

which kept the elder son from ever seeking amid the dangers of the world that repose which he found in the bosom of a happy family.

From Graham's Magazine.

### THE SLEEP.

'He giveth His beloved sleep.'—*Psalm cxxvii. 2.*

Or all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep—  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace surpassing this—  
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—  
The poet's star tuned harp, to sweep—  
The senate's shout to patriot vows—  
The monarch's crown, to light the brow?—  
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith, all undimproved—  
A little dust to overweep—  
And bitter memories, to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake!  
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

'Sleep soft, beloved,' we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:  
But never duple dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber, when  
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with weeping in your voices!  
O delved gold the wailers heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God makes a silence through you all,  
And 'giveth His beloved sleep!'

His dew drops mutely on the hill:  
His cloud above it saith still,  
Though on its slope men toil and reap!  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

Ha! men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
Is such a rest his heart to keep;  
But angels say—and through the word  
I ween their blessed smile is heard—  
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

For me my heart that erst did go,  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That see through tears the juggler's leap,—  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on His love repose,  
Who 'giveth His beloved sleep!'

And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall  
be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep—  
Let me, most loving of you all,  
Say, not a tear must o'er her fall—  
'He giveth His beloved sleep!'

MISS E. B. BARRETT.

### EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

From "Our Mess" by the Author of Charles O'Malley, for November.

#### PARIS IN 1814.

If the strange medley of every nation and costume which we beheld on entering Paris surprised us, how much greater was our astonishment when, having finished a hurried breakfast, we issued forth into the crowded streets. Here were assembled, among the soldiers of every country, visitors from all parts of Europe, attracted by the novel spectacle thus presented to them; and eager to participate in the pleasures of a capital whose rejoicings, so far from being checked by the reverse of fortune, were now at the highest pitch; and the city much more resembled the gay resort of an elated people than a town occupied by the troops of conquering enemies. The old soldier of the empire alone grieved in the midst of this general joy; with the downfall of Napoleon died his every hope. The spirit of conquest, by which for so many years the army had been intoxicated, was annihilated by the one line that signed the treaty of Fontainebleau; and thus among the gay and laughing groups that hurried onward, might now and then be seen some veteran of the old guard scowling with contemptuous look upon that fickle populace, as eager to celebrate the downfall as ever they had been to great the glory of their nation.

Nothing more strikingly marked the incongruous host that filled the city, than the different guards of honor which were mounted at the several hotels where officers and generals of distinction resided. At this time the regulation was not established which prevailed somewhat later, and gave to the different armies of the allies the duty of mounting all the guards in rotation: and now at one door might be seen the tall cuirassier of Austria, his white cloak falling in heavy folds over the flank and haunches of his coal-black horse, looking like some Templar of old; at another the plumed bonnet of a Highlander flattered in the breeze, as some hardy mountaineer paced to and fro; his gray eye and stern look unmoved by the eager and prying gaze of the crowd that stopped to look upon so strange a

costume; here was the impatient schimmel of some Hungarian hussar pawing the ground with restless eagerness, as his gay dolman flashed with gold glittered in the sun. The jager from Bohemia—the deadly marksman with the long rifle; the savage Tartar of the Ukraine, devouring his meal on his guard, and turning his dark suspicious eye around him, lest every passer-by might mean some treachery—all denoted that some representative of their country dwelt within, while every now and then the clank of a musket would be heard, as a heavy *porte cochere* opened to permit the passage of an equipage as strange and as characteristic as the guard himself. Here would issue the heavy 'wagon' of some German prince, with emblazoned panels and scarlet hammercloth; the horses as fat and legarabic as the smoking and mustached figure they were drawing; there was the low droobchki of a Russian—three horses abreast—their harness tinkling with brass bells, as the spirited animals plunged and curvetted along; the quiet and elegant looking phaeton of English build, with its perfection of appointment, rolled along with its deep woody sound beside the quaint, old fashioned *caleche* of Northern Germany, above whose cambrus side-panels the heads of the passengers were visible only: nor were the horsemen less dissimilar—the stately Prussian, with his heel *aplomb* beneath his elbow; the Cossack, with short stirrups, crouched upon his horse's mane; the English horse artilleryman, powdering along with massive accoutrements and gigantic steel; the Polish light-cavalry soldier, standing high in his stirrups, and turning his restless eye on every side—were all subjects for our curiosity and wonder.

The novelty of the spectacle seemed, however, to have greatly worn off for the Parisians, who rarely noticed the strange and uncouth figures that every moment passed before their eyes, and now talked away as unconcernedly amid the scene of tumult and confusion, as though nothing new or remarkable was going on about them; their way of indifference and insouciance one of the strangest sights we witnessed.

From Hamilton's Researches in Asia Minor.

#### TURKISH KINDNESS.

We were much struck, on all the roads in Asia Minor, at the great number of fountains which we met with. They are invaluable to the traveller over the parched and dried up plains, and are often the result of the pure benevolence and genuine native hospitality of the Turkish peasant. In some places, where there is no spring or supply of water to form a running stream, the charitable inhabitant or a neighbouring village places a large vessel of water in a rude hut, built either of stone or boughs, to shade it from the sun; this jar or vessel is filled daily, or as often as necessity requires, and the water is sometimes brought from a distance of many miles.

#### TURKEY CARPET-MAKING.

On expressing a wish to witness the process of making carpets, we were at first told that it would be attended with some difficulty, as they are entirely made by women; but after some time, an old man was found who agreed to admit us after the women had been sent out of the way. The machinery is very rude and simple, and fully accounts for the difficulty which, according to the Smyrna merchants, exists in executing orders exactly; as it is impossible, on fixing the loom, to tell the exact breadth to which the carpet may stretch in the making. On entering a court-yard, we saw a large coarse frame, fixed under an open shed, which served as a loom; the horizontal beams of the frame are much longer than the upright, and to them the threads of the warp are fastened, being rolled round the upper one, and let out as required, when the finished part of the carpet is wound round the lower beam; these long threads are then separated alternately by rude machinery, and the coloured worsteds, which are lying by in large round balls, are tied by a peculiar kind of double knot to each two threads, according to the pattern, which is left entirely to the memory of the worker; after each row of these knots three strong transverse threads of the wool are passed by hand in and out alternately between those of the warp; the whole is then beaten and pressed together by a heavy bent wooden comb, resembling the fingers of the hand—the ends of the knots are first cut off with a large knife, and the whole is afterwards sheared and made even with a large pair of scissors. Each woman works a breadth of from four to five feet—consequently four or five women would work simultaneously at a carpet twenty feet wide.

#### A STRIKING LANDSCAPE.

From the burial ground we walked to see the ruins of an ancient castle pointed out to us on the banks of the river, nearly two miles off to the South. After walking about a mile across the plain, we suddenly reached the edge of the deeply excavated valley, through which the Kophi Su flows: a wild and fantastic scene presented itself to us on our first coming in sight of the ravine, the precipitous and water worn rocks on each side of it assuming the wildest and most extraordinary forms. The river flowed along its winding bed at least five hundred feet below it, while immediately in front, perched upon a lofty and almost isolated rock, with perpendicular sides, and connected with the plain on which we were by a narrow ridge of rock scarcely twenty feet wide at the summit, and between two hundred and three hundred feet high, stood

the ruined castle we were in search of. Not the least curious features of the scene were the remarkable contortions of the river, sometimes returning, after a course of two miles, to within fifty yards of where it had flowed before, separated from its former bed by a long, narrow wall, upwards of three hundred feet in height. The steep chalky sides themselves are worn and weathered in every possible variety of form. Here a detached peak, like a Gothic church, raises aloft its tapering spire—there a huge mass of perpendicular wall, with its rents and fissures, its dark caves and deep worn crevices, stands forth like the palace or castle of an age of giants. There seemed no end to the lofty pinnacles and narrow promontories round which the river flowed, and whose fantastic shapes increased the peculiarity of the scene. But what added much to the striking effect of the view, was the remarkable horizontal stratification of the white rock, increasing the illusion of its being a mass of ruined buildings.

#### ASPECT OF RHODES.

Here we at once found ourselves walking amidst the ancient habitations of the Knights of Rhodes,—which produced the effect of having been suddenly transported into a former age, rather than into a different place. Many of the houses were in ruins,—some were inhabited by Turks,—but all presented the same exterior that they did three or four hundred years ago. Built in the peculiar architecture of the feudal times, a strange combination of the contrary qualities of the gay and the sombre, massive yet not devoid of elegance, and constructed entirely of stone, they have equally resisted the corroding influence of time and the mischievous effects of Turkish violence and ignorance: the escutcheons and coats of arms of the Knights likewise, of different countries, several sometimes occurring in the same house, remain fixed in the walls uninjured.

The principal street led up a gentle rise to the west—it was broader than is usual in the towns of the Levant, and could boast a foot path on each side. On our left we passed a massive building, now converted into barracks for the new troops—it was formerly a college, used as a residence for the poorer Knights, and containing rooms for the despatch of public business. On our right were ancient houses, inhabited by Turks or left to decay, built in a florid Gothic style, with ornamented beadings; and borders of flowers round the windows and along the walls. Among the numerous escutcheons with which they were adorned were the royal arms of England—three lions passant, quartered with those of France, three fleurs de lis. At the top of the street we reached the ruined palace of the Grand Master,—near it was the principal church, dedicated to St. John,—a long, Gothic edifice, now converted into a mosque. Here the fortifications were of great strength, forming, as it were, the key to the whole defence. The wall was very lofty, defended by a deep ditch extending round the fortress on the land side, while a high covered way connected with the wall by a drawbridge led over the fosse, and an intervening ravelin to a strong detached fort on the west.

We were much struck with the breadth and cleanliness of the streets, paved with small round pebbles, which abound in the conglomerate at this end of the island. Every house had its garden, in which oranges and lemons grew luxuriantly, while the tall and graceful palms added to the Oriental character of the scenery. Two churches belonging to the Knights, that of St. John, and that of the Apostles, have been converted by the Turks into mosques. Round the entrance of the latter are some beautiful arabesque traceries carved in white marble, representing arms and armor, drums and standards, cuirasses, gunblades and greaves, quivers, bows, and helmets, all executed with the greatest delicacy.

#### SPONGE OF SYME.

On reaching the town, we were surprised at being conducted to a large Greek tavern or cafe; and at seeing many European looking characters. These were agents come to purchase sponge,—which forms the chief traffic of the island, and the procuring of which is the principal occupation of the inhabitants. In the port were vessels of various sizes, the larger waiting for cargoes which they take to Smyrna, where it is sorted for the European market—the finest quality, which sells here for about two hundred piastres per oké, or seventeen shillings per pound, is almost exclusively confined to the English market. The smaller vessels belonged to the island—in them, the divers visit the coast of Candia, and even Barbary, in search of this useful article of trade, which is also found in the rocky caves round the island itself, though not of so fine a quality. The sponge when first detached from the rock, where it grows in a cup like shape, is perfectly smooth and black, sometimes covered with a skin or coating of the same hue, and full of an offensive white liquid, which is forced out by pressing it under foot. When packed in casks to be sent to Smyrna the sponges are filled with fine white sand, and when dried are compressed into a very small compass. The object of the sand is said to be in order to preserve the sponge—it also adds considerably to their weight; and as they are always sold by weight, it appears at first to be rather a dishonest mode of proceeding,—but it is probable that were it not for the sand the fine

sponges would weigh so little that they would be cheaper than the coarse ones, whereas, if the fine sponge requires a greater quantity of sand to fill up its pores, its weight will be proportionably increased,—thus, the mixing the sand and selling them by weight may be, in fact, perfectly fair and honest—however, I must admit I did not hear this reason given.

From American Notes for General Circulation.

By Charles Dickens, Esq.

#### NIAGARA FALLS.

It was a miserable day, chilly and raw, a damp mist falling, and the trees in the northern region quite bare and wintry. Whenever the train halted, I listened for the roar; and was constantly straining my eyes in the direction where I knew the Falls must be, from seeing the river rolling on towards them, every moment expecting to behold the spray. Within a few minutes of our stopping, no before, I saw two great white clouds rising up slowly and majestically from the depths of the earth. That was all. At length we alighted,—and then for the first time, I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet.

The bank is very steep, and was slippery with rain, and half melted ice. I hardly know how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom, and climbing, with two English officers who were crossing and had joined me, over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. We were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, or situation, or anything but vague immensity.

When we were seated in the little ferry boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before both cataracts, I began to feel what it was—but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked—Great Heaven, on what a fall of bright green water—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace. Peace of Mind—Tranquility—Calm recollections of the Dead—Great Thoughts of Eternal Rest and Happiness—nothing of Gloom or Terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of Beauty—to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat, for ever.

Oh, how the strife and trouble of our daily life receded from our view, and lessened in the distance, during the two memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground. What voices spoke from out the thundering water—what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths—what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made.

I never stirred in all that time from the Canadian side, whither I had gone at first. I never crossed the river again, for I knew there were people on the other shore, and in such a place it is natural to shun strange company. To wonder to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view—to stand upon the edge of the Great Horse Shoe Fall, marking the hurried waters gathering strength as they approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below—to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down—to climb the neighbouring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge—to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below—watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap—to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, and in the day's decline, and grey as evening slowly fell upon it—to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice—this was enough.

I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long,—still are the rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and show like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid,—which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since Darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge—Light—came rushing on Creation at the word of God.

#### MONTREAL.

Montreal is pleasantly situated on the margin of the St. Lawrence, and is backed by some bold heights, about which there are charming rides and drives. The streets are generally narrow and irregular, as is most French towns of any age: but in the more modern parts of the city, they are wide and airy. They display a great variety of very good shops, and both in the town and suburbs there are many excellent private dwellings