

learned that her mission was to bless the human race, but that, powerful as they were, nothing could be effected without the co-operation of those to whom they were sent.

Strange to say, they were most praised when absent. Every one theoretically acknowledged their worth, and agreed in admiring their beauty, but few cherished them; some seemed stupidly unconscious of their presence, and many grossly abused them to their faces; but the moment their backs were turned, they were regretted and praised. Nothing was enjoyed without them; they were sought by sacrifice and pilgrimage; and if their favor was irrecoverable, their life was one long complaint, made up of suffering days and sleepless nights.

She of the amaranth crown did sometimes linger with those her sister had abandoned. She could not remove, but she sanctified their sufferings, and shed an attractive light over them, that drew their friends around them even more than when they were the favorites of her beautiful sister. This I marked, she only staid at the bidding of Religion. No inferior power could detain her after her sister was gone.

There was no habitable place on the globe which the sisters did not visit; but as I naturally felt most interested in their mission in my own country, I here most narrowly observed them. One sad confession truth compels me to make. I saw fewer signs of their friendship among my own country people than elsewhere. Their intimates could never be mistaken; there was a certain clearness in their eyes, brightness on their cheeks, elasticity in their movements, and animation in their voices, that infallibly betokened the proximity and favor of the sisters.

"Why?" I asked with some impatience, "why this partiality?—why do you so soon forget my people, when I see you abroad with English men and women, in parks, gardens, and pleasure grounds, maintaining with them a hearty friendship through the seven stages of life; you follow the poor Swiss mountaineers and dwell with them under the shadow of the icy mountains, faring hard and working hard for a hundred years; and you sit down on the sunny side of a street with the lean and hungry Italian beggar, who shouts and laughs cheerily at your side, till the old pilgrim drops from your bosom into the grave."

"We are not capricious," they replied, with dignity; "we are the ordained companions of your race—and by a law superior to us we cling to them till driven away by ignorance, neglect, or abuse. Listen, and learn some of the reasons that weaken our friendship with your people, and so often expel us from their society; for it is they, and not we, who break the contract Nature has made between us."

"We lure their offspring forth into the open air, where the sun sends its heat through their expanding frames, and where the fresh breath of heaven may light their eyes and color their cheeks. You will hear our voices merrily ringing wherever they are found coursing down the icy hills in winter, and loudest and blithest are we among the skaters on the moonlit lake. When the ball playing time comes, we are on the village green with the first, and we linger with the last. We follow them to the woodlands, brush off the dew from their early footsteps, welcome them abroad on a bright frosty morning, and bravely face the winter's wind with them. Nor do we desert the children of the city if rightly welcomed there—if treated to early hours and temperate meals. But they must trundle their hoops through the parks with us—we are stifled in close nurseries—we cannot sit by the little victims while their heads are drooping in unventilated school-rooms for six wearisome enervating hours—we cannot breathe in dormitories with forty pair of lungs inhaling over and over again an exhausted atmosphere—our hearts would die within us if compelled to walk in the funeral processions of boarding school girls. Our lives are in the open air. Those who wouldst have our constant presence, our heartiest love, must follow us a-field. One of your poets has said—

"God made the country, and man made the town;"

and we say, God ordained the out-door life, and man the in-door.

"We pity those who are condemned by conventional life, or the artificial condition of society, to violate some of our laws; but while they respect and cherish us, we do not utterly desert them. We have been driven away from the hard-taxed and ill-fed operatives of the Old World, but we are on very good terms with the buxom, light-hearted, (because lightly tasked) girls in your manufactories. Tell them a secret for us: if they will come oftener abroad to meet us, we will send them back to their labour with fresher spirits and prettier looks. Beauty cannot endure without us after youth. Your very young women are beautiful, but with their youth and freshness their beauty vanishes. Virtuous through all stages of life we acknowledge them to be, but without us their very goodness is often a toil and weariness. Were they but true to us, their smiles would be spontaneous, and their well-doings an enjoyment."

"You see we never desert those who live in the open air, whether they browse on coarse edibles, or fare sumptuously every day; whether they be clothed in fine linen or in rags; and you expect us to house ourselves with you in rooms heated to a degree that sears your skins, inflames your eyes, and dries away the very fountains of life. Pardon our frankness," they continued, pointing to some shallow vessel for personal purification; "look at the broad reservoir of water and deep fountains in our temples; we cannot abide these things. You reproach us, but our alienation from your people is not our fault. All classes and conditions among you reject us. We offer to give gladness to the days of your students, and refreshment to their nights, but they refuse the condi-

tions of our friendship, and languish and stupify over their books. Your sedentary men are deaf to our warning and invitations, and before half the term of life is spent, they are weary and wasted, and disappear, leaving half their tasks undone. Your merchants, knowing we hate the whole brood of care, heap anxiety on anxiety, and toil on toil, till bending under an accumulation of riches or poverty, it matters little which, they turn to seek our favor, and find an impassable gulf between us."

"We seek rural life, and trudge afield with your farmer; but, alas! we have complaints to make of him. We have again and again declared our antipathy to fresh bread and hot cakes, and yet he asks us to breakfast on them. We repair to his meridian meal, and he offers us hard salted meat and fried messes; and when we join the pleasant gathering round the tea table, we are compelled to fly for our lives from poisonous sweetcakes and sweetmeats."

"But surely," said I, "you have devoted friends among our people. There are colleges endowed to train your ministers, and every paper we read is filled with promises to restore to your society and friendship, all who, by any accident, misfortune, or fault, have lost them. Every town has innumerable arsenals. Every village has its storehouse filled with philters and charms, which these, your ministers, profess so to compound and administer, as to restore your gladdening presence to every mortal that seeks you."

A sad smile passed over the sisters' faces, and the elder, drawing near to me, said, in a subdued voice, "Save us from our friend; wisdom, skill and virtue, some of them possess, but they work in the dark; and though they now and then make some fortunate guesses, they have made few discoveries. They have been well compared to a watchmaker, who should attempt to repair a watch of which he could not see the machinery. Besides, among these our professed friends, are a mass of ignorant pretenders, and in their hands these charms and philters are deadly poisons, and those to whom they are given stumble and plunder on after us with stiffened joints, weak and withering limbs, sunken cheeks, loosened teeth, aching jaws, and all the pains and aches which flesh is heir to."

"But," she concluded, the light shadow that had fallen on her joyous face passing from it, "the condition of your race here and elsewhere is improving, and these evils will vanish before the progress of experience, knowledge and virtue. The time is coming when we shall have a league of friendship with you from the breezy hills of the North, to the orange groves of the South; then will we give life to life, and make it the happy and profitable service God intended it to be."

Who were these sisters? All ye of the blooming cheek and strong heart answer from your own happy consciousness, "Health and Cheerfulness."

From Graham's Magazine.

THE MOUNTAIN SANCTUARY.

See, through yon verdant hills,
That heavenward pointing spire!
Hark to that bell! whose echoed tones
In distant vales expire.
There late no outward sign
The Christian reared to heaven;
Nor voice of pealing Sabbath bell
To waiting ears was given.
But, in calm majesty,
Those mountains mutely told
His name, whose hand omnipotent
Laid their foundations old!
His praises there alone
From mountain streams were heard,
Or in the heaven-taught melody
Of the wild forest bird.
Those hills and flowery dells
The dark eyed Indian knew,
And oft amid their giant pines
His swift winged arrow flew:
He buried there his dead
Beside the crystal stream,
That long its murmuring voice might sound
The hunter's requiem.
Yes, 'neath that grassy knoll
The perished Indian sleeps;
Whilst o'er his dust the white man now
His Christian Sabbath keeps.
From thence the pious hymn
Ascends in mellow tone,
And there is broke the bread of life
To such as Christ doth own.
I see a little flock
In Sunday robes attired,
Gathering from cultured fields around
To list the word inspired.
Those "rocks and vales" now hear
The glad "church going bell"—
Whose tongue of chimes and rites
A century's tale might tell.
Long may its peal be heard
Those towering hills among,
And long within those humble courts
The Sabbath's holy song:
And he whose blessing shuns
The temples of the proud,
Will o'er that sanctuary spread
His presence "in the cloud."

PENCILINGS OF POLITICIANS.
BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

Very few, indeed, of the countless multitude who visit the great world of London, either for business or pleasure, omit to embrace the opportunity of attending the debates in the two Houses of Parliament, and of becoming acquainted with the personal appearance of those with whose names, through the medium of the public journals, they have already been made familiar. But as there are many in this country who never have, and in all probability, never will, cross the Atlantic, I have been induced, at the request of several readers of these sketches, to introduce to them a few of the prominent speakers in the British Parliament, especially those whose names are familiar on this side of the water.

It is by no means, I am sorry to say, so easy a matter to procure admission into the Houses of Parliament in England, as it is to get into the Halls of Legislation in America. Unless an order from a member of the Lower House be obtained, the doors of the "Commons" are closed against the petitioner for entrance; and to enter the House of Lords, a Peer's order is necessary, and that is by no means easily procurable. Indeed, hundreds of individuals are debarred the privilege of entry, from sheer inability to procure the necessary documents; and many will not incur the risk of a refusal, from a purse proud member, or a haughty lord.

My first visit to the councils of the British Nation was paid before the old Houses of Parliament were burned down. I did not know so much about legislative assemblies then as I do now, and in my greenness supposed that the sitting of a Parliament was a very grave and dignified affair indeed. Provided with an order from the Member in Parliament from my native city, I presented it at the doorway of the gallery, and after sundry squeezings, and many vigorous efforts, I managed to wriggle into a back seat in the gallery allotted to the public, and from whence I had a tolerable view of the house and its members.

"What a bear garden!" was my exclamation of surprise, as I looked down on the honorable house. It was an oblong apartment, ill lighted and badly ventilated; on the walls were hung gold tapestries, which more resembled the refuse of a rag shop, than anything else. In a chair, at the upper end, sat the Speaker, grotesquely attired in a wig, and on either side of the apartment were arranged benches, placed parallel with the side walls—in the centre of the house was an open space.

The members and supporters of the government sat on one side of the House, and the Opposition party on the other. Some were lolled listlessly on their seats—many were stretched, at their full length, asleep, on the back benches—some were conversing—and all, with the exception of the member addressing the House, had their hats on. A member was making a speech, but not a word of his address could I hear, owing to the multitudinous noises which assailed my ears; it was to me all dumb show. Now an honorable member would imitate the crowing of a cock—then the barking of a dog would create a peal of laughter—cries of "oh! ho!" and "hear! hear!" were every moment heard—and what with all this, and the noises made by continually entering and departing members, the confusion was such that all my ideas of the dignity of 'Parliament' were at once scattered to the winds.

On that particular evening the celebrated Radical, Cobbett, happened to speak. I looked at him with great interest, of course. He was a tall, well built, portly man, with a good humoured face, a keen grey eye, and white hair. He was dressed in nankeen trousers, and had on a coat and waistcoat of some light material. On the bench beside him, was his famous white hat. He spoke unaffectedly, and to the point, using no effort, and without any apparent attempt at display. No one, who was unacquainted with him, would have supposed him to be the bitter and vigorous political writer—and I believe it is generally acknowledged that he failed as a Parliamentary speaker.

Henry Hunt was also in the House, but he did not say anything. I had but a slight glimpse of the celebrated mob orator, and should have retained, at the present time, but a very uncertain recollection of him had it not been for the following circumstance.

In the year eighteen hundred and thirty three, I was staying with a friend of mine, a tradesman, at his house, in one of the market towns of Somersetshire—and one day, whilst standing at the door of his shop, he directed my attention to a gentleman who was walking on the other side of the street. The stranger was upwards of six feet high, with a fresh, country, pure red and white complexion, hair white as the driven snow, and a form, which, at one time, must have been very powerful. His face wore a pleasant smile, and his bearing was quite gentlemanly. It was Hunt; he had then quitted Parliament, and was travelling on his business, he being an extensive manufacturer of the noted "Matchless Blacking." He called, in the course of the morning, at my friend's shop, and accepted of his invitation to spend the evening—and a pleasant time I have seldom passed; for Mr. Hunt's career had been a very eventful one, and he was full of anecdote respecting the various celebrated men of his day.

He was very bitter against Mr. now Sir Robert Peel, and told us that on one occasion the latter had in his place in Parliament, twitted him with being a tradesman. I was not in my seat, remarked Hunt, when the remark was said, but I soon after entered the house, and some one told me what Peel had said of me. So I rose, and admitted the fact that I was a Blacking Manufacturer; and ad-

ded "I am the first of my family who ever was a tradesman. but the honorable member is the first of his, who ever was a gentleman."

He hated O'Connell with a perfect hatred, and said that he was the greatest hypocrite breathing.

I forget now half of the anecdotes and tales he told us, but they were very interesting. He had a quick perception of the ludicrous, and told a story well; but he was vain of his own deeds, and of the power which he once possessed. His description of the famous Peterloo massacre was very graphic; but it would possess little interest here, and I take leave of Hunt, only remarking, that in a few months after I met him he was struck down by apoplexy, whilst travelling in his chaise, and died in a few hours afterwards.

Since the burning of the Houses of Parliament, the place in which the business of the nation has been transacted was built for merely temporary use. During the great Reform Debates, I was fortunate enough to procure a Speaker's order, which admitted me to the body of the House, or at least to that part of it situated under the gallery, allotted to the use of the Public. Occasionally, too, I ensconced myself in the Reporter's gallery, as I was intimate with some of the gentlemen connected with the morning journals; and I will venture to assert, that for genuine humour, real fun, and rollicking amusement, there is no place, during a dull debate, to be compared with the Reporter's quarters—during a brisk fight below, there is, of course, time for little else than quill driving.

By far the best Reporters on the London Press are Irishmen; all of them, of course, well educated, and many of them members of learned professions. Occasionally they play off their jokes on any unfortunate who may enter on their sacred precincts—one of the best I have heard of I will just mention.

A few years since, a member of the Society of Friends, by some means or other, got into the Reporter's gallery. In the course of the debate to which he was listening, a long pause occurred, and one of the Reporters broke the silence of the House, by calling out, at the top of his voice, "a song from the Speaker!" Such an infraction of the rules of the House caused, of course, the greatest surprise; and on the motion of a member, the Sergeant-at-Arms was despatched to the Gallery, for the purpose of taking the offending individual into custody. On the officer entering the Reporter's box, the wag who had been the cause of the disturbance slyly pointed out the delinquent; and the disciple of Fox was immediately taken into custody, from which he was not released until an explanation of the affair was made.

Let us suppose ourselves in the House of Lords, during some interesting debate. We are crowded together below the bar, but can, nevertheless, obtain pretty fair glimpses of the Peers. The Lord Chancellor (Cottenham), wigged and gowned, is sitting on the wool-sack, (a huge pack, covered with scarlet cloth) and before him lies the mace, and, enclosed in its bag the great seal of England, of which, by virtue of his office, he is the keeper. Near him sit the twelve Judges, all in their scarlet robes, trimmed with ermine; and at his side are the lawn sleeved Bishops. The Peers are dressed in plain clothes, as they always are indeed, excepting on the occasions of the Queen's opening, proroguing, or dissolving Parliament. We may recognise several of them by the resemblance they bear to certain personages in the caricatures of H. B. or Punch. For instance, look at that tall, ungainly looking figure, which leans carelessly against the back of the bench. Mark those strapless trousers, of dark check—those unblackened boots—that rusty, ill cut coat—that voluminous neck cloth, in whose folds the chin is half buried; a glance at that hat, which covers the owner of those shabby habiliments, and, without a glimpse of the face beneath it, you cannot make a mistake about the Lord who is so busily employed in reading, perhaps a report of one of his own speeches, in the Times. Most probably he is, or fancied himself to be, misreported—for see how furiously his eyes twinkle, how nervously agitated are his brows—how his mouth describes all imaginable angles and curves, and how that "little proboscis" of his writhes, as if in mortal agony.

See, he springs to his feet, and having caught the Chancellor's eye, he raps the paper violently with the back of his right hand, whilst the words "breach of privilege," are over and over again uttered. It is Brogham—who else on earth can it be? "None but himself can be his parallel." And he vehemently hurls forth a denunciatory flood against and empties all the vials of his wrath upon the unlucky print, whilst his accomplices sit, regarding him with mingled admiration and amusement.

[To be Continued.]

KEEN RETORT.—A learned clergyman in Vermont was accosted in the following manner, by an illiterate preacher who despised education—"Sir, you have been to a college, I suppose. 'Yes Sir,' was the reply. 'I am thankful, replied the former 'that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without learning.' 'A similar event,' replied the latter, 'took place in Balaam's time; but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day.'

DISCONSOLATE.—A man being asked by his neighbour how his wife did, made this answer:—"Indeed, neighbour, this case is pitiful; my wife fears that she will die, and I fear she will not, which makes a desolate house."

RELIGION AND VIRTUE, our best support and highest honor, confer on the principles of noble independence.