

the young lawyer took his seat, and gave room for the defence likewise to define their position.

Instantly Harman Lee was on his feet, and began referring to the points presented by his 'very learned brother,' in a flippant contemptuous manner. There were these present, who marked the light that kindled in the eye of Wallace, and the flush that passed over his countenance, at the first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered by his antagonist, at the bar.—These soon gave place to attention and an air of conscious power. Once on his feet, with so flimsy a position to tear into tatters, as that which his 'learned brother' had presented, Lee seemed never tired of the tearing process. Nearly an hour had passed away when he resumed his seat with a look of exultation, which was followed by a pitying and contemptuous smile, as Wallace again slowly rose.

Ten minutes however had not passed, when that smile had changed to a look of surprise,—mortification, and alarm all blended into a single expression. The young lawyer's maiden speech showed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought—well skilled in points of the law and in authorities, and more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been left untouched, and none that had been touched, required further elucidation.

Lee followed, briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language, or break down his positions; but he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

The case was accordingly submitted, and a decision unhesitatingly made in favor of the plaintiffs, or Wallace's clients.

From that hour James Wallace took his true position. The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer, and was so esteemed for real talent and real moral worth, which when combined, ever place their profession in its true position.

Ten years from that day, Wallace was elevated to the Bench, while Lee remained a second rate lawyer, and never rose above that position.

In the histories of these two persons, is seen the difference between simply receiving an education, as it is called, and a self education. Most eminent men are self educated men. This fact, every student and every humble apprentice, with limited advantages, should bear in mind. It should infuse new life into the studies of the one, and inspire the other with a determination to imbue his mind with knowledge. The education that a boy receives at college, and seminaries, does not make him a learned man. He has only acquired the rudiments of knowledge. Beyond this he must go—he must continue ever after, a student, or others will leave him in the rear,—others of humbler means and fewer opportunities, the apprentice of the handicraftsman, for instance, whose few hours of devotion to study, from a genuine love of learning, have given him a taste and a habit, that remain with him in all after time.

From the Newburyport Herald. EARTHQUAKES.

It has often been remarked that there is no calamity, from which men shrink with so much dread as from an earthquake. In countries which are subject to them, and which are among the most fertile and pleasant in the world, the oldest residents live in continual fear and trembling at the omens of an Earthquake. They never become familiarized to it as they often do to other calamities. A writer says, 'the feelings experienced at such a time, are wholly indescribable, and must be felt to be known. I have been in many trying situations, but I have never found a place or circumstances that made one feel so utterly helpless, and so wholly dependent upon the mercy of God, as in the moment of an Earthquake. The stable earth upon which you have walked without fear, is stable no more. Your habitation in which you have rested securely, become your place of greatest danger, and you flee from it for your life. You turn to your friends, and they are as helpless as yourself. You flee from the city to escape its falling walls; and the gaping earth threatens you on every side.'

The last Earthquake which was felt with any degree of severity in the United States, was that in Louisiana in 1811, and which was felt through the whole of the valley of the Mississippi, making a great change in the surface of a large portion of the country, which was then, however, but a wilderness. The memorable Earthquake in New England, which was in the recollection of many who have lived since the present generation came on the stage, was on the night of the

29th of October, 1727. The air was calm at the time, and there was no warning of the first shock, which took place about a quarter before eleven, and was attended by a very loud rumbling, said to have resembled the noise of many coaches driven with rapidity over paved streets.—The shock continued at intervals until six o'clock in the morning. Vast quantities of stone wall were overturned, huge ledges of rocks broken down, and chimneys and some buildings thrown down or damaged. Slight shocks were felt for a week afterwards.

In January, 1705, there was a slight Earthquake in Massachusetts and Connecticut. In January, 1663, an Earthquake was felt, which sensibly rocked the houses all over New England. In October, 1653, and in January, 1638, was one so severe as to shake articles from the shelves in the houses, and to nearly throw down many people who were in the roads, and who were obliged to lay hold on what was near them to save themselves from falling. This Earthquake was sensibly felt by vessels on the coast.

In the old world, there were in the last century several disastrous Earthquakes; the most recent of importance occurred in the Northern part of Syria, on the 13th of August 1822. The city of Aleppo was destroyed to its foundations, and about every village in the province. 20,000 persons are supposed to have perished in the ruins. A writer, who was in Aleppo at the time, says, on the 11th and 12th the wind blew strong and was insupportably hot and oppressive. The frequent remarks of the people during the two days were that 'the wind came from an oven; that it was like fire,' &c. It seemed to strike the face upon exposure, as if it had been the blast of a furnace. On the evening of the 13th, a slight shock was felt about 8 o'clock. Soon after, the people discovered that the water in the wells was so hot that it could not be drunk.

About 10 o'clock the earth began to move, as if it had been placed upon the waves of the sea.—This rapidly undulating motion continued for some seconds, but produced no very serious injury.—Some walls cracked but resumed their places when the earth rested. A moment after the undulating motion ceased, came the dreadful shock. It was strictly vertical, seeming to strike directly beneath the city. The confusion and ruin succeeded that awful moment is beyond all description. The crash of falling houses, the shrieks of the dying and wounded, husbands calling for wives, children entreating help from their parents, and parents seeking for lost children, mingled with prayers and groans in many languages, presented a scene of suffering and woe from which the mind turns instinctively away.

The first impulse of the surviving inhabitants seemed to be to rush to the gates of the city.—Many were crushed in their flight, and those who were permitted to reach a place of comparative safety, outside the walls, were compelled to pass over mangled and dead bodies, and fly amid

..... ten thousand deaths on every side.' In 1731, in China, four whole populous provinces were suddenly swallowed up by an Earthquake. In 1754, a great part of the city of Constantinople was destroyed by an Earthquake, and the same year two thirds of Grand Cairo, and 40,000 of the inhabitants were swallowed up.

In 1775, a very remarkable and destructive Earthquake was felt over a large part of Europe, Africa and America. It was most terrible in Portugal and the neighboring countries. St. Ubes was overflowed by the sea; Lisbon was almost destroyed; and several towns in Spain and Barbary were destroyed or very much injured.

In 1783, a great part of Calabria, in Italy, was destroyed by an Earthquake, and more than 40,000 people lost their lives.

In South America, in the early part of the last century, there was an Earthquake, which in a quarter of an hour laid the country of Peru in ruins, to the extent of 300 leagues in length, and 90 in breadth. In 1730, a great part of the Kingdom of Chili, together with its capital, St. Jago, was swallowed up by an Earthquake.

The Earthquake in Venezuela, in 1812 was one of the most dreadful of modern times. In the Caracas, the shock lasted less than one minute, yet nine tenths of the city were entirely destroyed.

In 1822, an Earthquake was experienced in Chili, which extended 1200 miles, but was not so violent as to be attended with loss of life.

Earthquakes are almost always preceded by unusual agitation of the waters, drying of the springs, and which have sometimes sent forth black fetid mud. They are generally preceded by long droughts and electrical appearances in the air.

THE GRAVE.

O, the grave, the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.

Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compassionate throb that ever he should have waded with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation. There it is we call up in long review, the whole history of the truth and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheard in the daily course of intimacy. Then it is we dwell upon the tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death with all its stifled grief, its noiseless attendants, its more watchful assidues, the last testimonies of expiring love, the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—O, how thrilling is the pressure of the hand, the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint, faltering accent, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection. Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, of past endearments unrequited of that departed being, who never, never can return to be soothed by contrition. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast wronged by thought, by word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul: then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

From 'the Spanish Student' in Graham's Magazine.

GENIUS AND LOVE.

Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where
are ye?

Oh, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that blow
Upon Olympus, making us immortal!

Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake
grows

Whose magic root, torn from the earth with
groans,

At midnight hour, can scarce the fiends
away,

And make the minds prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will to act!

Souls of great men departed. Ye whose
words?

Have come to light from the swift river of
Time,

Like Roman swords found in the Tagus'
bed,

Where is the strength to wield the arms ye
bore?

From the barred visor of antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth
As from a mirror. All the means of action—

The shapeless masses—the materials—
Lie every where about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.

That fire is Genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in its smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall,
The son of Genius comes, foot sore with
travel,

And begs a shelter from the inclement night,
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's
hand,

And by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And in the eyes of the astonished clown
It gleams a diamond! Even thus trans-
form'd,

Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems at the touch
Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering
bard,

Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
O there are brighter dreams than those of
Fame

Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the
heart

Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamor'd knight can touch her robe.

'Tis the ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamor'd knight beside the foun-
tain,

Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream,
Waits to behold her rise from the dark wa-
ters,

Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
Must wait in vain. The stream flows ever-
more,

But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.

Yes,—she is ever with me! I can feel,
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
The pressure of her head! God's benison
Rest ever on it! Close those besuited eyes;
Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at
night

Wily balmy lips breathe in my ears my
name,

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

From Atkinson's Expedition into Afghanistan.

CULTIVATION IN CABUL.

The valley is thoroughly cultivated, and there appears to be more agricultural skill manifested here than in any other part of Afghanistan I have yet seen. The road is more than fifteen feet wide, dyked in with stones and mud, and bordered with hedge-rows of a prickly bush. The fields, too, are more in squares, and terraced where the slope of the hills requires it. One field of Indian corn was filled with water half way up the stalk, and the vegetable looked as if growing in a vat—a mud mound on all sides keeping in the water that had been turned into it from the neighbouring hills. It would appear that agriculture could hardly be pursued to a higher limit; every spring and stream is indefatigably brought into play to irrigate the crops. No opportunity is lost: even subterranean passages are made, at great labour, for conveying water wherever it may be required.

AFGHAN WOMEN.

The roofs of the houses have commonly a parapet wall round them, to allow the women of the family to take an airing unveiled, and they are generally also applied to the nastiest of purposes. The parapet walls, formed of railwork thickly overlaid with mud, are five or six feet high, the Afghan spouses being most anxious that their females should not be overlooked. A gentleman who had gone to the upper part of the Balla Hissa to obtain a full view of the surrounding country, was supposed to be looking at some women half a mile off below, and a ball from a matchlock whistled past him. I was told I was in danger while making a sketch of the city from the same elevated place. But notwithstanding this prodigious feeling on the score of being seen, and though an Afghan would think himself utterly disgraced by his wife's face being exposed in public, he does not hesitate for a moment in sanctioning her misdeeds, 'keeping her purdah' all the time for a competent consideration. Thus 'keeping, the purdah,' is every thing to an Afghan. Behind the screen, protected by secrecy, nothing is wrong; and this mode of conjugal proceeding seems to prevail more or less among all classes. The women of Cabul are notoriously given to intrigue. They are allowed to go any where they please in their boorka-poshes, which completely cover the whole person. They leave their homes on the pretence of visiting mother, sister, or female friend, and remain as long as they like, but they must take especial care to 'keep their purdah'; a Cabul wife in Boorka-cover was never known without a lover.

In some of the walls facing the streets there are little loopholes, with tiny shutters, through which an Afghan beauty is occasionally seen glancing furtively at the stranger passing by, and as often the old long-bearded husband may be observed sitting grimly in solid stupidity at the wider aperture below.

Mason's Journeys in Afghanistan, &c.

A BITTER FEAST, NEAR PESHAWUR.

On another occasion I was invited to a village feast, some two or three miles from the city, and found a large concourse of people assembled. The entertainment consisted of rice and rohan; but it was so bitter that I was obliged to declare I could not eat it. Saleh Mahomed, who was with me, instructed me that the unpalatable taste had been caused by certain twigs, which according to him, were employed when it is intended to moderate the appetites of guests; and it proved that this feast was, in great measure, a compulsive one; wherefore the person, at whose charge it was made, not feeling at liberty to evade it, had taken this plan of making it as little expensive to himself as possible. I was amused to witness the wry faces of the company, who nevertheless persisted in eating, especially as Saleh Mahomed had basied himself to procure me a dish in which the twigs had not been inserted, and to which I was able to do justice.

A TRAVELLER'S PHIFTS.

I found the kafil encamped under the fort wall; and joining it, it was no easy matter to satisfy the curiosity of the several individuals composing it; but this accomplished, I became an object of neglect, and I began to fear the possibility of suffering from want among these people. I went to Khadar Khan, the principal man in the company, and stating my case, requested his assistance during the journey. He frankly replied, he would give me none; and further said, I should not accompany the kafil. Night coming on, fires were kindled, round which the individuals of the kafil respectively grouped. Having no other clothing than the tattered perjamas of the camel drivers, and the cold being so intense that ice was found on the water in the morning, of the thickness of perhaps three quarters of an inch, I suffered accordingly, and ventured to approach the fires, invitation being out of the question. I did so only to meet repulse. I was rejected from all of them: some alleging that I was a Kafir, others no reason at all. In this desperate state of affairs, I was thinking of hazarding a visit to the tents, when a poor but humane fellow came and led me to his bivouac. He said he was but a poor man, and lived coarsely, but that I should not continue naked. My new friend, named Mahomed Ali, was one of four associates, who had two or three camels