indicate a desire to see the flag of this great and happy nation trailing in the dust, and the sons of revolutionary sires weltering in their brother's blood.

In behalf of our beloved country we send up our most earnest invocations to God.—And from demagogues, fanatics, traitors and ultimate dissolution of the Union, we pray to be delivered.

If it were possible for such men as are spreading disaffection throughout the land, to take a sober second thought, we would refer them to the inestimable cost of our liberties, to the offerings of the lives, fortune and honor of our patriotic fathers, so freely made upon the altar of our common country. We would ask them to remember the solemn admonition of Washington, as referring to the Union, and bidding farewell to his compatriots, he said, "there will always be reason to *distrust the patriotism* of those who in *any* quarter may endeavor to weaken its bonds."

If the manifold and acknowledged advantages of union and liberty, are not sufficient to induce all men to cherish habitual attachment to both; then in view of the power of public sentiment, the strength of government, and the terror of violated laws, we would persuade them to repent of their treachery, and think not so lightly of their allegiance to the land of their nativity or choice.

We would not have the wounded, mangled, and bleeding bodies of our brave ancestors come up in review before such unworthy sons. But we would, were it practicable, call the disembodied spirits, which warmed the hearts and nerved the arms of our revolutionary sires, and we would have each of them possess a living voice, and gathering inspiration from the once glorious hopes they cherished; we would ask that they might speak in tones of thunder, and that their treacherous sons whether in the north or south might hear, in unmistakable emphasis, the *Traitors doom*.—ED.

Muslins were first manufactured in England, during the year 970.

From Flora's Interpreter and Fortuna Flora.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FLOWERS.	INTERPRETATIONS.	FLOWERS.	INTERPRETATIONS.
Acacia, Yellow,	Concealed Love,	Flowering Reed,	Confidence in Heaven,
Almond. Flowering,	Hope,	Forget-me not,	True Love,
Althea Frutex,	Consumed by Love,	Fox-glove,	Insincerity,
Aloe,	Religious Superstition,	Geranium,	Gentility,
Amaranth,	Immortality,	Geranium, Nutmeg,	An expected Meeting,
Amaranth, Globe,	Unchangeable,	Geranium, Scarlet,	Con-olation,
Amaryllis,	Beautiful, but timid,	Geranium, Oak,	True Friendship,
Ambrosia,	Love returned,	Geranium, Mourning,	Despondency,
American Starwort,	Welcome to a Stranger,	Geranium, Rose,	Preference,
Anemone,	Fading Hope,	Geranium, Lemon,	Tranquility of Mind,
Apocynum,	Falsehood.	Geranium, Silver-leaved,	Recall,
Arum,	Ferocity and Deceit,	Geranium, Ivy,	Bridal Favor,
Arbor-vitæ.	Unchanging Friendship,	Gilly-flower,	She is fair,
Auricula, Scarlet,	Pride,	Golden Rod,	Encouragement,
Bachelor's Button,	Hope in Love,	Grape, Wild,	Mirth,
Balm,	Social Intercourse,	Grass,	Submission,
Balsamine,	Impatience,	Harebell,	Grief,
Bay Leaf,	I change but in dying,	Hawthorn,	Hope,
Bay Wreath,	Glory,	Heart's Ease,	Love in Idleness,
Box,	Constancy,	Heliotrope,	Devotion,
Broome,	Humility,	Hellebore,	Calumny,
Butter-cup,	Riches,	Holly,	Domestic Happiness,
Calla, Æthiopica,	Magnificent Beauty,	Hollyhock,	Ambition,
Calycanthus,	Benevolence,	Honesty,	Fascination,
Carnation,	Pride and Beauty,	Honey-flower,	Love sweet and secret,
Camellia, Japonica,	Unpretending Excellence	Honeysuckle, Coral,	Fidelity,
Canterbury Bell,	Gratitude,	Honeysuckle, Wild,	Inconstancy,
Cardinal's Flower,	Distinction.	Houstonia,	Content,
Catchfly,	Artifice—Pretended Love	Hyacinth, Blue,	Constancy,
Cedar,	Think of me,	Hyacinth, Purple,	Sorrow,
Chamomile,	Energy in Adversity,	Hydrangea,	Heartlessness,
China Aster,	Love of Variety,	Ice Plant,	An old Beau,
Clematis,	Mental Beauty,	Iris,	My Compliments,
Columbine,	Desertion, [tion,	Ivy,	Wedded Love,
Convolvulus,	Worth sustained by Affec-	Jasmine, White,	Amiability,
Coreopsis,	Always cheerful,	Jasmine, Yellow,	Grace and Elegance, [tion
Cowslip,	Winning Grace,	Jonquil,	I desire a return of Affec-
Crocus,	Youthful Gladness,	King-cup,	I wish I was rich,
Crown Imperial,	Pride of Birth,	Laburnum,	Pensive Beauty,
Cypress,	Despair,	Lady's Slipper,	Capricious Beauty,
Daffodil,	Uncertainty,	Larkspur, double-flow'r'd,	Haughtiness,
Dahlia,	Elegance and Dignity,	Larkspur, single-flow'r'd,	Fickleness,
Daisy,	Beauty and Innocence,	Laurel, American,	Virtue is charming,
Dandelion,	Coquetry,	Laurel, Mountain,	Ambition,
Dew Plant,	Serenade,	Laurustinus,	A Token,
Eglantine,	I wound to heal,	Lavender,	Acknowledgment,
Elder,	Compassion,	Lemon-blossom,	Discretion,
Everlasting,	Always remembered,	Lichen,	Solitude,
Flax,	Domestic Industry,	Lilach, Purple,	Fastidiousness,
Fir,	Time,	Lilach, White,	Youthful Innocence,
Flower of an Hour,	Delicate Beauty,	Lily, White,	Purity and Beauty,

FLOWERS.
 Lily, Yellow,
 Lily, Scarlet,
 Lily-of-the-Valley,
 Lobelia,
 Locust,
 Lotos-flower,
 Love-lies-a-bleeding,
 Lupine,
 Magnolia,
 Marigold, Yellow,
 Marigold, French,
 Meadow Saffron,
 Mignonette,
 Mezereon,
 Monk's-hood,
 Moss,
 Myrtle,
 Narcissus Poeticus,
 Nasturtion,
 Nettle,
 Nightshade,
 Oak-leaf,
 Oats,
 Olive,
 Orange-blossom,
 Orchis,
 Ox eye,
 Pansy,
 Passion Flower,
 Pea, Everlasting,
 Pea, Sweet,
 Peach-blossom,
 Peony,
 Periwinkle, Blue,
 Periwinkle, white or red,
 Phlox,
 Pine,
 Pine, Pitch,
 Pine, Spruce,
 Pink, Red, (double,)
 Pink, Indian,
 Pink, White,
 Pink Mountain,
 Polyanthus,
 Poppy, Red,
 Poppy, Scarlet,
 Poppy, White,
 Primrose, Evening,
 Primrose,
 Primrose, (rose-colored,)
 Prickly-Pear,
 Queen's Rocket,
 Rose, Austrian,
 Rose, Bridal,
 Rose, Burgundy,
 Rose, Carolina,
 Rose, Daily,
 Rose, Damask, (white & Youth,
 Rose, Deep Red,
 Rose, Hundred-leaved,
 Rose, Damask, (red,)

INTERPRETATIONS.
 Playful Gayety,
 High-souled,
 Delicate Simplicity,
 Malevolence,
 Affecti'n beyond the grave
 Estranged Love,
 Hopeless not heartless,
 Dejection, Sorrow,
 Love of Nature,
 Sacred Affections,
 Jealousy,
 Growing old,
 Worth and Loveliness,
 Timidity,
 Deceit,
 Ennui,
 Love in Absence,
 Egotism and Self-love,
 Patriotism,
 Slander,
 Dark Thoughts,
 Bravery and Humanity,
 Music,
 Peace,
 Woman's Worth,
 A Belle,
 Patience, [Thoughts,
 Tender and Pleasant
 Religious Fervor,
 Wilt thou go with me,
 Departure,
 I am your Captive,
 Anger,
 Early Friendship,
 Pleasures of Memory,
 Unanimity,
 Pity,
 Time and Philosophy,
 Hope in Adversity,
 Woman's Love,
 Always lovely,
 Fair and fascinating,
 Aspiring. [Riches,
 Pride of newly-acquired
 Evanescent Pleasure,
 Fantastic Extravagance,
 Forgetfulness, or Consola-
 Inconstancy. [tion,
 Have confidence in me,
 Unpatronized Merit,
 Satire,
 She will be fashionable,
 Very lovely,
 Happy Love,
 Simplicity and Beauty,
 Love is dangerous,
 [red] Lightness,
 Bashful Shame,
 Dignity of Mind,
 Bashful Love,

FLOWERS.
 Rose, Moss,
 Rose-bud, Moss,
 Rose, China,
 Rose, Mundi,
 Rose, Musk,
 Rose-bud, Red,
 Rose, Red-leaved,
 Rose, Chinese, Dark,
 Rose-bud, White,
 Rose, White,
 Rose, White, (withered,)
 Rose, Thornless,
 Rose, Yellow,
 Rose, York & Lancaster, War,
 Rose, Champion,
 Rosemary,
 Rue,
 Saffron,
 Sage,
 Scabious,
 Sensitive Plant,
 Snow Ball,
 Snow Drop,
 Sorrel, Wild,
 Speedwell,
 Star of Bethlehem,
 St. John's Wort,
 Sumach, Venice,
 Sun-flower, Dwarf,
 Sun-flower, Tall,
 Sweet-brier,
 Sweet William,
 Syringa Carolina,
 Thistle, Common,
 Thorn-apple,
 Thyme,
 Tuberose,
 Tulip, Red,
 Tulip, Variegated,
 Tulip-tree,
 Verbena,
 Vernal Grass,
 Violet, Blue,
 Violet, White,
 Violet, Yellow,
 Virgin's Bower,
 Wall Flower,
 Water Lily, White,
 Willow, Weeping,
 Witch Hazel,
 Wheat,
 Woodbine,
 Wood Sorrel,
 Yarrow,
 Yew,
 Zinnia,

INTERPRETATIONS.
 Superior Merit,
 Confession,
 Grace,
 You are merry,
 Charming,
 Pure and lovely,
 Beauty and Prosperity,
 Forsaken,
 Too young to love,
 Sadness,
 I am in Despair,
 Ingratitude,
 Let us forget,
 War,
 Love's Messengers,
 Remembrance,
 Disdain,
 Marriage,
 Domestic Virtues,
 Unfortunate Attachment,
 Sensitiveness,
 Thoughts of Heaven,
 Friendship in Adversity,
 Parental Affection,
 Female Fidelity,
 Reconciliation,
 Animosity,
 Intellectual Excellence,
 Your devout Adorer,
 Lofty and pure Thoughts,
 Simplicity,
 A Smile,
 Disappointment,
 Misanthropy,
 I dreamed of Thee,
 Thriftiness,
 I have seen a lovely Girl,
 A Declaration of Love,
 Beautiful Eyes,
 Fame,
 Sensibility,
 Poor but happy,
 Faithfulness,
 Modesty,
 Rural Happiness,
 Filial Love,
 Fidelity in Misfortune,
 Purity of Heart,
 Forsaken Lover,
 A Spell,
 Prosperity,
 Fraternal Love,
 Maternal Tenderness,
 Cure for the Heart-ache,
 Penitence,
 Absence,

TRUE.—It is according to nature to be merciful; for no man that has not divested himself of humanity, can be hard-hearted to others without feeling a pain in himself.

The Parlor Visitor.

VOL. 4.

NASHVILLE, AUGUST, 1855.

NO. 2.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

DR. JONES, *Editor of the Parlor Visitor*:

Dear Sir—Looking over a file of old papers, I find the enclosed sketch, by an elegant writer, of the life and poetical writings of SCHILLER, which I would like very much to see published in your excellent "*Visitor*." It is the concluding and unpublished part of a series of articles upon German Literature, written for the "*American Magazine of Literature and Science*," 1841, in which, Volume 1, pp. 123—125, 137—140, the preceding portions may be found, this having been delayed till after the discontinuance of the work. The antecedent part related, as it will be seen, to Goethe, but this upon Schiller is sufficiently distinct in itself to warrant its appearance without the republication of the former, as it might occupy too much space in your columns.

The author, I may remark, was one of our most highly esteemed contributors, a young gentleman of rare endowments, finished scholarship, and giving promise of high literary distinction: but, alas! he too was removed by "an untimely death" from his literary career—removed at the very onset, ere he had begun to realize that bright renown which smiled upon his path in prospective—a circumstance that lends peculiar pathos to his touching tribute to the name of Schiller.

Yours, &c., B. WOOD.

The foregoing communication from Dr. B. Wood, former Editor of that excellent monthly, *The American Magazine of Literature and Science*, was enclosed with, and should have preceded, the article of Horace B. Webster. Having, however, been omitted by error of the printer, we insert it here.

WELCOME! WELCOME! Thrice welcome! the communications of B. Wood, M. D., Mrs. L. Virginia French, and Elder C. C. Bitting. With the hearty and continued co-operation of the distinguished Editress of "*The Southern Lady's Book*," the able and popular editor of "*The American Magazine of Literature and Science*," and the interesting and impressive style of Elder C. C. Bitting, what may we not accomplish? With such contributors, no pent up State, or Southern territory, "contracts our powers." The whole American continent is ours.

Bro. D. J. Brown, Mississippi, writes: "We are much pleased with your paper here, and hope your list of subscribers will soon reach ten thousand."

The Alabama Baptist says:

"The June No. of the Parlor Visitor is before us, containing the usual amount of interesting matter. Brother Jones is doing a good work for the mothers and daughters of the present generation, which will tell upon the sons of the next."

Thank you, dear brother, for your good opinion. We will try more and more, to merit it. Let the Visitor but do a GOOD WORK, and we are content.

The Southern Fountain, alluding to the Visitor, says:

"The June number of this most excellent monthly is on our table. We have examined it, and find it filled with matter chaste and beautiful, both original and selected. Altogether, it is a number calculated to inspire holy and pious emotions in the breasts of all who read it. It is a visitor that could with propriety be welcomed into every family.—Every Baptist family especially should take this Magazine."

See how a sister in Texas speaks of the Visitor. After sending money for herself and daughter, she says: "I love to read a piece with the editor's name affixed. The Parlor Visitor is everything at our house—send it—I must have it; as long as I have a dollar I will pay for it. When I fail to send the money, send the Visitor.

In Christ, LUCY KYLE."

HOW CHANGED.—A few months ago, and the people were sad, because of the gloomy prospects of the harvests. But in due time, He who reigns in Heaven, sent rain upon the parched fields, and already an abundant harvest has been gathered—and husbandmen are cheered with the prospect of probably a more abundant supply of Indian corn than was ever produced any season within the recollection of our oldest farmers. These thoughts are suggested from having before us a letter written from Franklin County, Mississippi, in June. The brother sent money for another, but discontinued the Visitor for himself, not because he did not like it, but because it required all his money to buy bread; and then concludes by saying to us: "Do not be discouraged—all readers of your Visitor like it, as far as I have heard them speak of it." "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."