

ed with the novelty of strange things around them, they forget their little griefs, and enjoy the anticipated ride, right merrily. Their elder sister, perchance, is not thus happy now. See her downcast eye and mark the last tints of the rose on her cheek which the pale hue of the lily is chasing away, and know that care hath placed its seal on that brow, and that her heart's best hope is left behind, in the loved and cherished associations of 'childhood's home.' They are lost in the crowd which throng the decks—the steam is up, hissing and roaring in impatience of restraint; and now and then a plunge of the ponderous wheels, seems to betray in the 'floating palace' an instinctive eagerness to escape her fastenings and 'go ahead.' Now the rush to the boat is tremendous. Bales, barrels, bags and furniture are trundled on board in dangerous haste. Miss's bandbox is crushed, and her thread-balls and pin-money, sent racing here and there—Jonathan's ginger-bread is rolled into the dock—hats are jammed out of fashion, and dandies into it, in the hurry to reach the boat. The more nimble are now on board, but there are those, who make it a rule of their lives to delay everything to the very end of the last second of the last minute of time—the consistent and faithful disciples of Mr. 'La g-Laiter-Tardy,' (a domestic scourge by the way,) and here they come for once in a hurry, jostling along with arms a-kimbo and anxious looks, to gain the deck, ere the last bell rings, and the boat is off, for it were a shame to be left, for being only 'a minute too late.' Now hurried greetings are exchanged—friends whisper 'adieu!' and foes smile more kindly than they were wont—partings, perchance the last, of those who never have parted before, and longing looks upon the fair city, from eyes that may never look there again, are even now clouding many brows with sorrow, which else would have been lighted up with gladness. At length the word is given—she slowly leaves terra firma, when rush comes two or three notorious delinquents and jump on board, to the mighty danger of alighting in the middle of their leap. The Scotchman's dog springs into the stream and swims a long way in pursuit, as the boat glides 'like a thing of life' from her station into the open sea, when he returns disconsolate and alone, though not 'alone in his loneliness.' The anxiety is hushed, and the little mimic world, which has passed in review before us, in which are bound up so many mysteries of coming destiny, so many discordant feelings, and withal, so many hidden fountains of human kindness, has passed away, and we retire from the scene, better pleased with the world, and with stronger sentiments of kindness and fellow-feeling for our common kindred.

UNITED STATES.

From the New York Mercantile Advertiser.
THIS HOT WEATHER.

THERMOMETER at 90°, or thereabouts. With all the natural proneness of mankind to exaggeration, we doubt his capacity to imagine any thing more insufferable than Tuesday. Tuesday night, and Wednesday morning. All nature, in the language of Kitchener, was *over done*—the green grass looked crispy brown, and the tulips looked a parboiled blue, while the admirers of horticultural beauties gasped like pigeons under an air-pump. Indeed, every biped who trusted himself in the sun, went along exhaling vapour like a steam-engine, while the more relaxed and wilted clung to the shady walls like ivy to the oak. Then, with Counsellor O'Botherem, we longed for the 'shadowy shade of some umbrageous tree' on the still heights of Bergen, or the solitudes of Sleepy Hollow. The Fire King might have roasted his leg of mutton on the flags of Broadway, and ate it too, without the fear of molestation from brute or man; for few trusted themselves in that meridian at noonday, for truly the great thoroughfare might very aptly have been compared to the fiery furnace heated seven times hotter than it could be, in which but few of the tribe of Shedrach, Meshac, and Abednego, walked without singing. The very stones looked as if they were about to petition the Corporation to be removed to the shady side of the street; and had Orpheus or Paganini played to them, there can be little doubt but that they would have hopped off in a gallop to the City Hall. Then the plegmatic looked through the solar blaze like the man in the moon, with their dough faces reeking with cold perspiration—the sanguine shed the crystal stream from their red cheeks with a hissing noise, something like the hot iron dipped by the smith in his cooling trough; while the vascular filtered the tepid liquid like the sieves of the Danaides while drawing up water. As for the ladies, few of them were seen—few indeed could walk in their bathing dresses. 'Sweet Cowslip,' as old Dr Ollapod says, hid her head in the cool recesses of the airy hall. It was then we thought of Capt. Parry and the North Pole, of Kingatarrá sporting in the waters of the Pacific, and began to doubt whether the thermometer ever fell so low as fifty; and then by way of relief

we thought of Congo negro watching his banana under a vertical sun, with no other protection than the thick skull heaven had blessed him with. Even the Southerners, who had travelled hereaway to the regions of the North, panted for the genial beat of the Carolinas and betook themselves to ice and Champagne for a sedative. Then might Graham have preached bread and water with effect, for meats roast, fried or broiled, were loathed by the thirsty epicure—not even a *vol a vent*, done in Delmonico's best manner, was inviting—grease—grease—the demon of bile and the father of jaundice? Nothing more substantial than Lynch's soda or Aspinwall's sarsaparilla, could rouse the languid palate. The only object calculated to arrest the attention of the observer, was the struggle of fashion and feeling. It was reported on 'Change in the morning that Godoquin had relieved two dandies of their whiskers, that several belles appeared at the breakfast table without their stays, and that there was a serious consultation held at the City Hall, upon the propriety of wearing only half a yard of figured muslin about the neck. And it was also said that the United States Branch Bank might have refused specie payments because the metal was too hot to be handled. Hoboken looked cool and green from the shore, but how was the traveller to get there? The Marine Pavilion was discussed as a place of retreat, but eighteen miles ride in the sun could not be thought of. The basements of our dwellings were cool, but the late rains had made them musty; the air in the first story did circulate, but it was loaded, like the sirocca, with wasting heat; and the attics were all like baker's ovens. There was no retreat from the pervading and suffocating influence, unless a man were a fish and could associate with the finny tribes in the depths of the North River. All looked forward to the night for relief, but the sun went down as red in the face as a bully, or a common scold. He had tied up the wind like the host of Ulysses, in bags, and would let none of it out, for love or money. He looked as if he owed us a grudge and was determined to pay it; so we had nothing to expect from his absence. Hence the air in the evening was close and sultry. Montezuma's bed of coals was a bed of roses to a tick full of live geese feathers—even the pine-floor was better adapted to the purpose of cooking slaps-jacks, than for yielding repose to the weary limbs, and one was obliged to sit, like the King of Ithaca at the Court of Alcinoüs, in the fire-place, if he wished to enjoy a little atmospheric disturbance. But those who preferred the more dignified posture of walking, might be seen wandering about, in white, like ghosts on the border of the Styx. 'Methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more.' Indeed, many were of Macbeth's opinion. Sleep might have been found among the mosquitoes at Communipaw, or at Gowannas, but not in New York. Air was every where courted with an ardour that burnt the woer. 'Sweet air—come gentle air'—he cried with the unhappy buiter of Ovid. The umbrageous Battery resounded with the complaint through the long, long night. At length day broke in an effulgence of glory—the sun rose with undiminished heat, and Wednesday promised a hotter day than the preceding. The thermometer ranged in the shade to 90, 91, 92—in the sun to 120 and upwards. But before 3 o'clock a South western breeze softened the air; and towards evening we had the prospect of passing an agreeable night.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.
IRREVERENCE.

The controversy between the Colonization Society and the advocates of universal and immediate emancipation rages most violently at this time in the city of New York. The Rev. Dr. Cox, a clergyman of that city, was, till within a few months, an ardent supporter of the colonization of the blacks in Africa. He has lately changed his sentiments, and is now as violently engaged on the other side. Carried away by a blind enthusiasm in the cause, he undertook to declare publicly in a sermon that Jesus Christ was a *colored man*. We copy from the New York Commercial Advertiser, the following account of this unwarrantable declaration. Speaking of Dr. Cox's Address, the Editor says:—

"The incongruities in his address were numerous and palpable. He denied the *vox populi* doctrine, and yet asserted the indomitable power of public opinion, and grounded thereon the hopes of its sway in effecting immediate emancipation. He denied that there was one thousand colonists in Liberia, and considered the colonization scheme as an impracticable theoretic enterprise, and yet, in the course of his remarks, observed that 'God was the greatest theist in the universe.' We are somewhat startled by the boldness, not to say irreverence of such a remark; but we are still more astounded by his assertion that 'JESUS CHRIST WAS A COLORED MAN.'

"The epithet of colored has been adopted from courtesy on the part of the whites, in kindness to the feelings of the blacks. But colored men, black men,

and negro men, after all, mean the same thing. The result is, that Dr. Cox alleges that our Saviour was a negro—an avowal as revolting to the moral sense of the community, as it is distant from his historic truth. Our Saviour was borne in Judea—and every body knows that the distinctive features of the Jewish and African races are altogether dissimilar. The former have never possessed the splay foot, the crooked shin, the thick lips, the crisped wool, the fœtor, or any other of those marks of the Cush origin that distinguish the latter. They were utterly distinct from the Egyptians, even in the days of bondage. In all respects they were a distinct and peculiar people. They were kept distinct while in Egypt, and in the establishment of their civil polity, by God himself, they were set apart for ever, as a peculiar and isolated people—hedged up on every side, and by every legal form, and in all the ceremonials of their complicated rites of worship, to prevent their mingling with any other people. And they are a unalloyed people—and thereby a standing miracle—to this day.

"Our Saviour, moreover, was of the seed of David. And was the shepherd of Bethlehem—the sweet psalmist of Israel—a negro! The mind recoils at the daring hardihood of the assertion. Besides, if history can be relied upon, so far from being even swarthy, he was uncommonly fair and comely. At all events, there was no necessity of outraging the feelings of the community by a declaration so revolting, and unsupported by truth."

Dr. Cox justified, a few days after, by saying, in substance, that he meant by a 'colored person,' that he was of the *swarthy* complexion of the Asiatics. The term 'colored person,' however, has become technical, and is universally understood to apply to Africans of various degrees of black. The Commercial of Saturday adds the annexed intelligence. The following is historical evidence that our Saviour was not even of the swarthy color of the Asiatics. It is the copy of a letter, preserved by the Christian Fathers, which was sent by Publius Lentulus, a Governor of Judea, to the Senate of Rome, respecting the person and actions of Jesus Christ, which serves as strong testimony and evidence as to the complexion and appearance of our Lord's person. The authenticity of the ancient manuscripts from which it is translated, is founded on the best authority. Tiberius Cæsar was then Emperor, and caused the extraordinary intelligence contained in this letter to be published throughout all the Roman provinces:

"There appeared in these our days, a man of great virtue, named JESUS CHRIST, who is yet living amongst us, and that of the Gentiles is accepted as a Prophet of Truth, but, by his own disciples called the Son of God. He raised the dead, and cured all manner of diseases. A man of stature, somewhat tall, and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear; his hair is of the color of a filbert full ripe, and plain almost down to the ears, but from his ears downwards somewhat curled, more orient of color, and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head goeth a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead very plain and smooth; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with comely red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be comprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable in color to the hair of his head, not of any great length, but forked in the midst of an innocent mature look; his eyes grey, clear and quick. In reproving he is terrible; in admonition courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in speech, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, well shaped and straight; his hands and arms right delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest and wise. A man of singular beauty, surpassing the children of men."

EUROPE.

From the Scottish Guardian.

DOES MERE INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION BANISH CRIME.

Two magistrates of Paris recently made a tour through the United States, and, in the course of two years, collected important information regarding the statistics of crime and education. In the state of New York, 500,000 children, out of two millions, are at public schools; that is, a fourth part of the population, and £240,000 are annually expended for this purpose. Yet in this state crime increases, and that too, though the means of subsistence and employment are so much more easily obtained than in any other countries. In Connecticut, education is still more extended, and nearly a third part of the population is the school. Yet crimes multiply to a frightful extent. The Journal of Education, stating these facts, draws this cau-