

bulk amply sufficient to oppose a formidable obstacle to the water in the upper part of the river. Had the ancient sages of Gkto kept meteorological records, one might perhaps be able to calculate how often in a thousand years, or in ten thousand years such a flood as we are here supposing might be likely to occur. As it is, the world need not be at all surprised to read in the newspapers one of these days, that St. Peter-burg, after rising like a bright meteor from the swamps of Finland, has as suddenly been extinguished in them like a mere will-o-the-wisp. May Heaven protect the city.

By Washington Irving.

#### M A N.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishments of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventures; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and when shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is bankruptcy of the heart.

#### COUNSEL.

It is not (says James) through the ear alone, nor by the written words addressed to the eye, neither by the tale, nor the fable, nor the moral, that man's heart may receive instruction, if he will but take it. There is not—I say again—there is not a sight, there is not a sound, from the flower of the valley to the cloud covered peak of the mountain—from the sound of the lark to the thunder of the storm, which does not speak to the heart of man sweet counsel, and wisdom without end; sinking softly, calmly, almost imperceptibly, into the mind.

Extract from 'Thoughts on Temperance.'

#### A SIMILIE.

I stood upon a rocky cliff that overlooked the bright waters of a river. As I gazed along the sloping valley, watching the meandering stream, I saw a mighty OAK that stood upon its margin. Its lofty top reached the clouds, and its giant branches spread afar. Its deep planted roots ran a thousand ways, and clung firmly to the hill. Its form was straight and beautiful, tapering like the delicate finger of her I love, and its leaves quivered in the breeze, like the wavy ringlets of the fair maiden. It sprang from a genial soil, nurtured by the dews of Heaven, and here and there, around its base, a few stray pearls lay half buried in the sand. The murmuring stream watered the verdant fields, and gliding through the vale, stole flowers from its banks, and bore them on its bosom.

The scene was picturesque and beautiful. The plaintive moan of the dove, and wild strains that breathed from the harp of a forest maid, entranced the soul with its melody. Delighted, enraptured, I gazed with a melancholy pleasure upon the various objects around me—first upon the giant oak—then through the winding valley, observing the river's gentle flow, now curling and breaking in glassy surface, then melting into smoothness. Filled with emotions of rapture, I exclaimed, 'How lovely! how beautiful! Oh, Paradise! land of bliss! Long have I sought thee—far and wide, thou art here—henceforth thou shalt be my residence—here will I woo, and'—

'White man,' said Au-wau-kash, the savage chieftain, interrupting me, and speaking in his native tongue, 'how earnest thou here, and what seekest thou? This is consecrated ground—on this spot my father worshipped, and twice every moon we meet upon this cliff, that our spirits may commune with each other.'

I turned. The Indian stood before me. He was tall, athletic, and arrayed in the costume of war. An arrow was drawn from his quiver, and his bow was slightly sprung. As I caught his eye, his hand fell, and with a firm, elastic step, he approached.

'Tell me, white man,' said he, 'what thou beholdest?'

'Au-wau-kash,' said I, 'cast your eyes along the valley, and behold that monument of nature. Its wonderful size first drew my attention, for its head is in the clouds, its arms spread wide, and it stands firm as the moveless hills.'

'The tree which thou seest,' said he, 'was planted in the morning of time. It has looked with scorn on the wrathful hurricane. The burning thunderbolt has quivered harmless around its trunk. It stands immovable. It was planted by the Great

Spirit to guide the Indian while traversing the wide, inermisable plains that stretched far beyond these hills. It has stood for ages, and long since did the arrow of my fathers pluck feathers from the eagle that perched upon the top. But mark! continued he, 'his noon day, and ere thou sleepest, its limbs shall tremble, its top shall shake in the clouds.'

I looked again. A hazy mist was fast gathering over the valley, and as I caught, through the eddying vapour, a glimpse of the giant tree, I saw it bend to the weight of a sparrow. Its broad top no longer veiled the horizon.

'Tell me, Au-wau-kash,' said I, 'tell me what means this?'

Hearing no response, I turned and saw the Indian descending to his cabin.

I looked again, and the mist had faded in the sunbeam. I beheld the broad, clear sky, the surrounding hills, and the parting stream. The wild bird sailed on the breeze, and the eagle soared high in the heavens, and searched in vain for a place of rest, for the oak had fallen! The silent stream had found a secret channel, and, its foundation, grain after grain, was washed away. I hastened to the spot where it stood, but the current had borne it to the ocean.

—'Nor a trace left behind,  
Save a few reflecting gems  
That woo'd the slimy deep.'

So it is with Man. I saw a noble youth, the joy of his father, the pride of his mother, and honorable in the eyes of the world. He knew no ill—shunned all men and vicious crowds; but in his wanderings he haunted the flowery bank of a sparkling streamlet. He stood like the oak that dared the tempest, but a secret channel laughed at his firmness, and carried off his foundation. Reader, that stream was ALCOHOL.

#### THE COTTAGE DOOR.

How sweet the rest that labour yields,  
The humble and the poor,  
Where sits the patriarch of the fields,  
Before his cottage door!  
The lark is singing in the sky,  
The swallow on the eaves,  
And love is beaming in each eye  
Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers  
Supplies unpurchased health,  
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,  
More dear to him than wealth.  
Peace, like the blessed sunlight plays,  
Around his humble cot,  
And humble nights and cheerful days  
Divide his lowly lot.

And when the village Sabbath bell  
Rings out upon the gale,  
The father bows his head to tell  
The music of its tale—  
A fresher verdure seems to fill  
The fair and dewy sod,  
And every infant tongue is still,  
To hear the word of God.

O happy years! to him who stills  
The ravens when they cry,  
And makes the lily wash the hills,  
So glorious to the eye—  
The trusting patriarch prays to bless  
His labors with increase:  
Such 'ways are ways of pleasantness,'  
And all such 'paths are peace.'

From the New York Tribune.

#### GENIUS.

SPRIT that peoplest Void with Life;  
Creative Genius! thou;  
Come, ease the heart from Care and Strife,  
And lay these scourgers low.

What though this form be prison barred,  
Or sheltered 'neath a shed,  
Its limbs repose on pallet hard,  
And pillowless its head.

Still thou enter light the prison's gloom  
With Eden's primal hues,—  
Thine is the power which can illumine  
Its walls with fadeless views.

The ills of life may hem me round,  
May leave me sad and lone,—  
Still midst the gloom thou send'st a sound—  
A low and harp like tone—

So soft it soothes the moaning wail  
That scapes my spirit here—  
Sweet hymnings of the spirit veiled,  
Melodious, reach mine ear.

In viewless air thou paint'st a form  
My spirit loves to trace—  
She who rules still its passion storm,  
And gives the Lyre its grace.

All, all the bright, the good I find,  
Mysterious Genius! thou  
From Thought's abyss, dost subind:  
Come, bind its scourgings low!

STEPHEN B. DEAN.

From the Liverpool Courier.

#### CONSUMPTION.

A very interesting and instructive lecture was given at the Portico on Wednesday last,

by Mr. Cronin, surgeon to the Dispensary for Diseases of the Lungs, in this town. The room was crowded by a respectable and attentive audience, who frequently indulged their approval of the lecturer's remarks. In the course of his introduction Mr. Cronin observed that 55,000 perish annually in Great Britain alone from this disease, and that it was on the increase among the middle and higher classes of society. Differing from the profession generally as to the cause of consumption, he would first notice the situation, structure, and use of the pulmonary apparatus, and the bony structure which surrounds it. He would then notice the general opinion entertained by the members of the profession as to its cause; and after noticing many of the remedies recommended, would lastly state his views. In the two first branches of his subject Mr. Cronin showed considerable talent and research, explaining the first part by diagrams which were exhibited on the stage, and in the second, mentioned various writers on the disease; after which he gave a brief review of the remedies recommended at different times, and lastly, stated his own views. He considered consumption arose from debility, which instead of being an attendant on, was, in fact, the sole cause of consumption; that this debility may be caused by the sudden changes of atmosphere, insufficient clothing, want of diet, want of cleanliness, and irritation of the nervous system; that consumption was a disease of the general system, and not confined to the lungs, in the first instance; that the cause of the disease of the lungs did not arise from the deposit of certain matter that produced tubercle, but from unnatural pressure of the surrounding parts, brought on by general and extensive debility, that debility produced disorganization of the muscular system, in consequence of which the bony case which surrounds the lungs press on them; that this pressure produced congestion, inflammation followed, and ulceration of the glandular structure of the lungs was the consequence. Mr. Cronin noticed that consumption was a frequent attendant on tight lacing, which he strongly deprecated, and remarked, it was immaterial what part of the body was pressed on, the effect would be similar, and added the following case confirmatory of his views:—

'A fireman in Paris was struck down, and the front part of his chest driven in by a heavy machine which fell on him; he lay apparently dead, and was on the point of being removed as such, when Dupuytren, (the celebrated French surgeon) who was passing by, ascertained that the cause of his condition was the pressure exerted by the depressed bones on the contents of the chest. He raised them by pressing on either side, when the man sighed deeply and soon evinced marked signs of life. He finally recovered.'

Mr. Cronin proceeded to notice his treatment. Acting on the principle that pressure alone produced the disease, he placed in a glass a small quantity of spirit mixed with essential oil of camphor. Having ignited the spirit he placed the glass to the patient's stomach, the effect of which was, that the flesh occupied the place of the exhausted air and drew the abdominal muscles forward, then the glass was drawn gently downwards, in consequence of which the breast bone being elevated the air rushed freely into the lungs, affording immediate relief. The applause which followed this announcement was frequently renewed, as several persons cured by Mr. Cronin presented themselves on the platform, and expressed in warm terms their thanks for the benefit they experienced from the treatment adopted.

From Kendall's Santa Fe Sketches.

#### AN AWFUL CHASM.

The morning of the 2d September broke bright and cloudless, the sun rising from out the prairie in all his majesty. Singular as it may appear, nearly every shower we had come in the night from the time we left Austin until we reached the Mexican settlements. Again we spent a couple of hours drying our blankets, then saddled up and pursued our journey, and still in a northwest direction.

We had scarcely gone six miles before we came upon an immense rent or chasm in the earth, far exceeding the one we had so much difficulty in crossing the day before. No one was aware of its existence until we were immediately upon its brink, when a spectacle, exceeding in grandeur anything we had previously witnessed, came suddenly in view. Not a tree or bush, no outline whatever marked its position or course, and we were all lost in amazement and wonder as once by one we left the double file ranks and rode up to the verge of the yawning abyss.

In depth it could not have been less than eight hundred or a thousand feet, from three to five hundred yards in width, and at the point where we first struck it, the sides were nearly perpendicular. A sickly sensation of dizziness was felt by all as we looked down, as it were, into the very depths of the earth. Below, an occasional spot of green relieved the eye, and a small stream of water, now rising to the view, then sinking beneath some huge rock, was bubbling and foaming along.

Immense walls, columns in some places what appeared to be arches, were seen standing, worn by the water undoubtedly, and so perfect in form that we could be brought to believe that the hand of man was not upon them. The ruins of centuries, falling upon an immense prairie, had here found a reservoir, and their workings up the different veins of earth and stone, had formed these strange and fanciful shapes.

Before reaching the chasm we had crossed numerous large trails, leading a little more to the west than we were travelling, and we were at once convinced that they all centered at a common crossing close by. In this conjecture we were not disappointed, for a trot of half an hour brought us into a large road, the thoroughfare along which millions of Indians, buffalo, and mustangs had travelled for years. Perilous as the descent looked, we knew there was no other near. The lead mule was again started ahead, the steadier and older horses were next driven over the sides, while the more skittish and intractable brought up the rear. Once in the narrow path which led circuitously down the deep descent there was no turning back, and our maddened animals finally reached the bottom in safety. Several large stones were loosened from their fastenings by our men during the frightful descent. They would leap, dash and thunder down the precipitous sides and strike against the bottom far below us with a terrible crash.

We found a running stream at the bottom, and on the opposite side a romantic dell covered with short grass and a few scattering cotton woods. A large body of Indians had encamped on this very spot but a few days previous, the wilted limbs of the trees, and other 'signs' showing that they had made it a resting place. We too, halted a couple of hours, to give our horses an opportunity to graze and rest themselves. The trail which led upon the opposite side was discovered a short distance above us, to the south, winding up the steep and ragged sides of the precipice.

As we journeyed along this dell all were struck with admiration at the strange and fanciful figures made by the washing of the waters during the rainy season. In some places perfect walls, formed of a reddish clay, were seen standing, and were they any where else it would be impossible to believe other than the hand of man had formed them. The vein of which these walls were composed was of even thickness, very hard, and ran perpendicularly; and when the softer sand which had surrounded them was washed away, the veins still remained standing upright, in some places one hundred feet high, and three or four hundred feet in length.

Columns too, were there, and such was their architecture, and so much of chaste grandeur was there about them, that we were lost in wonder and admiration. In other places the breast works of forts would be plainly visible, then again the frowning turrets of some castle of the olden time. Cumbersome pillars of some mighty pile raised to religion or royalty were scattered about, regularity was strangely mixed up with ruin and disorder, and Nature had done it all. Niagara has been considered one of her wildest freaks;—but Niagara sinks into insignificance when compared with the wild grandeur of this awful chasm. Imagination carried us back to Thebes, to Palmyra, and to ancient Athens, and we could not help thinking we were now among their ruins.

Our passage of this place was effected with the greatest difficulty. We were obliged to carry our rifles, holsters and saddle bags in our hand, and in clambering up a steep pitch one of the horses—striking his shoulder against a projected rock—was precipitated some 15 or 20 feet directly upon his back. All thought he would be killed by the fall, but singular enough he rose immediately, shook himself—and a second effort in climbing proved more successful—the animal had not received the slightest apparent injury.

By the middle of the afternoon we were all safely across, after spending five or six hours completely shut out from the world. Again we found ourselves upon the level prairie, and on looking after proceeding some hundred yards, not a sign of the immense chasm was visible. The waste we were then upon was at least 250 miles in width, and two chasms I have mentioned were the reservoirs, and at the same time the conductors of the heavy quantity of rain which falls upon it during the wet seasons to the running streams. The prairie is undoubtedly the largest in the world, and the chasms are in perfect keeping with the size of the prairie.

From the Elain Courant.

#### BEE SWARMING.

During the present forcing weather it may not be amiss to relate an anecdote just furnished by a respectable individual, who vouches for its truth. An old gentleman in Ayrshire while standing in his garden, waiting for the casting of a hive, had the misfortune to attract the swarm, as it—rather unexpectedly, came off—and the bees, thick and clustering, settled over his throat, face, mouth and nostrils. In a moment after his eyes were blinded by the clinging buzzing throng. Expecting the infliction of instant agony from a thousand stings, he dreaded to make the slightest movement by voice or limb, and there was no person present. A minute or two passed—the heat was intolerable, and the sensation maddening; at this dire extremity of no less than probable pain and