

The old gentleman who occupied the parlor upon Arthur's first visit to the hotel was always at his post, always with paper in hand, watching closely the appearance of both these young men, and muttering to the unconscious sheet, he held, his pleasure and displeasure alternately, something in this fashion—

'Em! 'good,' 'pish!' 'noble fellow,' 'fool!,' 'good lad,' 'conceited monkey,' 'silly girl,' 'hang him,' and more than once a large brawny fist was shaken most ominously at the back of the gallant George's head.

Pleased with their trip to the city the Blakeys returned home, anticipating many an evening's entertainment in recapitulating to their less fortunate neighbors the wonderful things they had seen.

[To be continued.]

From the Columbian Magazine. REVERIES OF A MUSICIAN.

BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

IN the one word music may be summed up all that is sublime and beautiful in creation.

What constitutes the excellence of a poet? The harmony of an imagery and the purity of his cadences. What the frame of a painter? The harmony of his colouring and the warmth of his tone. The term music, as it is derived from the nine muses, must reasonably be supposed to combine the individual perfection of each; hence by the ancients music was understood to imply learning in general. With us, however, owing to the modern redundancy of language, it simply means a system of sounds which have their origin in infinity.

From the moment when Adam and Eve sang their first orisons in Paradise, through succeeding ages music has been with man a universal passion, and long centuries from now, when our mortal bodies shall have mouldered into dust and our memories have perished from the earth, shall music continue to be the sweetest element of the soul. The love of music is inherent in man and a type of his undying nature. Man is born naturally a poet and a musician, and it may be added with perfect truth, a painter also; for what is painting but ocular music? Music is the harmony of the ear, painting that of the eye, each being but a different branch of the grand system of harmony pervading Heaven. Every lover of nature is intuitively both a musician and a painter; he hears and sees harmony as well in the bursting bud as in the chef d'œuvre of a Beethoven or a Raphael.

That man is born a musician is still farther evident from the fact that every nation, however rude, practices it, and, therefore, has a style of music peculiar to itself, from the barbarous noises of the Hottentot to the polished euphonies of the refined European; and from the state of music in a country may be inferred in like ratio its state of mental civilization and moral culture. Thus the unawakened, inert Chinese, naturally prefer the monotonous chanting of their dancing girls to the finest symphony because more in keeping with their cast of thought. A taste for scientific music requires to be cultivated, and its cultivation is always accompanied by a gradual rousing and final refinement of the whole mental powers.

Life is full of music. Plain every-day transactions may be compared to simple concords, disputes and troubles to discords, which if duly resolved, blend and melt their tints into richer concord than before, but if not, disturb and break the regular train of harmony. Changes and revolutions are all modulations, calculated by their variety to relieve the monotony of life, although we are too often saddened by the introduction of the crying chord, which leaves us in the minor mood. Life has its chains of sequences, linking events; its embellishments and its fugues of many subjects, each filling its own part and oft doing its spiriting so gently that we are unconscious of its action. The life of one day may be likened unto perfect musical composition, the beauty and smoothness of which depend upon the performer's harmony of mind. Byron says,

'Many are poets, who have never penned Their inspirations and, perchance the best; Many are poets, but without the name; For what is poetry but to create, From over feeling good or ill; and aim At an external life beyond our fate. And be the new Prometheus of new men, Bestowing fire from Heaven.'

So many feel the unwritten music of the heart who are unable to give it utterance. To enoble and exalt the soul the Divine Creator imbued it with music, as a part of its very essence, and its true effect is to raise our aspirations and thoughts to Heaven, its source, where all is harmony, where even the tiny flowers when brushed by angel wings murmur their songs of adoration. Music is pre-eminently a social enjoyment, for there is no such thing in nature as a single unaccompanied sound, but every tone is followed by its third, fifth, and others; which, although but very seldom audible to us, yet have been proved by many celebrated writers on acoustics to exist. It has been the solace of man from the earliest ages; the annals of history afford innumerable instances of this: how often do we read of captives softening the rigor of their captivity with music, thereby charming around them mice and spiders, (which we thought could scarcely possess musical taste,) and which listened in mute admiration. Music has been a universal language, intelligible to all, a key to the heart, unlocking sympathies which

but for its electric touch might forever have lain dormant.

Music is the language of immortality stirring up within us a longing after something unseen, eternal. It seems to waken indefinite remembrances of a former state of beings; and we feel impatient to throw off our cumbersome clay habiliments, that our freed spirits may mingle with the seraphim. Can this be our first state of existence? or why, or for what purpose are we here, exiles from thee, Most High Eternal? Jean Paul Richter must have hearkened to music with but a half-awakened spirit when he exclaimed,

'Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all mine endless life I have found not, and shall not find.'

No! he found not here, for the thirst awakened by the murmuring of the water of life can not be slacked until we arrive at its margin.

How often while listening to the calm twilight, or at midnight, to some pensive strain now swelling, now dying, do our spirits seem as if in communion with the disembodied; then it is that we feel the truth of our immortal nature, and rise superior to all human passion, then it is that angels whisper to us and not a snubly thought intrudes upon the sacred repose; at such moments how we long to fly away and be at rest.

'Oh! I am rapt aloft, my spirit soars Beyond the skies and leaves the stars behind; Le! angels lead me to the happy shores, And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind. Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed.'

If angels whisper music to us in life, may we not believe that around the couch of the departing Christian they touch the strings of their golden harps, and chant their sweetest songs, although unheard by all save the passing spirit?

A number of friends were once assembled in the chamber of one about to change mortality for life. He had walked through this world 'looking up;' the sting of death had been drawn, and for him the last enemy had been conquered. The sun was slowly sinking, and ere he disappeared below the horizon, threw a last beam aslant the pillow, as in token of an eternal farewell. Both were to rise again, but amid scenes how different! Guardian angels must have appointed the ears of the company with the dews of heaven, for as the last sunbeam faded, the most enrapturing music was heard around the dying man's bed; these celestial strains continued for about half an hour, when, with the radiance of immortality on his countenance, he slept.

'Till haply waked by Raphael's golden lyre, To bear a part in everlasting lays.'

'It is the sentiment of an English Author, that so full is all nature of music, that if we go to a lonely spot and remain perfectly quiet, in the airy stillness we hear a sort of dreamy whispering; which is to the enthusiastic mind as it were 'he harps and voices of the celestial inhabitants at a great distance.'

The sounds Symphonic of ten thousand harps that tuned Angelic harmonies.

A fine illustration of this theory has been given by Felician David, in his most picturesque and enchanting 'Desert;' and any one who has had the pleasure of hearing it must have been thrilled with the low humming accompaniment to the voice of thought. The idea is that of a philosopher and close observer of nature, and indeed the whole scene is the creation of a romantic and poetic mind, whose fires have been nursed by solitude. This curious and exciting composition has been ably performed in this city many times by an efficient and well conducted band of performers, and to judge by many admirers, a repetition of it the coming season would be hailed by both these who have heard it and those who have missed the happiness as a golden opportunity. The march of the caravan stealing on in its wilderness till it bursts forth with a power the more startling from the previous stillness, the pathos and earnestness of the song to the Night, the reiterated calls on Allah, the solemn cry of Mæzzim—the terrors of the Simoom, and altogether the intensity of the whole piece cannot fail to rivet the attention of the most soulless auditor, and awaken in him feelings if not of admiration at least of wonder.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE DAUGHTER OF JEPHTHA AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY MISS MARY GARDINER.

NIGHT bent o'er the mountains

With aspect serene;

The deep waters slept

'Neath the moon's pallid sheen,

And the stars in their courses

Moved noiseless on high,

As a soul when it cleaveth

In thought the blue sky.

The low winds were spent

With the fever of day,

And stirred scarce a leaf

Of the greenwood's array;

While the white fleecy clouds

Hovered light on the air,

Like an angel's wing bent

For a penitent prayer.

Sleep hushed in the city
The tumult and strife,
And calmed in the spirit
The unrest of life:
But one where Mount Lebanon
Lifted its snow,
Slumbered not till the morn
Wakened earth with its glow.

Beneath the dark cedars
Majestic, sublime,
That for ages had mocked
Both at tempest and time,
In whose tops the wild eagle
His eyrie had made,
She knelt with pale cheek
In the damp, mossy glade.

The small hands were folded
In worship divine,
And the silent leaves thrilled
In that lone forest shrine.
With the tones of the pleader
That, earnest and low,
Were sad as the sea-shell
Pours forth in its woe.

She prayed not for life,
Though youth's early bloom
Glowed in the dark eye
And recoiled from the tomb;
But a heart pure and strong,
Sublimed by its pain;
A spirit attuned
To the seraph's bright strain.

She saw not the dark boughs,
That, spectral and hoar,
With lattice-work rude
Arched her wide temple o'er;
She marked not their shadows,
Gigantic and dim;
Her soul was communing
In triumph with Him.

With the Ancient of Days,
Who from mercy-seat high,
Beheld the pale pleader
With vigilant eye;
And peace with white pision
Came down from His throne,
And the gleam of her wing
On that fair forehead shone.

Oh, thou that upholdest
The feeble and frail,
And leadest the pilgrim
Through life's narrow vale;
When the days that are measured
My spirit below,
Shall have ceased to the past
From the future to flow.

May the summoner find me
As placid and strong,
As mute for endurance
Of agony long;
With a faith as divine,
And vision as clear,
As the watcher so pale
In the hills of Judea!

New Works.

AN ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.

Next to a veritable ghost, or a dreadful attack of nightmare, an accomplished young lady of the boarding-school production is our greatest horror, and there are few families nowadays of many daughters, in which we do not stumble against one of these monstrosities. We can tolerate *lusus nature* of womankind when nature, in an eccentric or humorous moment bestows a manly intellect, because in cases we do not look for the kindly and lovely graces of the genuine woman; we expect nothing but philosophy and steam-engines, and we are not disappointed. But we have no such forbearance in relation to your boarding-school Misses of the 'accomplished' brand. They are among the nuisances which should be 'put down.' Woe betide the unhappy girl who in early life betrayed the least degree of intellect above the true appreciation of a dollar, or a piece of candy. Her fate is sealed. She is destined to be the mental representative of the family circle, and heaven knows she will do full justice to her constituency, if the modern system of training be only brought to bear upon her education. Her range of studies does not include the kitchen-range, and catalogue of duties does not embrace those commonplace affairs which belong to the sister, wife, or mother. It is pleasant to look upon the accomplished young lady in the incipient stage of girlhood, just when the mother-discovered beauties of her mind are beginning to sprout, she is such an interesting creature. We are bound with the 'ma' to wonder how such varied accomplishments can be found in company with such extremely juvenile pantalets, and are bewildered with the thought that a powerful intellect should select a residence of such infantile capacity. Samplers and albums are very well in their way, and we do not object even to see the piano tortured by red angular elbows and bony fingers, providing a way that a due regard be paid to the philo-

sophy of puddings and coffee. There may be men who can breakfast on bad French, dine on music, and sup on poetry, who would pay court, and even be rash enough to marry an accomplished young lady; but for our part we like the substantial, and when we are hungry, would rather our wife should give us something more satisfactory than 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'—*Judy*.

PUNISHMENT OF IDLE HUSBANDS IN NEW IRELAND.

The head chief often interferences in minor matters of a domestic nature. For instance, if a lazy fellow has a wife or two and a few children, and through his love for fishing, dancing, and loitering idly about, neglects to bring in the necessary supplies for his family, a complaint is made, the chief visits the house in person, and if he sees just grounds for punishment, he orders out the whole population of the village. Men, women and children arm themselves with a stiff birch made of small canes; they then form a long double line, about six feet apart, and wait with anxious glee the approach of the delinquent. At last he is placed at one end of the lines, amidst a shower of yells, screams, jibes, &c. The word is given by the chief, and away he darts at his utmost speed through the ranks, every one endeavouring to hit him as he passes. According to his deserts, he may get off with running the lines once, or may have to do so twice or thrice; but he is skilled in cunning and fleetness that can run the lines even once without having his skin tickled for him by the hearty application of the birch, wielded by some strong woman. As the punishment is not of a fatal kind, the whole affair creates unrestricted merriment. If the victim is a smart fellow, he may escape with few blows; but if he is heavy, sulky and dogged, he pays for it. Such a man comes off covered with welts on his bare skin from his head to his heels. For one month afterwards his family are provided for by the public at large, under the fatherly superintendance of the chief. At the expiration of that time, if he has all his domestic matters in perfect order, as a good father and provident husband ought to have, he again resumes his place in society, and shortly afterwards perhaps, helps, with an experienced hand, to flagellate some one else.—*Coulter's Adventures on the Western Coast of South America*.

BENEFITS OF EARLY RISING.

Though bringing in but little, I have found great delight in contemplating Nature whilst on my way to work very early in the mornings. I have often and often caught her just awaking from her dewy sleep, tossing about her saffron coloured robes, as if yet undecided as to which course she would take—fair or foul. The sun however appears, insisting upon gladness, and clouds and vapours make a high retreat. You may not all have a turn, as it is called, for contemplating nature; but a pure head and a clear conscience you will soon learn to observe the mornings beaming beautifully around you. Wise men write of them who get up betimes in this way: industry is up with the sun; she awaketh at the crowing of the cock, and walketh abroad to taste the sweetness of the morning. She is ruddy as the daughter of health; her ears are delighted with the music of the shrill lark. Her garments sweepeth the dew drops from the new stubble and the green grass, and her path is by the murmuring of the purling brook. Her appetite is keen, her blood is pure and temperate, and her pulse beateth even. Her house is elegant; her handmaids are the daughters of neatness, and plenty smileth at her table.—*Letters by a Labourer*.

BOOKS.

If you cannot get books, content yourselves with the book of Nature. It is ever open, and costs nothing to look upon it; and whilst you contemplate its pages, let your mind be attuned to worship. Let God be worshipped in everything and you will find your days pass sweetly over your heads. Inanimate things worship him; and you, who are in possession of all your senses, are doubly called upon to raise an energetic song. What a picture of worship do we behold in the firmament daily and nightly! A shower comes, the sun shines, the breezes begin to play, and earth sends back that worship with much incense. The opening of a flower is an act of adoration for it expands to meet the eye of Heaven. The swaying of forests, green and lusty-armed, is a noble work of homage; they are 'clapping their hands.' Look out upon the old sea, dotted with the homes of wayfarers; there is a hymn there listened to by God. I would therefore have you join with an inward expression of gratitude in the universal tribute. There is no occasion to go out of your way for themes. God's mercies are around you, over your heads, and under your feet. His dew-drops and showers are great blessings. His sun, communicating light and life to all things—the busiest and best of his agents—clothing grass-fields, drawing up nourishment with a strong hand for the majestic woodlands, forgetting not your own little nooks and plots laid open to this luminary's influence, forms a subject for praise.

But high flights of fancy are not for me or you, let us praise him therefore for health and strength, for the use of our reason, for the food and clothing provided for us, for the air we breathe. Let this praise be offered daily, and when we have done with this life, we shall be all the better qualified to commence with nobler songs in the kingdom above.—*Ibid.*