

desire—their hearts lie soaking in the gastric fluid of their stomachs—their understandings are darker than the catacombs of Egypt—and their codes of morals are made up of nature's loose leaves barely stuck together with the thin paste of instinct.

My dear friends—sloth is not wholly confined to the gloomy arena of heathenism. It often lies at the door of enlightenment, and rubs its slime upon the silken frock of refinement. I have seen it strew the parlours of the rich with sleepy poppies, and surround the poor man's cottage with noxious weeds. I have seen it so fasten itself on the back of the sluggish traveller as to prevent him from moving from the track when the railroad car of death was hard upon his heels; and I have even seen people lie down and roll into their grave, like a lifeless dog, too lazy to exert themselves in their own behalf, and I expect that when the last trump shall arouse them from their sepulchral slumbers they will raise themselves upon their elbows and growl like a dog with a sore foot because they have been disturbed so soon.

When I pass by a country farm house and find old hats, coats, and breeches stuffed in at the windows, I know that the god of indolence is lounging there, in the midst of want, woe, and poverty—that the lank children of necessity are there running up to seed in the shade of neglect, unmoistened by the dews of moral instruction. Lazy fogs surround the head of him whom lucre hath filled to drowsiness, and he knows not how to shake off the lethargic incubus which sits upon his breast and sticks faster than a upon his breast and sticks faster than a blood sucker to a dead cat fish. He eats drinks and sleeps for the sake of diverting his attention from the lumbering wheels of Time that roll heavily by; and in the midst of all his self styled ease, there are no convenient articles as peace and happiness to be found. Why my friends, I have known men of wealth and respectability whose physical faculties had become so paralysed with indolence that it would require extra pressure fever and ague to bring their muscles into active service.—Yes my dear hearers—I say I have seen such men; and one good chimney sweep is worth more in a well regulated and industrious community, than as many such as could be packed between the eastern cape of Africa and the outskirts of eternity.

O my friends! I regret to say that idleness has of late become a fashionable accomplishment with too large a portion of our young population. Employment is getting to be thought vulgar, and a toil hardened hand not fit to be offered for the acceptance of the fair sex. Give me a hard hand, a hard head, and a soft heart; but instead of which soft hands, soft heads and hard hearts, are now all the go in what the dyspeptic pimps of etiquette call the beau monde. The caterpillars of sloth are making great havoc in our neglected juvenile nurseries. They are stripping the young shrubs of promise of their greenest foliage, and blighting the buds of promise as fast as they appear. If matters go on in this way much longer the rising generation will soon become fit for nothing but to be hung up as scare crows in the moral grain fields to frighten young people into habits of industry. Those who subsist, like wood cocks, by suction, and wet their brows with artificial sweat, are too numerous to mention. They are thicker than toads after a shower. They infest our public bar-rooms, and block up the avenues to prosperity. It requires a more powerful galvanic battery than I possess to re-animate their dying carcasses, and set their dormant faculties into healthy operation.

Arouse ye! arouse ye! ye sin soaked sons of sloth, and with your hands lay the corner stones of your own respective fortunes. Sow the seeds of industry in the days of your youth, and you will have the satisfaction of reaping a glorious harvest of plenty in the autumn of life. If you ever think of erecting for yourselves splendid temples of fame, you must strip ambition of its robes of vanity, and commence the work forthwith. If you fall asleep when the edifice is half completed, the chances are ten to one that when you wake you will find it crushed to earth and its ruins overgrown with the grey moss of despair. O, my friends! you must be up and doing if you wish to prosper in this precarious world. Just keep on squandering life's blessed moments in the indulgence of sluggish dreams, and if you don't eventually slide into eternity shirtless and shoeless, then use my hat for a spitbox, and set me down as one of the humbugs of the age. But industry, my hearers, can clothe the tattered mendicant in scarlet and purple and patch up the broken windows of want with the aid of that putty which

abideth forever. Heaven hugs to its bosom the honest and the industrious of the sons of earth—and rocks the cradle of repose where slumber the children of daily toil. Let us work while we live—and go to our long homes with the satisfaction of having done our duty to our Maker, to our neighbor, and to ourselves. So mote it be!

## I AM BLIND.

The woodland! oh, how beautiful,  
How pleasant it must be!  
How soft the grass, how fresh the leaves  
Upon each forest tree.  
I hear its wild rejoicing birds  
Their songs of gladness sing!  
To see them leap from bough to bough  
Must be a pleasant thing!—  
I must but image it in mind,  
I cannot see it—I am blind!

The trees are glorious green you say,  
Their branches widely spread;  
And nature on their budding leaves  
Its nursing dew hath shed?  
They must be fair!—but what is green?  
What is a spreading tree?  
What is a shady woodland walk?  
Say; canst thou answer me?—  
No! I may imagine them in mind,  
But cannot know them—I am blind!

My hand is resting on your cheek;  
'Tis soft as fleecy snow;  
My sister, art thou very fair?  
Thou art very good, I know.  
Thou art—thou art—I feel the blush  
Along thy neck doth wend!  
Thou must be fair; so carefully  
Thy brother thou dost tend!—  
But I must imagine thee in mind:  
I cannot see thee—I am blind!

The changes of the earth and sky,  
All Nature's glow and gloom,  
Most ever be unknown to me;  
My soul is in a tomb!  
Oh! I can feel the blessed sun,  
Mirth, music, tears that fall,  
And darkness sad, and joy, and woe;  
Yes, Nature's movements all!  
But I must image them in mind,  
I cannot see them—I am blind!

## NEW WORKS.

From Kennedy's Texas.

REPUBLICAN RESISTANCE TO THE RUSSIANS:  
WASHINGTON.

The most brilliant entertainment I attended was given by the Russian Minister, Mr Bodisco, who certainly carried away the palm from the *corps diplomatique* in providing amusements for the fair and fashionable. Among the arrangements of Mr Bodisco's establishment, I could not help being attracted by the splendid garniture of a posse of black servants, who, with cocked hats and vestments stiff with 'barbaric pearl and gold,' did their ministering in a style of conscious importance that must have rejoiced the self-love of 'All the Russians,' could they have witnessed by delegation the gorgeous show. I have been tempted into a notice of these sable servitors by a characteristic anecdote, which I heard in reference to the trappings with which they were invested. The Russian Minister had been waited upon previously by white attendants—an excellent class in the States, when well chosen; but, of course, with republican ideas of personal dignity. On a certain day, Mr Bodisco summoned his male attendants, who were attired in the usual garb of citizens, and announced, with an air of graciousness, that his Imperial Master the Emperor had, as a mark of respect, been pleased personally to select a uniform for his (the Minister's) household, which was one of the most attractive description; and which he invited them to examine, in full permission of their grateful acceptance of the same. After a brief survey of the corked hats, emblazoned coats, and glowing inexpressibles, the 'helps' withdrew to hold a conference in a corner of the apartment. After due deliberation, one of the body intimated their unanimous decision, that for any free citizen to wear such mountebank equipments out of doors was quite impossible; but there was a minority of their number not indisposed to wear them in-doors, provided a suitable addition (one dollar per diem) were made to their pay. The negotiation terminated abruptly; and the offended Minister transferred the insulted habiliments to the readily acquiescent Africans, who bore their sacerdotal honours with evident elation. I may add, that I have not seen white servants in livery in the United States, except once or twice in New York; and there the uniform was of such an unostentatious description as hardly to merit the name.

From Buckingham's America.

VANDENHOFF AND THE INDIAN CHIEF.  
The Sioux and Ioway, whom we visited at the National Hotel, were not so fine a race of men as the Sauks and Foxes, nor so well dressed, but they were far more communicative. Some of them, indeed, talked with us at great length. Mr Vandenhoff, the

English actor, happened to be in the room at the time; and, being struck with the appearance of scars from burns, running up the arm of one of the chiefs, from the wrist to the shoulder, he wished to know how it happened; but, the interpreter being in another part of the room, and engaged, he was unable to communicate with the Indian, except through the language of pantomime: he accordingly pointed to the scars, and then, by a variety of significant signs, intimated his wish to know how they occurred; upon which, the chief performed these several motions:—He first held his left hand horizontally before his body, as if grasping a cup or basin, while with his right he performed the motion of lifting something from the ground, out of which poured liquid into the stationary vessel. He then lifted this vessel to his mouth, and turning back his head, and gurgling his throat, made signs of drinking copiously. His next action was to rise, and reel about, as though growing gradually intoxicated, until he became unable to stand; when he described a large heap of something, with flames ascending and falling; on this he began to roll about with agony, and rub his right arm as the part chiefly affected. Mr Vandenhoff exclaimed, 'I see it—whiskey! whiskey!' at which the old man nodded assent with a smile. The fact was, as we afterwards learnt, that the white people had made him drunk, as they too often do, with ardent spirits, and he had fallen on a large wood fire, and thus got dreadfully burnt.

## Fowler's Three Years in Persia.

A FAMILY MAN.

The Shah was also a family man, in the broad acceptance of the term; indeed, it may be said that his majesty was the richest man in the world in family ties. It never could be ascertained, I believe, even by myself, the extent of his possessions in this respect, since it was not uncommon thing to have two or three born to him the same night. I have heard of a hundred and fifty sons, and as many daughters. The precocious Persian youth, and the still more precocious maiden, who is often married at from twelve to fifteen years of age, soon glide into the noose of matrimony, and the consequences are generally numerous. His Majesty was blessed with the third and fourth generations, and, as I have observed, the family ties could never be told. I have heard it estimated at 1,200.

Europe in 1840. Translated from the German of Wolfgang Menzel.

ENGLAND.

Not without cause is the name of England here placed first. Russia, perhaps, might have claimed precedence on the ground of her colossal military force, were it not counterbalanced by antipathies and interests which are not equally available against England. A great and manifest advantage to England is, that she cannot excite apprehensions by the supposed desire of possessing territory on the continent, and by this means establishing a universal monarchy. This circumstance at once secures to England permanent sympathies and alliances among Continental nations.

But even by herself England is great in every respect; her power being derived from all the sources from which the power of a state can flow. England has preserved the strength, the consciousness, the pride of her nationality; no part of which has been lost, even by the constrained acknowledgment of the independence of the United States. It is a proud boast, and an infallible proof of her national vitality, to have impressed on her conquests and colonies the stamp of the English character; that the children and the grand children should resemble their original parent, in no way degenerated; in the New, as in the Old World, exhibiting the same vigour and manliness. From a hardy stem only could such shoots have been put forth. What other people can point to similar conquests and colonies, while in its native soil the old stem flourishes with undecayed youth? Although there are other European nations who vie with England in national pride, yet in this respect the English maintain the superiority, that they not only evince that pride externally, by carrying on their wars with the energy of national wars, but even in peace and in ordinary civil life, they always continue mindful of the high tone and honourable feeling that becomes a free and noble nation.

Religion also exercises great influence on the English character. At an early period England adopted the Reformation, purchased it at a far smaller sacrifice than Germany, and enjoyed from it many greater advantages. Strict morals, manly devotion, and true piety, originally belonged to the native character of the English, but these qualities were disciplined, and gained more strength from the Reformation. The Catholic opposition in Ireland never was, is not even now, and never will become dangerous, so long as the reformed party continue firm; and yet, in accordance with the humane spirit of the age, secure toleration and equality of rights. Still less has England to dread from an irreligious

opposition, such as was, and still is, to be deprecated in France.

The unceasing contest of political principles, which has caused so much injury to other nations, has been to England entirely beneficial. It has long been remarked that England combines within herself the virtues of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; while in other states these political principles are at variance, and reciprocally weaken each other. The practical sense of the English soon recovers itself; they have for centuries undeviatingly upheld the equilibrium, the mutual support, and the gradation of the component parts of the state; always advancing and improving; always watchful; never subversive, or supine. Hence the English are far ahead of every other people in political information, and in political tact; nor are the latest efforts of Radicalism to undermine the fabric of the government, to be at all compared with similar attempts in France. In England the tendency is different; and the chances are that, should radicalism ever reach a crisis, the English legislature would not be revolutionized, only further reformed. In England, unworthy and noxious elements are rejected, but no disorganization ensues. The oak shakes off the withered leaves of autumn, while the roots hold fast. \* \* \*

While England steadily maintains freedom and advocates reform within the bounds of moderation and lawful order, she preserves to herself not only her own peculiar strength unimpaired, never exhausting itself nor relaxing into sloth, but she secures very valuable, and if need be, inestimable sympathies on the continent. However justly the Tories may be blamed, abroad it is never doubted that England would finally take up arms on the side of freedom. Such is the firm belief on the continent, nor is the belief unsettled even by actual disappointments. Whenever England may offer her assistance against any sort of tyranny, she will be implicitly relied on for support. Yet England herself is not revolutionary, and by her own internal tranquillity and well known moderation inspires the continental governments with confidence. England has thus an inexhaustible stock of political sympathies and alliances at command. A case where she would be without allies on the continent is inconceivable. The marvellous efforts of Napoleon were rendered abortive; even he only proved the constancy of foreign sympathies for England, while vainly striving every nerve to subdue her.

RUSSIA.

The Russians also, without any political information, enjoy the first and greatest prerogative a nation can possess—unity and external independence. No Russian ever dreams of breaking Russia asunder. Revolutions in the palace do not dissolve the integrity of the empire. Civil wars and foreign tyranny, so frequent and so baneful to more enlightened countries, have for many generations been unfelt by the Russians. On the contrary, they have learned to look upon themselves as the masters of the surrounding nations. One thing only is wanting to the Russian people, moral strength; the capacity of displaying superiority of intellect, and not of the mere physical mass. Therefore is Russia destitute of all sympathy abroad. More polished nations revolt from the idea of being subjected to the sway of Russia; and even the barbarians of the Caucasus, personally confronted with the Russians, are not overcome by that higher intelligence and feeling which in ancient times their forefathers admired in the soldiery of Alexander the Great. This mental deficiency is what has rendered impossible the conciliation of the Poles, though a people of kindred origin. From the same cause arises a latent weakness throughout the Russian army, which not unfrequently has marred their courage and devotedness, even when engaged with much less numerous antagonists.

BELGIUM.

The union of Belgium with Holland did not contradict the expectations which had been formed respecting it. The more earnestly endeavours were made from without to unite them to each other, the more violently did the mutual repugnance of the populations of both countries display itself within. The question whether that repugnance might have been neutralized, is henceforth superfluous. The separation has been effected, and is now beyond remedy. Such having been the decision, for the strategical reasons previously assigned, no choice could have been more in accordance with the welfare of Germany, than to have united Belgium to Prussia. But in the year 1831, from political considerations, such a measure was perhaps still less practicable than in 1815. Belgium has been constituted an independent kingdom.

This innovation is, on strategical grounds, hazardous to the safety of Germany, in the event of a war with France. If Belgium, when connected with the disant indeed, yet powerful Austria, was ill adapted to form the north western frontier, the right flank, of Germany; a small kingdom, quite distinct, and in no way belonging to the German confederacy, seems still less capable of fulfilling