

THE PARLOR VISITOR.

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

Vol. 4.

NASHVILLE, NOVEMBER, 1855.

NO. 5

For the Parlor Visitor.

THE ORIENT.

BY AN AMATEUR.

The East has for ages attracted a large share of the world's attention. Holy associations gather around it, which like 'the East in the East,' will shed upon it a flood of charms as long as reason shall enlighten or the imagination cheer the human mind. The magnificent king of day manifests his partiality for its sacred scenery, tendering to it the first salutation of revivifying matutinal beams. Its capabilities to interest and delight the enraptured mind are infinite, and they receive additional strength simultaneously with the appearance of properly elaborated works of travel, giving well defined delineations of its variegated fields, classic cottages, and Arcadian shades, together with those far-famed celebrities which have figured so extensively in the past eras of its eventful history.

Mt. Sinai, Mt. Tabor, and Mt. Carmel, whose gilded crests are pinnacled in fleecy clouds, still lift up their hoary brows, like the heads of giants, above the neighboring hills and shine with an effulgence intensified by the lapse of three thousand years. The Red Sea, dashing its angry billows above the wreck of Pharaoh's discomfited hosts, Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, thought by the Syrian of olden times to be better than the waters of Is-

rael, and the classic Hydaspes, the source of many a fantastic fable, are still imprinted upon our Modern Maps, in living attestation of the truth of those startling declarations which beautify and adorn the historian's page and of the genuineness of those vast treasures of experience and profound wisdom bequeathed to us through a long line of illustrious ancestry who basked in the dazzling sunlight of ancient civilization. The Pyramids, which have failed to perpetuate the names of their ambitious builders; the 'fabling Nile,' whose swollen 'flood no fountain knows,' and bathing in its tortuous course the shores upon which Cleopatra tantalized the Roman legions, and over which Candace swayed the Ethiopian scepter; the celebrated ruins of Memphis and Balbec, heightening by their massive proportions and finished execution, our conceptions of the perfection of architectural skill, and the mechanic arts in the halcyon days of Sesostris and the Eastern kings; the Chinese wall, built centuries ago to intercept the invasions of the Mogul Tartars; the tall spires of Constantinople pointing the iron-souled pilgrim to the gateway of the East, and over-looking the far-reaching plains, where Caesar gained his laurels and Alexander conquered a world; the

proud Alps capped with a perennial crown of spotless white, and belted with storm clouds—the Alps from whose precipitous sides thunders the avalanche down the yawning chasm—the Alps lifting themselves as it were in adoration to the Supreme God: all these canonized localities charm the beholder and translate him from the present into the very midst of events transacted thousands of years gone by.—They strike a responsive cord in the throbbing heart of man universal, and send a shivering sensation throughout his elaborate constitution, waking him up to a knowledge of the wonders of oriental civilization, and prompting him to an examination of the precious relics collected from the vast threshing floors of antiquity. The march of time and the progress of human events, although they have witnessed the demolition of many of its towers of strength and beauty, and have hung the cypress with the laurel upon many of its moss-covered ruins and distinguished monuments of past splendor, have instead of detracting from, rather added to the estimation in which they have been held by the public mind. Although the gorgeous West, with its spangled standard and ‘banner of stars,’ has for a quarter of a century startled the “Old World,” with the overwhelming evidences of its prosperity and the almost certain success of those institutions, which European statesmen, from their knowledge of national polity, pronounced to be vain experiments; yet the vane is turning Eastward, and the cannon now bristling from the embrasures of Sebastopol, the embattled legions marching and counter-marching upon the ensanguined plains of the Crimea, the white armed navies sporting in martial glee upon the perturbed waters of the azure Mediterranean, the slow fires of the Revolution smouldering in the very heart of the Chinese nation, and stealing away its vitality, and the general and fearful complexity of diplomatic affairs throughout the entire East, are, like the vivid flashes of lightning in an approaching storm, only the precursors of those awful thunders which are destined to shake the world by their might

ty percussions. The first great act in the drama of human existence was executed between the rose-clad banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and it fixed the estate, and shaped the destiny of untold millions of home-wandering souls; and from present indications the same high-favored Continent will soon witness the denouement in the “final consummation of all things”—an event for which kings and holy men of old have looked and desired to see, but have not seen. The rapid advances made in the interpretations of the prophetic Scriptures within the last few years, and the remarkable concurrence of the most distinguished theologians in making the East the theatre of those momentous transactions, which are immediately to precede the dawn of the Millennial day, attach a new importance, and increased significance, in the view of those interested in such investigations, to those lands upon which have fallen so many blessings, and which have received so many indications of the divine partiality. If reliance is to be reposed in the developments of modern learning and if any belief belongs to the revelations of the greater lights of the nineteenth century, the shepherds in the valleys of Judea, and the dwellers in tents on the mountains, and in Jerusalem will behold wonders and exhibitions of power in those consecrated lands more astounding and glorious than those antedated by the miraculous appearing of the “Star in the East,” or the contemporaneous with the crucifixion of the despised Nazarine, when the earth agonized and trembled to her centre, when the sun quenched his radiant beams at the sight of his God, and when darkness like a pall enveloped the earth. The waters are now troubled, the elements are now in violent agitation, nations are convulsed, thrones are crumbling, kings are reeling like drunken men, and the whole habitable globe will soon be rent with convulsion, and wild disorder preparatory to the birth of some splendid event—of some signal achievement. The clarion of war has sounded, the tocsin has rung forth the alarm, the trumpet of international strife has pealed forth its bold note of proud defiance, the bosoms of both the

who battle under the Cross and those who fight under the Crescent are inspired with deathless courage and even desperation, and crowded battalions with burnished muskets and glittering bayonets march forward with elastic step to shed each other's blood, and to stain the fragrant earth with the crimson flood. That the lamp of Turkey will be extinguished, that the great river "Euphrates will be dried up" to prepare "a way for the Jews, the Kings of the East," to return to their long lost inheritance, seems to be a consummation

around which gathers but little contingency. Truly the East must be the theatre of occurrences which must "shortly come to pass." The rebuilding of Jerusalem, the promised return of the Jews, the personal appearing of a "once crucified but now risen and gloriously exalted Savior," and the proclamation of the "universal evangel of liberty,"—all these magnificent events encircle the Orient with a halo of glory undiminished by the mists which have invested the Holy Places from the beginning of the Saracenic domination.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Some cool, matter-of-fact philosopher, who takes a very rational, common-sense view of things, thus discourses on this theme. We commend his views to all young people who are tinctured with sentimentalism or romance:

"Many a young person may have been accustomed in imagination, to regard the loss of property rather in the light of a romantic incident, than of a serious evil, involving, probably, no greater sacrifice than the exchange of her father's commodious mansion, and extensive grounds, for some small, but enchanting cottage, which her fancy pictures as embowered in foliage, and covered with roses and jessamine; while she herself, the interesting victim of unmerited misfortune, attired with elegant simplicity, and accompanied by some chosen friend, roams about amid the fragrance of flowers, the song of the birds, and the murmur of water falls, or tunes her harp to plaintive strains, expressive of her exquisite distresses. But how would this delicate and sensitive being shrink, even in idea, from the unrefined realities actual-

ly consequent upon reduced pecuniary resources—the close, ugly, and inconvenient house—or the mean dingy lodging, with its low ceilings, narrow passages, and perpendicular staircase—the menial offices to be performed—the faded, shabby apparel—and, worse than all these, the neglect of former friends, the sneers of the world, the affected pity of some, and the unmeaning advice of others; or perhaps, a combination of the whole in some situation of dependence, where the benefits conferred in the provision of what is called a 'home,' are supposed to compensate for any amount of privation or arrogance."

(The latest estimate of the population of the world makes it eleven hundred and fifty millions. Of this sum total, six hundred and seventy-six millions are Pagans; three hundred and twenty millions are nominal Christians; one hundred and forty millions Mahomedans, and fifteen millions Jews. Of Christians, the Church of Rome numbers one hundred and seventy millions; the Greek and Eastern churches sixty millions, and there are ninety millions of Protestants.

S A L T .

Ion. You said, mamma, that we should hear to-day why men and animals require so much salt.

M. Then lis'en, and I'll amuse you.

W. Oh! here is a curious thing mamma has brought from under the table. What is it—this shining stuff, like silver, mamma?"

M. This is a metal called *Sodium*; it is a deadly poison. And in this retort is a gas called *Chlorine*.

L. Ah, that is the bleaching gas, which makes the "chloride of lime."

M. This gas, too, is a poison. Now, see me put a little of the metal with the gas.

W. Ah, there! Oh, mamma, let me clap my hands, please. What a beautiful flame!

M. It will burn a little longer. Now see what there is left. There is a white substance. Taste it!

L. Why, mamma, that is salt. How strange,—for two poisons to make such a good thing as salt.

M. This salt is not now poison. It contains two other substances—muriatic acid and soda. You will understand this better, one day, if you study chemistry.—What are the names of the two substances in this salt?

L. Muriatic acid and soda.

M. Now you shall see why we want salt with our food. I told you in our Natural History lesson, that the food you eat must be made liquid, so as to become part of your blood.

W. Yes, mamma. First, our teeth chop it up, and then it is dissolved in our stomachs by a juice. I don't know what the juice is called.

M. It is called the *gastric juice*. When you take any salt into your stomach, the muriatic acid helps to make gastric juice; and the soda in the salt forms part of an-

other juice, called bile; and both of these juices are useful for changing your food into blood, or *digesting* it.

W. Now I see, mamma. Then, it is no wonder that the poor animals go so far for it. They can't make their food digest properly, I suppose. You told me, mamma, that vegetables were harder to digest than meat. I suppose that is another reason why the farmers give the sheep salt.

M. Do you think that you quite understand now why we require salt?

Ion. Yes, mamma. It is very easy—it makes juices to digest food.

M. Now you shall hear where the salt is procured. Here is the salt-cellar. Let us go to the place where the salt came from. We must travel all the way from this table to CHESHIRE.

W. Get your hat, Ion.

Ion. No, no. Mamma means "travel in your mind."

M. Yes; by three different railways, until you reach a Cheshire town called *Nantwich*. There you will find, flowing from under ground, springs of water, which are very salt—they are called salt springs.—This water is put into large iron pans, and boiled. The particles of water then form vapor, and rise up in the air; and, when all the water has changed into vapor, what is left in the pan?

W. Nothing, mamma.

M. But I said that the water contained salt. Now, the salt will not change into vapor. So, although the water goes away, they find the salt remaining at the bottom of the pan.

W. Well, then. That is not making salt—only separating it.

M. Salt is not only found in these springs; but you know that the sea-water is salt. This water is put into large clay pits, where the heat of the sun dries it up, leaving a thick crust of salt at the bot-

tom. The salt from the Sea is called *Bay salt*.

If you travel through Chester, past *M d-lewich*, another town where they make salt, you will come to a town called *Nort-rich*, where it is dug out of the earth.—There is a large mine of salt, which is as wonderful as the Northumberland coal mines. The salt is dug out in large lumps; it is coarser than the salt from the sea, or salt springs, and is called *Rock salt*.

But the most wonderful salt mine is in Europe. It is near *Cracow*, a town which was once the capital of a country called Poland. Many travelers have been to see it. I once read an account of it, written by a gentleman. He said—

"I and my guide, and two men with lamps, were let down the shaft, or opening, by a rope. Down we went—we were going to the depth of 150 feet; but, when we had reached 90 feet, we stopped at a broad open cavern, as large as a field.—Here I saw large rocks of pure salt, which looked rather dingy; but, by the light of the oil lamps, I saw that they sparkled a little. We heard around us, in all parts, the busy sound of spades, mattocks, and wheelbarrows. We saw, in one part, great casks of salt, ready to be hoisted to the surface; beyond them were sleeping rooms for the miners, and stables for 20 horses. This large place was called the first floor of the mine, and its height was about 20 feet."

W. That is nearly twice as high as our drawing room.

"We then went out of this open cavern, through a long gallery, to another part of the first floor. We passed several turnings, which branched off in different directions like streets and lanes; and, at last, we reached a Chapel made of salt.—There was an altar, a crucifix, a statue of the Virgin, and two images. They represented the emperor and his wife, and were cut out of the solid salt. We saw too an ancient looking pulpit in the Gothic style.

"After we had wondered at all this, we went down to the second floor. This was 100 feet lower. The lamp-bearers went first, and I followed them down a long

flight of steps. The cavern in this floor is not quite so large. It consists of one spacious hall, and has not any pillars to the roof.

"Here I noticed some miners cutting an enormous mass of salt. It was much taller than themselves, and I trembled for fear it should fall upon them. Some other men were packing salt in barrels, like those in the first floor.

"We passed on; then down we went again, lower still, and reached the third floor. There, as we walked along, we saw now and then a cavern full of workmen. Sometimes they were wheeling their little carts along the galleries, each cart was full of salt, with a lamp in the front.

"We followed our guides until we were very tired, and then we reached a wooden platform. Here we saw before us a broad, black, and dismal cavern, and we stood for a long time trying to see into it; the guides held up their lamps, but they were not bright enough to lighten it. There is a chandelier made of crystal salt, hanging from the centre of this cavern, and when any prince or great personage visits it, it is lighted up with 150 lights. Then the inside may be seen, looking like a great castle in ruins. At the bottom are some rows of seats, rising one above the other, like the gallery in an infant school; opposite these seats is an orchestra (that is, a place where musicians play), and on such grand occasions, a small band play a slow simple tune, which echoes through the cavern, and sounding solemnly, has a singular effect.

"We left this cavern, and then we went down again, deeper and deeper into the earth—to the fourth floor.

"Here is a dark subterranean lake, 80 feet long, and 40 feet broad. When great people come to this place, they sometimes travel over it on rafts, made of fir logs, lighted up by many torches. In this part the bed of 'green' salt ends—here it is 700 feet below the surface of the earth,

"Beneath this bed of green salt there lies the finest *crystal salt*. It is reached by long flights of steps, and inclined planes, and is in a cavern 300 feet lower."

W. Why, that makes a fifth floor!—and if it is 300 feet lower, it is a thousand feet below the surface.

M. Yes, this cavern is even lower than the sea. Yet it is large enough to exercise a regiment of soldiers in. The air here is very cold.

After visiting this floor, the gentleman went up the mine again, and returned to the earth's surface by a different road, passing through more caverns and galleries. I should think that he and his men were very glad when they breathed the fresh air, and saw the light again; for, although they had been in the mine all day, they had only seen a small part of it. I have heard that, to visit the whole of this extraordinary and astonishing place, they would have had to travel a distance of no less than three hundred miles!

W. That is a wonderful tale, mamma. And are these salt mines in Poland now?

M. Yes. Perhaps you may see them one day, if you grow up to be a man. But I have just thought of something else about salt. You may not only find it in Poland but in other parts of Europe.—There are large mines in France, Germany and Hungary. In Spain there is a solid rock of salt, so large that you have to travel nearly three miles to walk round it—

It is more than three times as high as a house. The peasants, I have heard, break off great pieces to make into pots and cups for their own use.

There are large salt rocks in Asia; and in Africa there is a plain of salt so large that it would take four days to walk across it. There are also, in Africa lakes of dried salt, to which the natives travel with baskets and pickaxes, and dig it out.

Mexico, in America, yields 1,800,000 bushels every year. Thus, you see that there is salt spread all over the earth, besides the salt found in the springs, and the sea. No place is entirely without salt.—Who do you think has arranged this, that there should be salt everywhere?

Ion. God did it, mamma, of course.—And I think it was very good of God to do so, when He knew how much all men and animals want it.

M. Yes, Ion. I have read that nearly every man on the globe will, when he can get it, consume from five to six ounces of salt per week. How sorry we should have been if all the salt in the world had been put in one place! There are many things in this world which show how the good God thinks of man—many things which we have not found out yet. Ah! he thinks more about us than we think of Him!—
Pleasant Pages.

JEREMY TAYLOR'S IDEA OF A FRIEND.

A friend shares my sorrow, and makes it but a moiety, but he swells my joy and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river, and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Syrian star; but two torches do not divide but increase the flame; and though my tears are sooner dried up when they run upon my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet

when my flame hath kindled his lamp, we unite the glories, and make them radiant like golden candlesticks that burn before the Throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and harmony.

The poor should get learning in order to get rich; and the rich should acquire it for an ornament or usefulness.

AFTER THE STORM COMETH THE SUNSHINE.

It has been said that "every cloud hath a silvery lining," and the person who penned this truthful and poetical sentence, might also have added, with equal claim to truth, that after the storm cometh the sunshine.

No matter how hard the tempest may rage—no matter how dense the clouds that overshadow the heavens of God's beautiful heritage, the earth—no matter how fierce the winds that drift the storm, and wash the billows of the ocean, and commit havoc and destruction among the abodes of men—no matter how howls the raging, unloosed fiends of air and water—the darkness will become light, the winds will be hushed, the sky will brighten, the waters become calm, men will look up and bless their Maker—and after all cometh the sunshine—the God-given, heaven blessed, life-giving sun-shine.

That the above is true of the elements of the material universe, no one will hardily dispute. That the same may be said of the little life-horizon of man's heavens, will be almost as readily admitted.

We care not how rough and untoward the face the world may expose to her most unworthy and unlucky inhabitant—we care not how bleak blow the winds of chill adversity—we care not how grudgingly the God bestow upon their dependents the little which is necessary to keep body and soul together—we care not how hard the task master, and how poor the pay—how tried the soul—how weak the faith—how troubled the spirit—how feeble the pulse—if life be left—(and even after the dark shadow of the valley of death has been passed, is there not *hope* in an Eternity beyond the grave?—we care not how sore the trials—how bitter the persecutions endured—there is a God in Heaven, and after all these crosses cometh the sunshine. Thank God for the sunshine! How

beautiful, how heavenly its mission, both the material and the immaterial; the one to give life, health and vigor to all things earthly—to vivify and illuminate the vast and otherwise chaotic face of nature; and the other to lighten the hearts—purify the feelings—and revive the drooping spirits of the otherwise dark and deluded inhabitants of the earth.

Son of sorrow and weeping—*man*; when the damp is on your heart, and the clouds sweep over your head, despair not—God sendeth afterwards the sunshine.

Daughter of want and wretchedness—*woman*; when the world frowns upon you, and the worldling shun thee, and pass on the other side—when your soul is heavy with accumulated grief, and your eyes overfull with tears, despair thee not—there is a "good Samaritan"—after the storm cometh the sunshine.—*Chicago Budget.*

HOW BEAUTIFUL.

When the summer of youth is slowly wasting into the nighfall of age, and the shadow of past years grow deeper and deeper, as life wears on to its close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice us, and friends have been gathered together around our firesides, the rough places of our way-faring will have been worn and smoothed away, away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through, will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of the holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of age!

For the Parlor Visitor:

THE DARK HILLS OF MONROE.

The farewell of one since dead, to the home of her youth.

O! country of my birth,
To you I sing my farewell lay,
For melancholy is my heart, and sad, to-day.
From childhood's hour, [vales,
I've loved your dark green hills, and sunny
And they are dear to me, as love's bright tales.
Here I have wandered by the pearly stream,
And learned sweet music from the murmuring
brook,
Here wrought my childish plays
Until were consecrated to them,
Every mossy nook.
Each turning wood-path, every quiet glen,
And green old oak, have grown familiar
In my by-gone days; and all are dear to me,
Fond memory says.
They say thy hills are dark; but not to me:
No where does sunlight fall so soft, [fail;
So sweet to me as here—where first I saw it
Ah! no,—to me thou art not drear.
I love thy spring green hills,
And summery vales, [and bare,
And when stern winter, makes them brown

I love them still—my *native hills*,
My native air.
I may go hence, and tread another soil,
And breathe another air;
The altar of my home may yet be built,
'Neath other skies,—but
'Twill not fade thy light from out my eyes
New songsters there may tune for me
Their merry lays,—new streams may flow,
New flowers may bloom, and friends
May rise to bless me there:—but here,
Ah! here,—*I want my tomb*.
I'd have the old home willows here,
To wave above my sleeping dust,—
My native air to stir them, and
My childhood's friends to take me
To my last long home: these I can trust.
Then fare thee well,
Home of my earliest years and fondest love
Farewell each stream and flower, [the
Each vale and hill. Farewell my native
And your pleasant bowers, I go to other scenes
And these can now, no more be called ours
PARKERSBURG, VA.

THE TRUE WIFE.

She is no true wife who sustains not her husband in the day of calamity; who is not when world's great frown makes the heart chill with anguish, his guardian angel, growing brighter and more beautiful as his misfortunes crowd along his path.

Then is the time for trial of her gentleness, then is the time for testing whether the sweetness of her temper beams only with a transient light, and, like the steady

glory of the morning star, shines as bright under the clouds. Has she smiles just charming? Does she say, 'affliction cannot touch our purity, and should not question our love?' Does she by little attent lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of thought?

There are wives—no! there are beauties—who when dark hours come, fall to reproving and upbraiding; and adding to our

anxiety the harrowing scenes of domestic strife, as if all the blame in the world would make one hair black or white, or change the decree gone forth. Such know not that our darkness is heaven's light; our trials are but steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we rightly ascend, we may at last gain that eternal light, and bathe forever in its fullness and beauty.

"*Is that all?*" and the gentle face of the wife beamed with joy. Her husband had been on the verge of destruction—all his earthly possessions were gone, and he feared the result of her knowledge, she had been so tenderly cared for all her life!—But says Irving's beautiful story, a "friend

advised him to give not sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids until he had unfolded her all his hapless case."

And that was her answer, with the smile of an angel—"Is that all? I feared by your sadness it was worse. Let these things be taken; all this splendor, let it go! I care not for it; I only care for my husband's love and confidence. You shall forget in my affection that you ever were in prosperity; only still love me, and I will aid you to bear these reverses with cheerfulness."

Still love her! a man must reverence; aye, and liken her to the very angels, for such a woman is a living revelation of Heaven.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather slow, and you know the girl's songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or theatre.—All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society, have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure.—Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yodel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please an unfortunate brute who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of watersancho and brown bread and butter. I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the

evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it.

Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we cut the best slices out of the joint at the club dinner for ourselves, and light our pipes, and say we don't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—*Thackeray*.

If you would be pressed for time, postpone till to-morrow that which you should do to-day.

If you would die in rags, live in idleness.

MEANS TO THE END.

Instrumentality is essential to the redemption—to the salvation of the world.—Christians must be workers together with God, or sinners will be lost. There is a solemn truth which should rest upon our minds; in one sense, there are in every church infidels and robbers—men who have robbed God, in tithes and offerings, who do not believe as is asserted in His word that there is none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. There are many also, that excuse themselves for sumptuous living, wearing fine apparel, residing in costly palaces and making feasts for the rich, because, they say, “we can’t believe that the heathen are lost at all, they don’t know anything about the Bible and where there is no law, there is no condemnation, therefore we will enjoy our own money so as to derive the greatest amount of pleasure.—We’ll give occasionally to support the pastor, and five or ten dollars per annum to the foreign mission agent; we’ll go to church,—we’ll observe the Sabbath, read the Bible and teach our children to read it.” Whose fault is it that you can’t believe the heathen are lost? Will ignorance be a valid excuse for your selfishness? How do you know that they are not responsible for forgetting God? And why will you give anything to support your pastor? Why anything to foreign missions? Why go to church? Why observe the Sabbath? And why, O why read the Bible and teach your children to read it?—Why jeopardize the happiness of any, by perpetuating a knowledge of the Bible,

“If ignorance be bliss
‘Tis folly to be wise.”

If all men are saved without knowledge of God or the Bible, is it not extreme folly to circulate the Bible at all, the knowledge of which will be the means of the damnation of many souls! Why don’t

you advocate the propriety of having a mass meeting to burn every copy of God’s truth? But think and tell us, O! deluded man, did our Savior “who had all power” on earth and in Heaven,—who was happy with the Father before the world was, leave His high estate, to endure humiliation, affliction and persecution for naught? Did he suffer agony in the garden, thrice praying this prayer, “O Father if it be possible let the cup pass,” and did He in addition to all the other sufferings, die the ignominious death of the cross? not knowing that the whole world could be saved without it? and that if He unfortunately died, His death would be the means of the damnation of millions, who would hear but not believe the story of the cross? Have fallen men arrived at knowledge which God and angels never knew? Did Christ die in vain? Or are the heathen dying and being consigned to punishment? And are we not careless of men’s souls, when by doing as the widow, giving all our living we might be the means of the salvation of the souls of millions of men, or when by giving even of our abundance we might be the humble instruments to the salvation of thousands. Before the universal triumph of the Redeemer’s Kingdom,—before the heathen shall be given for an inheritance and the uttermost part of the earth for a possession Christians must become one in Christ and ‘fellow laborers together.’

Ed.

IMPORTS FROM CANADA.—The Northern newspapers state that during the three months ending June 30th, 1855, the imports from Canada, at the neighboring ports in the United States, amount to \$5,520,302. Only about \$150,000 of this aggregate consisted of dutiable merchandise, during the whole of the fiscal year 1854, the imports from Canada were \$7,308,358, on which the duties paid were \$1,524,457.

I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER.

BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

The marriage rite is over,
 And though I turned aside,
 To keep the guests from seeing
 The tears I could not hide.
 I wreathed my face in smiling,
 And led my little brother
 To greet my father's chosen,
 But I could not call her mother.

She is a fair young creature,
 With a meek and gentle air,
 With blue eyes soft and loving,
 And silken sunny hair —
 I know my father gives her,
 The love he bore another,
 But if she were an angel
 I could never call her mother.

To-night I heard her singing
 A song I used to love,
 When its sweet notes were uttered
 By her who sings above;

It pained my heart to hear it,
 And my tears I could not smother,
 For every word was hallowed
 By the voice of my mother.

My father, in the sunshine
 Of happy days to come,
 May half forget the shadow
 That darkened our old home;
 His heart no more is lonely,
 But I and little brother,
 Must still be orphan children—
 God can give us but one mother.

They've borne my mother's picture
 From its accustomed place,
 And set beside my father's
 A younger, fairer face;
 They've made her dear old chamber
 The boudoir of another,
 But I will not forget thee,
 My own, my angel mother.

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.

Who is lovely? It is the girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks and pleasant smiles, as she passes along; who has a kind word of sympathy for every boy or girl she meets, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; who never holds, never teases, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but to increase their happiness. Would it please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones as you pass along the streets? But there are precious stones which can never be lost. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy.— If you do this, you will be sure to be beloved.

— * * * —
 If you would not be disappointed, take care how you rely upon men in matters where their pecuniary interest conflict with yours.

OUR COUNTRY.

We are both made free,
Of one religion pure, and undefiled."—TUPPER to America,

That the religion of Jesus Christ has done much to favor the development of the principles of civil liberty both in Europe and America, is now being generally understood, and in looking at the evidences of American prosperity, so unprecedented, proudly may Europe boast, and Britain's poet sing:

"*Columbia*, child of Britain—noblest child!
I praise the growing lustre of thy worth,
And fain would see thy great heart reconciled
To love the Mother of so blest a birth,
For we are one, *Columbia*! still the same
In lineage, language, laws and ancient fame,
The national nobility of earth."

English Historians and Poets, Statesmen and Divines, are in these latter days, becoming proud of their American brethren; and well they may, for England with all her "storied name" finds more than a rival here. "*Columbia*" name ever dear to freemen; is not now, as when she came from the grasp of tyranny—the hand of her oppressors. She is now free, and the middle of the nineteenth century, presents a perspective of present and future greatness which excites the admiration of the world. Look to the Senate and House of Representatives and who honors our councils. Who more than favorably compares with our own native Historians? whose style more interesting than theirs? Whose poetry more chaste, elegant and descriptive, than that of our own poets? Whose Statesmen or Divine more learned or talented than ours? In liberty, science, literature and laws, we lead the world. But in connexion with these reflections a serious question arises, 'tis this: How shall the States most effectually maintain their present amicable relations to each other, and to surrounding nations? 'Tis only as we suppose, by decent respect for the

opinions of worthy and honest men. 'Tis by recognizing the power of Government—the authority of the people and their Representatives. 'Tis by regarding the whole Union as one, indissolubly one, and endeared to all. 'Tis by "indignantly frowning upon the fanatics who are endeavoring to weaken" the bonds of Union; by encouraging feelings of patriotism and philanthropy, and holding up the treacherous demagogue to merited scorn, to ineffable contempt.

From our inmost soul have we rejoiced with those that rejoice, over the honorable and amicable settlement of the territorial and other vexed questions which have so repeatedly disturbed the peace and quiet of the government. And we glory in recording the fact, that this rejoicing is not confined to a party, or parcel of our citizens, but so far as we have known, it was almost the entire people who endorsed most heartily the various measures which have led to peace and harmony. Tennessee will not degrade or disgrace herself by any infamous or treacherous example, but with Kentucky, her sister State, will be the last to forsake the Union. No pent up state bounds—no narrow contracted feelings circumscribe her admiration. She loves the whole Union and will defend it. Her motto will be Peace, Liberty, Union.

Ed.

The history of the heart of a man of genius is of as great importance, and is as much the property of his posterity, as the history of his mind: the emotions are the nurses of the faculties, and the first home is the sanctuary in which they are created and reared.

CLERICAL LEGISLATORS.

The tendency of the times is towards an increase of the number of clergymen in the halls of Legislation. The fact has much importance attached to it, which should commend it to serious consideration. If the habit should be formed of choosing any considerable portion of our Legislators from among the number of the clerical profession, the influence both on Church and State would we think be very serious.— While we deprecate such a usage, we would not be understood to deny that there are instances in which a minister may, consistently with his ministerial obligations, accept of an appointment to a Legislative body. When there is a great national crisis impending, like that of the American Revolution, which necessarily absorbs the hearts and affects vitally all the public interests, and when the very life and salvation of the country requires the utmost exertion of every man in it can contribute towards the general safety; in such a case a clergyman, holding a commanding position of influence, might find it to be plainly his duty to make that influence felt in the national Congress. He might, for a short time, be able to do more for the common good in such a way, than by confining himself to his pulpit labors. Sometimes a minister is providentially incapacitated for his pulpit labors. His voice has failed him, or he has other reasons of a similar nature for permanently turning aside from the work to which he has consecrated himself. In such a case, his master having given him permission to retire from the ministry to which he has been called, the furniture of mind which he has acquired may perhaps be turned to good account in the halls of Legislation. For nothing now hinders his giving his mind sufficiently to the new employment, to become fully qualified for it. Sometimes also a minister is laid aside temporarily from his proper work, and health or some similar reason may properly induce him, for the time be-

ing, to try a change of employment by accepting a service of this nature. In such a case we will not insist that he cannot be in the way of his duty, in serving the State as one of its Legislators. There may also be other occasions, of the same general nature, which may render this course admissible.

But, on ordinary occasions, we think that the minister who enjoys his health and retains a good standing in the ministry, and before whom lies an open field for his labors, cannot be justified in leaving the word of God, for such an employment, so foreign, not to say inferior, to that to which he has been called. Our first reason for this conviction is, that the whole habit of mind which the minister of the Gospel ought to form and cherish, the habit of devoting his energies of thought and feeling mainly to the objects of his ministry, must tend to unfit him to do himself justice, or to do justice to his position, as a legislator. If he gives himself wholly to his ministry, he cannot, unless he is a very rare exception among men, become a skilful and well informed politician. There are very few such universal geniuses as can be completely fitted for occupations so diverse. As a general rule, it may be affirmed that a good minister, remaining such, cannot be a good and competent legislator.

But we have in the converse of this statement, a still more serious objection to adduce, viz: That active legislators, or politicians, cannot ordinarily be good ministers. To succeed as a politician, one must give his heart and energies to the business. His zeal must kindle upon it. It must occupy his public and private hours. But if a minister thus devotes himself to politics or legislation, his mind is by necessity in a great measure withdrawn from that sacred work to which he stands pledged to be wholly devoted. No man can serve

two masters. No man can fill properly two positions, so far remote as the pulpit and the political rostrum. The minister who has a good standing in his profession, will be unwilling to become a politician unless he can achieve success also in that line. But this success is not to be gained by a mere nominal or official connection with political affairs. He must carry his heart and soul into them. He must ply a busy mind, not only in studying the subjects of legislation, but in working the more complex machinery of politics — Offices are to be gained and given. Elections are to be provided for and managed.

And, however upright the man himself may be, he is almost necessarily brought into contact with much that is questionable, and even base, in the arts of political intrigue and management. His mind, to speak, is made to breathe in an atmosphere that benumbs the spiritual sensitivities, and hardens the heart. After one has spent the six days of the week in the midst of such an atmosphere and such employment, he is but poorly prepared, must believe, to come forth to his people on the Sabbath, and unfold to them the searchable riches of Christ, whose kingdom is not of this world.—*Puritan Recorder*.

POPULAR EXTRAVAGANCE.

Our christianity and our love of country should put us upon fitting remedies for some of the alarming habits of extravagance which prevail among us. One of the sources of this manifold evil has been fairly put in the following remarks of a wholesale merchant and importer, as given in the annual report of the American Woman's Education Society:

"You have got hold of a great matter, sir. I hope you will succeed. The women are wrong, sir. They are not educated right. They are going to bankrupt the country unless there is a change. More is thought of show than substance. We pay scores of millions annually for ladies' ornaments which are of no use. We can not afford it. It is worse than sinking the gold in the sea! We are paying more duties on artificial flowers than on railroad iron! God help you to elevate the position and the aim of woman!"

The fact that a store in this city employed in the sale of laces, and other su-

perfluities in that line, pays a rent of ten thousand dollars a year, is a significant comment upon this speech. There is a cure for such an evil, though it threatens ruin to the country, and greater ruin to Christian character, but in something that shall divert the ambition of the female mind to something better worthy of rational and immortal beings than this rivalry in expensive dress and outward show.—*Puritan Recorder*.

A queer writer says he has so high regard for the religious notions of others that if he should ever see a lot of an idol worshipping a toad-stool, he would certainly lift his hat and pass on, without casting a stone or reflection at them.

The barren fig tree was not cursed because it bore bitter fruit, but because it bore no fruit.

For the Parlor Visitor.

OBSERVATIONIE.

Name of my heart, around thy memories cling,
The dearest hopes of life's young budding day,
Ne'er do I think of thy green fragrant hills,
But tears fall fast, that I am far away.

Thou hast sweet Nature's wild romantic dower,
And all the riches of her first estate, [er,
There dwelleth with thee neither pomp nor pow-
But in thy simple riches, thou art great.

Beauty unmarred by man's cold work is thine,
High wrought sublimity, and queenly grace,
As when thy maker with creative power,
First gave to thee on earth a dwelling place.

Here would I build my home, and nurse the hopes
I cherish for my little stay on earth, [spring,
Here count the joys that round my path shall
Here lay me down to wait my heavenly birth.

I'd have my grave amid thy rolling hills,
Thy birdlings sing my requiem mid the flowers,
That grow untutored by thy silver streams, [ers.
Fit boquets in their beauty, for immortal bow-

Here on this spot of earth I'd rest when done,
With all of earthly toils, and earthly ties,
Thy sunbeams would I woo,—such melting light,
As ever breaketh from thy morning skies.
LIBERTY, MISSOURI.

CHARACTER AND OPINION.

Men's characters are determined, not by the opinions which they profess, but by those on which their thoughts habitually fasten, which recur to them most forcibly, and which color their ordinary views of God and duty. The creed of habit, imitation, or fear, may be defended stoutly, and yet have little practical influence. The mind, when compelled by educational doctrines, has yet a power of keeping them, as it were, on its surface, of excluding them from its depths, of refusing to incorporate them with its own being; and when burdened with a mixed and incongruous system, it often discovers a sagacity which reminds us of the instance of inferior animals, in selecting the healthful and nutritious portions, in making daily food.

Accordingly, the real faith corresponds little with that which is professed. It often happens that, through the progress of the mind in light and virtue, opinions once central are gradually thrown outward, lose their vitality, and cease to be principles of action, whilst through habit they are defended as articles of faith.—*Channing.*

Converse not with a liar or a swearer, or a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be one of the like making; and if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that will be troublesome to you in after-time; and the returns of the remembrance of the passages which you have long since heard of this nature, will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side;
 On a bright May mornin', long ago,
 When first you were bribe;
 Then corn was sprinin' fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day is as bright as then;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again!
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath, warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'nin' for the words
 You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near—
 The church where we were wed, Mary
 I see the spire from here;
 But the grave yard lies between, Mary
 And my step might break your rest,
 For I've laid you, darlin', down to sleep
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends,
 But oh, they love you better far,
 The few our father sends!
 And you were all I had, Mary—
 My blessin' and my pride!
 There's nothin' left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died!

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
 That still kept hoping on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And ma arms young strength was gone,
 There was comfort ever on your lip,
 And the kind look on your brow;
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
 When your heart was fit to break,
 When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
 And you hid it, for my sake!
 I bless you for the pleasant word,
 When your heart was sad and sore;
 Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
 My Mary—kind and true!
 But I'll not forget you darlin'
 In the land I'm goin' to;
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sunshines always there;
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods,
 I'll sit and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where my Mary lies;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side, [morn,
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May
 When first you were my bride!

JUST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS.

The first book ever printed with a date appeared in 1455, just four centuries ago this very year. Nine years after, the Koran began to be publicly read at Constantinople, and at the same time the Bible was sent forth on the wings of the press, to the four quarters of the world, to counteract its baneful influence. And from that

day to this, the civilized world of Europe and America is indebted for that superiority which no second night of ignorance can darken, no new incursion of Vandalism can overthrow, to an enlightened, conscientious, independent press. Those four hundred years have changed the face of the world.

(*Extracts from Lynch's Expedition.*)

RIVER JORDAN.

At 3.45, we swept out of the Lake, (the Sea of Galilee,) course W. by N. Our course varied with the frequent turns of the river (Jordan.) The average breadth about seventy-five feet. The banks round, and about thirty feet high. Water clear, and about ten feet deep. p. 173.

We halted at the ruins of an old bridge forming obstructions, over which the rushing river rushed like a mountain torrent. The river was about thirty yards wide. p. 174.

River, twenty-five to thirty yards wide; current, two and a half knots; water clear and sweet. We passed two islands, one of them very small. p. 175.

We accomplished this difficult passage, (the falls of Semakh,) after severe labor, up to our waists in water, for upwards of four hours. p. 178.

River, fifty-five yards wide, and two and a half feet deep. Current, four knots. . . .

At 4.0, the river about sixty yards wide, current three knots. . . . 5.44, passed a small stream coming in on the right. . . ., another small stream, same side 150 yards below. . . . Water clear, eight feet deep, hard bottom. p. 180.

Half a mile below Abeldiyeh the river became deeper, with a gentle descent, current three and a half knots. 6.15, passed a small Island, covered with grass. p. 181. Average width of the river to-day forty yards; descended nine rapids, three of the most terrific ones; passed one island. p. 182.

We descended nearly down to where the Yermak (the Hieromax) falls into the Jordan on the east. p. 186.

While swimming across some distance up the stream, one of the men carried over his head a rope and made it fast around the roots of a bush. . . . In order not to

risk the men, I employed some of the most vigorous Arabs in the camp to swim by the side of the boats, and guide them, if possible, clear of danger. p. 189.

At 4.20, passed the mouth of the Yermak, forty yards wide. Passed an island twelve feet high, covered with grass and weeds. p. 191.

The bridge (Jisr Mejamia,) gracefully spans the river at this point. It has one large and three smaller Saracenic arches below, and six smaller ones above them, four on the east, and two on the west side. The river deep, narrow, and impetuous.— p. 193.

The river, thirty-five yards wide, six feet deep, gravelly bottom; current five knots 2.41, river very serpentine, five feet deep—water appeared to have fallen two feet within the day or two: p. 202.

We descended to-day three large and seven small rapids. We passed one small stream coming in from the south-east, and four small islands. The river averaged forty-five yards in width, four feet deep, and five knots current. p. 203.

Beyond these interruptions, (fearful rapids,) the river flowed broad and deep, yet maintaining much of the features of a torrent. Many islands—some fairy-like, and covered with a luxuriant vegetation; others mere sand bars, and sedimentary deposits, interrupted the course of the river, but were beautiful features in the general monotony of the shores. p. 215.

Here and there a gurgling rivulet poured its tribute of pure water into the now discolored Jordan. p. 217.

In our course to-day, we have passed twelve islands, all, but three, of diminutive size, and noted fourteen tributary streams, ten on the right and four on the left bank. p. 219.

The width of the river was as much as seventy yards, with two knots current and narrowed again to thirty yards. Mr. Bedlow, however, made the attempt, and succeeded in reaching the island, with no greater inconvenience than dripping extremities and a moist saddle. . . . The depth and impetuosity of the river caused us some apprehensions for the safety of our cook, Mies-tafa, who, being mounted on an ill-favored, scrubby little beast. . . . was in danger of being snatched from us. p. 224.

We gave today descended ten moderate and six ugly rapids, and passed three tributaries to the Jordan, two quite small, and one of respectable size. Also four large and seventeen small islands. The depth (of the river) has been in proportion to the width and velocity of the stream. At one place the river was eighty yards wide, and only two feet deep. The average width has been fifty-six yards, and the average depth a little more than four feet. p. 238.

The river, forty yards wide and seven feet deep, was flowing at the rate of six knots down a rapid descent, with much drift wood. We soon passed two islands. p. 252.

At 9.30 p. m. we arrived at 'El Meshra,' the bathing place of the Christian Pilgrims, after having been fifteen hours in the boats. This ford is consecrated by tradition as the place where the Israelites passed over with the ark of the covenant, and where our blessed Savior was baptized by John. p. 255.

Tuesday, April 18—At 3 a. m. we were aroused by the intelligence that the Pilgrims were coming. . . . The party which had disturbed us was the advanced guard of the great body of the pilgrims. At 5, just at the dawning of day, the last made its appearance, coming over the crest of a high ridge in one tumultuous and eager throng. In the wild haste of a disorderly rout, Copts and Russians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians, from all parts of Asia, from Europe, Africa, and from far distant America, on they came; men, women, and children, of every age and hue, and in every variety of costume; talking, screaming, shouting, in almost every

known language under the sun. Mounted as variously as those who had preceded them; many of the women and children were suspended in baskets, or confined in cages, and with their eyes straining towards the river, heedless of all intervening obstacles, they hurried eagerly forward, and, dismounting in haste, and disrobing with precipitation, rushed down the bank and threw themselves into the stream. They seemed to be absorbed by one impressive feeling, and perfectly regardless of observation of others. Each one plunged himself, or was dipped by another, ten times below the surface, in honor of the Trinity. p. 261.

The Pilgrims descended to the river where the bank gradually slopes. Above and below it is precipitous. The bank must have been always high in place, and the water deep, or the axe-head would not have fallen into the water, and Elisha's miracle have been unnecessary to record it. p. 363.

The river forty feet wide, twelve feet deep, bottom blue mud. p. 266.

The river here fifty yards wide, eleven feet deep. . . . River eighty feet wide, fast increasing in breadth, seven feet deep. p. 267.

At 3.25, passed the extreme western point, where the river is one hundred and eighty yards wide, and three feet deep, entered upon the Dead Sea. p. 268.

Would you love more than others? then it is necessary to believe more than others. Would you believe more than others? then you should know more than others. Would you know more than others? then you must have God reveal himself more to you than he does to others.

It is said to be a well authenticated fact in science, that oiled saw-dust, acted on by the rays of the sun, will undergo the process of ignition spontaneously in about sixteen hours.

If you would keep out of trouble, meddle not with other people's quarrels.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

One morn a Peri, at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the Springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed the child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all!"

"Though sunny the Lake of cool CASHMERE,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet—O, 'tis only the Blessed can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!"

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping:
And, as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Edin's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.

"Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go seek it, and redeem thy sin—
'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in."

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the Sun,
Fleeter than the starry brands

Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumbered rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR;
I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sunbright ARABY;
I know, too, where the Genii hid
"The jewelled cup of their King JAMSHID,
With Life's elixir sparkling high.
But gifts like these are not for the sky:
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life—O! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fanned
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds team;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwaked from the innocent flowers.

Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillared shades—
Thy cavern shrines and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?
'Tis He of GAZNA—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scattered in his ruinous path.—
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks

Of many a young and loved Sultana;
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood,
All crimsoned with his country's blood
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer to th' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The Tyrant lived the Hero fell!—
Yet marked the Peri where he lay,

And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its freeborn spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil

On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,

That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
O, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her
cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,

"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native Land—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
That opens the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Africa's lunar Mountains,
Far to the South, the Peri lighted;

And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile.
Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,

Her grot, and sepulchres of Kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves

In warm ROSETTA's vale—now loves

To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.

'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!

Who could have thought, that saw this night

Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in Heaven's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending

Warns them to their silken beds;—
Those virgin lilies, all the night

Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake;—

Those ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;

Amid whose fairy loneliness
Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Naught seen but (when the shadows, fitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam,)
Some purple-winged Sultana sitting

Upon a column, motionless
And glittering like an Idol bird!—

Who could have thought, that there, ev'n then,
Amid those scenes so still and fair
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing

Of human shape, touched by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath passed,
At once falls black and withering!
The sun went down on many a brow,

Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again.

And, O! to see th' unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away
And sicken at so foul a prey!

The fierce hyæna stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies:

Woe to the half dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—

"Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,

"But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—! the air grew pure and clear

Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,

Such kindly spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,

Like age at play with infancy—
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the lake, she heard the moan
 Of one who, at this silent hour,
 Had thither stolen to die alone.
 One who in life, where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many;
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
 None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard,—
 tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death—
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And loved, and might have called his own,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's breath,—
 Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
 Freshly perfumed by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fanned.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
 This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
 'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothed bride,
 She, who would rather die with him,
 Than live to gain the world beside!—
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosened tresses.
 Ah! once, how little did he think
 An hour would come, when he should shrink
 With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms, that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!
 And now he yields—now turns away
 Shuddering as if the venom lay
 All in those proffered lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unasked or without shame.
 "O! let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 There—drink my tears while yet they fall—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm!

And, well thou know'st, I shall it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side?
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night.
 That must be hers when thou art gone?
 That I can live, and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself?—No, no,—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too!
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before like thee, I fade and burn;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there!"
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
 One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living!
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as ever warmed a woman's breast—
 "Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
 Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
 Who sings at the last his own death-lay,*
 And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
 Such lustre o'er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seemed,
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping:
 While that benevolent PERI beamed
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping
 Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
 Again the Peri soars above,
 Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
 Of pure self-sacrificing love.
 High throbbed her heart, with hope elate,
 The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
 For the bright Spirit at the gate
 Smiled as she gave that offering in;
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells

* "In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipe, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—RICHARDSON.

Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the throne of ALLA swells;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,
 Upon whose banks admitted souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take!
 But ah! even PERIS' hopes are vain—
 Again the Fates forbade, again
 Th' immortal barrier closed—"not yet,"
 The angel said as, with regret,
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
 "True was the maiden, and her story,
 Written in light o'er ALLA's head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, PERI, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be
 That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
 Softly the light of Eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted LEBANON;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who looked from upper air
 O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
 How beauteous must have been the glow,
 The life, the sparkling from below!
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sunlight falls;—
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
 Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
 As they were all alive with light;—
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam
 Various in the crimson beam
 Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 Th' unclouded skies of Peristan.
 And then the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales;
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales.

But naught can charm the luckless Peri;
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
 Joyless she sees the Sun look down
 On that great Temple, once his own,
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
 Has raised to count his ages by!
 Yet haply there may lie concealed
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
 Some amulet of gems, annealed

In upper fires, some tablet sealed
 With the great name of Solomon,
 Which, spelled by her illumined eyes,
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
 The charm, that can restore so soon
 An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheered by this hope, she bends her thither;
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even
 In the rich West begun to wither;—
 When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
 That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers or flying gems;—
 And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
 Now nestling mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turned
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath daybeam burned
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-cloud, of gloom and fire;
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
 The ruined maid—the shrine profaned—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stained
 With blood of guests!—there written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play:—
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches that have burnt all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets!
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering th' eternal name of God
 From Purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes

Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.
O! 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Even haughty EBLIS of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!
And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memsry ran

Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?

"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child!
"When, young, and haply pure as thou,
"I looked and prayed like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim,

And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!

In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down
from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon EGYPT's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health re animates earth and skies!—

O, is it not thus, thou man of sin
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!
'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well th' enraptured PERI knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's Gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is won!
O! am I not happy? I am, I am—

To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,"
And the fragrant bowers of AMBERADAD!

"Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die
Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!
Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief;
O! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by ALA's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is won!"

"OUR DAILY BREAD."

A correspondent in the New York Mirror thinks the war against the liquor traffic involves injustice to the dealers, because the temperance advocates allow no compromise by which the dealers and their "innocent children" might pray or hope for that which the Savior characterized in

a most beautiful prayer, "our Daily Bread." But the correspondent forgets other passages of that prayer; "Lead us not into temptation"—"deliver us from evil." Do the dealers think of these?—Ex.

The man who was injured by a train of circumstances is likely to recover.

WASTE OF WAR.

Fire, flood, famine, pestilence, are among the most terrible and exhausting instruments of individual and national chastisement. But their combined desolations are not half so frightful as those of the demon of war.

The waste of *money* is the least of the evils that war engenders, yet this is palpable enough to a people overburdened with taxation. If the thousand millions of dollars already expended in the eastern war, and entailed for untold generations as a clog on the industry and prosperity of the people composing the nations engaged in the struggle, could be followed out in the details of oppression and suffering connected with tax-collections, year by year, even the financial curse would sicken the heart.

But the waste of *life* is, a far more formidable evil. A half million of human beings, it is estimated, have already been destroyed, by battle or disease, in the Crimean conflict, and the war is believed to have only had its beginning. The frightful carnage before or within the defences of Sebastopol, the threatened campaigns on the Danube, the possible engagements on the Rhine—all involving untold sacrifices of life—may swell the total to a fearful sum. But each life is connected with other lives, and forms a link in the chain of human being and sympathies which girdles the old world.

Hence the waste of *homes* is frightful. The Zouave and the Highlander, the Cosack and Turk, each has a mother, a sister, a wife—somebody, in some obscure home, to follow him with a loving, anxious heart, to the tented field, and to weep bitter tears when war claims him as its victim. O could the rulers and statesmen whose ambition is the occasion of bloody strifes, trace out one by one the desolated homes of their soldiery, and hear the groans of anguish that go up from broken hearts, as

the records of the dead distribute their woes among the nations, they would pause before they

“Let slip the dogs of war.”

But the waste of *morals* is perhaps the darkest feature in this catalogue of evils. “War does more harm to the morals of men, than even to their property and persons,” says an eminent writer. And another characterizes it as “a temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue.” An army, even under the best command, is, and must be, a vast nursery and hotbed of depravity. And the state of war becomes, to the nation engaged in it, the stay of all healthful reforms, and the fruitful source of public and social corruption. Religion weeps and withers. “War and Christianity are like the opposite ends of a balance, of which one is depressed by the elevation of the other.”

Such is a faint picture of the waste of war. May God preserve our country from the awful guilt, and the supreme folly of foreign or domestic strife. And may his wonder-working providence bring to a speedy end those frightful scenes of carnage in the East, which curdle the blood of the humane, and offend the Majesty of heaven.

The above we take from the *American Messenger*, written prior to the taking of Sebastopol. The annexed extract is from the *Republican Banner* of this city:

ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICA.—SEBASTOPOL TAKEN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—The steamer America has arrived.

Sebastopol has been taken after three days bombardment, commencing on the 8th. The Allies were repulsed six times. 20,000 Allies and 10,000 Russians were killed. The Russians blew up the defences, fired the City and fleet, and evacuated. Five French Generals were killed.

TELL JESUS.

We read that on a certain occasion the disciples came and told Jesus all they had done. It is an excellent example for us to follow.

We should, at the close of each day, go and tell Him all that we have done. Especially should we tell Him our sins. It will aid us to exercise penitence on account of them, and thus secure forgiveness. It will have a great tendency to prevent our sinning. When about to perform an act unworthy the name we bear, an act displeasing to Him who died for us, and whose blood will be required to wash away the stain of its guilt, we shall surely be arrested in the performance if we remember that we shall be obliged to go and tell him the shameful story of our guilt. We cannot conceal our sins from him; therefore we had better tell him all our sins, daily. It will prove an important aid in avoiding sin.

We should go and tell Him all our sorrows. It is a relief to tell our sorrows, especially if we secure the sympathy of the listener. When we tell them to Jesus, we are sure of the most cordial sympathy.—Whatever may be the cause of our grief, we are sure of a patient, loving, sympathizing listener. Have we met with ingratitude and unkindness from others?—Let us not make complaints to men. Go and tell the story to Jesus. In the very act of telling, we shall find a relief; and besides he will give us grace to bear the trial, whatever it may be.

Let us go and tell Him, at the close of each day, all the good we have attempted to do in his name, and ask his blessing upon our efforts. When we are telling them to him, we shall be able to see them in their true light, we shall strip them of their disguises; for whatever appearance we may put on before men, we shall not attempt to deceive Jesus. We shall tell

Him what we have done, and we shall not put any glosses upon our acts, or strive to make them appear better than they are.—This will have a tendency to make us careful to have our efforts such as will bear his inspection. Since we cannot hope for success without his blessing we must be careful to have such a statement to make as will secure his approbation.

We should go and tell Him all our perplexities, our doubts in regard to duty, and our difficulties in the way of performing it. It is the surest way of having them removed. Often they are removed, while yet we are speaking; if not, a word or whisper from Jesus will be sufficient.

Reader, are you on familiar terms with your Savior? Do you go and tell Him all that you do? Do you ask counsel of him respecting your plans? Do you seek his blessing on all your doings? Ex.

THE HAIR OF FEMALES.

Dr. Cazene, of the hospital of St. Louis, Paris, has published a valuable paper, on the hair, in which he says that the most healthy mode of dressing the hair of females, especially young ones, is to let it be as loose as possible, or arranged in large bands so as to let the air pass through them. It is a great mistake to plait the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting hair more or less strains the hairs in their roots; pulling them tight tends to deprive them of their requisite supply of nutriment, and check their growth. The hair of the girls should also not be cut or thinned, but merely shortened.

Speak harshly to no one. Gentle words calm the soul.

If you would die in rags, live in idleness.

THE LOUISVILLE RIOTS.

The following designed for "*The Southern Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences*," we have requested of B. Wood, M. D., one of the Editors, for publication in the *Visitor*, prior to the issue of the Journal; believing it will be satisfactory to our readers on a point which has so long been enshrouded in confusion. Ed.

As the Louisville riots may be classed among those historical events of general interest in regard to which Medical men, as well as others, may very naturally desire to know the truth unwarping by party version, and as the number and class of persons slain upon that deplorable occasion have been the subject of conflicting statements in the political papers of the day, we are induced to submit the facts as obtained through the politeness of the Mayor and Coroner of Louisville. Our note was prompted more by a desire to satisfy our own mind than anything else. We give a copy of the inquiry and reply.

NASHVILLE, SEPT. 15, '55.

HON. MAYOR,

Dear Sir:

Will you have the goodness to furnish me a statement of the number of persons killed in the late riots in your city—how many Americans and how many foreigners, how many women and how many children, and whether native or foreign—and oblige.

Yours very respectfully,

B. WOOD.

LOUISVILLE, SEPT. 20, '55.

B. WOOD, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

Before me I have yours of the 15th inst., which was handed me to-day, by the Mayor with the request to reply. There were in all seventeen persons killed in the late riots in this city.—Eleven were Irishmen, two Germans and four Americans. There were no women or children killed that I have any knowledge of, and I assure you that I found all that I could.

I am very respectfully,

W. LEE WHITE, Coroner.

DISCOVERY OF MS. SERMON BY LUTHER.

Twelve autograph sermons of Luther have recently been discovered at Raksan in Hungary. The Hungarian paper *Divatarnok* says:—"How these sermons have found their way to Hungary is a question still to be settled, but sure to be cleared up by a nearer perquisition of the records in which the autographs were found. It is a well known fact, that Luther for a long time used to be in correspondence with several learned Hungarians, mostly with Baron Peter Revay. The MS. is bound in

vellum, and contains twelve sermons written on thick brownish paper, in faded, though still very legible black letters. The margin of the leaves shows marks of having formerly been gilded. Each separate sermon is signed with Luther's autograph signature; and all these signatures are so like to each other, that there being written by one hand is beyond any doubt. This valuable discovery is at present in the hands of M. Paul Raksanyi, whose property they have become by inheritance."

WEEP FOR YOURSELVES AND FOR YOUR CHILDREN.

The Savior when being led away to be crucified, was followed by a great company of people, many of whom loved him, and among them were women bewailing and lamenting his fate. "But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."—Luke xxiii, 28. Some weeks ago we heard from the Pastor of the 1st Baptist Church, Nashville, a sermon of extraordinary merit, from these words of the Savior so near the cross; or rather, the discourse was made applicable to the daughters of America: The speaker alluded, in language

touchingly eloquent, to the responsibilities of christian mothers, and numerous reasons why they should weep for themselves and their children. Prominent among his points, were divisions among the professed followers of Christ. Dispositions to be greatest, the unbrotherly warfare being waged by ministers, and Baptist ministers upon each other. To the would-be dictators, old landmarks and new landmarks, infidelity, unitarianism, universalism, modern spiritualism, and to various other isms and notions of the day. We wish every mother in America, had a copy of the Sermon.

Ed.

THE REV. SPENCER H. CONE, D. D.,

THE REV. SPENCER H. CONE, D. D., Of New York city, was a Director of the American Tract Society from its formation in 1825, till his death, August 28, 1855, aged 70. Born in Princeton, N. J., April 30, 1785, he was in early youth two years in Princeton college, then five years a teacher, then seven years *an actor in the theatre*, then two years editor of a political paper in Baltimore; and early in 1814, having been made a distinguished trophy of divine grace, he united with the church. In November, 1815, he was ordained to the ministry, was for a time chaplain to Congress, in 1816 became pastor of the church in Alexandria, and in May, 1823, colleague, and then sole pastor of the

Oliver street Baptist church in New York, from which he was transferred, July, 1841, to the church in Broome street, where he labored till his death. Plucked as "a brand from the burning," he devoted the last forty years of his life with great power and success to the preaching of "Christ crucified," in which he evermore triumphantly rejoiced, and to the great missionary, Bible, and kindred enterprises, in which he held many important trusts and fulfilled high responsibilities with uncommon energy and fidelity.—*American Messenger*.

To the foregoing might have been added the crowning excellencies of this aged and beloved brother as President of the *Bible Union*.

Ed.

MANY MEMBERS, BUT ONE BODY.

As each department, of any system of organized living matter, is harmoniously connected with every other. So of christians. All who make up the one body in Christ, are members one of another. And though a distant member may suffer; in so far as that member constitutes a portion of the body of Christ, the body suffers, for whether one member suffer, the whole suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it. And since such as are fitly joined, are necessary to the well proportioned growth, how careful should be the body of all its members.

By way of illustrating this idea more fully, we may recur to a beautiful and important thought—one which Paul presented not only to the church at Ephesus, but to the faithful in Christ Jesus. It is such a thought, as the reader may take home and in leisure moments call it up again and again most profitably; it is worthy a volume of meditation. The Apostle to the Gentiles, speaks of a body—a christian system—and “THE HEAD, even CHRIST; from whom the whole body—fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.” Here, in few words, but forcible, we have a Divine model for Christians; and the lunatic or mad-man who cuts, mangles and lacerates the members of his own body, deserves not halt so much pity, censure, or the straight jacket as he who in the name of God, professing to do good, recklessly attacks and seeks to wound and otherwise injure the members of the body of Christ. The well-being of society demands an asylum for such.

As in nature “the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part

maketh increase of the body, so in grace; When the disciples of Christ are fitly joined—and the “one body” animated by “one spirit,” and when together the members of that body endeavor to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, when together they speak the truth in love, O then, there will be a gracious “increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.” But it were as creditable to one’s heart, and perhaps his head, to say to his hands and his feet I have no need of you—as to act toward good and useful members of the body of Christ as though they were useless and offensive to the body. The wisdom and order in both instances is equally divine, for God hath set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him. And God hath set some in the church. ED.

Bancroft, the historian, says not the half of Franklin’s merits have been told. He was the true father of the American Union. It was he who went forth to lay the foundation of the great design at Albany, and in New York he lifted up his voice, as the Apostle of the Union. It was Franklin who suggested the Congress of 1774, and but for his wisdom, and the confidence that wisdom, and the confidence that wisdom inspired, it is a matter of doubt whether the Congress would have taken effect. Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century.

The London Weekly Times of 29th July contains a good tale of Judge Story and Mr. Everett. Everett was entertained at a public dinner before leaving Boston. Judge Story gave as a sentiment, “Genius is sure to be welcome where Ever-ett goes.” Everett responded, “Law, Equity and Jurisprudence: no effort can raise them above one Story.”

THE UNHAPPY REPLY.

"I do not think it a selfish act if I occupy this whole seat myself, as I am to travel all this long day," said I to a lady nearest me, one sultry morning, as I took the out-of-the-way end seat, in the cars at Buffalo for Albany.

"Certainly not," was the reply, as I put my shawl, books, papers, fan, bouquet, &c., in the one end, nestled myself down in the other. I soon wearied of conversation and reading, and had sunk into a fitful slumber, when a gentle tap on my shoulder, and a low "please Miss!" made me wake with a sudden start.

The car was filled to overflowing, and a newly arrived party had entered; and a pale little woman, with a fretful baby in her arms, stood asking permission to sit beside me. With more of pity than of pleasure, I shared my seat with her, yet I spoke but a few words and sulkily forebore taking the restless little creature to ease her poor wearied arms; but merely smoothed its yellow hair and its pale baby cheeks, and said Mary was a good and sweet name.

For my own comfort I had opened the window, that I might more distinctly catch those picturesque views, that flitted by so quickly that they seemed like glowing pictures, without one imperfection to mar, when my attention was drawn to my companion, who was incessantly coughing.

"I do wish you would let down that window," said she, "the coal smoke makes my cough so much worse."

I am ashamed to confess it now, but I felt the angry blood burn on my cheek, and flashing of the eyes, as I replied:

"I am quite sick, and wearied, and troubled, and hungry, and thirsty, and crowded, and here you come as an intruder, and keep me from the mite of cool, fresh air that I am trying to get. Do you think you are doing as you would be done by?" said I tartly, and without waiting for a reply, I rose,

and was letting down the window with an angry crash, as a naughty child would slam a door shut, when she laid her poor, wasted hand on my arm, and said: "*Oh! don't do it then!*" and burst into tears, and leaned her head down on her baby, and cried bitterly.

The woman in my heart was touched; but putting on the injured air of a martyr, I compressed my lips, and took up a paper, pretending to read. Pretty soon my eyes grew dimmed. I could not see without crushing the tears often, and I resolved to ask her pardon for my unkindness; but minute after minute glided away, and we soon reached her place of destination, and she rose to leave, I rose too, and the words were on my lips, when a gentleman came to assist her out.

She turned her gentle, tearful eyes upon me with a sad expression, and bowed so sweetly, that my hand was almost upraised to appeal for forgiveness—the words were just dropping from my lips—but she was gone; it was too late, and I, a woman, with a woman's heart, was left with that stinging little barb sticking in it, and the sweet words, and wasted little hand, that could remove it, were gone from me forever. I sank back in my seat and wept bitterly.

The gentleman returned from assisting her, and as the car was full, he took the place she had vacated. I inquired who the lady was, and he replied:

"Her home is in Wisconsin, and she has returned to the home of her childhood to die. The whole family of brothers and sisters died of consumption and she, the last one left, is going too."

Oh! I turned away sick at heart, and tried to shut out from remembrance that pallid, appalling face, as I resolved, and re-resolved, never again, in this poor life of mine, to speak an unkind word.

LABORERS AND THE HARVEST.

How numerous, learned and labored, have been the preambles and reports of special committees, to general associations and other religious bodies in reference to the present lamentable ministerial destitution and the remedy. And how vastly inferior all of them, in simplicity, force and effectiveness to the Savior's. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth more laborers into his harvest." The harvest is the Lord's, the laborers are the Lord's, and He is the only Being in Heaven or earth who has power to send just such laborers as would be most useful to men and honoring to God, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth more laborers.

Do we need men to sow tares such as dislike the peace of Zion? Only restrain prayer, and doubtless the present afflicting numbers of such will be increased. Do the glory of God and the interests of His kingdom in the world, demand such as wait upon the Lord, and watch for the interest of souls, more than they that watch for the morning? then is there hope in prayer? Do we need that present growing evils be corrected by salutary means, by men who delight in sowing "the good seed;" by such as prefer to all of earth, the wisdom from above—men who prefer the peace and prosperity and growth of the churches above their chief good? THE REMEDY IS PRAYER. Do we want men of cultivated comprehensive capacity who have soul enough to rise in points of controversy above unpleasant personal antagonism and in meekness for the sake of truth, grapple with and oppose error; men of some such character as the doctors in the temple, who losing sight of the child Jesus, were astonished at his understanding and answers? If such men are wanted, there

is power in prayer. Do we want such meek, Christ-like, self-sacrificing laborers as the primitive disciples?—men of whom some future historian may say as the world's historian once said of these men, "They, in themselves common, plain men, but directed by the spirit of their master; scattered the seeds, whence gradually, in silent growth and unbounded propagation, the most beautiful flowers of humanity, the most excellent fruits of knowledge and virtue, were to spread among the nations of the earth." And in proof of their salutary influence, he says, "in two centuries the christian religion was spread from the banks of the Ganges to the Atlantic Ocean; in most countries completely victorious. Do American churches want like-minded men? Remember there is divinely appointed power in prayer. Pray ye therefore. The power is God's?" and the churches want laborers for God, commissioned of God, to do the work of God upon the earth; such as in the morning will sow the seed, and in the evening withhold not their hands. And to such as are in love with the kingdom and glory of God, called according to his purposes, faithfully laboring for the good of souls there are blessings in life, consolation in death, and a crown of life in Heaven. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

E D.

Mr. Fillmore was presented to the Emperor of the French on the 16th of August, together with nineteen other Americans. Mr. Fillmore was to have been favored with a private presentation, and in consequence went in a black coat, but by some unexplained accident was thrown among his countrymen, who were in uniform, and he thus presented in more than one respect, the most noticeable figure in the company.

C H A R I T Y .

Of all the people in the world, genuine whole-souled baptists can afford to be the most charitable. Themselves rooted and grounded in the truth, recognising the propriety of obeying from the heart, not only the doctrine, but the *form of doctrine* delivered them, they can well afford, such as of God have the grace, to exhibit all the charity of the Bible. And how proper that from such a stand point they should show themselves superior to the petty jealousies which afflict such as are in any wise guarded or controlled by the traditions of men. Then too, no sensible person, referring to his own natural history, will despise the day of small things, since the effectual working in the measure of every part hath in himself produced increase to manhood. Another reason occurs to us as one of some worth. "The law and the prophets were until John: since that time the kingdom of God is preached, and yet the kingdom has been preached by different persons, in different ages, and under different circumstances in various degrees of perfection. Take for example, the mission and teaching of John the Bap-

tist and the Apostle Paul, both declared the same truths in connection with the same Savior, but one presented a more perfect system of salvation, and men believing, embraced those divine truths in their successive disclosures. And after all, as we suppose, Paul was about right, and probably as wise as most men of the present day; for after reasoning as only Paul could, of the necessity of christian charity, he says:

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part;

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away,

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Ed.

RUSSIA AND A PROTRACTED WAR.

A writer in the Journal of Commerce, who has been a resident of Russia, says that in a long war the Allies have much the best chance; that Russia has been accumulating material for the war for the last quarter of a century, but that in a campaign or two more her resources will be exhausted. He says that Russia pays \$15 for every hundred weight of gunpow-

der transported from Moscow to Perekop, a distance of 1000 miles, and for other munitions in proportion. It is argued that such a drain upon the Russian treasury as is now going on will force her to yield at last. Perhaps so; but in a war of this kind both parties are likely to lose more than they can ever hope to gain.

The Parlor Visitor.

VOL. 4.

NASHVILLE, NOVEMBER, 1855.

NO. 5.

EDITORIAL ITEMS, ETC.

ELDER C. C. BITTING, a frequent contributor to this paper, and one of the most talented and promising young ministers we have seen in Tennessee, has left this State and located at Aetna, Hanover county, Va. We heartily commend him to the favorable and fraternal regard of the churches of his care, and to other brethren of the Old Dominion.

WESTERN RECORDER.—We are gratified to hear from Bro. J. M. Cooper, of the increasing list of subscribers to the *Recorder* "The Baptist Banner," "The Banner and Pioneer," and "The Western Recorder," the same by different names, has ever been a favorite with us; indeed it first taught us what a Baptist paper really was and ought to be.

Charleston Medical Journal and Review. Edited by C. HARBOLDT, M. D., assisted by D. J. CAIN, M. D., and T. PEYRE PORCHER, M. D. Vol. X, No. 5. September, 1855.

This is one of the few independent journals of our country, and one of the best. Bi-monthly, each number having 150 pages. Subscription four dollars.

The Southern Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences. Edited by W. P. JONES, M. D., B. WOOD, M. D., Nashville; J. W. KING, M. D., Murfreesboro'; RICHARD O. CURREY, M. D., Knoxville. Vol. III, No. 5. September, 1855.

This is also an independent journal, a bi-monthly, of 80 pages, at two dollars a year. And now, in comparing, or rather in noticing at the same time, the *Charleston* and the *Southern Medical Journal*, we are reminded of a remark imputed to one of the greatest Medical Philosophers that ever adorned the new world. It is said of him while lecturing to a medical class on Phrenology, and by way of illustration, or perhaps example, he remarked, "young gentlemen, there are two good, two first-rate heads in America; one is Daniel Webster's,"—gracefully touching his forehead with his index finger—"and modesty forbids my mentioning the other." So we say there are two good, two first-rate Medical Journals in America: the one is the *Charleston Journal and Review*, and modesty forbids our mentioning the other.

PARLOR VISITOR, for August, has been received. It is an interesting number.—*South Western Baptist.*

PARLOR VISITOR.—We have received the July number of this excellent periodical, and as usual it is filled with solid and interesting matter, designed to cultivate the heart as well as inform the judgment of its reader. We regard the *Visitor* as one of the very best publications of its class in the country, and should be glad to see it in every family.—*Baptist Watchman.*

"Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing her history. The plant goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channel in the soil, and the animal its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow or along the ground but prints in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself on the memories of its fellows. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent."

THE PARLOR VISITOR.—As families are rapidly increasing, and our mail facilities are becoming more perfect, we take occasion to again recommend to the ladies of our Territory the *Parlor Visitor*, of Nashville, Tenn. The price of the work is only one dollar per year, but its contents each month are priceless. We hope that W. P. Jones, the Editor and Proprietor, will at an early day receive from the ladies of this Territory a list containing at least one hundred names.—*Kansas Pioneer.*

PERIODICALS.—The October number of the *Parlor Visitor* is on our table in advance of all others. An examination of its contents has convinced us that it is none the less interesting by appearing early. We give it a hearty welcome.—*Enterprise.*

PARLOR VISITOR.—This excellent monthly is again on our table with its rich variety for its fair readers—only \$1 per annum, send it along to Dr W. P. Jones, Nashville, Tennessee.—*Watchman.*

It is filled with original and well selected matter, and should be a regular Visitor to every Parlor. Address the Editor, Nashville, Tenn.—*East Tenn.*

NASHVILLE BOOK, PUBLISHED BY
TOON, NELSON & CO.,


No. 44, UNION STREET.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

**"MEMORIES OVER THE WATER,
OR, STRAY THOUGHTS ON A LONG STROLL."**

BY HENRY MANEY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE HON. E. H. EWING.

 Mailed to any distance. postage pre-paid for \$1 20.

The undersigned present the above work to the Southern reader with confidence. They believe that the South is not indisposed, although the contrary has been asserted in quarters inimical to the development and growth of our Literature, to sustain within her borders meritorious literary enterprises. They believe that the chivalric pride and spirit which have become characteristics of the Southern people, are not circumscribed to limits which do not embrace the cause of letters; that their boundaries embrace as well the delightful fields of Literature as those on which civic or military honors are achieved. They believe that there are not only talent and genius in the South, capable of building up a literary reputation for the South, but that there is a latent desire in the bosoms of the people to foster and encourage them in the attempt. Entertaining these sentiments, they have voluntarily entered into competition with the capital and skill of older houses, which have for years reaped rich harvests in our sunny fields, and sent forth "*Memories over the Waters*" to meet that reception which its worth may seem to deserve. The work is the production of a Southern mind, and is a most interesting book of travels. It is well printed and handsomely bound, is written with the fluency and grace of true scholarship; and its accuracy is unquestionable. It has peculiar claims upon Southern readers, and the publishers appeal to them, with entire confidence, to sustain them in their efforts to give it a wide spread circulation, and to secure to one of our own authors some of the rewards which have been bestowed upon children of other climes.

TOON, NELSON & CO.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The work comprises a series of entertaining sketches, by our talented friend Henry Maney, giving the incidents of a tour in Europe. The book comprises 350 pages, and is elegantly gotten up in modern style. * * It is prefaced by an introductory by Hon. E. H. Ewing, who participated in the "moving incidents" which are so happily and attractively related by the author."—*True Whig*.

"The style of the narrative is flowing and graceful; the descriptive passages are graphic and vivid portraiture, and what is better, may be relied upon as accurate, the author deeming the custom of most travellers of painting fancy sketches for the amusement and entertainment of their readers, more honored in the breach than in the observance."

"One cannot follow him through his tour, without appreciating the good taste and discrimination with which he regards the noble and sublime creations of nature and art, and the places familiar to the historical student, that gemmed the line of his travel."—*Republican Banner*.

"The book will be found worthy a perusal. Its author writes with much ease, and his description of travel are very life-like. He makes his readers see things as he saw them, and feel as he felt."—*Banner of Peace*.

"It is written in a style peculiar to the author, and is a thrilling description of scenes in the old world of which he was an eye-witness."—*Intelligencer, (Springfield.)*

"We advise those who wish a faithful account of the cities and countries in Europe, to procure and read the "*Memories over the Water*." It has spice enough in it to make it quite interesting, while it is at the same time instructive."—*Winchester Independent*.

"Those who wish an interesting glance at matters and things in the old world, will be pleased with the sketches from '*Memories over the Water*'"—*Murfreesboro News*.

"Mr. Maney, whose descriptive powers are great, whose fancy is chaste and poetic, and whose taste is unimpeachable, has succeeded in producing a book, the elegant pages of which will afford a rich intellectual feast to the most fastidious reader."—*Maury Intelligencer*.

"We can recommend it as one of the most interesting books of the kind we ever read."—*Gallatin Legion*.

[TURN OVER.