

sand Turks that covered the plain, and the smoke that enveloped the enemy like a cloud, Napoleon could tell where his own brave troops were struggling, by the steady and simultaneous volley, which showed where discipline was contending with the wild valor of overpowering numbers. The constant flash from behind that rampart of dead bodies, were like spots of flame on the tumultuous and chaotic field. Napoleon descended from Mount Tabor with his little band, while a single twelve pounder, fired from the heights, told the wearied Kleber that he was rushing to the rescue. Thrown into confusion, and trampled under foot, that mighty army rolled turbulently back towards the Jordan, where Murat was anxiously waiting to mingle in the fight. Dashing with his cavalry among the disordered ranks, he sabred them down without mercy, and ragged like a lion amid the prey. This chivalric and romantic warrior declared the remembrance of the scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor and on these thrice consecrated spots, came to him in the hottest of the fight, and nerved him with ten-fold courage.

As the sun went down over the plains of Palestine, and twilight shed its dim rays over the rent and trodden and dead-covered field, a sulphurous cloud hung around the summit of Mount Tabor—The smoke of battle had settled there where once the cloud of glory rested, while groans and shrieks rent the air.—Nazareth, Jordan, and Mount Tabor! What spots for battle-fields!!

From Godey's Lady's Book STAGE COACH ADVENTURES.

EVERYBODY goes in the cars. On and on, straight and almost as swift as a carrier pigeon would fly, we go through the country, and hardly have a reminiscence to record, except some serious disaster occurs. For the last eight years we had only travelled by steam, and had almost forgotten the old-fashioned stage-coach, but we found it again in the 'Old Granite State.' And here, for the amusement of those who have never had experience of such a conveyance, we shall sketch our last ride. It has a moral.

We left Newport early in the morning, intending to visit friends who reside at Hopkinton. The distance was about thirty miles, and directly on the way to Boston. It was on Friday, the tenth July, 'the hot Friday,' that we started, but the morning there was beautiful. The cool breeze from the green hills met us like a parting blessing; the bright waters of Sunapee Lake, in sight of which the road passes for several miles, rolled out before us like the embodiment of those visions of peace and lonely loveliness that can charm us in our day dreams. The rout passes through a wild and picturesque part of New Hampshire; a succession of lakelets or ponds, five or six in number, are seen; then hill rises over hill, the green foreground often cultivated, orchards and yellow harvests, even on the swelling summit, while the blue ridges in the distance seemed truly 'cloud-land.'

As the stage-driver had particular directions concerning the place where we were to stop, and had promised to be particular—he knew the place well—we gave up our mind to the contemplation and enjoyment of this bold and beautiful scenery. Never having travelled this rout, the novelty enhanced the pleasure.

There were two coaches in company when we started. One in which we had taken our place went to Nashua before meeting the cars, the other was to go to Concord. There was a bustle and some changes going on when the coaches parted, but as we had been told we were not to change, that all was right, we quietly waited in the coach. At last we moved onward again; but the heat increased, the dust came in showers; the road seemed to be interminable as on and on we went, and no stopping place was announced.

At length we came to a collection of houses. On enquiry we found we had, like John Gilpin of old, reached 'Ware,' (or Weare, as they spell it here,) 'full ten miles off' from where we should have stopped.

The driver excused himself from all blame, (as is the case in accidents of travelling by flood or field—no one is ever to blame!) He was put on this coach when it parted with that going to Concord, and heard nothing of stopping till we reached Nashua. Moreover, he was very late, and could not go back. While we were considering the possibility of obtaining a private conveyance to return, we discovered our trunk was missing. Here was a dilemma. The driver said some of the baggage was changed when the coaches parted, probably our trunk was put on the Concord coach, would from thence be sent on to Boston, and reach it by the same train in which we would go from Nashua. So being obliged to go on, we went.

At New Boston the stage took up a young mother, with her sick infant of ten weeks old, going to Lowell. There was in the coach an aged woman we will call grandmother, and her charge, a little boy, two or three other ladies, and one man of the 'bone and sinew class,' but so naturally polite and kind, that he may well be styled a gentleman.

The sun was now intensely hot, the driver 'in hot haste,' fearing that he should be too late for the cars (he had the mail;) grandmother said we 'certainly should lose them;' the young mother was divided in her fears, thinking her baby would be killed when the coach went fast, and the ears lost when it drove slowly. We had lost our visit, lost our trunk, and now had the prospect of losing the cars and being detained all night in Nashua. It must be confessed, though we said nothing, our feelings were rather seared towards the

stage-coach world. Certainly we would not have advised any one to take that rout.

The coach dashed on. Suddenly, in the midst of a lone, sandy road, the linch-pin came out! There was another on hand, but the trouble was to raise the coach and put it in. The driver and gentleman took rails from an old fence to lift up the coach; the ladies got out; the rays of the sun seemed pouring on us as from a burning glass; the driver seemed in a fever of impatience, while grandmother declared solemnly the cars would be lost! At last the coach was 'right,' all in, and half smothered in dust, we went fast as horses could carry us. We reached Amherst. It was eleven miles farther to Nashua, and only one hour remained for that distance if we took the cars! Six fresh horses were put on in a twinkling, the mail bag brought, and off we dashed. While the horses were being changed, the gentleman had taken off his coat, (the thermometer being a hundred or upwards the ladies excused him) and rolling it up carefully laid it on the middle seat by the door. As the coach started with a great bounce, open flew the door, and out flew the coat.

'Forward!' shouted the driver to the horses.
'Hold on!' shrieked coatless to the driver.
'Hallo!' bawled a man behind, running with the coat.
'Ohi, dear me, we shall lose the cars!' sighed grandmother, as the coach stopped.

The climax had come. The ridiculous of all these small miseries of travelling was reached. We burst into a fit of laughter that was for a long time uncontrollable. Nor do we know when we should have been serious again, had not the distress of that young mother drawn us to sympathise with her. Our own losses and disappointments were forgotten. The luxury of a good laugh had made amends for all. But she could not smile, her fair young face was rigid with agony as she gazed forward eager to see Nashua appear, and then would turn to her moaning babe. Never shall we forget that countenance, or the sorrow that seemed to melt her large blue eyes, when she told us the doctors gave her no hope.

And then, when we endeavoured to comfort her, with picturing the blessedness her child would enjoy passing to Heaven without a stain of earth on his pure soul, unconscious of death, and only taken from her arms to be sheltered in the Saviour's, she replied sadly, 'I know it; I have thought of all this—but he is my first my only one, and it is hard to part with him!'

Men, in the pride of your health and strength do you ever reflect on the care and sorrows your mothers have borne for you? Truly, the mother's love is the strongest as well as purest feeling of the human heart.

We reached Nashua just in season for the cars, and Boston in due time, but our trunk had not come; it was still on its travels, nor did we recover it for three days. And now for the moral:—The lady who travels in a stage-coach unattended, should always get out when the stage stops and look after her trunk.

From Graham's Magazine.

"SORROW AS ON THE SEA."

Jeremiah xlix, 23.

"Sorrow as on the Sea."

O man of grief,

Prophet! who in the troublous time of siege
And famine, when the fierce Chaldean bands
Invaded Zion, didst predict her fate,
And feel her vengeance—didst thou ever taste
The sorrow of the sea? Strength reef away—
The spirit melted—hope in darkness drowned;
And that eternal loathing which forbids
The tortured nerve upon its rack to rest—
For these thy plaintive harp, that sang so well
Of prison woes, must strike another string.

A tempest on the main!

Poor mariner!

For whom the landsman in his happy home
Hath little pity—moult the shrouds, go up
Into the inky blackness, dare the shaft
Of Heaven's red lightning on the pointed mast,
Speck as thou art, that neither sea nor sky
Seem to remember in the hour of strife.
The good ship breasts the surge, intent to bide
The battle bravely. But, like hunted deer,
At length it croucheth in the hollow sea,
Until the full-mouthed billows drive it forth,
Reeling and scatched. Anon, the maddened
winds
Pour out fresh forces, and with riven crest
It rusheth desperate o'er the terraced waves,
Vexed by this dread artillery. Oh, hearts,
Of human mould, that, softened by the love
Of home and kindred ties, have borne the
scourge

Of ocean thunders, or upon the wreck,
Week after week, held with untold despair
Gaunt fellowship—ye might a tale unfold
To daunt the dream, and turn the banquet pale.

"Sorrow as on the sea!"

A woman mourns,

Pale as the little marble form she folds
Close in her arms, resisting those who fain
Would take the breathless infant from her
grasp.

"'Twill awake. It hath but fainted. The
wild sea

Maketh it sick. I tell ye it revives.

Child—darling! look on me! 'Twill smile
again."

"Yes, mother, yes—but not below the skies."

Spasm and convulsion seize her, at the thought
That the dear idol whom but yesterday
She cradled from the zephyr's roughened
breath

Alone, must to unfathomed depths go down,
And for its little body find a bed
Among the scaly monsters of the main.

Yet so it is. And she must wend her way,
O'er the stern waves that made her desolate,
To her far home again, having let fall
Her soul's chief jewel in the trackless main.

"Sorrow as on the Sea!"

Ye know it not,

Who feel a firm foundation 'neath your feet,
And sleep unvexed by waves.

Death comes, indeed—

But smites you in the sacred place of graves,
Where ye may lay your dead with solemn
knell,

And tender sympathies of funeral train;
And daly visit them, dressing their couch
With blessed flowers, type of their rising day.
Yea! from the gray-haired sexton on his spade
Bespeak your own turf-pillow, where to lie,
And rest beside them, when, in God's good
time,

The pale death-angel comes to summon thee.
True, there is grief on earth—yet, when we
drain

Its cup of bitterness, give thanks to God
If in life's pilgrimage ye ne'er have known
The sorrow of the Sea.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

New Works.

From a Narrative of a Mission to the Jews.
SAMARIA.

It is most affecting to look around this scene of desolation, and to remember that this was the place where wicked Ahab built his house of Baal, where cruel Jezebel ruled, and where Elijah and Elisha did their wonders. But above all, it filled the mind with solemn awe, to read on the spot the words of God's prophet, uttered 2500 years before: 'I will make Samaria as a heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof.' Every clause reveals a new feature in the desolation of Samaria, differing in all its details from the desolation of Jerusalem, and every word has literally come to pass: 'We had found both on the summit and in the southern valley, at every little interval, heaps of ancient stones piled up, which had been gathered off the surface, to clear it for cultivation. There can be no doubt that these stones once formed part of the temples, and palaces, and dwellings of Samaria, so that the word is fulfilled: 'I will make Samaria as a heap of the field.'

We had also seen how completely the hill had been cleared of all edifices, the stones gathered off it as in the clearing of a vineyard, the only columns that remain standing bare without their capitals; so that in all respects the hill is left like 'the plantings of a vineyard'—either like the bare vine-shoots of a newly planted vineyard, or like the well-cleared terraces where vines might be planted. Still further, we had seen that the ruins of the ancient city had not been left to moulder away on the hill where they were built, as is the case with other ancient cities, but had been cleared away to make room for the labours of the husbandman. The place where the buildings of the city stood has been tilled, sown and reaped; and the buildings themselves rolled down over the brow of the hill. Of this, the heaps in the valley, the loose fragments in the rude dykes that run up the sides, and the broken columns on their way down into the valley, are witnesses; so that the destroyers of Samaria (whose very names are unknown) and the simple husbandman, have both unwittingly been fulfilling God's word: 'I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley.' And last of all, we had noticed that many of the stones in the valley were large and massy, as if they had been the foundation stones of a building, and that in many parts of the vast colonnade, nothing more than the bases of the pillars remain. But especially we observed, that the ruined church had been built upon foundations of a far older date than the church itself, the stones being of great size, and bevelled in a manner similar to the stones of the temple wall at Jerusalem, and those of the mosque at Hebron, and these foundations were now quite exposed. So that the last clause of prophecy is fulfilled with the same awful minuteness: 'I will discover the foundations thereof. Surely there is more than enough in the fulfilment of this fourfold prediction, to condemn, if it does not convince, the Infidel.

Hochelaga; or, England in the New World.
Edited by E. Warburton.

NOVA-SCOTIA.

We had a fair passage of thirty-six hours from Boston to Halifax. This is one of the finest harbours in the world, affording sufficient

anchorage and shelter for twice the number of ships in the British navy. The entrance, when not obscured by fog, is so safe that the largest ships need no other guide into it than their charts. There are several small islands in the channel, not interfering with its navigation, but assisting its defence. In winter, the ice very rarely closes its shelter, and on that account it is the great naval depot for our North American possessions. Three formidable forts protect the entrance.

There are many splendid harbours on this coast, far more numerous than those of the United States, but as yet the scanty and indigent population have turned them to but little account.

The town of Halifax is on a small peninsula, standing on a slope, which rises from the water's edge to the citadel; this strong old crown the summit, and is now able to withstand any force likely to be brought against it. At first it was built by contract, and so badly, that most of it fell down; but afterwards it was fully repaired and strengthened. A detachment of artillery and three regiments of the line are allotted to its defence.

The streets of the town are wide and convenient, crossing each other at right angles; its extent is nearly two miles in length by half a mile in breadth, and it contains about thirty thousand inhabitants. The wharves are well suited for the purposes of commerce, and furnished with roomy warehouses, but, to say the truth, the place has anything but a prosperous appearance, and but little trade or business is carried on. The houses are principally built of wood and poor looking, but some of the private buildings are handsome and comfortable, and the Provincial building is one of the finest in North America. There are also several other creditable public buildings, and the dock yard is on a large scale, but I understand at present it is not well supplied or in good repair.

When the French first settled this country, they called it Acadie.—They lived amicably with the Mic-Mac Indians, the principal of the Aboriginal tribes, and taught them the vices, if not the virtues, of civilization. They converted them indeed nominally to Christianity, and turned this to account afterwards by telling them that the English, with whom they were at war, were the people who crucified the Saviour. These Indians were fierce and warlike, of tall stature and great activity, but these gifts availed them little, the poison of the fire-water and the white man's wars, wasted them away. Now, perhaps, there are two thousand left.

There are still a number of the French in Acadie, descendants of those who remained in the country after the English conquest; but by far the larger portion of the population at present is of British race. The name of Nova-Scotia was given to this province after its becoming an appanage of the British crown.

The Southern portion of the country is rocky and poor, the Northern shore far more fertile; the climate, though severe in winter, and foggy at all times as the coast, is very favourable for the health of man and for vegetation. The mineral riches of this colony are very great; good coal is found in inexhaustible quantities; the fisheries are also mines of wealth. These resources have been as yet but little developed; now the increasing population, and the greater attention paid in England to their interests, is beginning to operate. Nova-Scotia contains a population but little short of one hundred and eighty thousand; the area of the Province is about fifteen square miles.

NEW-BRUNSWICK.

New Brunswick lies between Canada and the Gulf of Saint Lawrence to the north and east, the State of Maine to the west, and the Bay of Fundy opening into the Atlantic, to the south, and contains nearly thirty thousand square miles of extent. The surface of the country is much like that of Canada, except that a few prairies vary the monotony of the dark woods. There are many noble rivers well fitted for navigation; the timber which is floated down by them to the sea, is as fine as in any part of the New World. The principal river, the Miramichi, pours riches and its waters into the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. On its banks, in 1825, at the beginning of October, the woods, long parched up with drought of an intensely hot summer, took fire. For some time the progress of the flames was slow, but on the 7th of the month there arose a dreadful tempest of thunder, lightning, and wind, which carried on the destruction with frightful rapidity; for a hundred miles along the north bank of the river, every tree and house was destroyed; Newcastle and Douglastown, two thriving villages, a number of vessels, and more than five hundred persons were burnt that day, and those who survived lost all their means of subsistence in the ruin of their dwellings and farms. Their fellow-subjects of England and America, sent them £40,000 to relieve their distress. The tracts of country near the Miramichi are very rich; the interior to the north-west, is but little known. Along the navigable waters, the districts then burnt are now re-settled, and more prosperous than ever. The villages have been replaced by handsome towns, and nearly two hundred and fifty vessels sail each year from them to the English shores, laden with noble timber. There are numerous lakes and streams in the central parts of this Province, with a great extent of rich land, as yet unsubdued by the labour of man. On the seaboard there are various deep and safe bays, stored with vast quantities of fish.

Saint John, the largest town of the Province, is well situated, and has some fine public buildings; it is improving rapidly, and contains about fifteen thousand people, the harbour is very good, and the noble river St. John, six hundred miles in length, flows by the walls, and is