

in the choice of friends; yet little will this avail thee, if thou chooseth not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

When the rulers of thy people echo thy sayings, and the trumpet of fame sounds thy name abroad among the nations, more beautiful will the sun of thy glory set, if one bright cloud reflects its brightness, and sullied for ever will be the splendour of the rays, if like a dark spot she crosses its surface.

Consider this, then, my son, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for little will all else avail thee if thou chooseth not wisely the companion of thy bosom. See yonder, the maidens of Tinge. They deck themselves with the gems of Golconda and the rose of Kashmir—themselves more brilliant and beautiful: but ah! take not them to thy bosom; for the gem will grow dim, and the rose wither and naught remain to thee of all thou didst woo and win.

Neither turn thyself to the proud one who vaunts herself on having scanned the pages of Vedas, and fathomed the mysteries of the holy temple. Woman was not born to wield the sceptre, or direct the council,—to reveal the mandates of Brahma, or expound the sacred verses of Menu. Rather be it hers to support thee in grief and soothe thee in sickness,—to rejoice in thy prosperity and cling to thee in adversity. Reflect then my son ere thou chooseth, and look to her ways whom thou wouldst make the wife of thy bosom.

A wife! what a sacred name, what a responsible office! she must be the unspotted sanctuary to which wearied man may flee from the crime of the world, and feel that no sin dare enter there.—A wife! she must be as pure as spirits around the Everlasting Throne that man may kneel to her, even in adoration, and feel no abatement. A wife! she must be the guardian angel of his footsteps on earth, and guide them to heaven,—so firm in virtue that should he for a moment waver, she can yield him support; and replace him upon its firm foundation,—so happy in conscious innocence, that when from the perplexities of the world he turns to his home, he may never find a frown where he sought a smile.—Such, my son, thou seekest in a wife; and reflect well ere thou chooseth.

Open not thy bosom to the trifler, repose not thy head on the breast which nurseth envy and folly, and vanity. Hope not for obedience where the passions are untamed,—and expect not honour from her who honoureth not the God that made her.

Though thy place be next to the throne of princes, and the countenance of royalty beam upon thee,—though thy riches be as the pearls of Omar, and thy name be honored from the east to the west—little will it avail thee, if darkness and disappointment and strife be in thine own habitations.—There must be passed these hours of solitude and sickness—and there must thou die. Reflect, then, my son ere thou choose, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love,—for though thou be wise in other things—little will it avail thee, if thou chooseth not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

METALLIC SOLUTIONS.

Let one grain of copper be dissolved in nitric acid. A liquid will be obtained of a blue color,—and if this solution be mingled with three pints of water, the whole will be sensibly colored. Now three pints contain 104 cubical inches and each linear inch contains at least one hundred equal parts distinguishable by the eye,—each cubical inch contains, then, at least one million of such parts, and the 104 cubical inches of this solution 104 millions of such parts, also each of these minute parts of the solution is colored, otherwise it would not be distinguishable from the rest, each such part contains, then a portion of the nitrate of copper, the coloring substance. Now from each particle of this nitrate, the copper may be precipitated in the state of metallic powder—every particle of which is therefore less than the 104 millionth part of a grain in weight.

BOOKS.

Of the books in our own language, after deducting those which are obsolete or worthless, there still remain probably 50,000 volumes which would repay a perusal. Suppose then, a person to read 100 pages a day, or 100 volumes a year—which is more than could well be retained and digested—it would require 500 years to read all the books worth reading in the English language alone. This result shows the importance of selection in our reading, or we may misdirect our powers, and misemploy our time, by dwelling on inferior books, and neglecting the nobler and more useful.

From the Nova Scotia New Monthly.

THE FOSSIL.

ADDRESSED TO ***.

ONCE in the young earth's golden prime,
'Ere care made grey the wing of time,
There fell a green leaf on the shore;
And it floated away on the wandering wave,
And found in the deep green sea a grave,
And ne'er was thought on more.

Ages rolled on,—and the rocking earth
Had seen a new creation's birth,
And empires rise and fall;
But none e'er thought how that green leaf
Slept,
Like a treasured thing by Enchanter kept,
'Neath the old earth's marble wall,—

Till on a day, as it befel,
A sage unsealed the mighty spell
Of nature's treasure cave,—
And, changed to a hard engraven stone,
Lo! the frail leaf that, ages gone,
With its fall scarce stirr'd the earth.

And bath not the heart full many a dream,
That falls as that noiseless leaf on the stream,
And as silently sinks to rest—
And the tide of life rolls over its sleep.
In these shadowy caves—the wondrous deep
Or the fathomless human breast.

But when shall those caverns yield their
Dead—
The dreams of the past—the thoughts long
Fled?

Oh! not for the prying world:
But in that last dread day when souls
Must give to light their hidden scrolls,
Will their secrets be unfurled.

And then on my heart will thy memory
Be read engraven lastingly,
Like that leaf on the marble bright
But halo'd around with purity,
That will not shrink from an angel's eye,
In that blaze of perfect light.

MR. DICKENS.

The following is the speech of the above named Gentleman, at the Dinner given to him at the City Hall New York.

Gentlemen: I don't know how to thank you—I really don't know how. You would naturally suppose that my former experience would have given me this power, and that the difficulties in my way would have been diminished; but I assure you the fact is exactly the reverse, and I have completely baulked the ancient proverb that 'a rolling stone gathers no moss,' and in my progress to this city I have collected such a weight of obligations and acknowledgements—I have picked up such an enormous mass of fresh moss at every point and was so struck with the brilliant scenes of Monday night, that I thought I could never by any possibility grow any bigger. Allow me again; I have made continually new accumulations to such an extent that I am compelled to stand still, and can roll no more!

Gentlemen, we learn from the authorities, that when fairy stones, or balls or rolls of thread, stopped of their own accord—as I do not—it presaged some great catastrophe near at hand. The precedent holds good in this case. When I have remembered the short time I have before me to spend in this land of mighty interest, and the poor opportunity I can at best have of acquiring a knowledge of, and forming an acquaintance with it, I have felt it almost a duty to decline the honors you so generously heap upon me, and pass more quietly among you. For Argus himself, though he had but one mouth for his hundred eyes, would have found the reception of a public entertainment once a week too much for his greatest activity; and as I would lose no scrap of the rich instruction and the delightful knowledge which meet me on every hand, and already I have gleaned a great deal from your hospitals and common jail, I have resolved to take up my staff, and go my way rejoicing, and for the future to shake hands with America not at parties but at home; and, therefore, gentlemen, I say to night, with a full heart and an honest purpose and grateful feelings, that I bear, and shall ever bear, a deep sense of your kind, your affectionate and your noble greeting—which is utterly impossible to convey in word. No European sky without, and no cheerful home or well warmed room within shall ever shut out this land from vision. I shall often hear your words of welcome in my quiet room, and oftenest when most quiet; and shall see your faces in the blazing fire. If I should live to grow old, the scenes of this and other evenings will shine as brightly to my dull eyes fifty years hence as now—and the honors you bestow upon me shall be well remembered and given back in my undying love and honest endeavours for the good of my race.

Gentlemen, one other word with reference to this first person singular, and then I shall close. I came here in an open, honest and Confiding spirit, if ever man did, and because I felt a deep sympathy in your land; had I felt otherwise, I should have kept away. As

I came here, and am here, without the least admixture as one hundredth part of one grain of base alloy, without one feeling of unworthy reference to self in any respect, I claim, reference to the past, for the last time, my right, in reason, in truth, and in justice, to approach, as I have done on two former occasions, a question of literary interest. I claim that justice be done; and I prefer this claim as one who has a right to speak and be heard. I have only to add that I shall be as true to you as you have been to me. I recognise in your enthusiastic approval of the creatures of my fancy, your enlightened care for the happiness of many, your tender regard for the afflicted, your sympathy for the downcast, your plans for correcting and improving the bad, and for encouraging the good; and to advance these great objects shall be, to the end of my life, my earnest endeavour to the extent of my humble ability. Having said thus much with reference to myself, I shall have the pleasure of saying a few words with reference to somebody else.

There is in this city a gentleman, who, at the reception of one of my books—I well remember it was the Old Curiosity Shop—wrote to me in England a letter so generous, so affectionate, and so manly, that if I had written the book under every circumstance of discouragement and difficulty, instead of the reverse, I should have found in the receipt of that letter my best and most happy reward. I answered him, and he answered me, and so we kept shaking hands, autographically, as no ocean rolled between us—I came here to this city eager to see him, and (laying his hand upon Irving's shoulder) here he sits: I need not tell you how happy and delighted I am to see him here to night in this capacity!

Washington Irving! Why, gentlemen, I don't go up stairs to bed two nights out of the seven—as a very credible witness near at hand can testify—I say I do not go to bed two nights out of seven without taking Washington Irving under my arm; and when I don't take him, I take his own brother, Oliver Goldsmith. Washington Irving! why, of whom but he was I thinking the other day when I came up by the Hog's Back, the Frying Pan, Hell Gate, and all these places? Why, when not long ago I visited Shakspeare's birth place, and went beneath the roof where he first saw light, whose name but his was pointed out to me on a wall? Washington Irving—Diedrich Knickerbocker—Geoffrey Crayon—why, where can you go that they have not been there before? Is there an English farm—is there an English stream, an English city, or an English country seat where they have not been? Is there no Bracebridge Hall in existence? Has it no ancient shades or quiet streets?

In by gone times, when Irving left that Hall, he left sitting in an old oak chair, in a small parlor of the Boar's Head, a little man with a red nose and an oil-skin hat. When I came away, he was sitting there still—not a man like him, but the same man—with the nose of immortal redness, and the hat of an undying glaze! Crayon, while there, was on terms of intimacy with a certain radical fellow, who used to go about with a hat full of newspapers, wofully out at elbows, and with a coat of great antiquity. Why, gentlemen, I know that man—Tibbles the elder, and he has not changed a hair; and when I came away, he charged me to give his best respects to Washington Irving.

Leaving the town and the rustic life of London, forgetting this man if we can, putting out of mind the Country Church yard and the Broken Heart, let us cross the water again and ask who has associated himself more closely with the Italian peasantry and the bandits of the Pyrenees? When the traveller enters his little chamber beyond the Alps—listening to the dim echoes of the long passages and spacious corridors—damp, and gloomy, and cold—as he hears the tempest beating with fury against his window, and gazes at the curtains, dark, and heavy, and covered with mould, and when all ghost stories that ever were told came up before him—'m'd all his thick coming fancies, whom does he think of—Washington Irving. Go farther still—Go to the Moorish fountains, sparkling full in the moonlight—go among water carriers and the village gossips, living still as in days of old, and who has travelled among them before you, and peopled the Alhambra and made eloquent its shadows? Who awakes there a voice from every hill and in every cavern, and bids legends which for centuries have slept a dreamless sleep, or watched unwinkingly, start up and pass before you in all their life and glory?

But leaving this again, who embarked with Columbus upon his gallant ship—traversed with him the dark and mighty Ocean—leaped upon the land and planted there the flag of Spain—but this same man now sitting by my side? And being here at home again, who is a more fit companion for money diggers, and what pen but his has made Rip Van Winkle—playing at nine pins on that thundering afternoon—a much part and parcel of the Catskill Mountains as any tree or crag they can boast?

But these are topics familiar from my boyhood, and which I am apt to pursue; and lest I should be tempted now to talk too long about them I will in conclusion give you a sentiment—most appropriate, I am sure, in the presence of such writers as Bryant Halleck, and—but I suppose I must not mention the ladies here.*

* The Literature of America: She well knows how to do honor to her own Literature and to that of other lands, when she chooses Washington Irving for her representative in the Country of Cervantes.

* Miss Sedgewick, Mrs. Dickens and other ladies were present.

EXPERIENCE OF A MECHANIC

Two young men, both of them mechanics, were married about the same time, and entered life with apparently equal prospects, except that one was rather given to extravagance and fashion, while the other was more prudent and frugal. The wife of the latter, however, being of a different turn from her husband, became uneasy because the former, without any superior advantages, made more show than what he did, and had many more fine things. She told her husband that his income must be as great as the other's, and that she knew they were able to appear as well as their neighbor.

'I want to do as other people do,' was her all-conquering argument. Her husband yielded again and again to her entreaties, although always professing that he was not able.

At length his more showy neighbor failed! And seeing their fine things sold under the hammer of the auctioneer, his wife, who was far from being destitute of good feelings, began to mistrust whether by imitating them, and 'doing as other folks do,' they might not meet with a similar fate. She inquired of her husband how his affairs stood. He told her that his expenses had exceeded his income, but he hoped to get through and pay what he owed.

Before long he was sued for his debt. Then his wife was in panics! She knew that his misfortune was chargeable to her folly, although he never reproached her, nor cast any unkind reflections. Disturbed with conflicting emotions, she tried to plan some way to get along in this terrible difficulty! But finding all her endeavors fruitless she said to her husband with unfeigned distress, 'What shall we do? What can we do?' 'Do?' he calmly replied, 'we must do as other folks do—have our fine things sold under the hammer!'

This was enough for her. She had been the beginning and the ending of this common folly, and she was satisfied. From that time he had no trouble to persuade her to be frugal and prudent. They were both agreed in pursuing the same course. And it is almost needless to say, that their prosperity was in proportion to their wisdom and prudence.

THE MIND.

How awfully mysterious is the influence over us of that power which we call 'mind'! It is born, and cherished, and nourished from a thousand invisible fountains: and as we increase its flow, its richness, its energy, its depth, so do we enrich the vast shores and plains that surround it. The mind neither acknowledges or holds converse with birth, rank, or fortune, and by increasing its richness we increase our own. Beyond the reach of human power, even the most despotic, it can neither be given or taken away by man. Such is that beautiful and wonderful creation—the mind. Formed for the reception and culture of thought, fancy, feeling, and imagination, it brings before us gifts of the spirit which makes kings and conquerors in the shadowy land of dreams. It is ours from birth to death, and it is our seraph guide from the darkened valleys of earth to the sunny hills of eternity.

FAMILY DEVOTION.

It is a beautiful thing to behold a family at their devotions. Who would not be moved at the tear that trembles in the mother's eye as she looks to heaven, and pours forth her soul in fervent supplications for the well being of her children? Who can look with indifference upon the aged father, surrounded by his family, with uncovered locks, kneeling in the presence of Almighty God, and praying for their happiness and prosperity.

In whose bosom is not awakened the finest feeling, on beholding a tender child, in the beauty of its innocence, folding its little hand in prayer, and imploring the invisible, yet eternal Father, to bless its parents, its brothers and sisters, and its playmates?

DISEASE.

It may be said that disease generally brings that equality which death completes. Thus distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little preserved in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit clouded, perplexed, and the hero subdued, where the highest and brightest of mortals and nothing left but consciousness and innocence.—Addison.