

clearer the path before him, the dangers that surrounded him; and the way of escape. Some years have passed, and he is still a sober man. He does not think of his pledge, nor of the degradation of drunkenness as a reason for abstinence; but deems it a sin against God to touch, taste, or handle that which would unfit him for those duties in life, which as a man, he is bound to perform.

Let every reformed man look up to the same All-sustaining Source, and he is safe from all danger.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE OLD MAID.

Why sits she thus in solitude? Her heart

Seems melting in her eye's delicious blue,—
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart

As if to let its heavy throbbings through;

In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,

Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;

And her cheek crimson with the hue that tells

The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! with a sigh

Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant

bowers,

And her heart taken up the last sweet tie

That measured out its links of golden hours!

She feels her inmost soul within her stir

With thoughts too wild and passionate to

speak;

Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—

Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,

Once lightly sprang within her beaming

track;

Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!

And yet she does not wish to wander back;

No! she but loves in loneliness to think

On pleasures past, though never more to be;

Hope links her to the future—but the link

That binds her to the past—is Memory!

From her lone path she never turns aside,

Though passionate worshipper before her

fall;

Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,

She seems to soar and beam above them all!

Not that her heart is cold, emotions new

Add fresh as flowers, are with her heart-

strings knit:

And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through

Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive

To all that makes life beautiful and fair;

Sweet thoughts like honey-bees, have made

their hives!

Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there,—

Yet life is not to her what it hath been,—

Her soul hath learned to look beyond its

gloss,—

And now she hovers, like a star, between

Her deeds of love—her Saviour, on the

Cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow

Though she hath oft times drained its bitter

cup,

But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,

And eyes whose lovely lids are lighted up!

She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere,

Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,

And all the joys it found so blissful here

Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet, sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings

thrill

Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed;

And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill

With wild and passionate thoughts the crav-

ing void;

And she wanders on—half sad, half blest—

Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,

That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,

Never to find its lovely counterpart!

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

WOMAN'S WIT.

The following passage in the life of Gustavus Vasa, when that distinguished monarch took refuge from the Danish usurper in Dalecarlia, to mature his noble plan for the deliverance of his country, is truly dramatic. On a little hill stood a very ancient habitation, of so simple an architecture that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consisted of a long farm-like structure, formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with seals, and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood; but the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country. Gustavus, having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Pearson, whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at

least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship—nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honors. He exclaimed, with such vehemence against the Danes that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers, and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw Pearson leave the house to put his design into execution. It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, induced him to sacrifice his honor to his ambition, and for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he proceeded to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the Province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not the courage to face his victim, but, telling the Danes how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believed himself under the protection of a friend, he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. "It will be an easy matter," said he, "for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus." The officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house; while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of these days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer told her he came in King's Christiern's name, to demand the rebel Gustavus, who, he knew, was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, "If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these two days, he has just walked out into the wood, on the other side of the hill. Some of these soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him." At this moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and, catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed in an angry voice, "Unmannerly wretch, what art before your betters! Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!" As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and, opening a side door, "There, get into the scullery," said she "it is the fittest place for such company;" and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door. "Sure," added she, in a great heat, "never woman was plagued with such a lot of a slave!" The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account; but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour, while she brought him some refreshments. The Dane civilly complied, perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately flew to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and, by means of a back passage, conducted him in a moment to the bank of the lake, where the fisher's boat lay, and, giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

VIEW OF NEW YORK.

A writer in the New York Tribune, who has ascended to the topmost elevation of the spire of Trinity Church, gives to that journal the annexed description of the extensive view overlooked from that lofty eminence. We copy it not so much for the account of the panoramic scene, as for the interesting reflections deduced by the writer from what he saw above and below him.

"The spiral staircase is completed to the top of the church, but from thence to the peak of the spire the ascent is made by a series of some dozen ladders. But once having achieved the perilous ascent, look down on New York. There, like a deep channel cut through the habitations of men, goes Broadway in a straight line to Union Park. Like delicate black lines crossing and re-crossing and shooting on and down, are countless omnibuses and carriages that swarm this great thoroughfare. Nearer by, they appear like miniature vehicles creeping over the pavement. You cannot see the pavements of Greenwich and Hudson streets, but the black spaces they make in the unbroken mass of buildings, look like two distant columns of men standing on a wide battle field. Bending around the Battery upward like a horse's head, stand our multitudinous shipping, while far away, like a lover clasping his mistress, the Hudson and East Rivers fling their arms around the island almost joining hands at Harlem. White sails dot the landscape as the distant sloops pass and re-pass over the field of vision, some lazily dropping down the stream and others steadily stemming the tide before a fair breeze, till swallowed up in the distance on the one side; and the gorge of the Highlands on the other, they are lost to the view. There stand the palisades like a rampart frowning over the river, while nearer down the white top of Weehawken glitters in the bright sunlight. Brooklyn and Newark lie on either

hand, as you wheel toward the bay—nay, you can see almost to Princeton, and the outline of land and sky is absorbed in the distance. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the bay from this point of view. Its green islands and curving shores, and quiet bosom over which vessels are sluggishly riding at anchor, harmonize into a scene of almost perfect beauty. We must not forget either the little "tugs" or tow boats that are flying about like so many little fussy masters of ceremonies to keep all things in order. In the distance the Narrows opens to the "eternity" beyond, whose broad bosom is heaving majestically against the unclouded and dreamy sky. Yonder goes a stately vessel, moving off on her perilous journey. As sail after sail is sheeted home and fills to the rising breeze, she flings the foam along her flashing sides, and lessens like expiring hope in the distance. Another is just riding into the bay with her long voyage ended—The storms have battered her canvass and the sea lashed her sides, and death shrieked through her rigging as the midnight tempest swept over, but her movement is now tranquil and serene, as if nothing had ever disturbed the proud "and even tenor of her way."

What is it that makes one think less of the world the higher he gets above it. He cannot look down from a lofty height on the habitations of man without a feeling of pity for his race. The heavens are quiet above him, and the far off landscape quiet before him, while the tumult and struggles of men make the only discord in the scene. And then their petty strifes and ambitions and jealousies look so unworthy of him. If the Devil should wish to tempt us with the world, we should not advise him to take us on to a "high mountain," where God and nature speak so loudly and solemnly to the heart, but in some such place as Wall street, where a man comes to the surface or goes to the bottom just as he happens to have a small or large portion of this world's gear.

The ocean is slumbering quietly in the distance, but below me is the uproar of New York. The rattling of wheels, the sound of machinery, and the confused hum of the multitude struggle up through the atmosphere with a muffled sound. The city lies like a map beneath me, but what a chaos of emotions is sweeping through it. The earth is fairly rocking below, and all set in motion by the human heart, that restless thing. There ambition is soaring, and pride falling, and wealth crumbling to dust, and hearts breaking. There poverty lies crushed under its load of evils, and vice writhing with its own torture. There the rich man is rioting over the gains his villainy robbed from his confiding friend, who is now toiling for his daily bread. The smoke settles down over the city prison, a fit emblem of the fate that hangs over its inmates. Heavens! how the city shakes to the fierce action of human feet and hands. Combine all the aching heads and hearts under every roof, and multiply the grief and vexation of each man by all that are like him—look through the hovel into the heart of its occupant—what the struggles of the tens of thousands to live, and the thousands more to live in the end without struggling—count all the dens of infamy and drunkenness, and oh, what a sick and mad city it is! Yet there is another side to the picture. How much of that tumult is caused by the stroke of honest industry. How many good hearts are thinking and good hearts beating there. There are innocent hearts and happy homes, and over all go the spires of the temples of God, pointing where the aspirations of many a man ascends. Heaven help New York city! When one looks down upon it—embracing it in one glance, and contemplates the elements of discord, and yet also of strength its bosom holds, he cannot but feel she is yet to play an important part in the history of the world.

LABOUR AND ITS REWARD.

THOMAS HOOD, in his Magazine for November, takes occasion to absolve himself from the reproaches of over-tasked and under-paid labor. He says:—

"As my works testify, I am of the working class myself, and in my humble sphere furnish employment for many hands, including paper-makers, draughtsmen, engravers, compositors, pressmen, binders, folders, and stitchers—and critics—all receiving a fair's days wages for a fair day's work. My gains are consequently limited; not nearly so enormous as have been realized upon shirts, slops, shawls, &c.—curiously illustrating how a man or woman might be "clothed with curses as with a garment." My fortune may be expressed without a long row of those ciphers, those 0's, at once significant of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and as many ejaculations of pain and sorrow from dependant slaves. My wealth might all be hoarded, if I were miserly, in a gallipot or tin snuff box. My guineas, placed edge to edge, instead of extending from the Minories to Golden square, would barely reach from home to Bread street. My riches would hardly allow me a roll in them, even if turned into the new copper mites. But then, thank God! no reproach clings to my coin. No tears or blood clog the meshes—no hair, plucked in desperation, is knitted with the silk of my lean purse. No consumptive sempstress can point at me her bony forefinger and say, "For you, sewing in forma pauperis, I am become this Living Skeleton!" or hold up to me her fatal needle, as one through the eye of which the scriptural camel must pass ere I may hope to enter heaven. No withered work woman, shaking at me her dripping suicidal locks, can cry, in a piercing voice, "For thee, and for six poor pence, I embroidered eighty flowers on this veil"—literally a veil of tears. No famishing labourer, his joints racked with toil, holds out to me in the palm of his broad hard hand seven miserable shillings, and mutters, "For these

and a parish loaf, for six long days, from dawn till dusk, through hot and cold, through wet and dry, I filled thy land." My short sleeps are peaceful; my dreams untroubled. No ghastly phantoms with reproachful faces, and silence more terrible than speech, haunt my quiet pillow."

From Ewbank's Hydraulic Machinery.

THE SHIP SYRACUSAN.

Three hundred carpenters were employed in building this vessel, which was completed in one year. The timber for the planks and ribs was obtained partially from Mount Etna and partially from Italy, other materials from Spain, and hemp, for cordage from the vicinity of the Rhone. She was every where secured with large copper nails (bolts), each of which weighed ten pounds and upwards. At equal distance, all round the exterior, were statues of Atlas, nine feet in height, supporting the upper decks and triglyphs; besides which the whole outside was adorned with paintings, and environed with ramparts of guards of iron, to prevent an enemy from boarding her. She had three masts; for two of these trees sufficiently large were obtained without much difficulty, but a suitable one for a mainmast was not procured for some time. A swineherd accidentally discovered one growing on the mountains of Brutia. She was launched by a few hands, by means of a helix, or screw machine, invented by Archimedes for the purpose; and it appears that she was sheathed with sheet lead. Twelve anchors were on board, four of which were of wood, and eight of iron. Grappling irons were disposed all round, which, by means of suitable engines, could be thrown into enemies' ships. Upon each side of this vessel were six hundred young men fully armed, and an equal number on the masts, and attending the engines for throwing stones. Soldier (modern marines) were also employed on board, and they were supplied with ammunition—i.e. stones and arrows—by little boys that were below (the powder monkeys of a modern man-of-war), who sent them up in baskets by means of pulleys. She had twenty ranges of oars. Upon a rampart was an engine invented by Archimedes, which could throw arrows and stones of 300 pounds to the distance of a stadium (furlong), besides others for defence, and suspended in chains of brass. She seems to have been what is now called a "three-decker," for there were three galleries or corridors, from the lowest of which the sailors went down by ladders to the hold. In the middle one were thirty rooms, in each of which were four beds; the floors were paved with small stones of different colors (mosaics), representing scenes from Homer's Iliad. The doors, windows, and ceilings were finished with "wonderful art," and embellished with every kind of ornament. The kitchen is mentioned as on this deck, and next to the stern, also, three large rooms for eating. In the third gallery were lodgings for the soldiers, and a gymnasium or place of exercise. There were also gardens in this vessel, in which various plants were arranged with taste, and among them walks proportioned to the magnitude of the ship, and shaded by arbours of ivy and vines, whose roots were in large vessels filled with earth. Adjacent to this was a room named "the apartment of Venus," the floor of which was paved with agate and other precious stones; the walls, roof, and windows were of cypress wood, and adorned with vases, statues, paintings, and inlaid with ivory. Another room, the sides and windows of which were of boxwood, contained a library; the ceiling represented the heavens, and on the top or outside was a sun dial. Another apartment was fitted up for bathing; the water was heated in three large copper cauldrons, and the bathing vessel was made of a single stone of variegated colours; it contained sixty gallons. There were also ten stables placed on both sides of the vessel, together with straw and corn for the horses, and conveniences for the horsemen and their servants. At certain distances, pieces of timber projected, upon which were piles of wood, ovens, mills, and other contrivances for the services of life. At the ship's head was a large reservoir of fresh water, formed of plank, and pitched. Near it was a conservatory for fish, lined with sheet lead, containing salt water. Although the well or hold was extremely deep, one man, Althenes says, could pump out all the water that leaked into her by a screw pump, which Archimedes adapted to that purpose. There were probably other hydraulic machines on board for the plants, bathing apparatus and kitchen, &c. The upper decks were supplied with water by pipes of earthenware and of lead, the latter most likely extending from pumps or engines that raised the liquid; for there is reason to believe that machines analogous to forcing pumps, were at that time known.

From Andeos Fryxwell's History of Sweden.

A COMPRESSED VIEW OF SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

All nations have sought, by means of a mythology, to explain the origin and government of the world, the destiny of man in this life, and his state after death. The belief and ideas entertained by the early Scandinavians on these points may be found detailed in an ancient work entitled the Edda. According to that work, there was in the beginning of time, neither earth, ocean nor sky, but one huge gulf, called Ginnungagap. On the one side of the gulf lay Niflham, a region of frost and cold; on the other Muspelshem, where Sutar reigns, the regions of fire and light. When the vapors from Niflham met the rays from Muspelshem, they obtained life and became a great giant, called Ymer.—This giant was evil, as were all